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YORK, DUKE AND DUCHESS AND PRINCE EDWARD OF. From a photograph 622

June.

From the Painting by Le Roux.

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OUR SAILOR PRINCE:

THE STORY OF THE NAVAL CAREER OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

Illustrated from photographs of scenes on board H.M.S. "Crescent" by MR. MCGREGOR *and* MESSRS. WEST AND SONS, *Southsea.*

ON the 5th of this current month of June the naval career of the Duke of York will have extended over a period of exactly twenty-two years, for he entered the Royal Navy as a cadet on the 5th of June, 1877.

The announcement made a little time back that his Royal Highness was to commission the first class battleship *Prince George*, and that he was to be promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, was received with the liveliest feelings of satisfaction by the entire British nation, who rejoiced to see the Duke returning to a service with which he had been for so long closely associated, and in which he had manifested such conspicuous ability. From the time when he relinquished the command of the *Melampus*, in 1892, the Duke of York was not attached to one of her Majesty's ships until 1898, and during those six years the Navy had been given but few opportunities of seeing him, although he was known to keep himself well posted up in naval matters.

H.M.S. "CRESCENT" STEAMING AT FULL SPEED.

Last year the Duke, in the capacity of a captain in the Royal Navy, commissioned her Majesty's first class cruiser *Crescent*, until she was paid off after the autumn manœuvres. It will thus be seen that his Royal Highness is quickly returning to his naval duties, and by the time these lines are in print Captain the Duke of York will probably be in command of H.M.S. *Prince George*. It is well known that the Duke is greatly attached to this ship, which is named after himself, and was launched by the Duchess of York three years ago. During the time that she was doing service with the Channel Squadron the *Prince George* had the reputation of being the best kept ship in the squadron. She is a twin-screw battleship of the first class and was built at Portsmouth in 1895 at a cost of £950,000. She has a displacement of 14,900 tons and a speed of 17½ knots when spurting, and at a 10-knot speed she is calculated to endure for 6,800 knots. She carries four 12-in. wire guns, twelve 6-in. quick-firers, and sixteen 12-pounder quick-firing guns, besides twelve 3-pounders and eight machine guns. The *Prince George* is protected with 9-in. steel on her sides, while the bulkhead steel is from 14 in. to 9 in. thick. Her complement numbers 757.

The first command which the Duke of York held in the Royal Navy was in 1889, when he was appointed to the charge of a first class torpedo boat.

His next advance, in 1890, was to a gunboat, the *Thrush*, but on the 26th of August, 1891, his Royal Highness was gazetted commander, and soon afterwards was given the charge of a second class cruiser, H.M.S. *Melampus*.

In 1898 he rose to the command of H.M.S. *Crescent*, one of the finest first class cruisers that the British Navy possesses. In choosing the sea as a profession the Duke of York is but following in the example of many of his ancestors. Our first Sailor Prince was Prince Rupert, grandson of James I., who commanded British Fleets in the Dutch wars of 1666 and 1673. Then there was James, Duke of York, brother of Charles II., who had the direct command and leadership of the English Fleet at those battles fought in 1665 and 1672 off Lowestoft and Solebay respectively, when the English flag

T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK, WITH THE VESSEL'S OFFICERS, ON DECK.

triumphed over the Dutch. It has been pointed out as a very curious coincidence that our present Duke of York's birthday, June 3, 1865, was to a day the two hundredth anniversary of his naval ancestor's first great battle at sea, the victory off Lowestoft of June 3, 1665.

Coming down to a later period we find two of George II.'s grandsons serving in the Royal Navy, the one Prince Edward, Duke of York and Albany, the other Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. The former of these saw active service in the Seven Years' War. Then there was our "Sailor King," William IV. His father, George III., was thought to have raised the Navy in the social scale by giving the Duke of Clarence (as he then was) a "cockpit education." The Duke served under Nelson, and saw war service under Rodney. In 1814, as Admiral-of-the-Fleet, he commanded at the great naval review off Spithead, and in 1821 he was gazetted "Lord High Admiral," being the last holder of a title which now brings up memories of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Of our living Royal Princes, H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has been, of course, closely associated with the Navy, though his active connection ceased in 1889, when he relinquished his command of the Mediterranean Squadron. He is, however, still an officer of the Royal Navy, for he holds the rank of Admiral-of-the-Fleet.

Prince Alfred entered the service on the 31st of August, 1858, after a strict and searching examination; was appointed a naval cadet, and joined her Majesty's screw steam frigate *Euryalus*. Subsequently he served on the *St. George*, and in 1867, as Duke of Edinburgh, was appointed to the command of the frigate *Galatea*. In November, 1882, he was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral in her Majesty's Fleet, and in 1888 was given the command of the Mediterranean Squadron.

The story of the Duke of York's connection with the Royal Navy is, perhaps, not so well known as it deserves to be, and it will therefore be fitting briefly to recount it here. The lamented Duke of Clarence and his brother, Prince George of Wales, entered the Navy together as cadets on the 5th of June, 1877, and the younger of the two brothers was, perhaps, the youngest cadet that ever joined the *Britannia*, for he was but twelve years of age. For two years the Princes lived on board the *Britannia*, then under the command of Captain Fairfax.

Their special tutor was Mr. Lawless, one of the best naval instructors of the time. "Under him," says a certain writer, "they studied the sciences and the history books that

bear on the naval service of the Queen, and were well drilled in modern languages. Their nautical training was not ignored. They were taught to handle boats, and as much of the art and mystery of seamanship as was necessary to prepare them for entering a cruising ship of war. Life on the *Britannia* was not strewn with roses for the young Princes. They had to obey the discipline of the ship, though it is said that for this Prince George found compensation in the opportunities for 'larks' which the lads under training are most ingenious in devising. They lived the wholesome, hearty life of naval cadets in Dartmouth, and had no indulgence, save that they had a cabin apart from the others."

While on the *Britannia* Prince George made himself universally beloved, and won more than one prize for boat-sailing, and pulled in more than one victorious crew of cadets. After they had passed through their schooling in the *Britannia* the two young Princes joined the *Bacchante*, which was commissioned on the 15th of July, 1879, by Captain (now Admiral) Lord Charles Scott; and on the 8th of January, 1880, the elder Prince's sixteenth birthday, both were rated as midshipmen. Mr. Lawless, their old tutor from the *Britannia*, accompanied the Royal middies, and a "governor" was also appointed in the person of the Rev. J. N. Dalton, better known as Canon Dalton.

The *Bacchante*, a steam corvette, was for the most part of the time attached to the training squadron under the command of Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam; the other ships of the squadron were the *Inconstant*, the *Tourmaline*, the *Cleopatra*, and the *Carysfort*. While in the *Bacchante* the Princes went round the world and saw for the first time the West Indies, South America, the Cape, Australia, Fiji, Japan, China, Singapore, Ceylon, the Suez Canal, Egypt, the Holy Land, and Greece.

"The two Princes," says one of their biographers, "had to do duty in all weathers and in all hazards, just like any other young 'reefers' on board. They had no exceptional indulgences, and they gave themselves no airs of superiority. Prince George, indeed, was extremely popular with the other middies in the gun-room mess, and, like them, was not averse to indulgence in practical jokes. Wherever the young sailor went he brought

A ROYAL GROUP ON DECK.

away with him reminiscences of boundless hospitality and cordial welcome. On his hosts he left the impression of a free-spoken, happy-hearted, gallant lad, less shy and dignified than his brother, but full of the liveliest interest in everything that was going on and bent on learning as much as he could from his travels." The regularity with which Prince Eddy and Prince George wrote up their diaries was most exemplary.

H.R.H. CAPTAIN THE DUKE OF YORK.

The record of their voyages was published in 1886 under the title, "Cruise of H.M.S. *Bacchante*, 1879–82. By Prince Albert Victor of Wales and Prince George of Wales. With additions by John N. Dalton."

Before leaving the *Bacchante* it may be interesting to take note of an interesting little ceremony which took place recently at York House. The *Bacchante* was disposed of by the Admiralty when considered no longer suitable for active service, and her purchasers were the Shipbreaking Company. Prior to the breaking up of the vessel the Company wrote to the Duke of York, asking whether he would like a souvenir of his old ship. His Royal Highness replied that he would be extremely pleased to receive some memento of the ship on board which three years of his youth had been spent. A model of the vessel's stern was therefore made out of a portion of her own timbers, and this faithfully reproduces in miniature some fifty feet of the original ship, from the name at the stern to the mizzen mast, thus including that part of the ship in which the young Princes had their quarters. The screw of the model is of gun-metal, while all the deck fittings are silvered. Beneath it is the following inscription upon a brass plate :—

MODEL OF THE STERN OF H.M.S. "BACCHANTE,"

4,120 tons, 4,420 h.p.
Constructed from her own timber.

Presented to

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G.

As a memento of His Royal Highness's tour round the world, 1879-1882.

Soon after leaving the *Bacchante* the Princes went to Switzerland under the care of their naval instructor, Mr. Lawless, and the present French master at Eton, M. Hua. They resided at Lausanne for six months, and on the 1st of May, 1883, Prince George was appointed midshipman to the *Canada*, which was commissioned by Captain Durrant for service on the North American and West Indian stations. The Royal sailor now had an opportunity of seeing many of the famous places in the New World.

At the time of his visit to the Dominion the Marquis of Lorne was Governor-General of Canada, and Princess Louise was of course with her husband at Ottawa. It may be interesting to mention that it was here that Prince George made the acquaintance of Sir Francis de Winton, then secretary to Lord Lorne. Sir Francis is now the well known comptroller and treasurer of

the Duke of York's household. After a cruise in the *Canada* among the West Indian Islands, Prince George passed as sub-lieutenant on his nineteenth birthday, 3rd of June, 1884, obtaining a "first class" in seamanship.

His next move was to the Naval College at Greenwich (and subsequently to H.M.S. *Excellent* at Portsmouth), in order to complete his sea training and to pass as lieutenant. Prince George, in fact, went through his lessons exactly like anybody else, and out of the five examinations he had to take (seamanship, navigation, torpedo, gunnery, and pilotage) he achieved the unusual distinction of getting a "first class" in four.

He was promoted to lieutenant's rank on the 8th of October, 1885, and on the 14th of January, 1886, was appointed to H.M.S. *Thunderer*, under the command of Captain Stephenson, on the Mediterranean Station, and soon after was transferred to H.M.S. *Dreadnought*. On the 25th of August, 1886, he was classed as one of the ship's regular lieutenants. Prince George's next step was on the 20th of April, 1888, when he was transferred to H.M.S. *Alexandra*, the flag-ship of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, then Admiral Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.

DECK CLEARED FOR ACTION.

PAY DAY.

A MARCH PAST ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

On this ship he remained for three years, and during this period made great progress in his profession. He visited the Sultan at Constantinople, his uncle the King of the Hellenes at Athens, the late Khedive Tewfik at Cairo, and other dignitaries.

After returning to England, Prince George determined to continue his naval career, wisely preferring an active life on the sea to the existence Royalty is more or less compelled to lead in this country. He volunteered, therefore, after his Mediterranean cruise, for another course of gunnery training on H.M.S. *Excellent* at Portsmouth. This concluded, he was appointed on the 1st of February, 1889, to the *Northumberland*, the

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES AND PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE.

flagship of the Channel Squadron. During the naval manœuvres of the summer of that year he was placed in charge of one of the finest of the torpedo boats, and on one occasion he had an opportunity of showing what manner of seaman he was. I will tell the incident in the words of a naval expert who speaks with authority on the subject:—

"It happened that one of the torpedo squadron disabled her screw off the coast of Ireland and was in danger of drifting on to a lee shore. The sea was running high and there was a stiff gale blowing. Prince George was sent to her assistance. The task was a most difficult one, owing to the delicate nature of the construction of such boats. He showed, however, such skill, judgment, and nerve in approaching, securing with wire hawser after several hours' effort, and ultimately towing the disabled craft into safety, as won him high encomiums of praise to the Admiralty from Captain Fitzgerald and other senior officers who witnessed his conduct on that occasion. The achievement was, perhaps, the more noteworthy as Prince George (like Nelson and many another distinguished naval officer) suffers terribly from sea-sickness, and the behaviour of a torpedo-boat in rough weather is not the most conducive to quietness of nerve or the comfortably collecting of the thoughts."

It was, doubtless, as a consequence of this and sundry other proofs of his naval capability that the Admiralty ordered him on May 6th, 1890, to commission the *Thrush*, a gunboat of 805 tons and 1,200 horse-power, at Chatham, for service on the North American and West Indian stations. It may be stated that such independent commands are usually given to senior lieutenants only, and that the compliment paid him by the Lords of the Admiralty was a real proof of their high opinion of his qualities, and not a mere acknowledgment of his Royal prerogative. For thirteen months Prince George held the command of the *Thrush*, and it was during this command that he was deputed by the Queen to be her representative to open the Industrial Exhibition at Jamaica. It is characteristic of the Prince's dislike of parade and pomp that he specially requested the admiral in command of the station that he might be treated simply as an ordinary naval officer.

On arriving in England with the *Thrush*, Prince George received his next "step," being promoted to the rank of commander on the 24th of August, 1891. He was then in his twenty-seventh year, and the fifteenth of his naval service.

It was in January, 1892, that H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale passed away, and this sad event naturally altered the course of Prince George's career. He was now, of course, Heir to the Throne, and was raised to the Peerage as Duke of York.

His sailor life was naturally interrupted, for he had now social and official duties to perform in England, but he assured his naval friends that he had no intention whatever of severing his connection with

the service, but that he should pursue his naval career when opportunity allowed. The Duke of York's next "step" was in 1893, for on the 2nd of January of that year he was appointed captain in the Royal Navy.

In June, 1898, came the commissioning of H.M.S. *Crescent*, with the Duke of York as captain. His Royal Highness was in command of the *Crescent* for three months, part of which time was spent in the manœuvres and the rest in different ports.

Probably those weeks of command on the *Crescent* were among the happiest the Duke had spent since the death of his dearly loved brother. After a spell of several years on land he could not but be glad to get back to the Navy once more, and to feel that he was taking an active share in a profession with which he had been for so long connected. That the Prince appreciated to the full his responsible position, and endeavoured to discharge his duties as captain of one of her Majesty's cruisers to the very best of his abilities, need hardly be said. From what has been already mentioned it will be quite evident that the Duke of York's naval career has been a very real and serious matter to him, and he may well be proud of the fact that he has thoroughly earned each single step in his promotion, and that his position as captain to-day is due to his own exertions and not to his Royal birth.

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK ON BOARD HIS FATHER'S VESSEL.

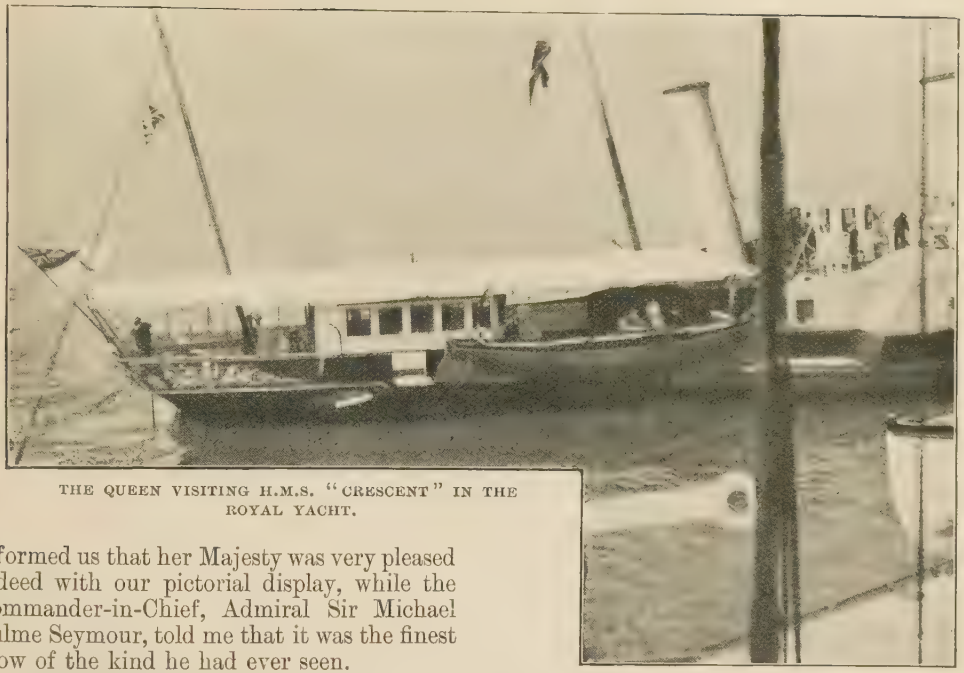
Many stories are told illustrative of the kindness shown to the crew of the *Crescent* during its recent commission by the Duke and Duchess. On one occasion they were both present at a concert given by the sailors, and while it was proceeding the Duchess noticed that the men were not smoking. She mentioned the matter to the Duke, who, having ascertained that his wife would not object, gave the order, "All hands may smoke." In an instant pipes were produced from pockets and immediately filled, cigars and cigarettes were lit, and before very long the room was filled with tobacco smoke, making the place seem more like a smoking-carriage on the Underground Railway than a room on board a first class cruiser. The Duchess expressed herself as delighted with the entertainment, and remarked on leaving that she did not know when she had spent a more pleasant evening.

The photographs which accompany this article are reproduced by kind permission of Mr. McGregor, C.P.O. of the *Crescent*, who took them, in conjunction with Messrs. G. West and Sons, of Southsea. The Duke and Duchess very kindly allowed not only themselves, but their private apartments on the *Crescent*, to be pictured, and, more than this, his Royal Highness gave permission to Messrs. West, well known for their artistic work at sea, to take a series of "animated photographs" of the life of the sailors on board. These represent all sorts of subjects, such, for instance, as "Field-gun Drill," "Sailors Dancing on the Forecastle," "The Midshipmen of the *Crescent* at Physical Drill," "March Round the Quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Crescent*." It may be here mentioned that it is the custom, in all ships of the Royal Navy, for the entire crew to walk in single file once a month before the captain. This is done in order that he may at least have the opportunity of seeing every sailor individually. A very good series is one showing a sailor dancing a hornpipe before the crew of the *Crescent*, and when these animated pictures are thrown on the screen it is quite easy to imagine (save, of course, that there is no noise to accompany the scenes) that one is gazing at something which is actually taking place. Mr. West told me that the first time he exhibited the animated photographs of the *Crescent* was before the captain of the ship and the crew.

"The scene," he said, "is impressed vividly on my mind as being most picturesque and novel. The *Crescent* was lying alongside the jetty, and the screen was fixed up on the jetty, so that the picture could be seen by everyone. Captain H.R.H. the Duke of York and his officers stood on the bridge, and the crew swarmed all over the ship, each with an eye to the best position for seeing the views. Several of the sailors came on to the jetty, and, some sitting and some standing, formed a circle around the screen.

"The enthusiasm and applause that greeted each picture was very great, and as they recognised each other in the march round the men laughed and cut jokes in right merry fashion. The second time I gave the exhibition was before the Queen at Osborne, and after it was over I cannot express how proud we felt at being so highly honoured by H.R.H. the Duke of York, who personally

THE DUKE OF YORK'S APARTMENTS ON BOARD H.M.S. "CRESCENT."



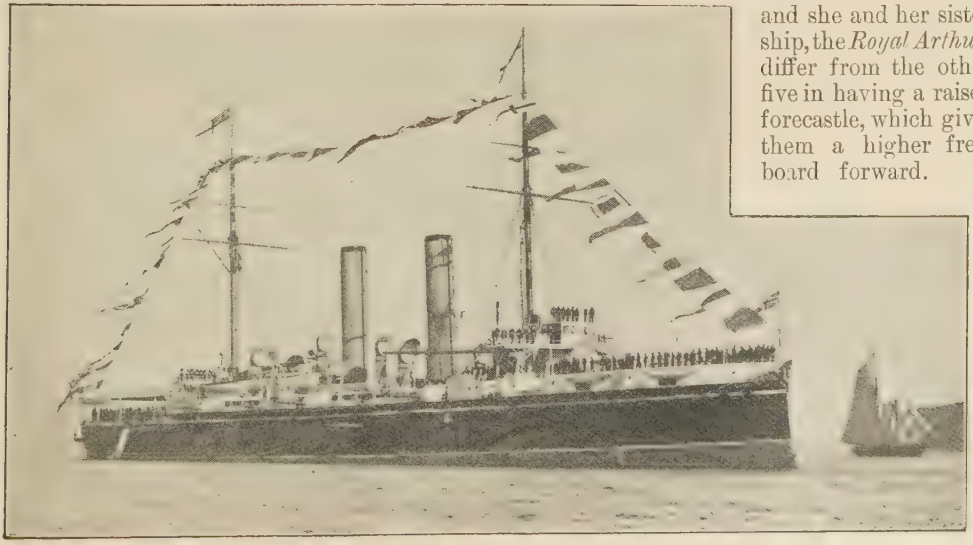
THE QUEEN VISITING H.M.S. "CRESCENT" IN THE ROYAL YACHT.

informed us that her Majesty was very pleased indeed with our pictorial display, while the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, told me that it was the finest show of the kind he had ever seen.

"Her Majesty sat in the drawing-room, and the pictures were thrown upon a screen fixed up in the doorway, the lanterns being operated from the dining-room. The exhibition lasted just over twenty minutes, and the Duke of York explained the various pictures to the Queen as they were projected on the sheet."

One of our photographs shows H.R.H. the Duke of York in the uniform of a captain in the Royal Navy. Simplicity is the most noticeable feature of the Duke's dress. On his right sleeve are the four gold bands which denote his rank, the ring on the upper one showing his attachment to the Executive Council. Another photograph shows the Royal yacht *Osborne* with her Majesty on board. When the *Crescent* was anywhere near, the Queen would often go and pay her sailor grandson a visit.

The *Crescent* is one of a group of seven first class cruisers laid down under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, and she and her sister ship, the *Royal Arthur*, differ from the other five in having a raised forecastle, which gives them a higher freeboard forward.



THE "CRESCENT" DRESSED AND MANNED IN HONOUR OF HER MAJESTY'S VISIT.

An Ugly Spill.

From the Picture by Lucy E. Kemp-Welch.

JOAN OF THE SWORD.

By S. R. Crockett.*

Illustrated by Frank Richards.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

In the preceding chapters we are introduced to the Duchess Joan of Hohenstein, in Castle Kernsberg, who is twenty-one years old and is a keen and accomplished swordswoman. She is bound by the decree of her father, anxious to unite the two States, either to marry Prince Louis of Courtland or to forfeit her dominion. In order to see her affianced husband unknown to him, Joan, who is very impetuous, dons masculine dress and pays an incognito visit to Courtland, disguised as a secretary named "Johann Pyrmont." Here she makes the acquaintance of Princess Margaret of Courtland, who introduces the secretary to her brother, and is herself greatly fascinated by the young man's looks and ingenuousness. The Princess discards her former cavalier, a Muscovite Prince, who is mad with jealousy. "Johann," however, is much confused by the double *rôle* that is necessary in order to preserve the secret of her identity, though she is most favourably impressed with the glimpse she has of the man whom she regards as her future husband. Ultimately Joan proceeds to Courtland as a bride. Owing to an attack of illness, Prince Louis is unable to see her until they meet at the altar, when, to her dismay, Joan finds that the Prince whose memory she has been cherishing so happily is but Prince Conrad, the younger brother and the bishop who is to marry her, while the bridegroom is a man as repellent and ill-favoured as his brother is attractive. Joan at first refuses to marry him, but eventually yields to Princess Margaret's persuasion. On the steps of the cathedral, however, she suddenly withdraws from her husband, telling him she has fulfilled the letter of the contract, but will have no more to do with him. Hastily springing to her horse, she rides out of the city, and, followed by her horsemen, makes straight for Kernsberg. The flouted bridegroom then resorts to force, and besieges Kernsberg with a powerful army of his own and Muscovite men. In order to prevent the Duchess being captured, in the event of the castle being taken, her officers convey her, much against her will, to a place of safety on an island in the Baltic, where she may stay with the mother of one of their fellow officers till the storm has blown over.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOUSE ON THE DUNES.

The woman in the crimson cloak waited for Joan to be assisted from the boat, and then, without a word of greeting, led the way up a little sanded path to a gate which opened in a high stone wall. Through this she admitted her guests, whereupon they found themselves in an enclosure with towers and battlements rising dimly all round. It was planted with fragrant bushes and fruit trees whose leaves brushed pleasantly against their faces as they walked in single file following their guide.

Then come a long, grey building, another door, low and creaking heavily on unaccustomed hinges, a sudden burst of light, and lo! the wanderers found themselves within a lighted hall, wherein were many stands of arms and armour, mingled with skins of wild animals, wide-spreading many-tined antlers, and other records of the chase.

The woman who had been their guide now set down her lantern and allowed the hood of her cloak to slide from her head. Werner and his two male companions, the captains of Plassenburg, fell back a little at the apparition. They had expected to see some hag or crone, fit companion of their wordless guide.

Instead, a woman stood before them, not girlish certainly, nor yet in the first bloom of her youth, but glorious even among fair women by reason of the ripeness of her beauty. Her hair shone full auburn with shadows of heavy burnt-gold upon its coils. It clustered about a broad, low brow in a few simple locks, then, sweeping back round her head in loose natural waves, it was caught in a broad flat coil at the back, giving a certain statuesque and classic dignity to her head.

The mother of that young paladin, their Sparhawk? It seemed impossible. This woman was too youthful, too fair, too bountiful in her gracious beauty to be the mother of such a tense young yew-bow as Maurice von Lynar.

Yet she had said it, and women do not lie (affirmatively) about such a matter. So, indeed, at heart thought Werner von Orseln.

"My lady Joan," she said, in the same thrilling voice, "my son has sent me word that till a certain great danger is overpast you are to abide with me here on the Isle Rugen. I live alone, save for this one man, dumb Max Ulrich, long since cruelly maimed

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at the hands of his enemies. I can offer you no suite of attendants beyond those you bring with you. Our safety depends on the secrecy of our abode, as for many years my own life has done. I ask you, therefore, to respect our privacy, as also to impose the same upon your soldiers."

The Duchess Joan bowed slightly.

"As you doubtless know, I have not come hither of my own free will," she answered haughtily; "but I thank you, madam, for your hospitality. Rest assured that the secrecy of your dwelling shall not be endangered by me!"

The two looked at each other with that unyielding "at-arm's-length" eyeshot which signifies instinctive antipathy between women of strong wills.

Then with a large gesture the elder indicated the way up the broad staircase, and throwing her own cloak completely off she caught it across her arm as it dropped, and so followed Joan out of sight.

Werner von Orseln stood looking after them a little bewildered. But Boris and Jorian exchanged significant glances with each other.

Then Boris shook his head at Jorian, and Jorian shook his head at Boris. And for once they did not designate the outlook by their favourite adjective.

* * * * *

Nevertheless, instinct was so strong that, as soon as the women had withdrawn themselves upstairs, the three captains started towards the door to make the round of the defences. The Wordless Man accompanied them unasked. The square enclosure in which they found themselves seemed liker an old fortified farmhouse or grange than a regular castle, though the walls were thick as those of any fortress, being loopholed for musketry, and (in those days of bombards few and heavy) capable of standing a siege in good earnest against a small army.

The doors were of thick oak crossed in all directions with strengthening iron. The three captains examined every barred window with keen professional curiosity, and, coming to another staircase in a distant part of the house, Von Orseln intimated to the dumb man that they wished to examine it. In rapid pantomime he indicated to them that there was an ascending flight of steps leading round and round a tower till a platform was reached, from which (gazing out under his hand and making with his finger the shape of battlements) he gave them to understand that an extensive prospect was to be enjoyed.

With an inward resolve to ascend that stair and look upon that prospect at an early hour on the morrow the three captains returned through the hall into a long dining-room vaulted above with beams of solid oak. Curtains were drawn close all about the walls. In the recesses were many stands of arms of good and recent construction, and opening a cupboard with the freedom of a man-at-arms, Boris saw ramrods, powder, and, shot arranged in order, as neatly as though he had done it himself, than which no better could be said.

In a little while the sound of footsteps descending the nearer staircase was heard. The Wordless Man moved to the door and held it open as Joan came in with a proud, high look on her face. She was still pale, partly with travel and partly from the indignant angers of her heart. Von Lynar's mother entered immediately after her guest, and it needed nothing more subtle than Werner von Orseln's masculine acumen to discern that no word had been spoken between them while they were alone.

With a queenly gesture the host motioned her guest to the place of honour, and indicated that the three soldiers were to take their places at the other side of the table. Werner von Orseln moved automatically to obey, but Jorian and Boris were already at the sideboard, dusting platters and making them ready to serve the meal.

"I thank you, madam," said Jorian. "Were we here as envoys of our master, Prince Hugo of Plassenburg, we would gladly and proudly sit at meat with you. But we are volunteers, and have all our lives been men-at-arms. We will therefore assist this good gentleman to serve, an it please you to permit us!"

The lady bowed slightly and for the first time smiled.

"You have, then, accompanied the Lady Duchess hither for pleasure, gentlemen? I fear Isle Rugen is a poor place for that!" she said, looking across at them.

"Aye and no!" said Jorian; "Kernsberg is, indeed, no fit dwelling-place for great ladies just now. The Duchess Joan will be safer here than elsewhere till the Muscovites have gone home, and the hill-folk of Hohenstein have only the Courtlanders to deal with. All the same, we could have wished to have been permitted to speak with the Muscovite in the gate!"

"My son remains in Castle Kernsberg?"

she asked, with an upward inflection, an indescribable softness at the same time overspreading her face, and a warmth coming into her grey eyes which showed what this woman might be to those whom she really loved.

"He keeps the Castle, indeed—in his mistress's absence and mine," said Werner. "He will make a good soldier. Our lady has already made him Count von Löen, that he may be the equal of those who care for such titles."

A strange flash as of remembrance and emotion passed over the face of their hostess.

"And your own title, my lord?" she asked after a little pause.

"I am plain Werner von Oresln, free ritter and faithful servant of my mistress the Duchess Joan, as I was also of her father, Henry the Lion of Hohenstein!"

He bowed as he spoke and continued, "I do not love titles, and, indeed, they would be wasted on an ancient grizzle-pate like me. But your son is young, and deserves this fortune, madam, and will doubtless do great honour to my lady's favour."

The eyes of the elder lady turned inquiringly to those of Joan.

"I have now no faithful servants," said the young Duchess at last, breaking her cold silence; "I have only traitors and jailers about me."

With that she became once more silent. A painful restraint fell upon the three who sat at table, and though their hostess and Werner von Orseln partook of the fish and brawn and fruit which their three servitors set before them in silver platters, it was but sparingly and without appetite.

All were glad when the meal was over and they could rise from the table. As soon as possible Boris and Jorian got outside into the long passage which led to the kitchen.

"Ha!" cried Boris, "I declare I would have burst if I had stayed in there another quarter hour! It was solemn as serving Karl the Great and his longbeards in their cellar under the Hartz. I wonder if they are going to keep it up all the time after this fashion!"

THE HALL OF THE HOUSE ON THE DUNES.

"And this is pleasure," rejoined Jorian gloomily; "not even a good rousing fight on the way. And then—why, prayers for the dead are cheerful as dance-gardens in July to that festal board. Good Lord! give me the Lady Ysolinde and the gnomes we fought so long ago at Erdberg. This sword-handed Joan of theirs freezes a man's internals like Baltic ice."

"Jorian," said Boris, solemnly lowering his voice to a whisper, "if that Courtland fellow had known what we know, he would have been none so eager to get her home to bed and board!"

"Ice will melt—even Baltic ice!" said Jorian sententiously.

"Yes, but greybeard Louis of Courtland is not the man to do the melting!" retorted Boris.

"But I know who could!" said Jorian, nodding his head with an air of immense sagacity.

Boris went on cutting brawn upon a wooden platter with a swift and careful hand. The old servitor moved noiselessly about behind them, with feet that made no more noise that those of a cat walking on velvet.

"Who?" said Boris, shortly.

The door of the kitchen opened slightly and the tall woman stood a moment with the latch in her hand, ready to enter.

"Our Sparhawk could melt the Baltic ice!" said Jorian, and winked at Boris with his left eye in a sly manner.

Whereupon Boris dropped his knife and, seizing Jorian by the shoulders, he thrust him down upon a broad stool.

Then he dragged the platter of brawn before him and dumped the mustard pot beside it upon the deal table with a resounding clap.

"There!" he cried, "fill your silly mouth with that, Fatsides! 'Tis all you are good for. I have stood a deal of fine larded ignorance from you in my time, but nothing like this. You will be saying next that my Lady Duchess might take a fancy to you!"

"She might do worse!" said Jorian philosophically, as he stirred the mustard with his knife and looked about for the ale tankard.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FACE THAT LOOKED INTO JOAN'S.

The chamber to which the Duchess Joan was conducted by her hostess had evidently been carefully prepared for her reception. It was a large, low room, with a vaulted roof of carven wood. The work was of great merit and evidently old. The devices upon it were mostly coats-of-arms, which originally had been gilded and painted in heraldic colours, but neglect through long generations had tarnished the gold leaf and caused the colours to peel off in places. Here and there, however, were shields of more recent design, but in every case the motto and scutcheon of these had been defaced. At both ends of the room were windows, through whose stained glass Joan looked without result into blank darkness. Then she opened a little square of panes just large enough to put her head through and saw a walk of lofty poplars silhouetted against the sky, dark towers of leaves all a-rustle and a-shiver from the zenith to the ground, as the moaning and sobbing wind drew inward and whispered to them of the coming storm.

Then Joan shut the window and looked about her. A table with a little *prie-Dieu* stood in the corner, screened by a curtain which ran on a brazen rod. A Roman Breviary lay on a velvet-covered table before the crucifix. Joan lifted it up and her eyes fell on the words: "*By a woman he overcame. By a woman he was overcome. A woman was once his weapon. A woman is now become the instrument of his defeat. He findeth that the weak vessel cannot be broken.*"

"Nor shall it!" said Joan, looking at the cross before her; "by the strength of Mary the Mother, the weak vessel shall not be broken!"

She turned her about and examined with interest the rest of the room which for many days was to be her own. The bed was low and wide, with sheets of fine linen folded back, and over all a richly embroidered coverlet. At the further end of the chamber was a fireplace, with a projecting hood of enamelled brick, looking fresh and new amid so much that was centuries old. Oaken panels covered the walls, opening mostly into deep cupboards. The girl tried one or two of these. They proved to be unlocked and were filled with ancient parchments, giving forth a faintly aromatic smell, but without a particle of dust upon their leaves. The cleanliness of everything within the chamber had been scrupulously attended to.

For a full hour Joan walked the chamber with her hands clasped behind her back, thinking how she was to return to her well-beloved Kernsberg. Her pride was slowly abating, and with it her anger against those faithful servants who had risked her favour

to convey her beyond the reach of danger. But none the less she was resolved to go back. This conflict must not take place without her. If Kernsberg were captured, and Maurice von Lynar found personating his mistress, he would surely be put to death. If he fell into Muscovite hands that death would be by torture.

At all hazards she would return. And to this problem she turned her thoughts, knitting her brows and working her fingers nervously through each other.

She had it. There was a way. She would wait till the morrow and in the meantime sleep.

As she stooped to blow out the last candle, a motto on the stem caught her eye. It ran round the massive silver base of the candelabra in the thick Gothic characters of a hundred years before. Joan took the candle out of its socket and read the inscription word by word—

"DA PACEM, DOMINE, IN DIEBUS NOSTRIS."

It was her own scroll, the motto of the reigning dukes of Hohenstein—a strange one, doubtless, to be that of a fighting race, but, nevertheless, her father's and her own.

Joan held the candle in her hand a moment, heedless of the wax that dripped on the floor.

What did her father's motto, the device of her house, upon this Baltic island, far from the highlands of Kernsberg? Had these wastes once belonged to men of her race? And this woman, who so regally played the mistress of this strange hermitage, who was she? And what was the secret of the residence of one in this wilderness who, by her manner, might in her time have queened it in royal courts?

And as Joan of Hohenstein blew out the candle she mused in her heart concerning these things.

* * *

The Duchess Joan slept soundly, her dark, boyish head pillowed on the full rounded curves of an arm thrown behind her. On the little velvet-covered table beside the bed were her belt and its dependent sword, a faithful companion in its sheath of plain black leather. Under the pillow, and within instant reach of her right hand, was her father's dagger. With it, they said, Henry the Lion had more

"'She might do worse,' said Jorian philosophically."

than once removed an enemy who stood in his way, or more honourably given the *coup de grâce* to a would-be assassin.

Without, the mood of the night had changed. The sky, which had hitherto been of favourable aspect, save for the green light in the north as they rowed across the waters of the Haff, was now overflowed by thin wisps of cloud tacking up against the wind. Towards the sea a steely blue smother had settled down along the horizon, while the thunder growled nearer like a roll of distant drums beaten continuously. The wind, however, was not regular, but came in little puffs and bursts, now warm, now cold, from every point of the compass.

But still Joan slept on, being tired with her journey.

In their chamber in the wing which looks towards the north the three captains lay wrapped in their mantles, Jorian and Boris answering each other nasally, in alternate trumpet blasts, like Alp calling to Alp. Werner von Orseln alone could not sleep, and after he had sworn and kicked his noisy companions in the ribs till he was weary of the task, he rose and went to the window to cast open the lattice. The air within felt thick and hot. He fumbled long at the catch, and in the unwholesome silence of the strange house the chief captain seemed to hear muffled feet going to and fro on the floor above him. But of this he thought little. For strange places were familiar to him, and any sense of danger but an added spice in his cup of life.

At last he worried the catch loose, the lattice pane fell sagging inwards on its double hinge of skin. As Werner set his face to the opening quick flashes of summer lightning flamed alternately white and lilac across the horizon, and he felt the spit of hailstones in his face, driving level like so many musket balls when the infantry fires by platoons.

* * * * *

Above, in the vaulted chamber, Joan turned over on her bed, murmuring uneasily in her sleep. A white face, which for a quarter of an hour had been bent down to her dark head as it lay on the pillow, was suddenly retracted into the darkness at the girl's slight movement.

Again, apparently reassured, the shadowy visage approached as the young Duchess lay without further motion. Without the storm broke in a burst of appalling fury. The pale blue forks of the lightning flamed at the casement in flash on continuous flash. The thunder shook the house like an earthquake.

Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, Joan's eyes opened, and she found herself looking with bewilderment into a face that bent down upon her, a white face which somehow seemed to hang suspended in the dark above her. The features were lit up by the pulsing lightning which shone in the wild eyes and glittered on a knife-blade about the handle of which were clenched the tense fingers of a hand equally detached.

A quick, icy thrill chilled the girl's marrow, darting like a spear through her body. But Joan of Hohenstein was the true seed of Henry the Lion. In a moment her right hand had grasped the sword beside her pillow. Her left, shooting upward, closed on the arm which held the threatening steel. At the same time she flung herself forward, and with the roaring turmoils of the storm dinning in her ears she grappled something that withstood her in the interspace of darkness that had followed the flashes. Joan's spring had been that of the couchant young wild cat. Almost without rising from her bed she had projected herself upon her enemy. Her left hand grasped the wrist so tightly that the blade fell to the ground, whereupon Joan of the Sword Hand shifted her grasp upwards fiercely till she felt her fingers sink deep in the soft curves of a woman's throat.

Then a shriek, long and terrible, inhuman and threatening, rang through the house. A light began to burn yellow and steady at the cracks of the chamber door, not pulsing and blue like the lightning without. Presently, as Joan overbore her asssailant upon the floor, the door opened, and glancing upward she saw the Wordless Man stand on the threshold, a candle in one hand and a naked sword in the other.

The terrible cry which had rung in her ears had been his. At sight of him Joan unclasped her fingers from the throat of the woman who had been her hostess and rose slowly to her feet. The old man rushed forward and knelt beside the prostrate body of his mistress.

At the same moment there came the sound of quick footsteps running up the stairway. The door flew open and Werner von Orseln burst in, also sword in hand.

"What is the meaning of this?" he shouted. "Who has dared to harm my lady?"

Joan did not answer, but remained

standing tall and straight by the hooded mantel of the fireplace. As was her custom, before lying down she had clad herself in a loose gown of white silk which on all her journeys she carried at her saddle-bow.

She pointed to the mother of Maurice von Lynar, who lay on the floor, still unconscious, with the dumb man kneeling over her,

"Joan's spring had been that of the couchant wild cat."

chafing her hands and murmuring unintelligible tendernesses, like a mother crooning over a sick child.

But the face of the chief captain grew stern and terrible as he saw on the floor a knife of curious design. He stooped and lifted it. It was a Danish *tolleknife*, the edge a little curved outward and keen as a razor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SECRET OF THERESA VON LYNAR.

"Go down and bring a cup of wine!" commanded Joan as soon as he appeared. And Werner von Orseln, having glanced once at his mistress where she stood with the point of her sword to the ground and her elbow on the corner of the mantel, turned on his heel and departed without a word to do her bidding.

Meanwhile the Wordless Man had raised his mistress up from the ground. Her eyes slowly opened and began to wander vaguely round the room, taking in the objects one by one. When they fell on Joan, standing erect by the fireplace, a spasm seemed to pass across her face and she strove fiercely but ineffectually to rise.

"Carry your mistress to that couch!" said the young Duchess, pointing to the tumbled bed from which a few minutes before she had so hastily launched herself.

The dumb man understood either the words or the significant action of Joan's hand, for he stooped and lifted Von Lynar's mother in his arms. Whilst he was thus engaged Werner came in quickly with a silver cup in his hand.

Joan took it instantly and going forward she put it to the lips of the woman on the bed. Her hair had escaped from its gathered coils and now flowed in luxuriant masses of red-gold over her shoulders and showered itself on either side of the pillow before falling in a shining cataract to the floor.

Putting out her hands the woman took the cup and drank it slowly, pausing between the draughts to draw long breaths.

"I must have strength," she said. "I have much to say. Then, Joan of Hohenstein, thou shalt judge between thee and me!"

The fluttering of the lightning at the window seemed to disturb her, for as Joan bowed her assent slightly and sternly, the tall woman kept looking towards the lattice as if the pulsing flame fretted her. Joan moved her hand slightly without taking her eyes away, and the chief captain, used to such silent orders from his mistress, strode over to the window and pulled the curtains close. The storm had by this time subsided to a rumble and only round the edges of the arras could a faint occasional glow be seen, telling of the turmoil without. But a certain faint tremulousness pervaded the house, which was the Baltic thundering on its pebbly beaches and shaking the walls to their sandy foundations.

"Joan remained standing tall and straight by the hooded mantel of the fireplace."

The colour came slowly back to the woman's pale face, and, after a little, she raised herself on the pillows. Joan stood motionless and uncompromising by the great iron dogs of the chimney.

"You are waiting for me to speak, and I will speak. You have a double right to know all. Shall it be told to yourself

alone or in the presence of this man?"

She looked at Von Orseln as she spoke.

"I have no secrets in my life," said Joan; "there is nothing that I would hide from him. Save one thing!" She added the last words in her heart.

"I warn you that the matter concerns yourself very closely," answered the woman somewhat urgently.

"Gratefully and silently Von Orseln lifted his mistress's hand to his lips."

"Werner von Orseln is my chief captain!" answered Joan.

"It concerns also your father's honour!"

"He was my father's chief captain before he was mine, and had charge of his honour on twenty fields."

Gratefully and silently Von Orseln lifted his mistress's hand to his lips. The tall woman on the bed smiled faintly.

"It is well that your Highness is so happy in her servants. I have one who also can hold his peace."

She pointed to the Wordless Man, who now stood with the candelabra in his hand, mute and immutable by his mistress's bedhead, as if watching that none should do her harm.

There was an interval of silence in the room, filled up by the hoarse, persistent booming of the storm without and the shuddering shocks of the wind on the lonely house. Then the woman spoke again in a low, distinct voice.

"Since it is your right to know my name, I am Theresa von Lynar—who have also a right to call myself 'of Hohenstein'—and your dead father's widow!"

In an instant the reserve of Joan's sternly equal mind was broken up. She dropped her sword clattering on the floor

and started angrily forward towards the bed.

"It is a lie most foul," she cried; "my father lived unwed for many years—nay, ever since my mother's death, who died in giving me life, he never so much as looked on woman. It is a thing well known in the Duchy!"

The woman did not answer directly.

"Max Ulrich, bring the silver casket," she said, taking from her neck a little silver key.

The Wordless Man, seeing her action, came forward and took the key. He went out of the room, and after an interval which seemed interminable he returned with a peculiarly shaped casket. It was formed like a heart, and upon it, curiously worked in gold and precious stones, Joan saw her father's motto and the armorial bearings of Hohenstein.

The woman touched a spring with well-practised hand, the silver heart divided, and a roll of parchment fell upon the bed. With a strange smile she gave it to Joan, beckoning her with an upward nod to approach.

"I give this precious document without fear into your hands. It is my very soul. But it is safe with the daughter of Henry the Lion."

Joan took the crackling parchment. It had three seals attached to it and the first part was in her father's handwriting.

"*I declare by these presents that I have married, according to the customs of Hohenstein and the laws of the Empire, Theresa von Lynar, daughter of the Count von Lynar of Jutland. But this marriage shall not, by any of its occasions or consequents, affect the succession of my daughter Joanna to the Duchy of Hohenstein and the Principalities of Kernsberg and Marienfeld. To which we subscribe our names as conjointly agreeing thereto in the presence of His High Eminence the Cardinal Adrian, Archbishop of Cologne and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire.*"

Then followed the three signatures, and beneath, in another handwriting, Joan read the following:—

"*These persons, Henry Duke of Hohenstein and Theresa von Lynar, were married by me subject to the above conditions mutually agreed upon in the Church of Olsen near to the Kurishe Haff, in the presence of Julius Count von Lynar and his sons Wolf and Mark, in the year* 14—, *the day being the eve of St. John.—Adrian Archiepiscop. et Elector.*"

After her first shock of surprise was over Joan noted carefully the date. It was one year after her own birth, and therefore the like period after the death of her mother, the openly acknowledged Duchess of Hohenstein.

The quick eyes of the woman on the bed had followed hers as they read carefully down the parchment, eagerly and also apprehensively, like those of a mother who for some weighty reason has placed her child in peril.

Joan folded the parchment and handed it back. Then she stood silent waiting for an explanation.

The woman took up her parable calmly, like one who has long comprehended that such a crisis must one day arrive, and who knows her part thoroughly.

"I, who speak to you, am Theresa von Lynar. Your father saw me first at the coronation of our late sovereign, Christian, King of Denmark. And we loved one another. For this cause I moved my brother and his sons to build Castle Lynar on the shores of the Northern Sea. For this cause I accompanied him thither. For many years at Castle Lynar, and also at this place, called the Hermitage of the Dunes, Henry of Kernsberg and I dwelt in such happiness as mortals seldom know. I loved your father, obeyed him, adored him, lived only for him. But there came a spring when my brother, being like your father a hot and passionate man, quarrelled with Duke Henry, threatening to go before the Diet of the Empire if I were not immediately acknowledged Duchess and my son Maurice von Lynar made the heir of Hohenstein. But I, being true to my oath and promise, left my brother and abode here alone with my husband when he could escape from his Dukedom, living like a simple squire and his dame. Those were happy days and made up for much. Then in an evil day I sent my son to my brother to train as his own son in arms and the arts of war. But he, being at enmity with my husband, made ready to carry the lad before the Diet of the Empire, that he might be declared heir to his father. Then, in his anger, Henry the Lion rose and swept Castle Lynar with fire and sword, leaving none alive but this boy only, whom he meant to take home and train with his captains. But on the way home, even as he rode southward through the forest towards Kernsberg, he reeled in the saddle and passed ere he could speak a word, even the name of those he loved. So the boy remained a captive at

"'I am ready. I bid you slay me for the evil deed my heart was willing to do!'"

Kernsberg, called by my brother's name, and knowing even to this day nothing of his father."

And as the woman ceased speaking Werner von Orseln nodded gravely and sadly.

"This thing concerning my lord's death is true," he said; "I was present. These arms received him as he fell. He was dead ere we laid him on the ground!"

Theresa von Lynar raised herself. She had spoken thus far reclining on the bed from which Joan had risen. Now she sat up and for a little space rested her hands on her lap ere she went on.

"Then my son, whom, not knowing, you had taken pity upon, and raised to honour, and who is now your faithful servant, sent a secret messenger that you would come to abide secretly with me till a certain dark day had overpassed in Kernsberg. And then there sprang up in my heart a dreadful conceit that he loved you, knowing young blood and hearing the fame of your beauty, and I was afraid for the greatness of the sin—that one should love his sister."

Joan made a quick gesture of dissent, but the woman went on.

"I thought, being a woman alone, and one also who had given all freely up for love's sake, that he would certainly love you even as I had loved. And when I saw you in my house, so cold and so proud, and when I thought within me that but for you my son would have been a mighty prince, a strange, terrible anger and madness came over me, darkening my soul. For a moment I would have slain you. But I could not, because you were asleep. And, even as you stirred, I heard you speak the name of a man, as only one who loves can speak it. I know right well how that is, having listened to it with a glad heart in the night. The name was——"

"Hold!" cried Joan of the Sword Hand. "I believe you—I forgive you!"

"The name," continued Theresa von Lynar, "was *not that of my son!* And now," she continued, slowly rising from the couch to her height, "I am ready. I bid you slay me for the evil deed my heart was willing for a moment to do!"

Joan looked at her full in the eyes for the space of a breath. Then suddenly she held out her hand and answered like her father's daughter.

"Nay," she said, "I only marvel that you did not strike me to the heart, because of your son's loss and my father's sin!"

(*To be continued.*)

A DAY AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

By A. S. Appelbee.

Illustrated by A. J. Wall.

THE sedges by the riverside swayed gently in the summer breeze, and the poplar leaves whistled overhead and turned their grey faces to the sunlight, as I sat in a ferry-boat waiting to be carried to the opposite shore for a lazy day of reading in the shade. The ferryman did not believe in two journeys where one would do, and paused till an individual halfway back to the village came up, who proved to be none other than Jack Shipley, disguised in his Sunday clothes. Ordinarily Jack is a picturesque personality, well set up and well favoured, with a clear eye and a steady hand, who takes a pride in the occupation of a gamekeeper. An inquiry as to the reason of this metamorphosis elicited that it was "club-day," or the anniversary of a friendly society, in the nearest little town.

"'You be broke, Master Watson, and no mistake.'"

"It'd do you writin' chaps a sight of good to go and see some real life," said Jack sweetly. "I'll take you to the club dinner, so as you won't starve, and show you the fun of the fair after."

Of course I went. It was worth it to have the three-mile walk to the town with a man whose views were quaint and original, but whose observation might have rivalled that of Richard Jefferies. When we arrived, the three clubs in the district were taking part in a joint church-parade. The parson was slipshod and prosy, as country parsons may be without reproach, and we joined a group who had disposed themselves on the tombstones outside, to see the procession start before they walked down to dinner. Jack was cordially welcomed.

"What, Master Watson," he said to a patient-looking old fellow in corduroy, "you at the Trinity Feast again! Where be you livin'?"

"At the big 'ouse," said the old fellow quietly, using a current localism for the Union workhouse. "'Ow's your missis?"

"Oh, I didn't know. She's very well. And 'ow be you?"

"Well, in 'eart 'ealth I be as well as ever I was, but I've lost some'ow the use of one 'and"—it was plainly paralysed—"and they turned me off then from my job. But there, I were seventy-three; what else could I expect?"

There was not a trace of animosity in the tone in which the words were spoken.

"You be broke, Master Watson, and no mistake," said a young wife sitting near, with all the brutal frankness of the country. "'Ow do they use you?"

"Pretty fair, Jaën, pretty fair; but it's my last Trinity. I shall never come no more."

"Why not? Where shall you be?"

"Dead, Jaën," said the worn-out old worker quite peacefully.

Just then the brass band struck up a dance tune and Watson was forgotten in the bustle. The club members filed out in shiny black coats and trousers that had fitted their fathers, possibly, and bore evidence in their creases of careful preservation. These contrasted oddly with their rolling agricultural gait and with their brightly coloured sashes and insignia of office, as they marched two and two behind the banners of their respective orders down the entire length of the village. We went to the largest dinner, in a tent at the back of a public-house, where the local M.P. presided, sitting at a table reserved for about a dozen visitors. Viands specially cooked, and wine from his own cellar, aroused no remark among the two hundred members, who were used to this kind of thing on the part of the squire, besides being fairly occupied in obtaining their own half-dollar's worth. The platefuls that followed one another down their bronzed throats would have to be seen to be believed. My next-door neighbour put the matter in a nutshell.

"Where's your feyther, Bill?" said someone to him.

"Not comin' this year," replied my neighbour.

"'Ow's that, Bill?"

"'E says 'e's allus bad for three days after Trinity."

The pudding was stodgy and heavy, but less so than the oratory from the visitors' table and the statistics hurled at us by the secretary. Only one item relieved the gloom, and that was when an unpopular squire replied to the toast of his health. Agricultural hinds of to-day, at any rate, are not much like the popular ideal created by Charles Kingsley. Instead of showing sullen respect, the villagers suppressed the offending squire by quietly starting a universal hum of conversation on local topics, in which the speaker was bound to be stifled, shout he never so loudly.

Outside in the pure air again the place was livening up. Carts had rolled past till the inn yards had overflowed into the streets—there were two streets. Where the place simmered in the forenoon, it boiled now. Cheap Jacks and rock stalls were doing a flourishing trade with customers whose good humour was only equalled by their open-eyed astonishment, as they witnessed some simple feat of sleight-of-hand, or recognised an acquaintance never seen since the corresponding day last year. Leather-lunged rascals shouted of the ease with which cocoanuts could be exchanged for pence in alleys where the nuts had just been secured in iron hoops as firmly as circumstances and a mallet permitted. The rival orchestras of the sea-on-land and of the jenny horses blared in a brazen cacophony. Down-at-heel villains howled the latest music-hall airs—all the questionable morality that could be obtained in six of them for a penny. Showmen announced their wares in a monotone that added to the din.

And how things have progressed, to be sure, since the days of my youthful "mops!" That was not a century ago, by any means; but then we rejoiced in hobby-horses that were simply run round by a couple of men. Now the hobby-horses turn up in a train of wagons, drawn by a traction engine, which subsequently snorts amidships as the three rows of brightly painted steeds pursue their giddy way, and one's best girl bobs up and down serenely by one's side. They will be worked with electricity very soon. Indeed, I hear that this is an accomplished fact in some shows already.

Jack volunteered to show me round and began the process by making straight for the nearest shooting-gallery. Here, with fearsome weapons that would have wrought more damage than some of the battleships in the Spanish war, you fractured bottles for the modest "brown." Jack hit his first two, to the evident amusement of two townsmen who were watching the proceedings. A "bob" changed hands in the form of a bet upon the next shot—of course, to the advantage of the keeper—and, almost before I realised what was going on, Jack and one of the strangers had come to an

understanding and were shooting for a wager. The other stranger turned to me.

"Your friend will lose," he said. "Gibson is a pigeon shot in Birmingham."

But Jack did not lose. They did not know keepers. Half-a-crown was the forfeit of the first man to miss his mark, and the large coin soon joined the small one.

The stranger grumbled, changed his weapon, and quadrupled the stake. A crowd soon began to gather, and Jack

"A gamekeeper bumpkin. Good morning."

The boxing-booth was our next venture. It was worth the "tuppence" demanded to see two youths as like as peas introduced as Mike Sullivan, of New York, and Tom Jones, the famous boxer of "Popular." How one loves to think the Poplar hero has not ascertained his enemy's powers already in a hundred desperate encounters, where the same referee has seen fair play! and that

'You fractured bottles for the modest 'brown.'"

opened the ball with a bull's-eye. Amid general silence both men kept their aim perfect for several rounds and there was almost a cheer. Jack, the rural candidate, had won again, and the rural folks were mightily delighted.

"Well, I'm blowed! Me taken down by a blooming bumpkin!" said the stranger. But Jack only smiled a frank smile, and his clear eye twinkled as he added—

he is not the son of the same mother, and that he will not be thus seconded and thus battling with his defiant antagonist every day as long as the tuppences accrue! And how fit the pair must be, drink they never so deeply in private life!

My old joy and relative, Aunt Sally, has also moved with the times. She is distinctly abreast of the modern spirit of progress, and in her latest phases might almost be accounted a new woman. Jack pointed out Aunt Sally in the form of a man with his head and hands through a board, as though he were in the stocks. The Circe who stood at the other end of the range, and dispensed

favours in the form of balls to heave at him, only a penny for two, was his wife. One can fancy that in case of matrimonial recriminations she might take a mean advantage by potting at him in an unguarded moment. Not but what the man in the stocks is very well qualified to take care of himself by means of adroit dodging. When the worst comes to the worst he has a padded turban on the top of his head, with which he plays the ball as neatly as W. G. Grace can return a straight one to Richardson. One return of this kind rebounded on to the thrower's chin. But an incredible number of shots Aunt Sally eludes, and a suitable grimace will often impel the infuriated person at the other end to part with a further copper in order to square accounts.

Some of the other shows were not of much account. There were the waxworks, where a collar and a little hair had transformed my old friend Dizzy by a Fregoli change into Gladstone. There was the marvellous bearded woman, as to whom Jack inquired of an unkempt imp in the tent, "Is that your ma, my boy?" and received the petrifying answer, "No, sir, that's my pa." There was the Temple of Thespis, where "The Lady of Lyons" and a farce were knocked off in twenty-two minutes, and Claude in the former hoped that he might not be "gelatined."

These and many more grew uproarious as the sun sank low in the sky and the money was mostly spent. The young people got to the state of exchanging chaste salutes without an introduction. Then we old fogeys thought it time for the sober homeward journey, but we started in a forgiving frame of mind, as for most of these merry ones it was the only holiday of the year. There was almost pathos in the discourse of a young matron whom we overtook leading her two little ones, and descanting upon the merits of sixpennyworth of "fairings." It was so much pleasure obtained at so small an outlay.

"AUNT SALLY" UP TO DATE.

LIKE other children, I had a grandfather. When I visited his house at Burford, at certain intervals, my youthful imagination was always fascinated. There were so many legends and so many realities — realities of the fruit garden, realities from the River Windrush, and from that tower of strength, an apple orchard that never failed.

But when beneath the window "Smoker Bennett," the last of the beadles, passed along the drive, in all the glory of a cocked hat and gold-laced cape, my heart stood still, for I fancied that he must be very nearly related to the Queen of England; and when one afternoon he put upon my tiny wrists the very handcuffs that had once manacled Thomas Dunsdon, I had no room left for doubt.

Recent investigations make me dubious as to Bennett's adhesion to the truth, but he certainly told me that his grandfather had arrested the robbers, and by this announcement added several cubits to his stature in my romantic eyes. But then they were hospitable in the kitchen, and Bennett became legendary after beer.

THE SUMMER HOUSE AT CAPP'S LODGE.

The Forest of Wychwood, the greater part of which lay in Oxfordshire, was, some centuries back, one of the four great woods of England. Its last remnants were broken up in 1862—when it still numbered some seven thousand acres of forest—and the deer shot down.

What a Paradise this forest was for an enterprising highwayman, when ten times larger, as it was rather more than one hundred years ago, can be easily understood, for the principal coachroads skirted or went through it.

Outside Burford, perhaps a mile and a half away, is the village of Fullbrook, and here I find the first mention of the name of

SMOKER BENNETT.

Dunsdon, in the parish register for 1693. Here, also, is still standing a cottage, with the name of Dunsdon scratched upon the window glass.

The father of the robbers had several sons. Our interest lies with three—Richard, Thomas, and Henry—literally Tom, Dick, and Harry. Richard, the eldest of the trio, was born in 1745. We will leave history now and go to the legends of the countryside.

My friend the shepherd said he could not tell me much. He had been born on the Cotswolds, like all his family, and the only story he remembered about the Dunsdons had been told him by his grandfather, as a sort of fairy tale, to while away the long nights when they had to lie out with the ewes at lambing time.

"I suppose they were a queer lot, sir. They came of an old family, for they've a altar tomb at Swinbrook. They wanted money and went the worst way to work to get it. Why, bless your soul, the granfer said as they was such thorough sportsmen, that one snowy night, two of the brothers who had just left Northleach met the other coming from the opposite direction of Frogmill — all bent on *strictly* private business. They set to work firing, just to keep their hands in. Harry Dunsdon's mare had her ear shot off, and Tom got a bullet in his boot. They was awful pleased about it when they next met, for they was dead certain as every man Jack of 'em knew his business."

My friend the gamekeeper had another story, handed down, like the shepherd's, by word of mouth. He said that a hedger and ditcher, bound early for his work, about five o'clock one autumn morning, saw two mounted men, with a led horse, a corpse across its saddle. This ghastly procession passed a few hundred yards into the forest, and the men dismounted and threw the body into a shallow grave, which had evidently been dug overnight. The watcher must have made some slight noise—perhaps he trod on a dry stick, for he was seen and was promptly shot and buried with the first victim. The incident was seen by another labourer on his way to work. Terrified, he held his tongue until such time as the Dunsdons were not likely to trouble him in this world.

My friend the parson was more guarded, and limited himself to dry facts. His account was as follows. The brothers began their career by robbing farmers on their way from market, taking stock of all kinds, which they would on occasion hide in the forest. But as trade developed, and the

HENRY DUNSDON'S PISTOLS.

The highwayman pulled them from his pocket, one after the other, until he had shot Harding down.

THE DUNSDONS WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

neighbourhood became too hot to hold them, they would drive off as far as Epping Forest, where a branch of the firm did for some time a very flourishing business. What first brought the Dunsdons into prominence as dangerous malefactors, however, was their stoppage of the Oxford mail, from which they secured nearly £500.

At Capp's Lodge Inn, three miles or so from Burford, a great deal of gambling took place during the Bibury race meeting. Bibury, in fact, was nearly as fashionable as Newmarket or Epsom rather more than one hundred years back.

HARDING'S DAUGHTER.

Between whiles, when their pockets were full, gambling did not come amiss to the Dunsdons. They dressed well, probably in clothes that did not belong to them, and seem to have terrorised the country.

On Whit Sunday, 1784, when a village festival was being held, and a distribution of forest venison (which seems to me out of season) was taking place, Henry and Thomas Dunsdon joined a crowd of villagers and sightseers, many of the latter county gentlemen. A move was made later on for Capp's Lodge. The Dunsdons had ridden over from their cave at Tangley Wood, Bennett asserted; and though they were known to the landlord, the whole neighbourhood was in such terror of their name, that that worthy thought it wisest to hold his tongue. Anyhow, the robbers were sufficiently well dressed and had enough money to take a part in the gambling scene in the Summer House, where play was kept up till nearly daybreak. Capp's Lodge Inn has been pulled down, but the Summer House is still standing.

Whether the Dunsdons were unlucky at play on this occasion we know not; but they stayed on, evidently with some purpose, until four o'clock in the morning. A suspicion arose that they had accomplices without, and an effort was at length made to eject them. After some words and blows, William Harding, the tapster, who acted throughout with the greatest courage, closed with Henry Dunsdon. Dunsdon shot him without a word. The shot broke Harding's arm. He still held on, and Dunsdon drew a second pistol, putting the bullets or slugs in Harding's breast. At that moment Perkins, an ostler, ran up and tripped Dunsdon's feet from under him; then, picking up one of the discharged pistols which Henry had thrown on the ground, he turned on Thomas Dunsdon, who had run to his brother's assistance with loaded weapons, and knocked him senseless by a blow on the head. The landlord now joined in the struggle, which lasted some time, but eventually both the men were secured. The pistols here photographed have been ever since in the possession of the landlord's family.

Harding lingered for some months. His

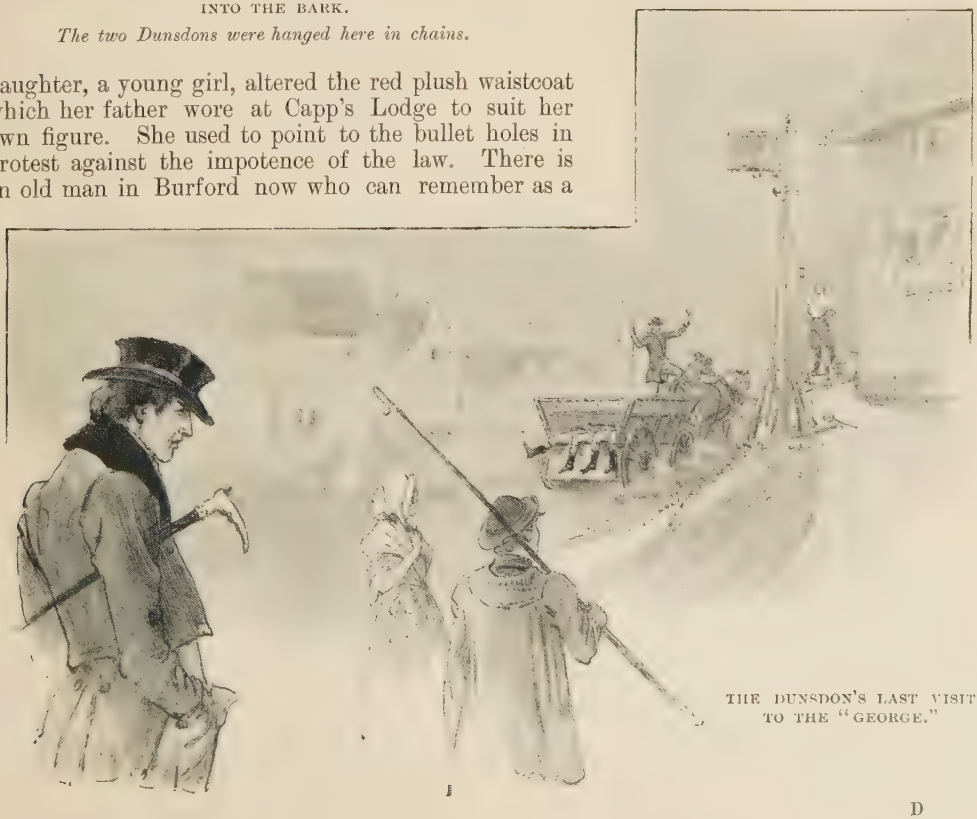
THE GALLOWS TREE, WITH INITIALS "H. D." AND "T. D." (HENRY AND THOMAS DUNSDON), AND DATE, "1784," CUT INTO THE BARK.

The two Dunsdons were hanged here in chains.

daughter, a young girl, altered the red plush waistcoat which her father wore at Capp's Lodge to suit her own figure. She used to point to the bullet holes in protest against the impotence of the law. There is an old man in Burford now who can remember as a boy seeing her—an old woman, still wearing the ragged shreds of this peculiar bodice. The robbers were tried, convicted, and executed at Gloucester, and condemned, in addition, to have their bodies gibbeted on the scene of their crimes.

After execution the brothers were hanged in chains on an oak tree in Wychwood Forest. On the bark is cut "H. D.—T. D., 1784," plain for all men to see. The tree does not stand in the forest now, but in a ploughed field; I can remember it, more years ago than I care to think of, standing in a grassy ride. Legend says the tree has not grown since 1784.

The favourite resort of the Dunsdons was the George Inn at Burford. They paid it a last visit. Twenty-four hours after their execution a cart and horses stopped at the inn. The driver wanted a glass of beer. The landlord was more than cordial, and a vociferous crowd ran down the street. Inside the cart — dead, on their backs — lay the Dunsdons, their legs dangling over the tailboard.



THE DUNSDON'S LAST VISIT TO THE "GEORGE."

THE SOCIETY OF TEN THOUSAND HOPES.

By Carlton Dawe.

Illustrated by Lester Ralph.

NAME of Edward Clandon conveys nothing particularly significant or suggestive to the brain of his countrymen, but there are very few officials of importance in the Chinese Empire who have not heard of it, or dreaded it more or less. I say this without boasting, for I fully appreciate the good luck which has persistently dogged my footsteps. Indeed, I freely admit that I have blundered excellently in my time, for which piece of good fortune my intellectual capacity has been duly overrated. But is this not the way of the world? For myself, I always fluke with an earnest face.

All the same, the ways of man, like those of Nature, work more or less according to rule, and taking this as a broad principle, some very obvious deductions may be drawn. Not that this rule of thumb may be considered infallible; for as in Nature there are earthquakes and cataclysms, so will you, apparently, find the erratic genius of man, given certain conditions, doing exactly what it ought not to do. But I say apparently advisedly, for as it is quite possible that neither earthquake nor deluge ever came without giving due warning, so will it be found that man's ways, viewed as a science, are not alone reasonable in the extreme, but that they could hardly be anything else.

At different times of my life I had been entrusted by the Government at Pekin with sundry political missions, some of them of considerable importance, others but comparatively so. That I gave due satisfaction may be taken for granted, since I was rarely out of an engagement. Though born in England, I went out to China when I was a child, in consequence of which I spoke Chinese like a native and a scholar. Indeed, at the competitive examinations at the capital I held my own with the flower of Chinese youth. With an assiduity worthy of a better cause I applied myself to the study of ancient philosophy; I began to think, and thought gave my brain an impetus towards investigation. But I really did not consider that I had reached the high-water mark of success until I solved the mystery of the Stolen Emperor.

Ugly rumours from the province of Kiang-tsu had begun to reach us in the capital. The Taiping Rebellion, though perhaps ancient history to the young, was by no means forgotten at Court; and those plagues to despots, the secret societies, were watched with an unsleeping eye, and punished with a vigour truly Chinese. The throne must be upheld at all costs, and he who has the power to reward can always command allegiance.

One day a prominent Court official, closely connected with the government of the interior, came to me in my office and explained that his Imperial Majesty, the Son of Heaven, had work for me to do. I listened humbly, as became a mortal who is honoured of the gods. That the Son of Heaven should condescend to remember the existence of such a contemptible creature as myself was an honour for which I would duly wander headless through eternity. The official received this protestation with a grave face: but he knew how much it was worth.

"We have received information," said he, "of the existence of a secret society, the name of which is the Ten Thousand Hopes. Nanking is the centre of this movement: this much we know, but no more. So far it has been able to elude the vigilance of the local authorities. They have no clue upon which to work, though the Governor, a much trusted official, is assiduous in his efforts to destroy the pest. True, he complains that

his enemies have grossly exaggerated the rumours ; but the Government, hearing from another source, is just a little apprehensive, and wishes to be relieved of its anxiety. Do I understand that you are willing to undertake this investigation ? "

" Perfectly."

" Then you will go to Nanking with all despatch, and immediately call upon the Governor, Chung-Ki. You will hand him this letter, and must arrange your method of work between yourselves. The reward will be generous."

I protested. Was it not reward enough to work for the Son of Heaven ?

" You have no objections to make ? "

" None whatever."

" His Majesty—the Son of Heaven—" he added beneath his breath, bowing gravely at the mention of that sacred name, " does not forget the service you rendered him."

" His Majesty is too good," said I. " A brain holding matters of the highest importance must not be burdened with trifles."

" The father of his people may not forget."

" Even so."

Then he bowed and walked gravely from the room. I arose and as gravely bowed him to the door. Then I went back to a cheroot and an inward chuckle. There was always this nonsense in connection with the Emperor, and so ingrained does this habit become that no one seems to see the absurdity of it, or, if he does, he conceals it most skilfully.

I leant back in my chair and thought. I knew that this province of Kiang-tsu was more or less honeycombed with secret societies, the majority of which aimed at the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty. That this Society of Ten Thousand Hopes was considered to be an extremely dangerous one my mission fully testified ; that the enterprise would be fraught with danger might almost go without saying. I knew something of the Chinaman, with his oily mouth and his serpent's heart, of his unreasoning hatred of his Tartar master, and of the depths to which he would descend to further his purpose. Cunning must be met with cunning, and devilish ambuscades with unflinching courage.

" Governor Chung-Ki."

Within two hours I had left Peking and was well on my way to Tientsin, whence I took steamer to Shanghai. From there to Nanking was a comparatively short journey. As a Chinaman I joined the ship, as an Englishman I left it. One never knows who is watching, and in some manner the Society of Ten Thousand Hopes might have learnt of my departure. Chinese being my ordinary dress, they would never suspect an Englishman. And here I may add that I was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to have a decidedly Eastern cast of face, even unto the dark eyes and the prominent cheek-bones, without which no disguise could have hidden my nationality. Moreover, I grew my hair in the Chinese fashion. It was only as a European that I wore a wig.

Upon my arrival in Nanking I called at once upon the Governor, Chung-Ki ; but, notwithstanding my facility of expression, my European clothes barred the door against me, and it was not until I warned the flunkey of the risk he ran in placing obstacles in the way of a Government messenger that he condescended to admit me. I was accord-

ingly shown into a private room, and with a reluctant air he informed me that he would take my name to the Governor, though he doubted if that exalted official would be able to see me. I smiled, for I had no doubt whatever.

Indeed, in less than five minutes the door was hurriedly opened, and in walked no less a personage than the Governor himself. He was a man of medium height, dark, shrewd, and thin, with a pair of intensely piercing dark eyes. Indeed, I do not think I ever saw eyes in which the fire of intelligence shone so fiercely. Through close-pressed brows they peered out at me, and I knew that not a single point in my dress, my face, or my manner, escaped them.

After the first felicitations had passed, and I had duly presented my credentials, the Governor, still surveying me, seated himself and condescended to wave me to a chair.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I did not expect to find you dressed as a European."

"I usually dress in the way people least expect."

I thought a smile curled the wrinkles round his dark eyes; but I would not be sure, as his thin, firm mouth remained impassive.

"And pardon me, again," said he. "No doubt you speak Chinese with the utmost fluency, yet you have a decidedly foreign accent."

"I assure your Excellency that my accent has never been doubted before."

"Strange," he muttered. His brows went closer together, and his eyes fairly blazed into mine. And yet there was nothing strange in it. I had assumed the slight foreign accent for reasons of my own.

"Perhaps the intelligence of your Excellency is greater than that of other men?" I suggested.

He smiled, but answered coldly, "Perhaps." In that smile there was just a suspicion of amusement—of puzzled amusement, one might say. Undoubtedly the

"I was just in time to catch a glimpse of a coolie in a grey blouse."

Government at Peking had made a mistake in sending upon an errand of this nature one who spoke Chinese with a foreign accent; and yet I could see that the man had heard of me and my doings, and that they commanded respect.

"Well," said he, as though he thought the matter hardly worth discussing, my chance of success being so utterly remote, "this letter bids me lay at your disposal whatever information I may possess concerning this Society of Ten Thousand Hopes. I am the contemptible slave of his Imperial Majesty, my master." He made a solemn inclination of the head as he uttered that august name, but at the same time there was a ring of bitter sarcasm in his voice which fairly startled me.

"By all accounts," said I, "your information is of the most meagre description. Indeed, if your Excellency will pardon me, it is reckoned not a little singular that you should be so ignorant of what is going on in your midst."

"Ah," he replied, "the smallest amount of success is worth more than a mountain of endeavour. I have no doubt that I can justify myself to the Government—unless his Majesty wishes me personally to play the spy."

This was a cut at me, but my hide was impervious to such small darts.

"We are both fed by the same hand," I said.

"Yes," he answered with a smile. "Curious, is it not?"

Fearing that we were beginning to tread a very thorny path, I took the first turning to the right.

"Will your Excellency be good enough to tell me what you know of this society?"

"Am I not commanded?" he replied, his thin lips curling in a smile which was half a sneer. "But, as you have already said, I fear my information is meagre."

"The society is a political one?"

"Undoubtedly."

"The outcome of the present corrupt system of government?"

"I believe they do indulge in jargon of that nature."

"In Peking they say it is powerful."

"In Peking they may know more than we who are on the spot."

"Then you do not think it dangerous?"

"I think it contemptible. A few coolies inflamed with spirits or imaginary grievances."

"And yet you have not been able to lay your hands on them?"

"How can one lay one's hand on a few irresponsible persons who have spoken loudly in a wine shop?"

"But this is a political society whose aim is the abolition of the reigning dynasty. It is believed that they are a powerful league, that they meet at regular intervals, and that many prominent citizens have joined the conspiracy."

"I cannot conceive it possible," he said, now thoroughly alarmed. "Such a serious state of things could not be kept secret, such a gathering must come under my cognisance."

"Unless your servants play you false."

This seemed a new idea to him, and he clutched it eagerly.

"It may be so, it may be so," he repeated. "After all, a man in my position is entirely at the mercy of those beneath him. I am glad you have come. Perhaps we shall be able to solve this mystery together. But pardon me, have you formed any plan of how you intend to work?"

"None whatever. I never form a plan."

He looked incredulous, as well he might, but that was no affair of mine.

"But you will disguise yourself?"

"That, obviously, will be a necessity."

"You are aware of the danger of the mission?"

"What, from a few coolies with imaginary grievances?"

"But even a coolie may strike hard when inflamed with wine."

"Your Excellency is extremely solicitous of my welfare."

"Extremely," he answered, with a strange smile. "Though I have no great belief in the alarming proportions of this conspiracy, I have had some experience of conspirators, and I warn you that they will treat with scant courtesy a secret agent of the Government."

"With as little courtesy as the Government would treat a conspirator?"

He bowed.

"Then, the consequences known, neither side can complain of being misled?"

"At the same time," said he, "see that you exercise the utmost caution, for this conspiracy may have a deeper root than I imagine. Indeed, against my will and better judgment, this mission of yours is beginning to fill me with the gravest anxiety. I shall be in every day at this hour. You must call and report progress. Anything that I can do in the way of money or men——"

"Your Excellency is too good. I always work alone."

With that I bowed myself from the presence of the exalted Chung, not perfectly pleased with the result of the interview. In fact, I hardly knew how to take the man, even though I had entertained no visions of a flattering reception. My visit must necessarily reflect on his administration, and it was not to be expected that he would receive me with open arms. Naturally he would belittle the conspiracy. In China it is a dangerous thing to be proved incompetent.

As I walked away from the yamen, my thoughts alternately honouring the formidable task I had in hand and the strange character of the Governor, I stopped in the most natural way possible and took a comprehensive survey of the street, just as a stranger does in a strange land. But in reality I had only one object in view—the yamen behind me. As I turned towards it I saw a coolie in a grey blouse come dashing through the gates. He seemed in a great hurry, and apparently bent on some important mission. Yet when he came within fifty yards of me he pulled up suddenly, quickly felt beneath his blouse, and not finding what he wanted crossed the street and disappeared down an alleyway.

Perfectly oblivious of everything about me, I filled my pipe and strolled on, but at the corner of the street I stopped as if uncertain which way to take, and in my blundering European fashion I even indulged in the futility of looking *behind*. I was just in time to catch a glimpse of a coolie in a grey blouse as he slipped into a doorway.

This was getting interesting. My short interview with Chung-Ki had convinced me of his intelligence, but in what way was his vanity fed by having me shadowed? Did he suspect me? In what manner did he hope to profit by my folly? No doubt it would serve him well at Peking if he could find some vital flaw in my armour. That he resented my mission was natural enough; but the paternal Government at Peking is not in the habit of considering the sensitiveness of its officials. Chung was not absolutely in disgrace, but my presence was undoubtedly a hint that he might have done better.

Conscious of the presence of the man in the grey blouse, I walked on as though absolutely unaware of his existence, now up one street and down another, as a man might when he has no particular object in view. Occasionally, from out the tail of my eye, as it were, I caught a glimpse of that grey blouse, and I experienced a sensation much akin to pleasure. I had shadowed so many people that to be shadowed in turn was an experience of which I thought I could never have enough. So I walked incessantly for two hours, and sometimes at an extremely rapid pace, before I turned towards the inn where I had engaged a room. As I entered the door I saw the grey blouse loitering at the top of the street.

Well, there was nothing much in this. I had not told the Governor my address, simply because he had not evinced curiosity enough to ask for it. Why, then, had he gone to work in this secret fashion? That the man had followed me by Chung's order there could not be the shadow of a doubt. Why?

Trying hard to find a reason for this singular behaviour, I made my way to my room, which was up a narrow flight of dirty steps, and lighting another pipe I sat down to think; and truly some bold thoughts came to me which even I rejected disdainfully. But the pipe burning low, I carefully knocked the ashes on the window-sill and looked out over the dirty back yards and the curved roofs. That way of escape was impossible. The situation must be faced.

Without more ado I unlocked my bag and took out a complete suit of Chinese clothes. These I quickly donned, transferring my European dress to the bag. Thanks to my Oriental cast of face, the touching-up required to make a perfect Chinaman was inconsiderable. I even wore a pair of big horn spectacles, the better to complete the illusion.

Arrayed thus, I surveyed myself with some satisfaction in the small mirror which, along with some odd ends of make-up, I always carried as part of my properties; and I felt sure that no person, judging by appearance, would take me for other than I seemed. But first to test the accuracy of my judgment.

I carefully locked my door and descended to the public room, in which sat some three or four persons drinking tea and chatting away as only Eastern people can chat. Luckily the landlord did not see me enter, so calling to him I asked for a pipe and a cup.

"You have a foreigner here?" I said, a few casual remarks leading up to the question.

"Yes, Excellency."

"What do you know of him?"

"Nothing, Excellency."

"Are you sure?" This with a suspicious intonation.

"Is your Excellency also after him?"

"Also? What do you mean?"

He favoured me with a meaning smile as he said, "Hadn't your Excellency better ask your friends yonder?" And with a nod towards the three men he shuffled off.

For fully five minutes I sat stolidly sipping my tea, never daring to look round. the time between my entering the inn and my coming down again being so short. And yet when I came to think it out, I knew that I must have wasted considerably more than an hour in my room—time enough for Grey Blouse to collect a small army.

"'Hadn't your Excellency better ask your friends yonder?'"

Slowly I arose and walked to the door, the landlord overwhelming me with thanks for the few extra cash which I had flung at him. The three men looked up from their pipes, and I was subjected to the close scrutiny of six piercing eyes.

Entering the street, I turned at once in the direction in which I had last seen Grey Blouse, and, sure enough, there he was, supporting the same corner of the same house. I passed within a couple of yards of him, and though he looked me keenly up and down, I saw at once that he did not recognise me. Chuckling inwardly, I moved sedately by; but I had no liking for all this mysterious shadowing, though I was particularly keen on knowing what it meant.

I walked on, assuming the preoccupied mien of a literary thinker, my big horn glasses lending considerable dignity to the assumption. But nevertheless I stole many a quick look over my shoulder, though I never once caught a glimpse of my friend in the grey blouse. Feeling somewhat assured, I hung about until it was dark before I made my way back to the inn. My intention was to secure my bag and shift my quarters without delay.

But my brain was going at express speed. Heavens! but this was quick work. And what did it mean? Why this dangerous interest in my welfare? At first it seemed incredible that these men could be acting in concert with my friend of the grey blouse;

There were only two people in the public room when I entered; one, a fellow of the lower classes, who was complacently sleeping in one corner; the other, an old man with a pack, who looked like a pedlar. He, too, if his attitude and his flickering eyelids meant anything, would soon be in the land of Nod. I accordingly sat down and ordered something to eat, thinking the opportunity an excellent one, and when the landlord brought it I asked him what had become of the three men.

"Does not your Excellency know?"

"How should I?"

"He groaned twice and then lay still."

"But they went out after your Excellency?"

"You are a very intelligent fellow," said I.

"Thanks, your Excellency."

I ate my supper with apparently a prodigious zest, but in reality I was much concerned and eager to quit the inn. Yet things had to be done diplomatically, and I hired a room for the night, that being the only way I could reach the floor above without arousing the landlord's suspicions.

As I approached the end of my meal the pedlar stirred, filled his pipe, ejected three huge clouds of smoke from his lantern jaws, knocked the ashes on the floor, and then ventured to give me the time of the day. I replied civilly enough, and, the ice once broken, the old fellow grew garrulous. He was, as I had imagined, a pedlar who dealt in many things, from tiny Buddhas to jade earrings. But finding that I would not buy, he hinted at a mysterious jade bracelet set with gold, a unique and valuable ornament which he would like me to see, but which he dared not show in public. I pooh-poohed the idea, but he was determined not to show his trinkets unless in private, and thinking it was about time I made a move, I invited him up to my room. He responded with alacrity, and together we mounted the staircase.

I noticed with some interest the peculiar strained gestures of the man as he entered the room, and when I spoke to him he answered in a voice which vibrated so intensely that I scarcely recognised it. But, apparently oblivious of the change, I asked him to disclose his wares, as I had little time at my disposal. With trembling fingers he accordingly began to untie his bundle, and presently he unearthed a small oblong lacquer box, which he brought to a little table and laid beside me. Producing a key, he unlocked it, and, drawing the candle nearer, I saw that the box contained a score or so of indifferent metal and jade trinkets.

"Where's the bracelet?" said I.

"I will get it for you."

With that he began to fumble still deeper into his pack, while I turned once more to the box and began to scrutinise its contents. But, as one might say, only with half an eye; the other half was on the pedlar. And I saw his hand go up under his blouse and come down with a knife in it, and without a sound he was upon me. Quick as thought I flung myself backwards, and as the knife came hissing over my shoulder I seized him

by the wrist and gave his arm such a sudden twist that I almost dislocated it. The knife fell clattering to the floor.

With a cry he sprang from my grasp and made a dash for the door, but rushing after him I seized his little pigtail. The thing instantly came away in my hands, and a dark-haired young man with his own queue neatly plaited round his head stood before me. Without giving him a moment's breathing space I closed with him, and immediately we were trying our best to strangle each other. But I had never yet encountered one of these yellow men who knew aught of the science of wrestling, and this one proved no exception to the rule. With a quick movement I back-heeled him and sent him whizzing to the floor. His head struck the hard wood with an ominous thud. He groaned twice and then lay still.

As I looked at him my admiration for the Society of Ten Thousand Hopes attained somewhat respectable dimensions. That a man of ability was at their head I no longer doubted, a man keen of thought and swift to act. My advent had evidently been anticipated with some measure of eagerness. This, while it flattered my vanity, was none the less distressing. All the same, I was anxious to come in contact with the head of the society.

The man lay breathing heavily, his little grey pigtail, scalp and all complete, on the floor beside him. As I looked at the latter it bred a thought, a thought which I instantly put into execution. Carefully braiding my own queue about my head, I adjusted the pedlar's false one, and finding that it fitted perfectly, I at once relieved him of his blouse, his breeches, and his straw sandals. Into these I popped without a moment's hesitation. Then, for safety's sake, I bound and gagged him and rolled him under the bed, and slipping into my own room, which was next door, I added the finishing touches to my face. When I looked into the glass it might have been the pedlar whom I saw reflected there.

It was a bold project I had formed, but I have found that it is usually the bold projects which succeed best. The Society of Ten Thousand Hopes and I had an account to settle.

Without a longer hesitation I slipped from my room, descended the stairs, passed through the parlour, where the common man still snored complacently on his bench, and so out into the street. Almost immediately a form sidled up to me in the dark, and I saw a pair of keen eyes peering into my face.

"Well?" whispered the owner of the eyes as he hurried me along the street.

"It is well," I replied, imitating as best I could the pedlar's voice.

"He sleeps?"

"Soundly."

"Good. Come with me. Thou hast proved thy devotion. Thus die every enemy of the cause."

I did not answer, for I was full of wonder. This was unravelling the tangled skein with a vengeance. I was to represent my own murderer and be acclaimed accordingly.

But in the meantime we hurried through many dark, evil-smelling streets until we came to an alleyway which my guide informed me was honoured with the significant title of the Street of Ill-Deserts. About half-way down it we stopped before a low door which had a small overhanging arch. Into the shadow of this arch my guide instantly pressed me, and then he began to scratch upon the door with one hand, while with the other he beat a low tattoo. Instantly a slip in one of the panels slid back, and a voice said, "What want ye?"

"The dragon's blood," said my guide.

"And of that which ye wish, and of that which ye have?" said the voice.

"Ten Thousand Hopes," answered the guide.

In a moment or two the door swung noiselessly back and we were admitted into a dark passage. Along this he led me until we came to a second door. Here different signs and passwords had to be given before we were allowed to pass. A third door, which required other signs and passwords, completed the entrenchments. This passed, we entered a long, low room, round which were seated some two dozen men, many of whom were smoking, while others sat mute or spoke in whispers. But whether they smoked or talked, they did it with a solemnity which could not have been exceeded had the executioner been standing over them.

In the middle of this room was a long table, upon which stood a lamp with a thick green shade. This gave a secret kind of light, one apparently suitable to the gathering; and I noticed that if one stood, or sat up straight, the upper part of the body was thrown into shadow. For obvious reasons I did not quarrel with the arrangement.

There was an air of suppressed expectation about the gathering which did not lose itself

on me, and for almost half an hour I sat smoking solemnly and speaking never a word. But my eyes and thoughts were busy, and by the prosperous appearance of some of the men I saw that this Society of Ten Thousand Hopes was composed of something more than a few coolies inflamed with imaginary grievances.

But presently there was a scarcely audible stir, though every man rose to his feet. A door at the farther end of the room had opened, giving admittance to a man in a white mask. All eyes were instantly turned towards him and low greetings passed round the room. He bowed gravely and took his seat at the head of a table. Then a pair of piercing eyes, eyes which shone strangely through the white mask, went round the room. When he spoke I started in spite of myself.

"Are we all here?"

"All, Brother President," replied the man on his right.

"And more?"

"One more."

"What wants he?"

"He has a tale to tell."

"He is a stranger to the Inner Brotherhood?"

"A stranger, Brother President."

He looked at me sharply. "We will hear his story before we proceed to more serious business."

I advanced a few paces and faced the white mask, and I saw his strange eyes glitter like balls of dark fire.

"We wait," he said.

"As waiteth he in his barbarian hell," I answered.

"So perish all our enemies," said the mask.

"Long live the Society of Ten Thousand Hopes," I replied.

"A pious wish, my son. The gods prosper our enterprise. The days of the usurper are numbered. And this poor fool—this creature who was neither English nor Chinese—how died he?"

"Like all his race—fighting desperately."

"And his last moments?"

"Were made happy by the knowledge that your Excellency is without an equal."

He did not speak, but rose trembling from his chair and came towards me.

"Excellency!" he repeated. "You make use of strange words—you are not of the Inner Brotherhood?"

"No, but the dignified bearing of your exalted superiority compelled the utterance."

An ominous silence followed, during which I knew that every eye was on me, though I never moved my gaze from the white mask. A strange, nervous excitement seemed to palpitate in the air, but I stared before me as though unconscious of it all. Years of schooling had enabled me to command the play of my features, but I could not check the succession of unpleasant thoughts which romped through my brain. Keenly alive to the situation, and prepared for disagreeable contingencies, my mind vainly sought an avenue of escape. This was one of the hottest corners I had ever been in.

The president, after surveying me in silence for a moment or two, turned to the man on his right and began to speak in whispers. The man replied as gravely, and then the white mask once more confronted me.

"Brother," he said, "in the discharge of our important functions we must exercise the utmost vigilance. Therefore, if we seem to doubt, we mean it not offensively, but as a mere precautionary measure." Then addressing the assembly, he asked, "Who brought this man hither?"

"I," said my guide, advancing.

"What know you of him?"

"All that is good."

"Explain."

"He hath served us faithfully in many ways. He it was to whom was deputed the honour of ridding the society of its most dangerous enemy. Disguised as a pedlar he entered the inn where this Englishman, already disguised as a Chinese, resided. I saw him enter the inn, and I beheld him emerge triumphant. With all haste I brought him here, so that he might speak with his own tongue."

"I hope that your zeal has not outrun your discretion," replied the president. "You can vouch for him?"

"Yes, Brother President—if this be he whom I saw enter the inn."

"Ah!" exclaimed the president significantly. Then, turning to me with eyes that glistened with an intenser radiance, he said sternly, "Your name?"

This was a facer, and though I knew that exposure was about to overtake me, I still had resource enough to attempt to brazen it out.

"Is it not against the rules of the Inner Brotherhood to discuss private names?" I asked, guessing, from his dislike of the word "Excellency," that some such law existed.

"Not if the necessity arises."

"I advanced a few paces and faced the white mask."

"Then, Brother President, what is yours?"

But disdaining my query he thundered out, "Speak!"

I looked round the circle, and meeting nothing but menacing looks I shrugged my shoulders, a gesture which conveyed my complete indifference to his wrath. Nevertheless I was in a frightful quandary, for I knew not what name to give, and that some name would have to be given was an absolute certainty. Then, suddenly remembering

that the pedlar had told me his, I answered quite imperturbably, though with an inward qualm, "I am Kong-li, the son of Hi, the most honourable coffin-maker of Chin-kiang."

The president looked at my guide: the guide nodded. I felt that I had scored one.

"Your present abode?"

This was another facer, but I answered desperately, "The Street of the Two-Clawed Dragon."

"Is this so?" to the guide.

"No, Brother President. He lives with his wife and two children in the Street of the Big Temple. This queue and these wrinkles are but a part of the disguise he assumed to entrap the spy."

"And to entrap you," screamed the president. "The spy is in our midst!"

In a moment every man was on his feet, and a dozen bare knives gleamed in the lamplight. Instantly there was a horrid rush for me, but darting forward I seized the lamp and flung it crashing into the midst of my assailants.

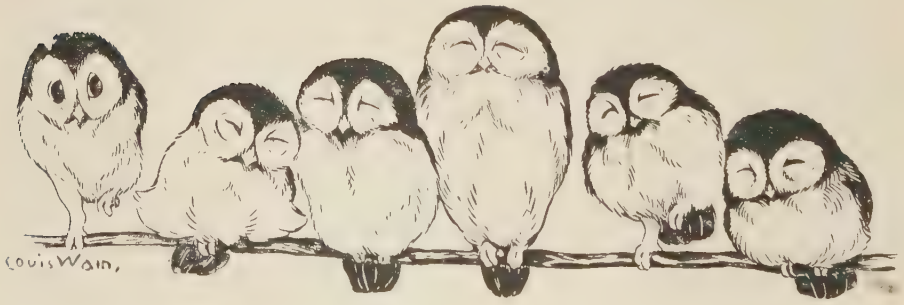
Immediate darkness followed, and a consternation of which I took instant advantage. Slipping under the table I came out on the other side, as close as I could get to the door through which I had seen the president enter, and in a loud voice I shrieked out, "Fire! fire!" At once the consternation increased tenfold, the conspirators making for the two doors with all despatch. Pressed in between half-a-dozen men I was carried through a long passage, out into a sort of back yard. Here some of the men, having recovered their nerve, stopped and began to talk; but I slipped from them and made my way across the yard to a break in the wall which I rightly conjectured was not unconnected with a gate. A man was guarding it, but him I touched on the arm and motioned for him to open, an intimation with which he at once proceeded to comply. Indeed, he was about to swing it back when the president's voice thundered out, "Let no one pass!"

The man stopped and was about to obey the injunction when I hit him heavily on the jaw. Down he went without a sound, and hastily opening the gate I passed out into a little alleyway.

Yes, I believe there was a pursuit of an indifferent nature; but in those days I was fleet of foot, and it is more than probable that I was writing my message in the telegraph office while the conspirators were searching for me in the alleys which surrounded their premises.

My message was addressed to a high official in Peking, and ran as follows—

"The Society of Ten Thousand Hopes meets in the Street of Ill-Deserts. Its president is the Governor, Chung-Ki."



LIFE IN A LANCASHIRE COTTON MILL

By J. FOSTER FRASER

THE clatter of innumerable clogs is the distinguishing feature of Lancashire manufacturing towns. Most people who work in the mills wear clogs. The morning will hardly have got aired when you are awakened out of your second sleep by a noise like the rattle of musketry under your bedroom window. Men and women are going to their labours. The clogs are wooden soled, iron bound, and brass tipped. The brass nails run round the edge of the boot with the regularity of buttons up the breast of a page boy.

You may travel from Manchester to Rossendale through a country that is black and scarred, with scant grass and few trees; you may remark that the women nearly all wear tartan shawls thrown over their heads; it is possible that the men may remind you they are hard and clear-headed, and that for intelligence the Lancashire working man rivals a Cabinet minister: but when you endeavour to recollect what impressed you the most during a visit to Lancashire, those clogs will force themselves upon your memory with a persistence that is remarkable. When I came back to London, all other things I had seen and heard grew dim and hazy, and for days after I could hear nothing but the clatter-clatter of the clogs. It is possible, however, that with time and patience one may become used to the noise, just as some of us manage to live and think amid the rattle and the bustle of London life.

A COTTON MILL NEAR STALYBRIDGE.

Work in the cotton mills cannot be healthy, for I was particularly struck with the wan appearance of the people. The men looked asthmatical and the women were dwarfed. As soon as a child is able to read, write, and spell well enough to become a half-timer it spends the other half of its life in the mills.

Perhaps in no other industry has the use of machinery been brought to such perfection. Everything seems to be done by machinery, so that all that is often needed is a boy and a girl to look on and superintend. Women labour is largely utilised. The men are engaged in other pursuits, such as cotton machine building. One of the most remarkable sights I have seen was the sudden flood of humanity I encountered one day at noon in Bolton, when the men rushed forth from one of these works to their dinner—impetuous, all eagerness, glad at the opportunity of putting down their tools for an hour.

From an adjoining mill came a stream of towsy-headed girls with their faces half hidden behind shawls, and carrying baskets which had contained their breakfasts. On Sundays these workgirls, however, burst forth into veritable butterflies. No more shawls or clogs for them! They must have hats of the latest fashion, gowns that are expensive and elaborate, and shoes as small as it is possible to wear. The wages earned are fairly good, and, working hard all the week through, they can well be pardoned

their display of finery at chapel on the Sunday.

Most of the mills in Lancashire are handsome, well-lighted structures, and it was my good fortune to see over several of them while in full swing. To these places is brought the raw cotton from Egypt and the Western world, much of it to find its way back in course of time in the form of the manufactured article. The best cotton is grown on the low-lying islands off the coast of Georgia, where the nip of frost is hardly ever felt. Every week thousands of tons are brought over to this country, though it does not all travel by way of the Manchester Ship Canal, as the Manchester people would like. But long before America was thought of, and probably when our ancestors were pigment-covered savages, the people of India grew cotton, and spun and weaved and dyed it. Then it was all done by hand, and one marvels how the Western European has not only caught up with the Asiatic, but has far excelled him. Of course, we all know about the spindles and the distaffs, which now only adorn entrance halls or antiquarian museums. There is something poetical about them which one cannot apply to the whirling, noisy, present-day machinery. It is my province to deal with the making of cotton as it now is in the Lancashire cotton mills; otherwise I think I could tell an interesting tale of the evolution of cotton machines. But these are eminently practical days, and a visit to some cotton mills provided excellent proof of how practical we really are—to stand amid a thousand looms, to hear the rush of thousands of shuttles, watching the working of a machine which goes about its duty and performs it with almost more than human ingenuity—this is an experience full of impressiveness and suggestion.

Let us try to imagine the amount of spinning there is. I am not far over the mark in saying there are nearly a hundred million spindles in the world, half of which are in Great Britain. It has been calculated that over sixty millions of money is invested in this country in spinning. These are rough and approximate figures, but they will convey some idea of Lancashire's importance in the industrial world.

UNLOADING COTTON ON THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

The principal works I visited were at Bolton; there I went over one of the largest cotton mills in the world, where the machinery is all of the latest, where there are 2,700 looms at work and about 2,600 folks employed.

The cotton in its raw state has to be cleaned by a process called "ginning"—that is, getting the seeds away from the fibre. Then the cotton is made up into bales, pressed into small compass by hydraulic presses, and sent over from America to the cotton mills in England. There is no waste in present-day manufacture, and the outcast seed which is not needed for sowing is crushed for its oil, to make into oil-cake for cattle food, or into material for paper manufacture, while the refuse that still remains is, most curious of all, turned into soap.

The bales of raw cotton as they arrive at the mill are as hard as blocks of wood. A special machine called an "opener" has, therefore, to be used. It has many rows of hungry-looking teeth, to which lumps of the compressed cotton are thrown and are speedily torn asunder. At the same time there is a strong blast of air blowing to carry away any

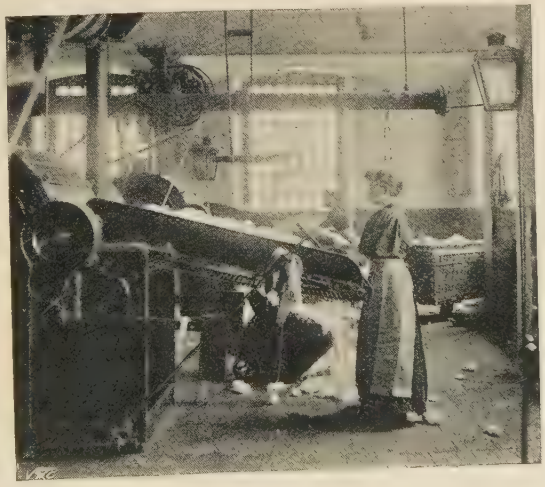
sand or dust. Then the cotton passes between rollers and is beaten until it loses its hardness and becomes soft in fibre.

At the same time the mixing of various kinds of cotton is carried on. This is important, and by judicious mixing yarn is obtained as strong as if only one good quality were used. The mixing is usually done by the attendant feeding the machine, which breaks up the cotton, with lumps of the material from different bales.

THE MIXING ROOM—COTTON UNDERGOING THE FIRST PROCESS.

Away is the cotton carried to the scutching machine, where it is further beaten and more dust got rid of. But the improved method now adopted is to draw the cotton from one machine to another by means of pneumatic suction. While passing through this scutcher the cotton is lapped—that is, it is rolled out several times, and is thus easier to handle than when in a loose condition.

Not yet, however, have the impurities been all removed. There are still broken seeds and leaf, and these have to be cleared away. This is done in a carding engine, which also arranges the fibre in a practically parallel order by combing it with a number of fine wire points. This carding engine has three cylinders, respectively called the main, the doffer, and the licker-in. The office of the licker-in is self-evident. As its teeth touch the cotton fed to it the fibres are loosened. The rapid roll of the cylinders and the sweep of the wire points lay the fibre in parallel form. It is interesting.



THE BLOWING ROOM.

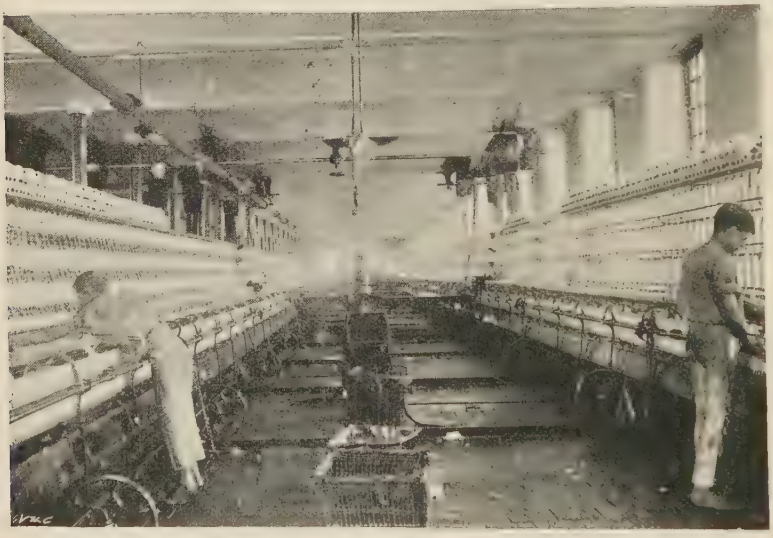
But combing is only carried out when the finer class of yarn such as is used for thread and lace is spun, and then only fibres of a certain length are retained, all the shorter ones being driven away. Here, indeed, is a marvel of mechanism. Without a rest, working with a regularity that no workman ever yet attained, and with no grumbling, this appliance gathers all the good fibres so that a thread of equal strength may be produced. All the fibres having been laid one way, they have to go through a drawing frame to be attenuated. The cotton is drawn over fluted rollers—but very gently, or the fibres would be torn asunder—and the tops of the rollers are covered with leather to give it a grip. Each roller has five or six deliveries, and as the cotton passes through it is subjected to a slight pull to draw it out.

Now it is ready for twisting, and the cotton changes its name to yarn. The twisting is started in the "slubbing" frame. But the twist is not much — only sufficient, indeed, to give it cohesion. The thread is further drawn, but so nicely adjusted is the drawing that it rarely breaks. The end is attached to a bobbin, upon which it is wound in successive layers.

And here is a novel process in connection with this slubbing. As the bobbins fill, the rapidity at which they travel gradually decreases. This is accomplished by a clever device known as "the sun and planet motion." There is a large wheel, with a couple of smaller wheels within it, and while

the smaller wheels turn at a uniform rate, the large wheel, driven by a pair of cones, travels at a decreasing speed. Thus while passing through the slubbing frame the cotton is drawn, it is twisted, and it is wound upon a bobbin.

Yet up to now the cotton is not ready for spinning. It has to be further twisted, and is rolled into hanks of a pound weight each and measuring 840 yards. After this the bobbins pass on to the spinning frame. The thread being drawn through rollers, it is reduced to the proper fineness, and a further twist is given to the yarn by the revolutions of the spindles. Then a piece of machinery called "the mule" takes the yarn in hand. It is the most complicated bit of mechanism I have ever seen; not the least remarkable thing about it is that it does several things at the same time. On it various qualities of yarn can be spun, either soft or hard, and twisted.



THE SPINNING ROOM.

In the weaving departments, where the material has not to go through a perfect string of evolutions before it reaches completion, I found much more that lent itself to the descriptive pen. Here again it was machinery, machinery everywhere; but machinery by the side of which one could stand and watch the threads being picked up and woven into prettily designed fabrics. And in weaving let me explain that two kinds of yarn are used. There is the warp yarn which is mounted on a loom for weaving, whilst weft yarn is thrown by a shuttle. It is a pretty sight to see the girls superintending the running of the yarn from what are known as the winding cops on to the bobbins. Close at hand is a warping machine on which a number of bobbins are fixed, the number, of course, depending on the breadth and the closeness of the web. For fine webs thousands of threads are used—sometimes as many as eight thousand—but on the machine which I inspected at work there were 530. The bobbins are all ranged in a frame. It is delicate work, and not done in a few minutes, to bring all the ends together to be evenly rolled on a big roller. With smoothness and ease the machine runs and the girl attendant sits on a stool. Her chief duty is to replace broken threads. Each thread goes through a steel eye, and when the thread breaks the steel drops and the machine is instantly stopped. Thus the appliance, acting automatically, prevents the whole thing getting in a tangle. Hour after hour the threads run from the bobbins on to a beam, and, I was informed by the girl who had to keep her eye on the machine I inspected, there were 10,500 yards of thread on the particular beam before her.

The beam is carried to an adjoining room, where the cotton is subjected to what about Bolton is called "slashing," but in the neighbourhood of Preston is termed "taping"—that is, it is run through a machine which has the effect of smoothing the surface of the threads and glossing them over. There are a couple of big, internally heated rollers. The threads are guided through what I was assured was nothing more than a mixture of sago flour acting as a size. I could well understand the anxiety of my guide for me to make no mistake about it being sago, for it is this sizing which gives a firmness to the texture. If the reader takes a piece of new and cheap cotton out of a shop and rubs it, a cloud of dust will rise. This is when the the sizing is other than sago—when, indeed, as is not

infrequently the case, some thirty or forty per cent. of the size is china clay, which gives the cotton a firmness in the touch of an ordinary purchaser that it really does not possess. The threads are conducted over hot steam cylinders to be dried, and there are numerous little bars to keep the thread well open the more readily to dry. There were 1,960 threads passing over the cylinder while I stood watching, and at every 19½ yards the threads were stamped automatically, this being the third of what is called "a cut"—namely, 58½ yards.

THE WINDING ROOM.

After this the rewound beam is taken into a room where women with some whiting and a twist of the finger and thumb fasten the ends of the thread of one beam on to the ends of the thread that has gone before. Thus the thread is drawn through healds, which is much simpler than having to thread every piece through them. The heald consists of eyes and loops, and leads on to the weaver's reed, very much like a great comb with very close teeth of brass—so close that as many as 120 are within an inch. Through each of these the thread has to be guided, and a boy whom I questioned as he was just finishing a task said he had drawn through 2,750 ends of thread in three hours. The ends are then carried forward to the cloth beam and the yarn is ready for weaving.

FRAME CARDING ROOM.

Never shall I forget the whirring noise that struck my ears when I entered a great room in which 1,200 looms were at work. It was an absolute impossibility to carry on any conversation, for even bawling at the top of one's voice into another man's ear was not sufficient to be heard.

Most people know that weaving, reduced to its elementary

state, is guiding horizontal threads in and out between alternate threads that are longitudinal. The way this is done is first of all by shedding, which divides the warp threads so that the shuttle with the weft may fly between them. There are two healds, and the working of these opens the alternate threads and allows the shuttle a free passage as it is thrown first one way and then another, and as quick as lightning. This throwing of the shuttle by machinery is very different from the old-time plan when the throwing was by hand. There is a self-acting appliance which instantly stops the machine when a thread is broken. This is accomplished by a contrivance called the "fork and grid" motion, which depends for its action on the lightly balanced prongs of a fork. These prongs come in contact with the weft every time the shuttle is cast across the apparatus. When the prongs fail to touch the weft, then a series of levers are set at work and the machine is brought to a standstill.

I am not exaggerating when I say I was completely astounded on watching what is known as the Jacquard loom. Its ingenuity is marvellous, for by its agency it is possible to produce complicated patterns as easily as plain cotton.

Let me endeavour to explain, though the complications are so many that it is extremely difficult. A pattern having been decided upon, a number of holes are cut by machinery in pieces of cardboard. For every variation of a thread a new card is needed. Thus it is a very small pattern indeed that only needs 200 or 300 cards to work it, whereas a big pattern will sometimes want as many as 15,000 cards. The perforated cards are all fastened to run over the machine like an endless rope. There are a number of hooks, above the cardboard, working up and down. When the hooks meet no obstruction, and pass through an aperture, they pull at a wire which moves the warp threads in a certain direction. So while the card is rotating, the hooks are working up and down, allowing the longitudinal threads to be intersected by the shuttle or not, just as it is arranged. As every successive card is presented, so a fresh combination is effected, and thus it goes on till the pattern be complete. I have seen a good many appliances and different machines at use in the industrial world, but never have I seen anything surpass in

IN THE FRAME ROOM.

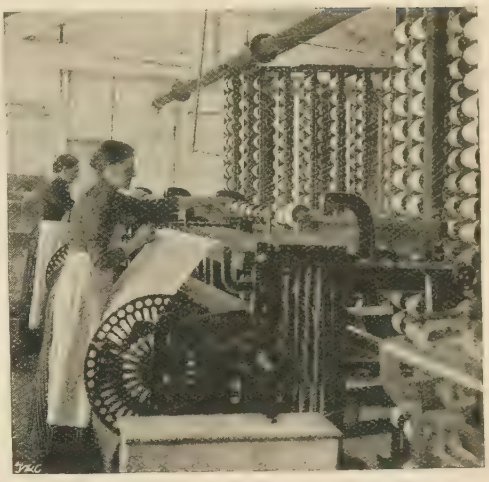
ingenuity the invention of Joseph Marie Jacquard, of Lyons.

When a piece of cloth is finished it is taken to the examiners, who certify it is correct, and then it is ready to be sent to other works to be bleached and printed. The day I spent in some mills at Bolton was full of instruction, the two thousand six hundred persons employed doing, it appeared to me, but a tithe of the work compared with what was accomplished by the wonderful sets of cotton-making machinery.

The spinning and the weaving of the cotton, and the working of a charming design, by no means leaves the material ready for the public market. There is a brown dirtiness about it which can only be removed by bleaching. Bleaching is done by separate firms, to whom the weavers send their cotton. We all know the old-fashioned —and to my thinking the best—means of bleaching—namely, exposing the cotton to the atmosphere. Now, however, a solution of chlorine does quickly what unassisted Nature takes several weeks to accomplish.

Here, again, in respect to bleaching, as in respect to everything else, all the work is done by machinery. It was considered a great thing when each piece of cotton could be bleached by chlorine. But this is far too slow, according to modern notions; so a thousand or more pieces are fastened end to end, and twenty or twenty-five miles of cotton is bleached at one and the same time.

THE REELING ROOM.



THE WARPING ROOM.

First of all comes the washing. The cloth is put into a cylinder, which wheels round quickly, and the various partitions knock the material about and so cleanse it. If the cotton goes on the market white, then it is not necessary to wash it so absolutely pure as it is when it is to be printed upon.

Pieces are then fastened together to the extent of many miles, a stamp being put on each to distinguish the owner. All over the surface of the cotton are little pieces of fluff, and unnecessary thread-ends which must be got rid of. This is usually done by running it over hot copper, underneath which a fire is burning. Sometimes, however, the singeing is done by a mixture of coal gas and air. The cloth is hurried past the flame at the rate of sixty yards a minute, and while passing at this speed the fluff and the threads are burned away.

This done the cotton is subjected to boiling. It is pressed into a vat through which pipes pass, and boiling water is forced through the cotton. After this it is thought well to give it another washing. When the water has been squeezed out the cotton is packed away in stills of hydrochloric acid for the space of several hours, to get rid of any lime or soap there may be in it.

Once more the cotton is boiled, and by this time, as it ought to be, it begins to show signs of becoming really white. Next, it is put in a solution of bleaching powder, to undergo what is called "chemicking." A good dose of sulphuric acid, followed up by more washing, makes the cotton about as white as it is ever likely to be.

All this time the cloth has been in a twisted condition, and the continual pulling

to which it is subjected contracts the width. This has to be put right, and if the hand will not do it, there is a machine which catches the cloth in the centre and pulls as it works out to the side.

The public must have things that look nice as well as those which are good. Accordingly, in the case of white calicoes, a finish has to be imparted. First the cotton passes through boiling water, then through calender rollers, which stretch and smoothe it. Then there is the starching, and the more starch there is the thicker seems the cloth and the better it is in the eyes of the ladies when they are out purchasing. All sorts of mixtures are used to give a thickness to the cotton. What they are composed of is a secret which bleachers do not care to have made public, although it should be pure starch.

Well, the cotton passes through a trough containing what we will suppose to be starch, and through rollers the pressure of which squeezes away the superfluous moisture, and then it is conducted between a number of steam-heated cylinders to be dried, going over and over the cylinders till it is dry in every part. A mild douse of water is next poured on it, and, passing through other rollers, it is hammered and beaten for some considerable time, as though it had inflicted an injury and needed punishment.

If the cotton is to have a glazed surface, then a second time is it calendered, and the gloss is imparted by the rollers through which it passes travelling at different speeds. Thus dry and polished the cotton is rolled by girls, a trade mark is affixed, a gilt-edged piece of paper is fastened at the end, and so it is made ready for the warehouse and the market whenever necessary.

Every woman knows what cheap prints are, but every woman does not know the infinite variety of processes through which the cotton, even after it is bleached, has to go before it finds its way into a shop to be sold at a ridiculously small price. The printing of calico is novel as well as interesting. When the design has been thought out, then the impression is engraved on a series of copper plates, it being, of course, necessary to have a different cylinder to print from for each colour or shade of colour. There are numerous ways of producing colours, but lack of space prevents my going into further details.

THE WEAVING ROOM.

The hard-headed northerners are ever on the watch for some slight improving change in the spinning, the weaving, the bleaching, and the printing of cotton. They guard their improvements jealously, for the race to the market is keen, and it is a case where no mercy is shown to the weak, who are rudely pushed to the wall.

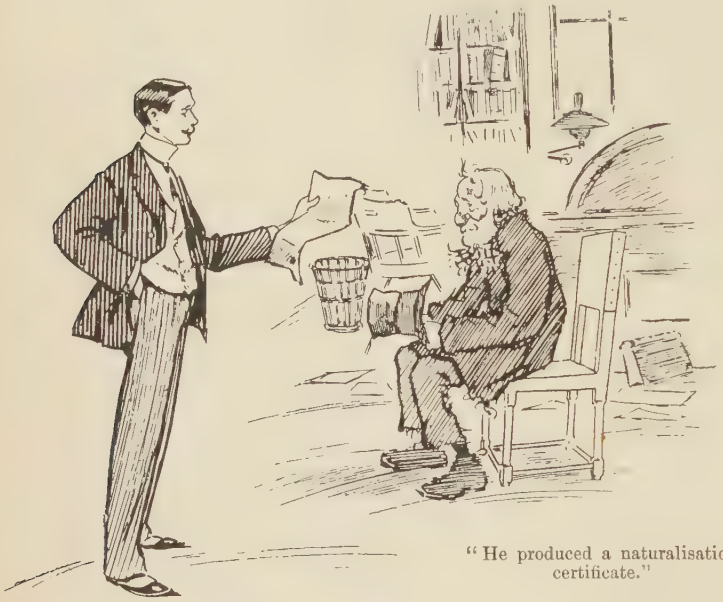
"YES, sir," remarked the Hon. Daniel Smith, formerly of the American Consular Service, "a great many curious things happen to a consul. I could tell you experiences of mine that I rather calculate would astonish you some, provided, of course, that you were willing to believe them. For instance, I once stood a three weeks siege by thirty-two American old maids, and I can tell you I was pretty badly scared. If you care to hear the story I don't mind telling it to you, though as a general thing I am careful not to speak of it to my fellow countrymen.

"Along in 1886 I was the American consul at Aragua, a town in the south of Spain about a hundred miles from the coast. The place didn't need an American consul any more than a cow needs a bicycle, for it had no trade with America, and no American tourist ever dreamed of stopping there.

"However, the President was a personal friend of mine, and he wanted to do me a good turn, so he appointed me consul at Aragua, with a salary just about large enough to keep me from starvation. I was mightily pleased with the appointment until I got to Aragua and found what a lonesome, dead-and-alive place it was. It had about ten thousand inhabitants, and, with the exception of the chief of police and two or three priests, there wasn't a soul in the whole town that a sensible man could talk with for half an hour. The chief of police was a capital fellow, who had been in New York and could talk considerable English. He and I were pretty thick, and he was always ready to do anything that I asked him to do. Then good old Don Diego, a priest that had made up his mind to convert me to the Roman Catholic Church, did his level best to make himself agreeable, and if it hadn't been that all the voters in my section of Iowa were Protestants, I should have felt like turning Catholic just to oblige him. I forgot to say that I could speak Spanish middling well. That was the reason why the President sent me to Spain. He said it would be a novelty for a consul to speak the language of the country to which he was sent, and he wanted to see how the experiment would work.

"One of the first things that an American consul in Europe finds out is that it swarms with American tramps. Two or three times a week a ragged, dirty scoundrel would come to my office and demand help on the ground that he was an American citizen. Usually he was a German, or a Russian, or a Polish Jew, who said that he had been naturalised in America and had lost his papers. I suppose that ninety-nine times in a hundred the fellow lied, and was no more an American citizen than the King of Spain himself; but I didn't dare to take the chances that he was an impostor and treat him as such. Once I did brace up and tell a man who could only speak a few words of English, and who said that he had left his papers in his boarding-house, that he was a fraud. He burst into tears, and after fumbling at his pocket produced a lot of dirty papers

among which was a naturalisation certificate, signed by the clerk of a New York court who was an old friend of mine. I begged the man's pardon and lent him five dollars on the spot, but a year afterwards I saw a New York paper containing an account of the brutal and outrageous treatment that an American citizen had received at the hands of the American consul at Aragua. That was a lesson to me, and after that I never disputed any man's assertion that he was an American citizen, knowing that if he really were a naturalised American he might have a friend in Congress who would denounce me as a man unfit to hold office, and would either have me turned out or have my consulate abolished.



"He produced a naturalisation certificate."

"Of course, I couldn't give money to all this army of tramps, but I furnished them with railroad tickets to the nearest seaport. The chief of police had authority to send all rogues and vagabonds out of the province, and whenever I sent a tramp to him, with the request that he would give the man a third class ticket and send him on his way, the chief would do it as a matter of course. This would have been all right had it not been that the American consul at Avilas, the seaport to which I sent my tramps, grew indignant, and before I had been a month in Aragua wrote to me accusing me of sending him all the tramps in Spain, and promising to make it lively for me if I didn't quit it. This made me mad, and after that I told every tramp who came to me to go straight to the consul at Avilas, who was a very rich man and would be certain to give him money. It was hard on the consul, I admit, for he was at the end of the railroad, and he couldn't pass the tramps on to another consul as I had done. He had to keep them from starving until he could send them away on the next steamer that came into port, and his actual outlay in buying steamer tickets and in boarding the tramps must have amounted to at least half his salary. He couldn't complain to the Government, for if he did he would have been accused of unwillingness to help Americans in distress, so the only thing he could do was to write me abusive letters. The more letters he wrote the more tramps I sent him. Word got round among all the tramps in Europe that by calling on me they could get an introduction to the consul at Avilas, which would be worth having, and consequently, before I had been six months in office my average weekly shipment of tramps was about trebled.

"Do you remember the wreck of the steamer *Morning Light*, off Avilas, in the year 1887? Well, it don't matter whether you do or not. The fact is that the steamer was wrecked, though only four men were drowned. Among the passengers was a personally conducted party of thirty-two American female school-teachers, all of whom were unmarried and over forty years of age. The conductor of the party was one of the men who were drowned, and as the steamer went down in the middle of the night in the biggest kind of a hurry, the school-teachers hadn't time to save anything except the clothes they stood in. I don't suppose there was ten dollars in the whole party, and of course the moment they got ashore they went to the consul for assistance.

"When those thirty-two old maids marched into the consul's office and told him that they hadn't any money, and that they wanted him to send them to Paris, he saw his way. The women afterwards told me that he was as smiling and pleasant as a man could possibly be, and I don't doubt it. He

understood that his chance to get even with me had come at last, and he lost no time in improving it. The next day, about eleven o'clock in the morning, the whole gang of women came into my office and demanded second class railroad tickets to Paris and money enough to feed them on the way. One of the women, who acted as spokeswoman for the rest at such times as they would give her a chance to speak, handed me a letter from the consul at Avilas, in which he said that he had great pleasure in turning over to me his distressed fellow countrywomen, knowing that I always helped Americans in difficulty, and that I would be only too happy to help these deserving ladies. He went on to say that the women had been shipwrecked and had lost all their money, but that he had assured them that I would furnish them with everything they might want. When I read the letter I knew that there was big trouble ahead for me, and I didn't need to read the postscript which said, 'Who's ahead on the tramp game now?' He was a coarse sort of chap, but he had a fair idea of a joke.

"Well! after I had read the letter I asked, in my coolest and most dignified way, 'Ladies! what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?'

"'What we want,' said the spokeswoman, 'is lodgings for the night and second class railroad tickets to Paris. The consul at Avilas said that it would be your pleasure as well as your duty to do this for us. When we get to Paris we can get money from home, and so we shan't want but a couple of dollars or so for each of us, just for our necessary expenses on the road.'

"'But, my dear madam!' said I, 'tickets to Paris for all of you would cost about nine hundred dollars, and my salary is only seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. You must see that I can't possibly incur any such expense, no matter how anxious I am to help you.'

"'We know well,' said the woman, 'that you are a millionaire, and are just stopping here to amuse yourself. The consul at Avilas told us all about you and said that you furnished railroad tickets to Americans nearly every day in the year.'

"'The consul was joking,' I replied. 'I have no income except my salary, and I could no more send you to Paris than I could buy up the Spanish monarchy. I am ready to take any amount of trouble to assist you, but as for supplying you with railroad tickets and money, the thing is clean impossible.'

"'Very well, sir!' said the spokeswoman, 'we have been sent to you by an American consul, who may be supposed to know his duty, and who is a gentleman, even if some others that I could name are not. He assured us that it was your bounden duty to help us, and I can tell you that we don't intend to allow you to shirk that duty on

"He was as smiling and pleasant as a man could possibly be."

any pretence whatever. What else are you here for, except to help Americans who need help? Do you mean to say that the Government pays you to stay here and enjoy yourself? We shall go to the best hotel in this town and take rooms, telling the landlord to send the bill to you. We shall stay there till you give us our railroad tickets, no matter how long it may be. More than that, if we don't get the tickets very soon we shall report you to the President when we get back to America, and you will be properly punished for refusing to help American ladies.' Then she turned to the other women and asked if they approved of what she had said. They all did approve of it with such enthusiasm that they kissed her then and there and scowled at me as if I had been the worst criminal in Spain.

"If they had been men I should have ordered them out of the office, and should have sent for the police if they refused to go. But being women what could I do? I told them over and over again that I could not pay either hotel bills or railroad fares, but it made no sort of impression on them. They talked to me until they were tired, and then they filed out of the room, and I watched them from my window on their way to the hotel, which was in the same street as my office. I saw them go in, and as they did not come out again I knew that they must have found rooms. Of course I did not believe that they could compel me by law to pay their bills, but all the same the hotel keeper would be sure to look to me for payment, and would make an intolerable lot of trouble when he found that I would not pay.

"When my office hours were over I went to the hotel and found the landlord in the happiest possible frame of mind. Before I could say a word he overwhelmed me with thanks for sending him so many guests; and when I assured him that I was in no possible way responsible for the women, and that I did not believe that he would be able to collect any money from them, he smiled and said that he was perfectly willing to trust to my honour. He had been told by the ladies that I would pay their bill, and he should not think of annoying them about so small an affair. He knew that the Señor Consul was one of the noblest and most generous of men, and he refused for one single instant to tolerate the thought that such a man would bring an honest innkeeper and his family to the brink of ruin by refusing to pay a perfectly just bill. He kept on talking in this exasperating fashion until I wanted to knock his stupid head off, and for that matter would have done so had I been able to pay the consequent damages. Nothing that I could say had the slightest effect upon the miserable man, so I finally went back to my office and tried to relieve my mind by writing an unofficial letter to my colleague at Avilas which ought to have driven him wild with rage. But it didn't seem to trouble him in the least. He wrote back to me begging me not to excite myself, lest I should bring on an attack of fever, and asking me if he should send me three shipwrecked sailors who claimed to be Americans and whom I might like to add to my collection of female tramps. He added that it would hardly be worth while for me to write him any more letters, as he had just forwarded his resignation to Washington and had turned over his office to his vice-consul. When I read that letter I could see in every line of it how happy the scoundrel was at having put me in a hole, and I could have wrung his neck with pleasure.

"For the next week those thirty-two women came to my office every morning and wanted to know when they would receive their railway tickets. I couldn't prevent them from entering the office, for they were American citizens, and I could not turn them out, for they were women. I tried smoking the worst tobacco I could buy, but they didn't seem to mind it a particle, although it made me half sick. I made a show of writing letters while they were in the room, but they would keep on talking about my heartless and brutal conduct, just the same as if they knew that I was listening to them. They worried me so much that I could neither work by day nor sleep by night. They said that the hotel was a very comfortable one, though they rather thought that it was expensive, and that they were ready to stay in Aragua all the winter in case I delayed to furnish them with railway tickets to Paris. There was not the least doubt that they would keep their word, and I foresaw that, unless the cholera should break out among them, they would ruin me financially and compel me to sneak out of Spain in disguise.

"Of course I had already gone to my friend the chief of police, and begged him to send the women out of the country. He said that he would do so with all the pleasure in the world, if I would certify that they were rogues and vagabonds. Without this certificate from me, however, he said

that he was powerless to act, for, inasmuch as the women were living at the best hotel in the town, and had every appearance of being perfectly respectable, he could not turn them out of the country without involving Spain in a quarrel with the United States and bringing certain ruin and disgrace upon himself. I had to admit that, although the thirty-two women were worse than the plagues of Egypt, I could not conscientiously certify that they were rogues and vagabonds, and thereupon the chief assured me that he was desolated, but that he really could not see his way to help me. I had permitted myself to count on his services in the matter, and when I found that he could give me no assistance, I went home feeling about as a man does who is condemned to death and has been refused a pardon.

"The next night, as I was passing the hotel, I heard singing. I ought to say that by this time I had pretty well given up going out of the house in the daytime, for fear of meeting either of the thirty two women or some one of their creditors, and only ventured into the street at night. I stopped to listen to the singing, and then a brilliant idea struck me. The women were singing the most violent sort of revival hymns, and when the singing stopped for a bit I could hear one of them reading aloud. It was clear that they were having some sort of Protestant religious service, which, as I knew, was contrary to law and everlastingly contrary to the prejudices of the inhabitants of Aragua. I lost no time in going to Don Diego, the good old priest I have mentioned, and in telling him that thirty-two American female heretics of the deepest dye were holding a Protestant service at the hotel, and unless they were arrested would probably attempt to convert every man, woman, and child in the town. But there wasn't a grain of comfort to be got out of Don Diego. His good old face brightened up the moment he heard about the heretics, and he said that this was the opportunity he had dreamed of for years. He had always longed to convert some English or American women to the true faith, and now this glorious opportunity had been sent to him. He would not hear for a moment the suggestion that the women ought to be arrested and sent out of Spain, but he insisted on going instantly to the hotel and converting the entire gang. And he did make the attempt; for the next week he was with those women about half the time, and they all said that he was an old dear. Naturally he didn't make the least progress in converting them, but they were so friendly with him that he felt sure he would gather them in before very long. The next time I saw him he was full of gratitude to me for having given him the opportunity to do such a glorious work for his Church, and he expressed the hope that I would not let the women leave town until he had baptised every one of them.

"They all said that he was an old dear."

"Meanwhile the landlord had begun to send me polite notes asking for a small payment on account. I answered the first one by reiterating my assurance that I would never pay a single peseta, but the succeeding notes were just as polite and cool as ever. The chief of police was of the opinion that, inasmuch as I had not given the landlord, on the day when he received the women, formal notice in writing that I would not be responsible for them, I might be held legally liable. At any rate, it was the chief's opinion that the landlord would swear that I had verbally promised to pay him, and that the court would probably give him a verdict for the full amount, besides damages and costs. When I complained to the chief that the women were openly violating the law by holding Protestant meetings at the hotel, and that the chances

were that they would convert Don Diego, which would be a terrible scandal, he agreed with me that this constituted a state of things which ought to justify the expulsion of the women from the country, but he said that he could take no action in such a matter except at the request of the Church, and that inasmuch as Don Diego was the particular pet of the archbishop, the latter would of course look at the affair through Don Diego's spectacles. I tell you, I just longed for the good old days of the Spanish Inquisition, and would have been willing to subscribe liberally for stakes and firewood for the benefit of those terrible women.

"The woman insisted on coming to nurse me."

"Towards the end of a fortnight there was a fresh complication. One of the women began to make love to me. She said that if I would escort her to Paris she would cable for enough money to pay both our fares and to secure me against any loss that the rest of the women might put me to. Of course I couldn't consent to accepting such generosity, unless she were prepared to adopt me as her son, or I were intending to ask her to become my wife. However, she never lost courage. I don't mean to say she ever said or did anything that was unladylike, but she had made up her mind to marry me, and she followed me up with an unfaltering determination to win. At last I had to pretend to have a fever, and to take to my bed, but this didn't pan out quite as I had expected. The woman insisted on coming to nurse me, and after I tried the experiment of pretending to be delirious, which didn't frighten her a particle, I had to insist that I was quite well again. As for the other women, they used to hold indignation meetings in my office, which was next to my bedroom. Of course I could hear every word they said, and as they said about twice as much as they ever ventured to say to my face, I didn't enjoy the meetings. I could stand being called brutal and miserly, but it was a little hard to lie on my bed and hear myself charged with being an habitual drunkard and the ugliest man in all Spain.

"The third Sunday after the arrival of the women we had our annual bullfight. I don't take very much stock in bullfights, but I suppose that there was no doubt that our annual bullfight laid over anything of the kind that could be seen in Spain, outside of Madrid, or, perhaps, Barcelona.

"When I first went to Spain I was terribly down on bullfighting, and one day, when the chief of police was sitting in my office and reading the last copy of the *New York Herald*, I told him that a nation where bullfights were permitted had no sort of right to claim to be civilised. He didn't attempt to contradict me, but presently he said—

"'I see by this paper that you Americans have just had a great prizefight, in which one of the men was killed. Do you have many prizefights in your country?'

"I had to admit that we did go in for prizefighting pretty strong, but I explained that it was a manly pastime and had its advantages as well as its disadvantages. Then the chief read out an account of the lynching of four niggers that, according to the paper, had been burned alive by a mob of leading citizens somewhere in Missouri, and when he had finished reading he asked me if it was true, as the *Herald* mentioned, that there had been over a thousand cases of lynching in the States during the previous year? The statistics on the subject happened to be lying on my table at that identical moment, only by good luck the chief didn't know it. Still, I couldn't honestly deny that lynching was more or less common in America.

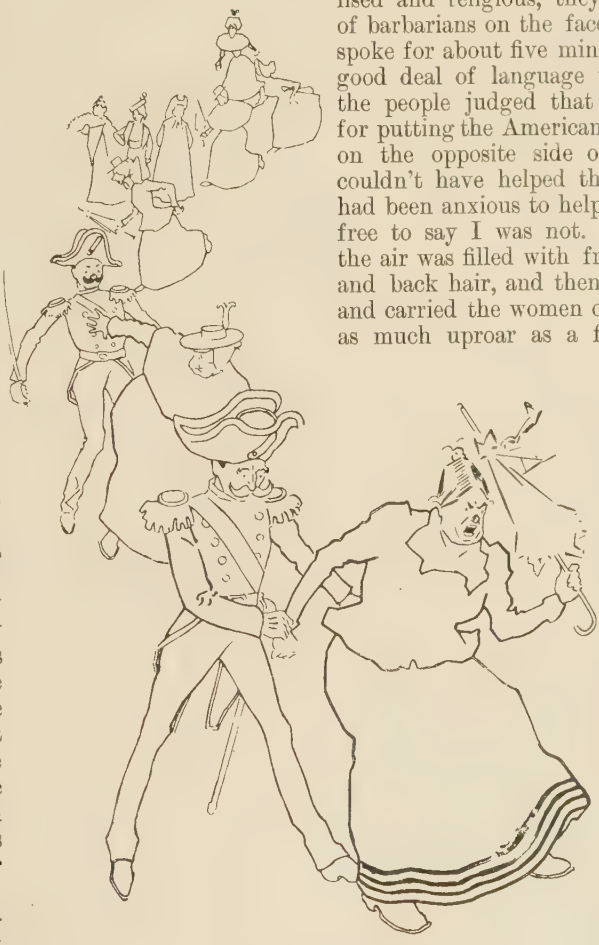
"'I suppose there isn't any doubt about the Americans being a civilised nation, is there?' said the chief.

"'Hold on! You stop just where you

are!' said I. 'I'll say no more about bullfights if you'll say nothing about prizefights and lynching.'

"Since then I have come to the conclusion that though the Spaniards do enjoy bullfights, they are not so very much worse than other people, after all.

"But I am forgetting my story. When Sunday came I went to the bullfight, feeling sure that the American women wouldn't be there, and that I should have a quiet and comfortable afternoon. But to my surprise there they were, occupying seats in the very front row and looking as severe and determined as if they were a lot of temperance crusaders engaged in raiding a rum shop. I knew, of course, that the price of their seats would be charged to me, but that didn't trouble me much. I had already made up my mind that I was bound to be ruined by those women, and it didn't make much difference to a ruined man whether his debts were large or small.



"Carried the women off to jail."

"The American women sat as still as if they were at a prayer meeting, until the first bull was led out. The Spaniards looked at them and wondered why people who had come to amuse themselves could wear such solemn faces; but, as a rule, Spaniards don't trouble themselves much about other people's affairs, and so long as the bullfight promised to pan out well the sour faces of the Americans did not disturb them. But when the women saw that the fight was about to begin, and that a picador was advancing on the bull with a handful of darts, they rose up in a body and shrieked to him to let the poor beast alone. Both the bull and the man were a good deal astonished, but their astonishment was nothing to that of the spectators when the one American woman who could speak Spanish began to address them. She told them that they were brutes and cowards, and that although they might think themselves civilised and religious, they were the worst set of barbarians on the face of the earth. She spoke for about five minutes, and still had a good deal of language to get rid of, when the people judged that the time had come for putting the Americans out. I was sitting on the opposite side of the arena, and I couldn't have helped the women even if I had been anxious to help them, which I am free to say I was not. For a few minutes the air was filled with fragments of bonnets and back hair, and then the police came in and carried the women off to jail with about as much uproar as a first class revolution would have made.

"I was so savage at the way in which I had been treated that I resolved to let the women spend a night in the lock-up before taking measures to have them released. The prison was a middling comfortable one, and I knew that they could come to no harm by merely occupying it for a night. The next morning I overslept myself, and it was towards noon before I went to the chief of police with the intention of getting the women set at liberty. The chief welcomed me with enthusiasm. He threw both his arms around me and kissed me on both cheeks, and congratulated me because, as he said, the American women were where they would never give me any more trouble.

"'You're very good,' I said, 'but I'm not rid of them yet. I can't allow them to stay in prison; and when they are released they'll continue to persecute me just as they have been doing.'

"'My dear sir!' replied the chief, 'as you know, I am your most devoted friend, and it has been a terrible grief to me that I could not send those women out of Spain and so restore tranquility to your bosom. But I grieve no longer. The moment they dared to create a riot, and attack the national custom of bullfighting, my course was plain. They had proved themselves to be rogues and vagabonds by engaging in a public riot, and that made it possible for me to send them across the frontier. Of course I cannot interfere between you and the hotel keeper, or protect you against the manager of the bullfight, who claims damages to the amount of five thousand pesetas, and I am afraid you will have to pay the fines which the court inflicted this morning on the women, and which amount to about six thousand pesetas. Nevertheless, that is of little consequence, for I have the great joy of assuring you that the women left here for the French frontier four hours ago, and there is no possibility of their coming back again.'

"I thanked the chief for his kindness. There was no use in telling him that he had driven the last nail in my coffin. You see, it was absolutely certain that the women would complain to the Washington Government, and would represent that they had been illegally sent out of the country, and that I had refused to give them any help. There would be a tremendous row in the American newspapers, and even if it should prove possible to settle the affair without a war with Spain, nothing could save me from being ignominiously turned out of office. Moreover, even if I should not be removed, it would be impossible for me to stay in Aragua, for I could not pay the claims that those women had run up against me, and my failure to pay would be followed eventually by a stab in the back.

"There was only one thing left for me to do. I went to my lodgings and wrote a letter of resignation to Washington, explaining that my health had suddenly given way. Then, as soon as it was dark, I shaved off my moustache, put a clean collar and toothbrush in my pocket, and took the express train for Gibraltar, where I caught the steamer for New York. I kept out of sight in America until the uproar about the base insult to American ladies, and the cowardly conduct of a consul, had died away, and then I went to the Sandwich Islands and went into the sugar business. I never met one of the women after I left Spain, and I trust that I never will. As for the consul at Avilas, who dumped those thirty-two women on me, I wanted to meet him the worst way for several years, but now that the thing has become an old story I have got over my rage, and sometimes I find myself coming pretty near to admiring him for the way in which he got square with me. That man would have made a first class anarchist conspirator, if such had happened to be his path in life, for, considering what he did with those thirty-two women, he would have accomplished great things with dynamite bombs and infernal machines."

BIRDS'-NESTING WITH A CAMERA.

By Herbert C. Fyfe.

Illustrated from photographs by Oswin Lee *and* Underwood and Underwood.

STONECHAT'S NEST IN A NUT BUSH.

THE sport of birds'-nesting is one that must at one time or another have been indulged in by almost every British boy and girl. There is an intense joy in finding out a nest, in handling the dainty eggs, and in taking some (let us hope not all!) home to add to the collection. The sport also has this recommendation, that there is an element of danger in it; trees have to be climbed, difficult rocks scaled, and cliffs ascended, if certain eggs are to be secured. Very often this dangerous element—the possibility of tearing your trousers, the delightful feeling that you are trespassing and doing something which you ought not to do—tells more in favour of birds'-nesting than the actual securing of the eggs, which very often never find their way into the glass case or the cabinet.

ROBIN'S NEST IN AN IVY-COVERED BANK.

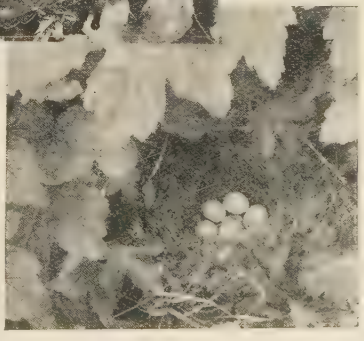
HEDGE SPARROW'S NEST IN A FIR BUSH.

NIGHTINGALE'S NEST IN THE BOTTOM OF A THICK BUSH.

Of late years a new sort of sport has grown up, wherein the object is not the removal of the nest or the eggs, but the portraying, by means of the camera, of the life and habits of the birds of our country. Just as the bad old style of stuffing birds in impossible attitudes and unnatural situations has given place to a better and more interesting fashion, in which, as one may see at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, the birds are shown exactly as they were on the day of capture, with their nests, eggs, and young, and amid natural surroundings, so the old method of portraying Nature is being displaced in favour of one which is more faithful to life. Photography has been termed "the handmaid of Science"; and in his endeavour to show animals as they really are the naturalist is finding the camera a faithful ally.

One of the most successful workers in this new and fascinating field is Mr. Oswin A. J. Lee, of Edinburgh. By the kindness of this enthusiastic Nature lover I am enabled to reproduce here some of his photographs, which may well stand comparison with any others of the same kind.

Some years ago, before photography and natural history were so closely allied, Mr. Lee determined to collect a complete series of photographs which, while being accurate and instructive studies of the nesting habits of birds, would yet prove

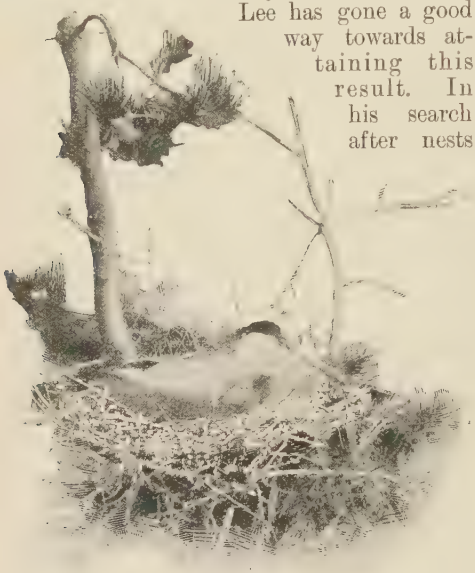


WHITETHROAT'S NEST IN A SYCAMORE.

Copyright stereo photos by Underwood & Underwood, London and New York.

sufficiently attractive for the ordinary lover of the feathered world.

Although he cannot yet claim to have secured photographs of the nesting haunts of every British bird, Mr. Lee has gone a good way towards attaining this result. In his search after nests



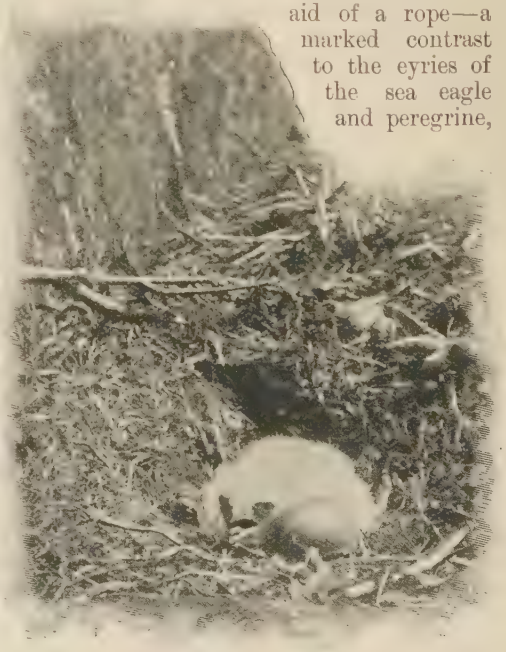
HERON ON NEST.

he has had many interesting experiences, and, like many others who follow the same line, has only secured some after hours of anxious watching and tireless patience. Take, for instance, our illustration showing a heron sitting on her eggs. The nest was placed in a low Scotch fir tree, about fourteen feet from the ground, in a small plantation on a steep hillside in Sweedsmuir, Peeblesshire.

Noticing that there was an excellent place of concealment in a thick tree about twelve yards from the nest, Mr. Lee conceived the idea of photographing the old bird on its nest from there. He accordingly prepared a seat for himself in the thickest part of the tree, surrounding himself with branches. From here he had a string to his camera, which was placed already focussed in another tree overlooking the nest. For four hours Mr. Lee waited in his ambush, but the heron was so scared by the camera that she would not come near the nest. He then took down his camera and fastened up a large biscuit box covered with green baize in the same place, leaving it there all night. The old bird was on its nest as usual in the morning, so up went the camera again in the same place, and when Mr. Lee had got it focussed and set he covered it with the green baize, leaving the lens looking out, and retired to his ambush. Presently the heron returned and flew round and round the wood croaking, for she saw that some change had been made in the green baize cloth. The poor photographer had to wait for nearly five hours before the bird was settled on her eggs and he could obtain the picture here given.

The photography of animals in their natural surroundings has of late become quite a science in itself, and Mr. Lee has found out by experience many little devices and cunning tricks to prevent birds from being frightened by the approach of the "camera fiend." The great object is to conceal your camera as much as possible, to get as close to the bird as you can without disturbing her, and to possess your soul in patience till the critical moment for taking the picture arrives.

One of the ambitions of the photographic birds'-nester is to obtain a picture of the nest of the golden eagle, that regal bird whose home is among the vast and dreary solitudes of the Highlands. We have all read tales of the fierceness of the eagle, and can therefore realise that he who would climb to its eyrie must possess no little coolness and courage. In very few instances is the nest of the golden eagle—built usually on a rugged cliff—inaccessible, being generally quite easily reached without the aid of a rope—a marked contrast to the eyries of the sea eagle and peregrine,



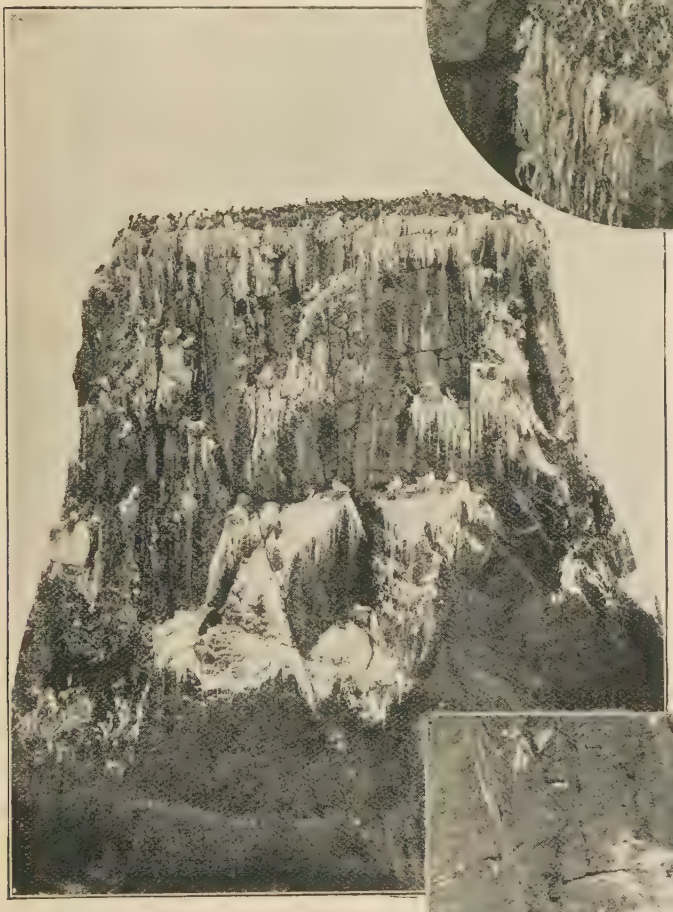
YOUNG GOLDEN EAGLE AND EGG.

which are usually in the most precipitous part of some stupendous cliff.

The photograph of the nest of the golden eagle here reproduced, taken by Mr. Lee, shows an eagle's eyrie at Lochbine, Isle of Mull. The nest was

KITTIWAKE ON NEST.

hares, leverets, and stoats, for the eagle likes to keep a good larder. Fortunately for Mr. Lee the old bird left the nest when he was within twenty yards of it and did not come back to molest him. The eaglet was very timid and did not show fight at all. Four weeks later Mr. Lee returned to the eyrie and found his little friend had grown considerably. Instead of being pleased to see its photographer it snapped its bill and pecked at him. Neither of the parents being in the way, Mr. Lee carried the eaglet home with him. He had great difficulty in rearing it until it was fully fledged, for as long as it was



GUILLEMOTS AND NESTS ON PINNACLE ROCK.

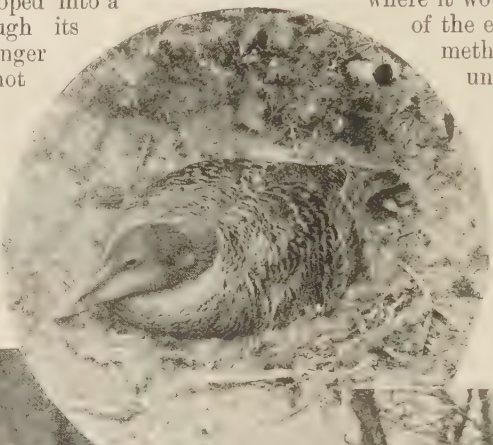
easily accessible, being placed beside a small rowan bush on a grassy ledge of a precipitous face of rock some forty feet high. It was a bulky structure of heather torn up by the roots, and bits of turf, and was lined with a quantity of freshly plucked briar leaves and twigs of rowan. In the nest we see an eaglet, covered with white down, crouching with its beak open and evidently fearing the intentions of the man with the camera. Beside it is an addled egg, and round the nest are remains of grouse, white

GANNETS SITTING ON NESTS, BASS ROCK.

in the downy stage it refused all food, and he was forced to cram some down its throat daily. Once it got its feathers it became quite reasonable and would eat its food readily. He kept it for nearly a year and it grew very tame and developed into a most amusing pet, though its little trick of striking a stranger with its sharp talons did not greatly amuse.

I do not think that a photographer has ever succeeded in taking a photograph of a golden eagle sitting on her eggs in her eyrie, for the bird is so exceedingly shy that she leaves her nest if anybody approaches near her. Mr. Cherry Kearton, a well-known naturalist photographer, told me he journeyed to the Highlands of Scotland on one occasion expressly to take a picture of a golden eagle on her nest, but was obliged to return without it. He had thought to get the photograph either by placing his camera near the nest where it would evade the eagle's eye, and then retiring to a distance and releasing the shutter when the bird was settled on her eggs, by means of a pneumatic ball and some rubber tubing, or else by using his telephotographic lens and placing his camera where it would command a view of the eyrie. Both of these methods proved, however, unavailing.

Birds'-nesting with the camera is often an exciting and perilous pursuit. In obtaining his photograph of some "sulan geese," or gannets, on the east cliff of the Bass Rock — one of the finest breeding stations for this bird in the British Isles —Mr. Lee had an adventure which nearly cost him his life. Climbing down from the top of the cliff, with camera on back, he put his foot into a gannet's nest, an enormous



EIDER DUCK SITTING ON NEST.

SKUA'S NEST, WITH ONE YOUNG BIRD JUST HATCHED: HERRING LEFT FOR FOOD.

SWAN SITTING ON NEST.

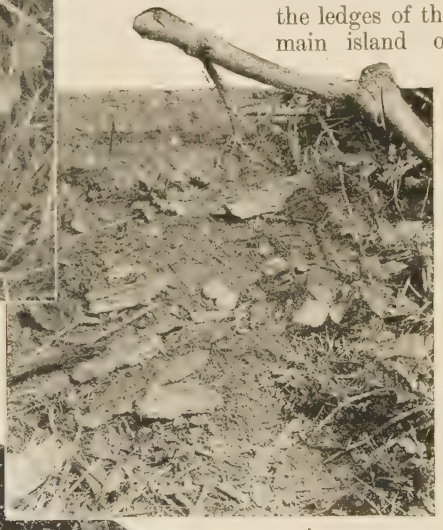
MOORHEN'S NEST ON A FLOATING PLANK.
Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

structure of seaweed, years old, built on a slightly sloping piece of rock. Being soaked with wet and slippery with decayed fish, it simply shot out into space the instant that his foot rested on it! Had Mr. Lee not had a good grip of the rock above he would then and there have ended his career, as there was a fall of two hundred feet on to sharp, jagged rocks below. Gannets with young, or while on the nest, are easy birds to photograph. Mr. Lee remarks that he set up his camera only five feet from one bird, and it sat quite unconcernedly on its nest, with its plumage puffed out as if it enjoyed having its portrait taken.

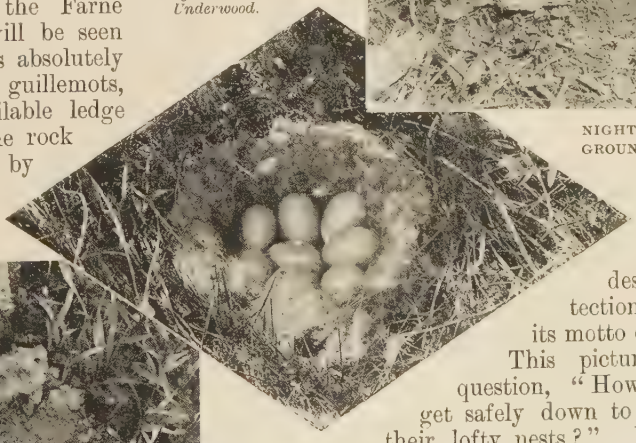
Probably few people have any idea of the immense colonies of birds that congregate in certain places round our coasts. One of our illustrations represents the south stack of "The Pinnacles" on the Farne Islands, and it will be seen that the stack is absolutely crowded with guillemots, while every available ledge on the face of the rock is occupied either by a guillemot or a kittiwake. Mr. Lee found it very difficult to get a satisfactory photograph of the birds on the stack, as they were never still for an instant, spending the whole day bobbing their heads up and down and flapping their short wings. When you thought the rock could hold not another bird, fresh ones would arrive, land on the shoulders of their neighbours, and elbow their way to their own places. Even with a powerful field-glass it was quite impossible to see either an egg or a young fledgling, so tightly were the birds packed. The reason for this close herding appears to be that the guillemot has many foes, such as the lesser black-backed gull; and if it laid on the ledges of the main island of the Farnes the egg would be almost invariably destroyed, so "Protection in numbers" is its motto evidently.

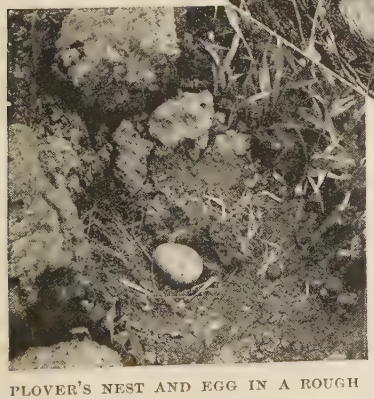
PARTRIDGE'S NEST WITH NINE EGGS IN LONG GRASS.

Copyright stereo photos by Underwood & Underwood.



NIGHTJAR'S NEST ON THE GROUND, WITH TWO EGGS.





NEST AND EIGHT EGGS OF MERGANSER.

PLOVER'S NEST AND EGG IN A ROUGH PLOUGHED FIELD.

This picture suggests the question, "How do the young get safely down to the water from their lofty nests?" Mr. Lee has seen at the Pinnacles, on the Farnes, the fond parents resort to the simple device of shoving their olive branches over the cliff. Apparently the young birds are not much the worse. Some naturalists affirm that the youngster is carried down; but to anyone who has witnessed the manner of the guillemot's descent from its ledge to the sea—the legs and tail both spread out for steering purposes—this idea must seem absurd. The Pinnacles being only some fifty feet high, this method of pushing the young birds over is fairly safe. On the Bass Rock, however, where the cliff is not perpendicular, and where many of the

guillemot ledges are two or even three hundred feet above the water, it is quite out of the question. Mr. Lee thinks that in situations such as these the young do not leave the ledges until they can fly sufficiently well to accomplish the descent in safety.

Another favourite haunt of sea birds are the Treshnish Islands, where dwell kittiwakes, guillemots, razorbills, shags, and those quaint and solemn-looking creatures known as puffins.

The Shiant Islands are perhaps the largest puffin colony in our Islands, and one has but to fire a gun towards the face of the cliff to cause the puffins to leave their burrows and fly down the face of the slope to the sea in hundreds of thousands. The air is literally filled with puffins flying wildly about in legions, crossing and recrossing each other, anon returning to their burrows as the alarm subsides.

As a rule, when the young are first hatched they are fed by their parents on half-digested food, which is disgorged in the nest and administered to the nestling by the old birds. When more advanced in age they are provided with the fry of herrings. Mr. Lee watched one burrow, containing a single large young bird, for half an hour, and during that time the old bird brought in no less than four fairly large young herrings.

CHAFFINCH'S NEST.

TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST ON A FIR-TREE.

REED WARBLER'S NEST IN BULRUSHES.

One of Mr. Lee's most interesting pictures gives us the kittiwake gull, the most beautiful as well as the most abundant of its genus throughout the British Islands. During the breeding season it is always found about the cliffs and rugged headlands or rock-faces of our coasts. The picture was not an easy one to take. Here is Mr. Lee's description of the way he took it :—"After great difficulty in lowering myself and my camera on to a narrow ledge of rock in a deep chasm near the 'Pinnacles' on the Farne Islands, I succeeded in taking this photograph on the opposite side. As there was barely room for me to stand on the ledge with my back against the rock, it was quite impossible for me to set up my camera on its legs, so I had to hold it in my hands for a two-and-a-half seconds exposure, which is not a very easy thing to do."

Kittiwakes are extremely tame when their eggs are highly incubated, and may be easily approached within a few feet. Once Mr. Lee was lowered on a rope to photograph two of these birds on their nests at St. Abbs' Head, and they paid no attention to him, though he dangled on the end of the rope within nine feet of them, and went through the usual photographic evolutions with a large focussing cloth.

Birds, like dogs and babies, often object to having their portraits taken. The great skua, for instance, does not welcome the naturalist-photographer when he pries too closely at its breeding-place, but will swoop down with tremendous force at his head, with outstretched legs and loud rushing of wings, striking the unhappy visitor with great force.

While on a visit to a colony of skuas in Unst, one of the Shetlands, Mr. Lee was struck so often and so severely that he found it advisable to hold a stick above his head to ward off the attacks of the birds.

One of our illustrations shows the downy little skuas in their nests in the Shetlands, the only breeding-place of this species in Great Britain. In this, the youngster has just emerged from his egg, and close by is a headless herring, which the parent has provided for his offspring's sustenance.

While some birds are seized with fear at the approach of the photographer with his formidable camera and suspicious-looking focussing cloth, and will at once leave their nests, either flying away or endeavouring to ward off the intruder, others, on the contrary, regard him with complete indifference, or at any rate sit close on their eggs, not leaving them until absolutely forced to do so. An example of the latter is the mute swan, familiar even to the Cockney. When Mr. Lee took the picture here reproduced the female was sitting on four eggs in a nest which is built by the tame swans every year on the Lake of Monteith. She was so tame that though he waded right up to the side of the nest and put his arm under her to count the eggs, she took hardly any notice of him at all. The male, always so jealous of prying menfolk while his wife is sitting, hurried up from the other end of the lake when he saw the photographer approaching the nest in the boat, but did not trouble to stay when he saw that no harm was intended. When the young cygnets are newly hatched, the old birds guard them very jealously and will attack anyone who goes too near them.

On a small pond close to a house near Forres, where a pair of swans had succeeded in hatching out three cygnets, a mallard had also a brood. Papa swan was dreadfully

GOLDFINCH'S NEST IN AN APPLE TREE.

BLACKBIRD'S NEST IN A HAWTHORN BUSH.

GREENFINCH'S NEST IN AN EVERGREEN.

THRUSH'S NEST IN A HEDGE.

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angry whenever the mallards intruded on his part of the pond, often chasing them, and in about a week he succeeded in killing the whole of the ducklings, seizing

WREN'S NEST BUILT UNDER A FARM CART.

them in his bill and shaking them, or else holding them under the water till they were choked.

After a good deal of experience in photographing sitting birds, Mr. Lee noticed that they can be approached within a very short distance if two or three persons come up from different sides at the same time, as the bird does not seem to know which way to leave the nest; if only one stalks, it very often makes off at once in the opposite direction. By this device the picture of an eider duck sitting on its nest was taken by Mr. Lee in the Farne Islands.

In addition to the interesting photographs which Mr. Lee has kindly allowed me to use as illustrations to this article, I include a number of other faithful studies by the camera. These deal, for the most part, with the nests of the homelier birds and speak for themselves. That they were obtained without the adventurous experiences connected with Mr. Lee's pictures in no way detracts from their beauty or interest.

To Mr. W. J. Thomas, of Mullingar, I am indebted for the two photographs which tell the curious story of a too-confident wren. This bird built beneath the floor of a farm cart, and after hatching her young travelled with them in safety for some ten miles to a neighbouring town. Another six miles were safely traversed on the homeward journey, but then, alas! the nest and its occupants were jolted to the ground.

Birds'-nesting with the camera is one of the most delightful of hobbies. Nature is always revealing to the naturalist-photographer some new fact and giving him continually fresh cause to wonder at her ways. I have been able in this article but to give the reader a glimpse into a realm of inquiry which is as novel as it is enticing, for a few photographs of birds and bird-life will often give one more notion of natural history than a dozen treatises. But he who sets out stalking with the camera must possess infinite patience, determination, and ingenuity, and must not expect Nature to reveal her secrets to him unless he is prepared, on his part, to make some sacrifices.

THE CART WITH THE WREN AND HER YOUNG TRAVELLING BENEATH IT

DUNBAR'S FIRST LESSON.

By Charles Kennett Burrow.

Illustrated by F. Reason.

"HAPPINESS," said Dunbar, "is all a matter of temperament."

"Indeed?" said Miss Tryon.

"Yes, entirely. I don't know that we have any particular reason for being happy, and yet, I take it, we both are."

"I'm happy enough, certainly."

"And yet, to some people, your position might seem singularly unhappy—that is, to people who know too little or too much. How strange that we should have drifted together again! Who would have thought that you would have found your way to town?"

"Who would have thought that I should be contented to be a typist?"

"Fortune," said Dunbar, apostrophising that vague impersonality, "thou art a—humbug! I remember you, Miss Tryon, when you wore short frocks; there was one in particular, a kind of pink silk thing without a waist, in which you looked enchanting."

"My recollection of you is of a rather untidy and not very clean—boy."

"And now I am a rather untidy, but I trust quite clean—man."

"And we both work for a living."

"Put it," said Dunbar, "that circumstances over which we had no control—that's it, isn't it?"

"That will do."

"'There's a rather good "Promenade" on to-night; will you come?'"

"Yes, circumstances over which we had no control made it necessary for us to accept payment for our services."

"Small payments."

"Very small payments."

"But we manage to live, you see, Mr. Dunbar."

"Live—I should think we do!"

It was a Saturday afternoon, and Minnie Tryon and her friend and partner had been giving a little tea in their rooms. Everyone had gone (even the partner had temporarily disappeared) except Dunbar, and he lingered. It had not shocked him particularly to hear that those circumstances to which he had referred had made it necessary for Minnie to work for her living, because he knew that the girl had spirit; but he made it his business to look after her, and, without her knowledge, to get her work. He was often in a tight place himself, but a justifiable belief in his own future and a faculty for writing about any subject under the sun, when he needed money to carry his serious work on, served to keep him safely afloat. He could dine as contentedly on one shilling as on ten, and he was a safe guide to obscure and generous restaurants.

After a long pause, during which, to the girl's intense interest, he had succeeded in balancing a spoon on the edge of his teacup, he said—

"There's a rather good 'Promenade' on

to-night; will you come? They're doing Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony,' for one thing."

"Oh, I should love it; but——"

"There can be no 'but,' I assure you, Miss Tryon."

"I have some work to do that's promised——" She glanced at the typewriter.

"Hang the work!" he said; "let it wait."

"But think of the time I shall lose."

"My dear girl," said Dunbar, "don't talk of lost time. If it comes to that, every hour you sit at that confounded machine is lost time. There are other things to do in life besides tapping keys. You must come—I made up my mind about it a week ago. For a wonder I've got heaps of money, and we'll dine first at a little place I know and then walk into our seats. I've booked the seats. Don't disappoint yourself and me."

"It sounds lovely, Mr. Dunbar," she said.

"You see, we're old, experienced people. I'm five-and-twenty, and you are——"

"Twenty-one."

"Twenty-one," he repeated; "and yet you propose to work on Saturday night! It's a crime to think of it." He rose and walked up and down the tiny room. "Twenty-one! Just think of what that means—all life before you, full of new experiences, sudden joys, unexpected successes—full of vigour, of hope, of love."

"And of work."

"And why not work? Not the kind of thing you're doing now, but true woman's work. Oh, when I think of the future, everything's glorious; I wouldn't have the present altered for the world!"

The girl looked rather sadly at his radiant, boyish face. She knew that he would succeed, that he was born for success; she saw him mount higher and higher, while she remained in her little room, tap-tapping at those enslaving keys. She had said that she was happy. Well, she had been happy, and, throwing off the gloom, she assured herself that she was so still,—and she was twenty-one.

"Well, Mr. Dunbar," she said, "as you seem to have arranged everything so nicely, I'll go."

"Bravo!" he cried. "It's six o'clock now—no time to lose. Run and put your things on. We'll have a good holiday for once."

When she had gone he lounged about the room. It was a pretty little room enough, full of evidences of girlish occupation—fresh flowers, a work-basket, an embroidered table cover, discreet pictures, and a lingering scent of violet perfume; he remembered that she had always loved that. The two typewriters he disregarded; the mere sight of the piles of manuscript that lay by them was an unpleasant reminder of hard necessity; he saw the whole business too clearly, from the hand that wrote to the eye that should read the printed book.

In ten minutes Minnie was ready and they set out together through the already lighted streets. They were old friends, these two, and since they had been thrown together again in the swirl of London the old feeling had ripened into a very pretty intimacy. Dunbar was transparently sincere, and Minnie was as simply candid as it is possible for a girl to be; they therefore met without the least embarrassment, and, in a way, leant upon each other, each gaining from the other some of that strength which encourages and exalts.

Dunbar took his companion to a Soho restaurant, known, fortunately, only to the elect. His expenditure, for the place, was lavish, and he made Minnie drink her wine without water. She entered into the spirit of the jaunt perfectly, forgot all about the work waiting to be done, and laughed and chattered to Dunbar with a freedom that raised him to the summit of felicity. Indeed, he found her almost brilliant; she thawed in that holiday atmosphere; little streams of feeling, which he had hardly suspected before, were unloosed in sudden flow, and by the time dinner was over he found that he knew her well at last.

"Are you ready for the music, now?" he asked.

"Quite."

"Come along, then, we'll go."

Of course Dunbar felt bound to have a cab—the fact that he really could not afford it was in itself a sufficiently persuasive reason—but with Minnie added it was inevitable. He wanted to have her to himself; he even mildly resented the crowded hall and the faces that were turned to look at her, though at the same time he was proud to have her near him in the sight of the world.

During the concert he was more concerned with her than with the music, or, rather, he could not separate the two. It was easy to associate her with the girl whom he had known in those more fortunate days some years before, easy to see the child's promise developed in the woman, easy to drift back into the old time and walk hand in hand

with her again; but he found it difficult to connect her with the present little room, and the typewriter, and the waiting work. Indeed, for the time, he dismissed that altogether, and wilfully chose to believe that no change of fortune had come to her,

"'Good night.'"

but that he alone had gone out into the world, to fight for—what? Yesterday he would have called it fame or honour, but to-night he looked at the girl's figure, with earnest face and hands folded in her lap, and he noticed that her gloves were by no means new.

When it was all over they went out into the foggy street; the air struck with a chill; she shivered.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"Oh, no, it's nothing. Let us walk quickly."

"Take my arm," he said. She obeyed dutifully and they turned into the crowd and noise of Oxford Street; she drew a little closer to him in that ambiguous crush.

"I love the streets at night," he said; "it seems to me to be the only time when they're beautiful."

"They're horrid as well."

"Yes, I suppose they're horrid as well."

As they neared Bloomsbury, and the somewhat forbidding street in which Minnie lived, the girl began to feel infinitely sad, a sadness, she knew, which would end in a good cry when she was alone.

"Oh," she said, "why can't an evening like this last longer—for ever?"

"For ever, eh?"

"Yes, for ever. Everything comes to an end so soon. You think about a thing for days and days, and plan and plan, and then in a few hours it's all over. There's nothing left."

"There's always the memory left," he said gently, "and memories are sometimes very good things to live with."

"You get tired of them when there's nothing else, don't you think?"

"When there's nothing else, certainly. This is your number, isn't it? But if you really enjoyed to-night, Minnie, we'll make it a weekly institution as long as the concerts last . . . Don't say no—I'm not going to be opposed. Every Saturday afternoon I'll have tea with you, and then dinner and the concert. It will give me, and you, too, I hope, something to look forward to. Life does become a bit dull, even when one loves one's work . . . That's settled, isn't it?"

Minnie's heart was going at a pace which it had never attained to before in Bloomsbury; it started off all at once, and quite unexpectedly; she wanted to say so much that she ended by stammering only—

"Mr. Dunbar—I—really——"

"Will?"

There was another pause, in which all the reasons for refusing were toppled over like ninepins by that unruly heart.

"Yes—if you like," she said.

"Like?" he cried. "My dear child, this week I shall work like a nigger on the strength of it."

"Thank you so much for taking me," she said. "It was all lovely. Good night."

"Good night." He watched her up the steps and into the dark doorway, and even waited until a light appeared in an upper window. If he could have looked into the room he would have seen Minnie having her good cry; but it was not unhappy crying, and she did not give a thought to the typewriter and the unfinished work.

During the following week Dunbar slaved, as he had said he would, like a nigger. Indeed, he wrote in a kind of fury, and finished a book which he had calculated would require at least another month's work. It was a book to which he had pinned his faith, and when it was finished, late on the Friday night, a sudden blankness stole over him, as though something irrecoverable had gone out of his life—that pile of manuscript, which represented so much, said so little. He turned over the pages slowly, and they made a rustling as of dead leaves or ghostly draperies. After all, he thought, was it worth a man's while to spend his blood like that?

He opened his window to let the night air into his room, and the great, never-ceasing hum of London floated to his ears. He stood listening for a moment, and then he said aloud, "Yes, it is worth while." He looked at his watch and found that midnight was past and that it was already Saturday morning. At that the face of Minnie rose before him and he said again, as he sat down, "Yes, it is worth while."

"'There,' she said, and handed him the sheet."

As he gazed vacantly at his work the thought struck him that the cost of typewriting it would make a heavy call on his slender means. "It would be a rather good plan," he thought, "to marry a typist and get it done for nothing!" The absurdity of the idea made him tilt back his chair and laugh. And then he suddenly remembered that Minnie was a typist and that that very day he was going to take her to a concert. The idea seemed not altogether so absurd, after all; he grew grave again.

At four o'clock punctually he knocked at Miss Tryon's door and found tea and Minnie waiting for him in the tiny room. She looked a little tired, but her eyes were bright with expectation realised.

"So you haven't repented of your rash agreement?"

"Repented? No; why should I? Besides, it wasn't rash."

"I think it was."

"You're not going to cry off, are you?"

"Of course not."

"Then that, so far, is beautiful," he said. "Do you know that you make better tea than anyone I ever met?"

"I can't bear bad tea—I admit I'm extravagant over that."

"I expect you drink far too much."

"No, I don't really."

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright."

"How do you work that thing?" he asked, nodding at the typewriter. "Do you think you could teach me?"

"Of course I could; it's easy enough. Shall I give you a lesson now?"

"If you're not too tired."

She sat down to the machine, while he stood by and listened and watched.

"It makes a horrid noise," he said, "it would drive me mad; it's like little hammers in your brain."

"You'd soon get used to that. Dictate something to me, and notice just what I do."

He dictated at random, absurd sentences, having no earthly connection with each other; as a matter of fact, he was looking at her; the typewriter, for him, had no existence at the moment.

"There," she said, and handed him the sheet.

"I'm sure I could never learn to do that. You must be awfully clever, Minnie."

"Anyone can do it, and I'm not clever at all."

"May I have a try?"

She gave him her seat and stood where he had been.

"You must sit down over there, please. You mustn't watch me; it would make me nervous."

She laughed and went over to the window; there she sat down quietly and took up a piece of needlework. Dunbar meditated for a long time, resting his forehead against an open palm. Now and then he glanced towards Minnie, but she was obedient and did not look up. He watched her bent head and busy fingers in a kind of calm delight; she seemed a symbol of peace to him, a point of rest in a world full of noise and angry tumult, an expression of pure simplicity. "After all," he thought, "how can a man fight the battle alone? and if he does, and wins, to whom is he to bring the crown?"

At last he turned to the keys and very slowly tapped out a few words. Then he read them over carefully and, without hesitation, crossed the room and put the sheet into Minnie's hand. She read—

"deAreST. I lovE yoU—be my wIfe."

For a minute she did not move; the little room faded, the past died, the future was so bright that she dared not turn her dazzled eyes upon it.

"If it's 'No,'" he said, "go to the machine and print it, so that I may keep a record of my folly. If it's 'Yes'——"

She rose and held out her hands to him. "Is it true?" she asked softly, her eyes bright with joyful tears—"You love me?"

"Love you? My dear, dear girl—I can't say how much I love you—you'll know in time."

"Yes," she said. "Oh, yes—your wife."

* * * * *

"I shall never touch a typewriter again, Minnie," Dunbar said later. "One lesson was enough for me, and you were my teacher."

"My dearest pupil!"

"It wasn't bad for a beginner, dearie?"

"It was perfect!"

By a happy chance they heard that night the "Wedding March" from *Lohengrin*, and they heard it hand in hand.

Reproduced from the print by] [*the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Co.*

The Shepherd's Chief Mourner.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

A KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS:

SIR JOHN FURLEY AND HIS AMBULANCE WORK.

By Leonard W. Lillingston.

THERE are incidents in Sir John Furley's life sufficient to supply half a dozen shilling "shockers" with thrilling situations. He spent some weeks with the Danish army during the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1864; he went through the Franco-German war, through the still more terrible conflict that followed—the war of the Commune—and he was in Spain during the last Carlist rebellion. Finally he was the special commissioner to Montenegro for the British National Aid Society during the Russo-Turkish war of 1876. Yet Sir John is always the first to tell you that he is not a military man. What, then, is he?

SIR JOHN FURLEY.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

He is a world-wide authority on all matters concerning ambulance work, both civil and military. He has attended every international conference of the Red Cross Society since 1869, he was vice-president at that of Vienna in 1857, and at Rome in 1892. His life has been devoted for more than a quarter of a century to the succour of the sick and wounded. Sir John's knighthood was recently conferred upon him by her Majesty in recognition of these his services to humanity. He has, too, a genius for organising; he was one of the founders of the St. John Ambulance Association. He is a thoroughly practical man, he is the inventor of the stretchers and two-wheeled litters known as the "Furley pattern," several thousands of which are in use at the present time at hospitals, mines, railway stations, and other public institutions throughout the country. Sir John Furley declined to retain any pecuniary interest in his inventions—he has given them, as he has given his services in many a sanguinary fight, in the cause of humanity.

The French Government made him an officer of the Legion of Honour for his heroic conduct at the Bridge of Neuilly in 1871, the French Red Cross Society presented him with a gold medal in recognition of his "indefatigable and courageous devotion." A complimentary dinner was given in his honour in this country a few years ago, when an address was presented to him bearing the signatures of a representative body of distinguished men, both civil and military. Sir John has both spoken and written on the care of the sick and wounded. He has delivered more than one lecture on the subject at the Royal United Service Institution; he is also the author of the "Struggles and Experiences of a Neutral Volunteer," and "Among the Carlists," and much Red Cross literature of a more technical character.

Sir John has all the reticence of the brave man. His *sang froid* is impenetrable. He appears to regard bullets at close quarters as quite everyday affairs. He speaks of passing through the zone of fire as though it were merely a question of crossing the street.

It was as commissioner for the British National Aid Society that he was in the thick of the Franco-German war.

"I soon saw that it was not going to be all plain sailing," he said. "My friend and colleague, Admiral de Kantzow, was arrested as a Prussian spy. The prevailing impression appeared to be that everyone who was not a Frenchman was a spy. I was not surprised to be told myself that I had 'a very Prussian cast of countenance.'"

"It did not end there, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; I was made a prisoner at Conches by some *francs-tireurs*. They decided that I was a spy and must be shot out of hand. I asked to be taken before

the mayor. He declared that my papers were satisfactory. But that was not enough for the mob, and I was obliged to point out to his worship that he would be held responsible for my safety. So I was sent a prisoner to Evreux, to the *préfet*. He was a sensible man—he liberated me and apologised."

"Were you again captured?"

"Yes; Sir Henry Havelock and I were stopped by *francs-tireurs* at Houdan. The authorities approved our credentials, but meanwhile a crowd had collected round the carriage. They insisted on examining our baggage. Clothes, books, papers—everything was thrown into the road and closely overhauled by men, women, and children. A homœopathic case was regarded with

SHELLS FROM THE SIEGE OF PARIS, ONE CONVERTED INTO A BAROMETER.

considerable suspicion. After a great deal of abuse we were allowed to proceed."

"Did you find any difficulty in dealing with the claims for relief?"

"Sometimes. Both belligerents were naturally inclined to take very broad views as to their right to assistance. When Paris was invested, and I was at the German headquarters at Versailles, I remember receiving an application for some porter for a Royal Highness. I refused to supply it without a medical certificate. I got that certificate—I have it now."

"You saw a great deal of the fighting there?"

"Yes; but there was something very artificial about war as practised at Versailles. We would go out to see a sortie as though we were going to a race-meeting. You could ride out after luncheon, assist at an engagement, and get back to dinner at seven!"

"With this qualification—that there was a tolerable chance that you might not get back at all?"

"Well, we got our share of any risk that was going. There was a particularly lively trip which we took to Écouen, for example. We started with a wagon-load of stores. For about half a mile the road was very much exposed and there was a brisk fire going on. I saw one fellow deliberately pot at us at a distance of four or five hundred yards; then, small arms having no effect, a big gun was brought into position. Fortunately the shot missed; before there was time to fire another we were hidden by the houses of the town. But perhaps the excursion to Beaugency in the winter of 1870 is the one I remember best. Here were terrible scenes. The theatre had been converted into a hospital; the scenery used in the last performance still hung upon the stage. In the passage, as I went in, lay a corpse upon a stretcher with a sheet flung over it. The *salle*, from the stage to the back of the pit, was full of wounded, maimed in every conceivable way. Crouched round an iron stove were a few men able to crawl."

During the armistice the French authorities declined to allow Sir John to enter Paris, though he was bent on rendering assistance to the beleaguered citizens and ascertaining the state of the hospitals. The German authorities facetiously told him that he might try to get in if he liked—but he would not get very far.

"Having made up my mind to go into Paris, I went," he said. "I borrowed the livery of a well-known diplomatist's coachman and drove in on the box-seat of his carriage. Privileged persons occasionally obtained leave to pass through the lines."

Sir John Furley, amongst his many relics of those stirring times, has in his possession a portrait of himself in the part of the coachman. He subsequently met with copies of this photo on sale in Belgium under the title of "Le Cocher International." The end justified the means; he was able to give invaluable assistance to the unfortunate Parisians. Sir John went into Paris again with the German troops. He returned to England soon after for a few days, but was back again to participate in the struggle with the Commune.

"I went one evening on a tour of exploration with Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, then correspondent of the *Times*," he said. "I had thought it well to warn one of my friends not to approach me in a new hat, or to be surprised if he saw me in the midst of a crowd, shouting '*A bas les aristocrats!*' We saw that night three poor wretches more dead than alive, supposed to be agents of the police, dragged along to summary trial and execution."

Sir John interviewed the Communal authorities He gave me a very graphic and amusing account of his visit.

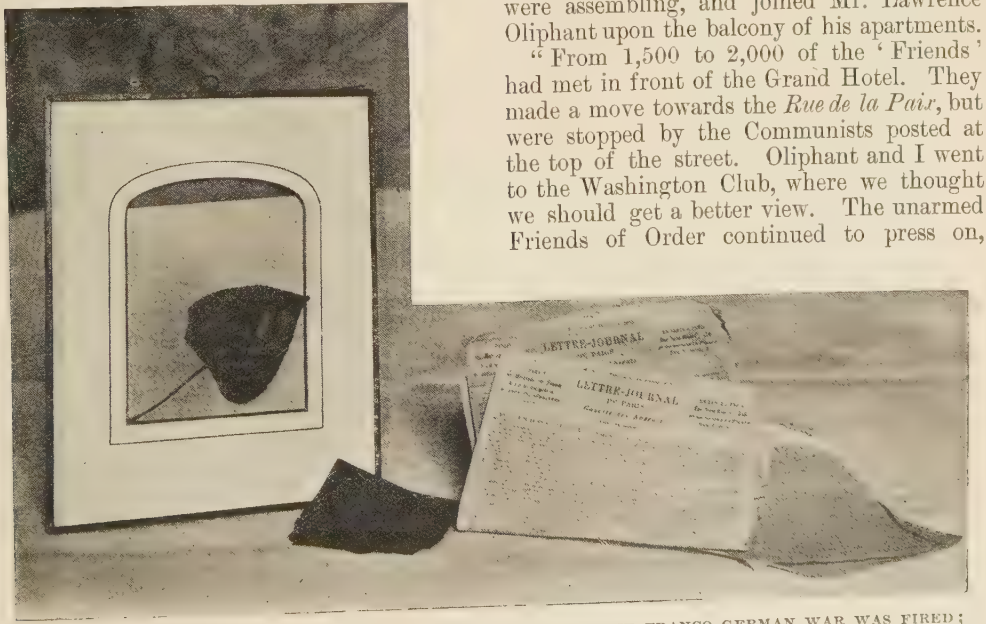
"Seated at the tables," he said, "talking, sleeping, or eating, were men of all grades. A very talkative sentry, who frequently refreshed himself from a tin bottle, kept the door. We were presented to a Citizen - General, who gave me the idea of a non-commissioned officer deprived of his stripes for intemperance. He welcomed us warmly; his eloquence brought tears to his eyes. I was informed subsequently that the tears were the result of absinth, to which the citizen was much addicted, and under the influence of which, on one occasion, he broke a chair over the head of a colleague."

Sir John narrowly escaped being a victim during the great demonstration of the Friends of Order. He was sitting at breakfast in the *Restaurant de la Paix*, when he noticed that the iron shutters were being put up. He hurried out into the street, where the Friends of Order were assembling, and joined Mr. Lawrence Oliphant upon the balcony of his apartments.

"From 1,500 to 2,000 of the 'Friends' had met in front of the Grand Hotel. They made a move towards the *Rue de la Paix*, but were stopped by the Communists posted at the top of the street. Oliphant and I went to the Washington Club, where we thought we should get a better view. The unarmed Friends of Order continued to press on,

MEMENTOES OF THE CARLIST WAR.

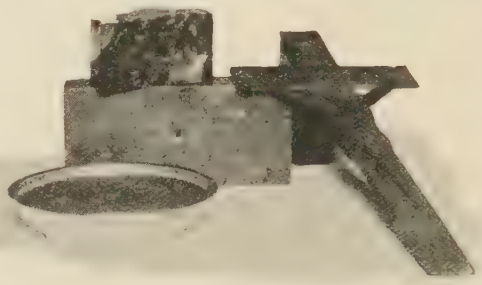
Shell converted into an inkstand; a Carlist badge; a bullet which struck a stone upon which Sir John Furley was leaning; a Red Cross flag taken by him at the battle of Estella; and a crucifix from a wrecked church at Somorrostro.



A LEAF FROM THE TREE BENEATH WHICH THE FIRST SHOT OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR WAS FIRED; ALSO A BALLOON LETTER SENT FROM PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

The letter is one of those sent out by balloon. The first page is a newspaper, and the letter is written on the inside.

forcing before them the line of sentries. Oliphant proposed that we should go down into the street. We did so and went with the crowd. I saw the defenders struggling to lower their rifles, whilst their opponents were trying to force them up. I confess I began to have serious misgivings. We made a strategic movement to the right. I pulled at the bell of Blounts' Bank as I had never pulled at bell before. We were admitted and witnessed the scene from one of the windows. It was a deliberate massacre. As we looked out a shot passed between us, sending splinters of stone and glass into the room. Meanwhile nothing could be done towards helping the wounded; any person showing himself in the street was at once fired upon.



PAPER-WEIGHTS MADE OF MARBLE FROM THE CHATEAU OF ST. CLOUD, AND A CRUCIFIX WHICH BELONGED TO THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

"Oliphant, by the way, who at that time was under the domination of the prophet Harris, regarded this shot as a message summoning him to America. It was suggested to him by Sir W. H. Russell that he should take me with him, for it was quite as likely to have been intended for me as for himself. Oliphant went to America, but returned within the month."

Sir John passed through the Republican and Communist lines sixty-five times. This is a record performance. Hundreds of people attempting to leave Paris were turned back by the Commune. Many were forced against their will to serve in the ranks of the revolutionists.

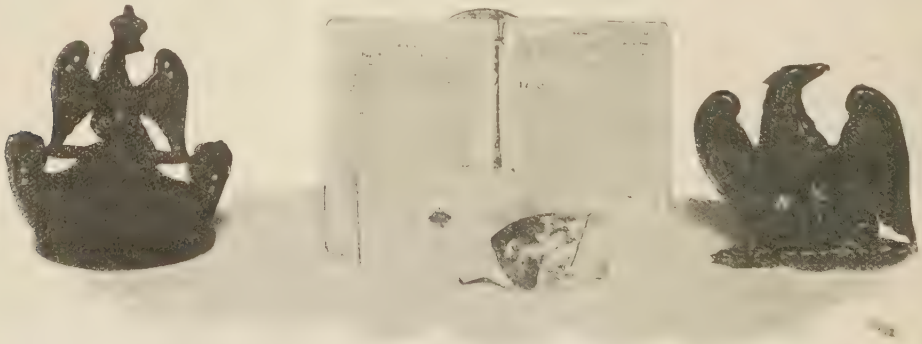
"Pray, Sir John," I said, "how did you manage it?"

"That is a curious story," he said. "One example will be sufficient. I had issued some circulars as chairman of the Paris Committee of the French Peasant Farmers' Seed Fund. By mistake they were issued on huge yellow posters, the official colour of the Commune, and stuck about the streets. They bore my name, to which was attached, *Président du Comité de Paris*. The effect of this title was tremendous. It sounds incredible—but I was even able to sign passports for friends working for me. In one instance, at least, my signature was accepted, when a passport visèd by the British ambassador was rejected, greatly to the amusement of Lord Lyons, when I told him."

Sir John, with his friend the Vicomte de Romanet, was joint director of the *Ambulances Volantes* with the army of Marshal MacMahon. He was in every engagement fought during this period.

"What were your impressions at the Bridge of Neuilly?" I asked.

"There was little time to note facts," he said. "De Romanet and I went out accompanied by two labourers. Just as we turned a corner into the main avenue a shell burst, bringing down the cornice of a house about our ears. A vigorous fire was being directed upon the bridge. A shot struck the parapet,



BROKEN PIPE, PRAYER BOOK, AND ACE OF DIAMONDS, FOUND LYING BY THE SIDE OF A DEAD GERMAN ON THE FIELD OF SEDAN; FRENCH EAGLES FROM THE SAME PLACE.

SHELL WHICH BURST CLOSE TO SIR JOHN AT NEUILLY; ALSO A BULLET FROM A COMMUNIST'S POUCH.

and the heavy stones fell, smashing two soldiers who were crouched behind them. A man near us was hit, his heart torn out with his side, and I was splashed with his blood. Further on were others, some dead, others dying; and still the horrible hail of lead and iron went on. Looking on this awful scene, and finding myself almost alone, I candidly confess to a moment of hesitation. As I gazed up the avenue and saw the guns belching fire, and heard the shots flying, I was almost paralysed with horror. However frivolous it may seem, being compelled to force my thoughts into another channel, I concentrated them upon a cigar. I stooped down behind a heap of sandbags and asked a soldier for a light, and, having set the weed going, I stuck it in my mouth and determined to keep it alight. A few seconds later we had on our stretcher a marine who had been shot through both thighs."

A SOUVENIR OF THE BRIDGE OF NEUILLY.

Unexploded shells converted into candlesticks and presented to Sir John Furley by Dr. Funck. Inscribed "To my stretcher-bearer and the signer of my passport."

Sir John Furley, by the way, possesses a curious memento. It is a shell which burst near him when out reconnoitring. A friend of his had the fragments collected and fitted together in a network of wire. Also upon the mantelshelf in his study stand two unexploded shells which have been converted into candlesticks. They were presented to him as souvenirs of the Bridge of Neuilly. When the Government troops entered Paris, Sir John Furley, as usual, was at the front, When Auteuil was taken, he, with other members of the French Red Cross Society, had a temporary hospital going before the military surgeons came up. And the Red

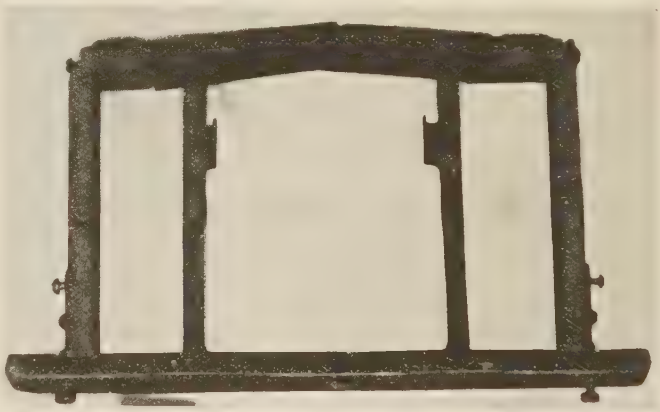
SIR JOHN FURLEY IN THE DISGUISE OF A COACHMAN IN WHICH HE GOT INTO PARIS.

Cross helpers did not go unscathed during the war. On this occasion one *infirmier* had both his legs shot off, whilst another was killed by a bullet through the body.

Sir John saw the death as well as the birth of the Commune. "I looked down," he said, "in one place upon the bodies of hundreds of dead Communists laid in long parallel trenches."

His recollections of the Franco-German War and the Commune are practically inexhaustible. But I wished to know something about his campaign in Spain during the Carlist insurrection. The position of a "benevolent neutral" in time of war is always a dangerous one. In civil war, however, the risk is trebled.

"If you are not shot," said a friend, "you will be received as a Providence; if by any chance you are shot, *au revoir dans l'autre monde.*"



BED OF A CARRIAGE BELONGING TO THE TOY RAILWAY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE CHATEAU OF ST. CLOUD.

Sir John was at Bilbao, and went from there to Castro Urdiales.

"Here," he said, "occurred one of the most flagrant violations of the Geneva Convention I have ever met with. The church and cloisters, protected by the neutral flag and used as a hospital, contained tons of Remington cartridges, some pieces of artillery, and a guard-room!"

It was Sir John who rescued from a Carlist prison O'Donovan, the celebrated and ill-fated war correspondent, who perished later in the Soudan with the army of Hicks Pasha. The British Government could do nothing without recognising the Government of Don Carlos. So Sir John obtained credentials from Dona Margarita, wife of Don Carlos. He learned from her that O'Donovan was charged with having come to Spain with the intention of poisoning Don Carlos. He found O'Donovan imprisoned in a loathsome hole at Estella, having been a prisoner for more than six months, under the most wretched conditions.

Sir John's luck was again to the fore. "I was received with much attention and exceptional politeness at Estella," he said. "I did not understand it until I was informed that an English milord had presented four small steel guns to Don Carlos. It was rumoured that I was the milord! One morning, as a column of prisoners was passing through the streets, I thought I saw my man. I ascertained by a cautious word or two that it was he. I obtained access to the prison that night. After much trouble I got an order for O'Donovan to be transferred to me, and, still as a prisoner, to be taken in my charge to the Carlist headquarters, where the question of his liberation was to be settled. We rode over the mountains to Durango. Here my servant mounted guard over the prisoner, while I interviewed the Carlist ministers and, finally, Don Carlos himself. The *dénouement* was comical—whilst the negotiations were proceeding the enemy swept down on Durango, and the 'King,' his ministers, his court and his army skedaddled, taking with them nearly all the means of transport. By dint of bribery I procured horses, followed, and caught them up in the middle of the night. Believing it was now best to ask no more questions, we started off again early in the morning, and did not stop until O'Donovan was safe on the other side of the frontier."

Sir John values very highly a letter which he received some time after from Sir H. Layard (who had been British ambassador at Madrid), congratulating him upon the conduct of his mission. It was performed, by the way, entirely at Sir John's own cost. Upon his return to England, a certain noble lord called upon the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and suggested that the least that could be done would be to recoup Sir John his out-of-pocket expenses. The Secretary of State replied that he regretted that there was no fund available for such a purpose!

The Puritan's Daughter.

By Montagu Barstow.

A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

BY IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by HAROLD COPPING.

NO. I.—INTRODUCTORY—"SPIUG."

MUIRTOWN SEMINARY was an imposing building of the classical order, of which the town was exceedingly proud, facing the north meadow of Muirtown, and commanding from its upper windows a fine view of the River Tay running rapidly and cleanly upon its gravel bed. Behind the front building was the paved playground where the boys played casual games in the breaks of five minutes between the hours of study, and this playground had an entrance from a narrow back street along which, in snow time, a detachment of the enemy might steal any hour and take us with disastrous surprise. There were those who wished that we had been completely walled up at the back, for then we had met the attack at a greater advantage from the front. But the braver souls of our commonwealth considered that this back way, affording opportunities for ambushes, sallies, subtle tactics, and endless vicissitudes, lent a peculiar flavour to the war which was waged the whole winter through and most of the summer, and brought it nearer to the condition of Red Indian fighting, which was our favourite reading and our example of heroism. Again and again we studied the adventures of Bill Biddon the Indian spy, not only on account of his hairbreadth escapes when he eluded the Indians after a miraculous fashion and detected the presence of the red varmint by the turning of a leaf on the ground, but also in order to find out new methods of deceit by which we could allure our Indians into narrow places, or daring methods of attack by which we could succesfully outflank them on the broader street and drive them into their own retreats with public ignominy.

Within the building the glory of the Seminary was a massive stone stair, circular in shape, and having a "well" surrounded on the ground floor by a wall some three feet high. Down this stair the masters descended at nine o'clock for the opening of the school, with Bulldog, who was the mathematical master and the awful pride of the school, at their head, and it was strictly forbidden that any boy should be found within the "well." As it was the most tempting of places for the deposit of anything in the shape of rubbish, from Highland bonnets to little boys, and especially as any boy found in the well was sure to be caned, there was an obvious and irresistible opportunity for enterprise. Peter McGuffie, commonly called the Sparrow, or in Scotch tongue "Spiug," and one of the two heads of our commonwealth, used to wait with an expression of such demureness that it ought to have been a danger signal till Bulldog was half way down the stair, and a row of boys were standing in expectation with their backs to the forbidden place. Then, passing swiftly along, he swept off half a dozen caps and threw them over, and suddenly seizing a tempting urchin landed him on the bed of caps which had been duly prepared. Without turning his head one-eighth of an inch, far less condescending to look over, Bulldog as he passed made a mental note of the prisoner's name, and identified the various bonnetless boys, and then, dividing his duty over the hours of the day, attended to each culprit separately and carefully. If any person, from the standpoint of this modern and philanthropic day, should ask why some innocent victim did not state his case and lay the blame upon the guilty, then it is enough to say that that person had never been a scholar at Muirtown Seminary, and has not the slightest knowledge of the character and methods of Peter McGuffie. Had any boy of our time given information to a master, or, as in the Scotch tongue again, "had clyped," he would have had the

* Copyright, 1899, by John Watson, in the United States of America.

coldest reception at the hands of Bulldog, and when his conduct was known to the school he might be assured of such constant and ingenious attention at the hands of the Sparrow that he would have been ready to drown himself in the Tay rather than continue his studies at Muirtown Seminary.

"Standing in the gateway, straddling his legs, chewing a straw."

The Sparrow's father was the leading horse-dealer of the Scots Midlands, and a sporting man of established repute, a short, thick-set, red-faced, loud-voiced, clean-shaven man, with hair cut close to his head, whose calves and whose manner were the secret admiration of Muirtown. Quiet citizens of irreproachable respectability and religious orthodoxy regarded him with a pride which they would never confess—not because they would have spoken or acted as he did for a king's ransom, and not because they would have liked to stand in his shoes when he came to die—considering, as they did, that the future of a horse-dealer and an owner of racing horses was dark in the extreme—but because he was a perfect specimen of his kind and had made the town of Muirtown to be known far and wide in sporting circles. Bailie McCallum, for instance, could have no dealings with McGuffie senior, and would have been scandalised had he attended the Bailie's kirk; but, sitting in his shop and watching Muirtown life as it passed, the Bailie used to chuckle after an appreciative fashion at the sight of McGuffie, and to meditate with much inward satisfaction on stories of McGuffie's exploits—how he had encountered southern horsedealers and sent them home humbled with defeat, and had won hopeless races over the length and breadth of the land. "It's an awfu' trade," McCallum used to remark, "and McGuffie is no' the man for an elder; but sall, naebody ever got the better o' him at a bargain." Among the lads of the Seminary he was a local hero, and on their way home from school they loitered to study him, standing in the gateway of his stables, straddling his legs, chewing a straw, and shouting his views on the Muirtown races to friends at the distance of half a street. When he was in good humour he would nod to the lads and wink to them with such acuteness and drollery that they attempted to perform the same feat all the way home and were filled with despair. It did not matter that we were fed, by careful parents, with books containing the history of good men who began life with 2*s.* 11*d.*, and died leaving a quarter of a million, made by selling soft goods and attending church, and other books relating pathetic anecdotes of boys who died

young and, before they died, delighted society with observations of the most edifying character on the shortness of life. We had rather have been a horsedealer and kept a stable.

Most of us regarded McGuffie senior as a model of all the virtues that were worthy of a boy's imitation, and his son with undisguised envy, because he had a father of such undeniable notoriety, because he had the run of the stables, because he was on terms of easy familiarity with his father's grooms, and because he was encouraged to do those things which we were not allowed to do, and never exhorted to do those things which he hated to do. All the good advice we ever got, and all the examples of those two excellent young gentlemen, the sons of the Rev. Dr. Dowbiggin, were blown to the winds when we saw the Sparrow pass, sitting in the high dogcart beside his father, while that talented man was showing off to Muirtown a newly broken horse. The Sparrow's position on that seat of unique dignity was more than human, and none of us would have dared to recognise him, but it is only just to add that Peter was quite unspoiled by his privileges, and would wink to his humble friends upon the street after his most roguish fashion and with a skill which proved him his father's son. Social pride and the love of exclusive society was not a failing either of Mr. McGuffie senior or of his hopeful son. Both were willing to fight any person of their own size (or, indeed, much bigger), as well as to bargain with anybody, and at any time, on anything, from horses to marbles.

"'Never give in, ye de'il's buckie.'"

Mrs. McGuffie had been long dead, and during her lifetime was a woman of decided character, whom the grooms regarded with more terror than they did her husband, and whom her husband himself treated with great respect, a respect which grew deeper when he was returning from a distant horse-race and was detained, by professional duties, to a late hour in the evening. As her afflicted husband refused to marry again, in decided terms, Peter, their only child, had been brought up from an early age among grooms and other people devoted to the care and study of horses. In this school he received an education which was, perhaps, more practical and varied than it was finished and polite. It was not to be wondered, therefore, that his manners were simple and unaffected, and that he was never the prey either of timidity or of modesty. Although a motherless lad, he was never helpless, and from the first was able to hold his own and to make his hands keep his head.

His motherless condition excited the compassion of respectable matrons, but their efforts to tend him in his loneliness were not always successful, nor even appreciated to the full by the young McGuffie. When Mrs. Dowbiggin, who had a deep interest in what was called the work among children, and who got her cabs from McGuffie's stable, took pity on Peter's lonely childhood, and invited him to play with her boys, who were a head taller and paragons of excellence, the result was unfortunate, and afforded Mrs. Dowbiggin the text for many an ex-

hortation. Peter was brought back to the parental mansion by Dr. Dowbiggin's beadle within an hour, and received a cordial welcome from a congregation of grooms, to whom he related his experiences at the Manse with much detail and agreeable humour. During the brief space at his disposal he had put every toy of the young Dowbiggins' in a thorough state of repair, and had blacked their innocent faces with burnt cork so that their mother did not recognise her children. He had also taught them a negro melody of a very taking description, and had reinforced their vocabulary with the very cream of the stable. From that day Mrs. Dowbiggin warned the mothers of Muirtown against allowing their boys to associate with the Sparrow, and the Sparrow could never see her pass on the street without an expression of open delight.

When Mr. McGuffie senior brought his son, being then ten years old, to the Seminary for admittance, it was a chance that he was not refused and that we did not miss our future champion. Mr. McGuffie's profession and reputation were a stumbling-block to the rector, who was a man of austere countenance and strict habits of life, and Peter himself was a very odd-looking piece of humanity and had already established his own record. He was undersized and of exceptional breadth, almost flat in countenance, and with beady black eyes which on occasion lit up his face as when one illuminates the front of a house, but the occasions were rarely those which would commend themselves to the headmaster of a public school. How the dealer in horses removed the rector's difficulties was never accurately known, but boys passing the door of the rector's retiring-room when he was closeted with Mr. McGuffie overheard scraps of the conversation, and Muirtown was able to understand the situation. It was understood that in a conflict of words the rector, an absent-minded scholar of shrinking manner, was not likely to come off best, and it is certain that the head of the school ever afterwards referred to Mr. McGuffie as "a man of great resolution of character and endowed with the gift of forcible speech." As regards the son, his affectionate father gave him some brief directions before leaving, and in the presence of his fellow scholars, of which this only was overheard, and seemed, indeed, to be the sum and substance: "Never give in, ye de'il's buckie." With these inspiriting words Mr. McGuffie senior departed through the front door amid a hush of admiration, leaving Peter to his fate not far from that "well" which was to be the scene of many of his future waggeries.

With the progress of civilisation school life in Scotland has taken on a high degree of refinement, and rumour has it—but what will people not say?—that a new boy will come in a cab to the Seminary and will receive a respectful welcome from the generation following Peter, and that the whole school will devote itself to his comfort for days—showing him where to hang his cap, initiating him into games, assisting him with his lessons, and treating his feelings with delicate respect. It has been my own proud satisfaction, as a relic of a former barbarian age, to read the rules which are now printed in black letters with red capitals and hung in the rooms of Muirtown Seminary. My feelings will not allow me to give them all, but the following have moved me almost to tears—

Rule 1.—That every boy attending this school is expected to behave himself in speech and deed as a gentleman.

Rule 2.—That anyone writing upon a wall, or in any way marking the school furniture, will be considered to have committed an offence, and will be punished.

Rule 3.—That every boy is exhorted to treat every other with courtesy, and anyone guilty of rudeness to a fellow scholar is to be reported to the headmaster.

Rule 4.—That it is expected of every boy to cultivate neatness of appearance, and especially to see that his clothes, collars, cuffs, and other articles of clothing be not soiled.

These admirable rules suggest a new atmosphere and one very different from that in which we passed our stormy youth, for no sentiment of this kind softened life in earlier days or affected our Spartan simplicity. The very sight of a newcomer in a speckless suit, with an irreproachable tie and both tails on his glengarry bonnet, excited a profound emotion in the school and carried it beyond self-control. What could be expected of a fellow so bedecked and preserved as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox or a tailor's shop? Left alone in his pride and perfection—the very beginning of a Pharisee—he would only go from bad to worse and come at last to a sad end. We hardly claimed to be philanthropists, but we did feel it was our duty to rescue this lad. It might be, of course, that we could not save him, but he ought at least to have a chance, and the Sparrow had a quite peculiar satis-

faction in at once removing the two offensive tails by one vigorous pull, while the rumpling of a collar was a work of missionary zeal. No system of philanthropy is successful with all cases, and we had our failures, which we think about unto this day, and which have only justified our sad predictions. Boys like the two Dowbiggins never improved, and were at last given up in despair even by the Sparrow, their tails being renewed day by day and their faces remaining in all circumstances quite unmoved; but within a month the average boy had laid aside the last remnant of conventionality, and was only outdone by Peter himself in studied negligence of attire.

Peter's own course of discipline was sharp, but it did not last long, for certain practical reasons.

"What business have you here, ye son of a horsecouper?" was the encouraging salutation offered by a solicitor's son to the stumpy little figure bereft of its father and left to fight its battles alone.

"Mair business than you, spindleshanks, ye son o' a thievin' lawyer," and although Peter was four years younger and small for his size, he showed that he had not learned boxing from his father's grooms without profit, and his opponent attended no more classes that day. This encounter excited the deepest interest and revived the whole life of the school. One lad after another experimented on Peter and made as much of it as drawing a badger. He was often hurt, but he never uttered any cry. He gave rather more than he got, and lads going home in the afternoon could see him giving an account of the studies of the day to an admiring audience in the stableyard. By and by he was left severely alone, and for the impudence of him, and his courage, and his endurance, and his general cockiness, and his extraordinary ingenuity in mischief, he was called "Spiug," which is Scotch for a sparrow, and absolutely expressed the admiration of the school.

It would be brazen falsehood to say that Peter was a scholar, or, indeed, gave any voluntary attention to the course of learning laid down by the authorities of Muirtown Seminary. He sat unashamed at the foot of every class, maintaining a certain impenetrable front when a question came his length, and with the instinct of a chieftain never risking his position in the school by exposing himself to contempt. When Thomas John Dowbiggin was distinguishing himself after an unholy fashion by translating Cæsar into English like unto Macaulay's History, Spiug used to watch him with keen interest, and employ his leisure time in arranging some little surprise to enliven the even tenor of Thomas John's life. So curious a being, however, is a boy, and so inconsistent, that as often as Duncan Robertson answered more promptly than Thomas John, and obtained the first place, Spiug's face lit up with unaffected delight, and he was even known to smack his lips audibly. When the rector's back was turned he would convey his satisfaction over Thomas John's discomfiture with such delightful pantomime that the united class did him homage and even Thomas John was shaken out of his equanimity; but then Duncan Robertson's father was colonel of a Highland regiment, and Duncan himself was a royal fighter, and had not in his Highland body the faintest trace of a prig, while Thomas John's face was a standing reproof of everything that was said and done outside of lesson time in Muirtown School.

Peter, however, had his own genius, and for captivating adventures none was to be compared with him. Was it not Spiug who floated down the tunnel through which a swift running stream of clear water reached the Tay, and allured six others to follow him, none of whom, happily, were drowned? and did not the whole school, with the exception of the Dowbiggins, await his exit at the black mouth of the tunnel and reward his success with a cheer? Was it not Spiug, with Duncan Robertson's military assistance, who constructed a large earthwork in a pit at the top of the Meadow, which was called the Redan and blown up with gunpowder one Saturday afternoon, seven boys being temporarily buried beneath the ruins, and Peter himself losing both eyebrows? And when an old lady living next the school laid a vicious complaint against the Sparrow and some other genial spirits for having broken one of her windows in a snowball fight, he made no sign and uttered no threat, but in the following autumn he was in a position to afford a ripe pear to each boy in the four upper forms—except the Dowbiggins, who declined politely—and to distribute a handful for a scramble among the little boys. There was much curiosity about the source of Peter's generosity, and it certainly was remarkable that the pear was of the same kind as the old lady cultivated with much pride, and that her fruit was gathered for her in the course of one dark night. Spiug was capable of anything except telling a lie. He

"'Mair business than you, spindleshanks, ye son of a thievin' lawyer.'"

could swim the Tay at its broadest and almost at its swiftest, could ride any horse in his father's stable, could climb any tree in the meadows, and hold his own in every game, from marbles and "catch the keggie," a game based on smuggling, to football, where he was a very dangerous forward, and cricket, where his bowling was fearsome for its force and directness. There was nothing he could not do with his hands, and no one whom he was not ready to face.

"A group of lads round the big fire in the winter time."

The Spiug was a very vigorous barbarian indeed, and the exact type of a turbulent Lowland Scot, without whom the Seminary had missed its life and colour, and who by sheer force of courage and strength asserted himself as our chief captain.

After many years have passed, the Sparrow stands out a figure of size and reality from among the Dowbiggins and other poor shadows. Thomas John, no doubt, carried off medals, prizes, certificates of merit, and everything else which could be obtained in Muirtown Seminary by a lad who played no games and swatted all evening at next day's work. The town was weary of seeing Thomas John and his brother—each wearing the same smug expression, and each in faultlessly neat attire—processing up in turn to receive their honours from the hands of the Lord Provost, and the town would cheer with enthusiasm when Duncan Robertson made an occasional appearance, being glad to escape from the oppression of the Dowbiggin *régime*. Nor was the town altogether wrong in refusing to appreciate the Dowbiggins at their own value, and declining to believe that the strength of the country was after their fashion. When Thomas John reached the University he did not altogether fulfil the expectations of his family, and by the time he reached the pulpit no one could endure

his unredeemed dulness. When last I heard of him he was secretary to a blameless society which has for its object the discovery of the lost Ten Tribes, and it occurs to me that it would have been a good thing for Thomas John to have been blown up in the destruction of the Redan: he might have become a man.

After the Seminary had done its best for the Sparrow he retired upon his laurels and went to assist his father in the business of horsedealing, to which he brought an invincible courage and a large experience in bargaining. For years his old fellow scholars saw him breaking in young horses on the roads round Muirtown, and he covered himself with glory in a steeplechase open to all the riders of Scotland. When Mr. McGuffie senior was killed by an Irish mare, Peter sold the establishment and went into foreign parts in search of adventure, reappearing at intervals of five years from Australia, Texas, the Plate, Cape of Good Hope, assured and reckless as ever, but always straightforward, masterful, open-handed, and gallant. His exploits are over now, and all England read his last, how he sent on in safety a settler's household through a narrow pass in Matabele Land, and with a handful of troopers held the savages in check until pursuit was vain.

"From the account of prisoners we learn," wrote the war correspondent, "that Captain McGuffie, of the Volunteer Horse, fought on after his men had been all killed and his last cartridge fired. With his back to a rock in a narrow place he defended himself with such skill and courage that the Matabele declared him the best fighting man they had ever met, and he was found with a mound of dead at his feet." Only last week two Seminary men were reading that account together and recalling Peter, and such is the inherent wickedness of human nature, that the death (from apoplexy) of Thomas John Dowbiggin would have been much less lamented. "That is just how Spiug would have liked to die, for he dearly loved a fight and knew not fear." They revived the ancient memories of Peter's boyhood, and read the despatch of the commanding officer, with his reference to the gallant service of Captain McGuffie, and then they looked at Peter's likeness in the illustrated papers, the eyes as bold and mischievous as ever. "Well done, Spiug!" said a doctor of divinity—may he be forgiven!—"well done, Spiug, a terrier of the old Scots breed."

Peter's one rival in the idolatry of the school was Duncan Ronald Stewart Robertson, commonly known as Dunc, and Dunc was in everything except honesty, generosity, and courage, the exact opposite of Peter McGuffie. Robertson's ancestors had been lairds of Tomnahurich, a moor in Rannoch, with half a dozen farms, since the Deluge, as they believed, and certainly since history began. For hundreds of years they had been warriors, fighting other clans, fighting among themselves, fighting for Prince Charlie, and for more than a century fighting for England as officers in the Highland Regiments. The present laird had been in the Crimean war and the Mutiny, besides occasional expeditions, and was colonel of the Perthshire Buffs. When he came to our examination in full uniform, having first inspected the local garrison on the meadow, it was the greatest day in our time. We cheered him when he came in, counting the medals on his breast, amidst which we failed not to notice the Victoria Cross. We cheered him in the class-rooms, we cheered him when he mounted his horse outside and rode along the terrace, and Peter lead a detachment by the back way up to Breadalbane Street to give him one cheer more. Robertson was a tall, well-knit, athletic lad, with red hair, blue eyes, and a freckled face, not handsome, but carrying himself with much dignity and grace. The Sparrow always appeared in tight-fitting trousers, as became Mr. McGuffie's son, but Robertson wore the kilt and never looked anything else but a gentleman, yet his kilt was ever of the shabbiest, and neither had his bonnet any tails. His manners were those of his blood, but a freer and heartier and more harum-scarum fellow never lived. It is a pleasant remembrance, after many years, to see again a group of lads round the big fire in the winter time, and to hear Duncan Robertson read the stirring ballad, "How Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old," till Peter could contain himself no longer, and proposed that a select band should go instantly to McIntyre's Academy and simply compel a conflict. Dunc went into his father's regiment, and fell at Tel-el-Kebir, and there is one Seminary man at least who keeps the portraits of the two captains—Peter McGuffie, the Scot, the horse-dealer's son, and a very vulgar varlet indeed, and Duncan Robertson, the Celt, a well-born man's son, and a gentleman himself from head to foot—in remembrance of a school which was rough and old-fashioned, where, indeed, softness and luxury were impossible, but where men were made who had the heart in them to live and die for their country.

"APPLE-BLOSSOM." By Beatrice Offor.

Like apple-blossom, white and red;
Like hues of dawn, which fly too soon;
Like bloom of peach, so softly spread;
Like thorn of May and rose of June
Oh, sweet! Oh, fair! Beyond compare,
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.

That pretty rose, which comes and goes,
Like April sunshine in the sky,
I can command it when I choose—
See how it rises if I cry,
Oh, sweet! Oh, fair! Beyond compare,
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.

Ah! When it lies round lips and eyes,
And fades away, again to spring,
No lover, sure, could ask for more
Than still to cry and still to sing—
Oh, sweet! Oh, fair! Beyond compare,
Are Daphne's cheeks,
Are Daphne's blushing cheeks, I swear.

From Sir Walter Besant's "Dorothy Forster."

Illustrated by J. BARNARD DAVIS.

STANFORD VANE arrived at Windermere station in the worst of all possible tempers. He was a bachelor of thirty-five and had grown to hate exertion of any kind, especially exertion on behalf of another, and that a man of his age, who ought to have known better than to make a fool of himself at his time of life. "If it had been a lad of twenty-one, one could have understood it!" he growled between his teeth; "but Archie!—that it should have been Archie of all men! But those quiet fellows are the deuce—you never know what they are up to. If he has made up his mind to marry the girl, he will do it in spite of the whole world. It's waste of time my coming up at all, but it is impossible to refuse a woman when she asks your help. Terrible state of mind she seems to be in—poor old lady!" He drew a letter from his pocket and glanced once more over the hysterical, disjointed sentences.

"My poor boy—going to ruin his whole life. Some dreadful, designing girl has got hold of him and he declares that he will marry her. She is an American; you know how I detest Americans! He was staying at the Trevors' Place, near Keswick, when one of the children developed fever, and he and some of the other men went off to an hotel. These lake places are crowded with Americans; I'm told you meet no one else, and everyone speaks with a Yankee twang. It's because of Wordsworth, you know, and Coleridge, and those people; they come to see the graves, and take home shoots of ivy to grow in their parlours. This girl is a nobody, positively a nobody! Very often the fathers make fortunes in pigs and railways, and become millionaires; but Archie says this one will have nothing to speak of. A penniless American! Could anything be more disastrous? You know how important it is that Archie's wife should be of his own class. The dear Duke is reported to be failing fast, and his mind is worse than ever. And to think of that minx a duchess! A wretched little American whom he met at an hotel! He declares he will marry her at once, and wants me to ask her here. Oh, my dear Stanford, do help me! You have always had more influence with him than anyone else. Go and see him at this hotel, make him give her up. Take him off with you on a tour—to Switzerland, to Norway, anywhere you like, until he has come back to his senses. If he is obstinate, see what you can do with the girl. Money is no object. I would make it well worth her while."

Stanford folded up the letter with a grimace of disgust.

"Nice, pleasant piece of work to give a fellow, I say. Expects me to bribe the girl, if all else fails. I don't fancy I see myself doing that, but I'll tackle Archie and try to bring him back to reason. He can marry whom he pleases nowadays, and when a man is in his position he has something to consider besides his own idle fancies. *Noblesse oblige.* It is the part of a friend to put the matter before him in its right light."

Then the train stopped. Vane stepped on to the platform and pushed his way forward through the crowd of tourists, bystanders, and insistent drivers of omnibuses. The Keswick coach stood tall and lumbering among the crowd of smaller vehicles, and the driver with red coat and white hat stood talking to a young lady in a neat grey costume, under which showed a pair of the prettiest and slenderest little feet that he had ever seen. The echo of a pathetic "But I engaged my seat!" was just dying

away when Vane's loud "Box seat, please—I wrote to engage it," broke in upon the conversation.

"So did I!" said the young lady then, turning to face him, and speaking in that plaintive drawl which immediately suggests the Stars and Stripes. "I'm bound to get on that box seat, but he says I ken't. He says it was engaged before."

"Very sorry, sir, but there has been a mistake. A gentleman wrote last week, and his name was put down for a wrong day. He insists that he——"

"Oh, that's nonsense! I booked one box seat and I'm going to have it. This lady, too, says she engaged the other. Go and tell the fellow he can't have them. Let them fight it out with him in the booking-office. It was their mistake and they'll have to put it right. See what you can do."

"It's no use, sir. We have tried, but he won't give them up. I have done all I could, for the lady was anxious to be in front." The driver looked with respectful admiration upon the pretty girl by his side, and she shrugged her shoulders and tapped her foot upon the ground in undisguised ill-humour.

"I'm mad!" she announced briefly, "I'm mad! I'd just as lief go inside as sit looking at the back of other people's heads. If I ken't be in front it's no fun at all: and I call it too bad when I wrote especially to say I was coming. It's happened this way before. Seems to me you don't know how to manage things in this country."

"Where is the—er—the gentleman who says he has taken these seats? I should like to speak to him myself," began Vane quickly, and, as if to fulfil his wishes, at that very moment the door of the booking-office was thrown open and out rushed a thick-set, irascible-looking gentleman, with red hair and blue eyes, followed by a small and freckled youth. He swung his arms as he walked and muttered under his breath, evidently prepared to maintain for his rights to the very shedding of blood.

"I booked the seats, and you have my own letter with the date written on it as plain as a pikestaff, and I'm not going to give them up. Where are the——" he stopped short and looked in a quick, inquiring manner at the couple standing before him. The well-dressed man, the pretty girl, with her white hat and veil, her trim little hands and feet. And as he looked, an extraordinary change passed over his face; his frown disappeared, the eyes twinkled, the lips twitched beneath the ragged moustache. He came forward bowing and rubbing his hands.

"I—er—I believe we are at cross-purposes about the box seats? I booked them by post some days ago, but it's of no importance. I will give them up to you with pleasure, if you would prefer to sit in front."

"Oh, my! you are good! How lovely of you! But it seems mean to take them. . . . Are you quite sure?"

The girl looked at him flushed and eager, and the old man beamed at her with his kindly smile.

"Yes! Yes! It's nothing to me. Take them by all means. I've——" he chuckled, and looked up at Vane with a meaning glance—"I've been young myself. I know what it is! . . . I'm an old fellow now. The next row is good enough for me."

Voice, glance, manner, were all unmistakable. The old idiot imagined them to be a newly married pair starting forth on their honeymoon. Vane gasped with horror and glancing down at his companion was horrified to behold her casting down her eyes and simpering with every sign of complacent acquiescence. "Blushing bride" was written on every line of her figure as she poked the ground with the stick of her parasol, hung her head on one side, and shot smiling glances at his own stony countenance. She seated herself deliberately next to the driver and lent a coy ear to the confidences of the old man immediately behind.

"I brought my own bride here thirty years ago. It was in autumn. None of these houses were built then, you could see right down to the lake. We drove over to Keswick one beautiful clear evening, we sat together on the box seat as you do now."

"Oh!—yes!—did you? How nice!" murmured the girl softly. She cast a glance at Vane's face, and for all her demure air her eyes danced with laughter.

It was absolutely necessary to make some remark by way of answer, but he found it amazingly difficult to begin.

"He thinks," he said hesitatingly, "He thinks——"

"I know!" She nodded her head with quick understanding. "It's lovely! They think that of everyone up here. We've got the box seat, anyway! I guess it don't matter what he thinks."

"No—o! Perhaps not. As you say, it is a usual mistake. My friends who have been married have often told me how much interest they excited on their honeymoon. Confounded impertinence, I call it."

"Do you? I think it's sweet. Kind of rejoicing in other people's happiness, and trying to keep it up all round. I call him an old dear to have given up his place just because he thought we—er—it's a lovely afternoon! It will be sweet when we get to Grasmere. The English lakes are just too cute for anything!"

"I don't know them, alas! Like a great many other people, I'm afraid, I roam over the world and neglect my own country. Are you going all the way to Keswick?" Vane inquired politely, and a little gurgle of laughter came with the reply.

"No; I've been thinking of that! I get out at Grasmere, and you go on, I know, for I saw the label on your bag. My! The look on this old man's face when he sees me go off alone! He'll be just as mad! . . . I'm glad it's you that's to be left behind, not me. You'll have a lovely drive to Keswick. We've been staying round in those parts, and are doing Grasmere and Windermere last of all. I've been over to look at the hotels and book our rooms."

Vane inclined his head with polite acquiescence, but the girl's words had given him a new idea. She had been staying in Keswick. It was possible that she might know something of Archie's inamorata.

"'I'm bound to get on that box seat.'"

These Americans always clanned together! It would be invaluable if he could gain information *en route*. He drew himself up and became at once brisk and energetic.

"I wonder if by any chance you met or knew anything of an American gentleman of the name of 'Paton,' who was at Lodore? A friend of mine met him there, and——"

"Paton?" The girl faced him with an eager glance and her cheeks flushed with

colour. "Why, I should just think I do! Do you know him, too? Are you one of the gentlemen who were so kind to him when he was over here before?"

"Never saw him in my life that I know of, or any of the family; but I've heard of them," said Vane, in his driest manner. "A—er—a friend of mine has met them, and—er—written home to his people about them. I am going to the same hotel, and shall probably be introduced, so I am naturally interested. My friend has seen a great deal of a Miss Paton, I believe."

The young lady pressed her lips together and bent a scrutinising glance upon him. Her face had much of the fragile, flower-like beauty which is the charm of American women in their too brief youth, but her eyes were keen and shrewd.

"Mr.—Erchie—Stanford," she said slowly. "I guess he is the friend you are talking of; he's been round with the Patons for the last month. I've met him myself and think he's real nice. He's engaged to Lottie."

"Er—so he says," said Vane drily. "You are quite right; Mr. Stanford is the friend of whom I spoke—he is, in fact, a connection of my own. I am much interested in his future. You have heard perhaps that, owing to the death of his cousin, he is heir to the Duke of S——, whose life is now in a precarious condition? Stanford has written to tell his mother of his engagement to this young lady, and she is naturally—er—er——"

"Mad!" said his companion, suggesting her favourite word with much equanimity. "I guess she is. She wanted he should marry someone with a title like his own. She's sent you down to tell him he mustn't." She put up her slender hand to her face and gave a trill of derisive laughter. "It's too lovely for anything! I guessed as much as soon as you spoke. Well, you have met the right person. I'm one of the best friends Lottie has. No one can tell you more about her than I can; so, if there is anything you want to know, you can set right to work and ask me."

"I should be very much obliged. Her appearance, for instance – that's an important point. She is, by all accounts, what is called pretty?"

"That's so!" The girl spoke with emphasis, and spoke to herself as if the subject of her friend's looks were a pleasant one on which to dwell. "They say at home that she is the prettiest girl in the State. She can fix herself up so she looks like a picture. She has a blue dress she bought in Paris last fall made with a sash and a rucked waist, and she looks s-sweet in it. There was an artist in the hotel and he wanted to paint her in it, but her papa said——"

"Mr. Paton? Ah!" Vane was not interested to hear more of the "rucked waist," and hastened to turn the conversation by pressing inquiry concerning the father of the family. "What kind of a man *is* the father, by the way? Is he at all—er—presentable?"

There was a moment's silence before his companion spoke again, and when she did there was an edge on her voice which he had not heard before. He had evidently touched a sore point in adopting a tone of superiority to the American citizen.

"I don't know what you call 'presentable,' but he is a real smart man. He started life without a cent, and made two piles before he was fifty. He lost them both, and has only enough left to live on comfortably and take a jaunt round when he wants; but he says Jo Paton isn't played out yet, and reckons to make a third before he dies. He never had much schooling, and is pretty rough in his ways; but Lottie ain't ashamed of him—not a mite! She thinks the world of her papa; he's been real good to her and given her all she wanted. I don't suppose he ever said 'No' to her in all her life, and she don't forget it. If Erchie Stanford marries her he's got to be kind to her papa, duke or no duke. She going to have her papa round wherever she lives and give him a good time. Lottie reckons, if a man loves her, he'll want to do honour to her father; and she'd not marry a prince if he gave himself airs and was high-falutin'!"

"And er—the mother?"

"She was a farm help before she was married. She raised a large family and had some work to do it. Women in America work pretty hard out in those lonely ranches, and she lived on a ranch for twenty years. She trained her boys to be good and honest, and slaved herself to death to bring up her daughter as a lady. Her own hands were hard and rough, but she wouldn't have Lottie touch a thing about the house. When they went to the city she wanted Lottie should have another chaperon, as she thought she wasn't fine enough to take her round, but Lottie laughed at her. She guessed she'd have her own mother or no one at all. She's just got no thought for herself at all and spends all her time working for others, but she never reads a book except her Bible, and don't know a thing

about literatoore or art. Lottie reckons she's the best kind of lady there is, and she is not going to have her sat on for a hundred titles. She spoke right out to Erchie Stanford, and said if he married her he'd got to marry her people, too, for she would never give them up."

"And he?"

"He said he would. He'd say anything she asked. He's just as devoted as he can be. He told me it was the title that would be honoured by belonging to Lottie, not Lottie by having the title. I thought it real nice of him to say that. He don't do things by halves, Erchie Stanford don't, and he has got his heart clean set on Lottie. I guess you won't get him to give her up in a hurry."

"Perhaps not! A man is usually somewhat blinded in the first glamour of such affairs, but the awakening is none the less bitter. In Stanford's position this marriage would be a misfortune, and his friends are bound to do their best to save him. If he is obstinate, there is always the lady. If she is the sort of girl you describe, she would not wish to ruin a man's life."

"She'd ruin it pretty sharp if she threw him over! He's never been in love before, and he believes in her and thinks her love is going to help him and make him a better man. He's got a big place to fill in the world, and he wants someone to be beside him and encourage him when he gets tired. His mother thinks it would have been better if he had chosen a girl in his own position, but he didn't just want that girl, you see—he wanted Lottie! Seems to me he's the best judge; and as for her, she loves the ground he treads on. She'd have married him just the same if he had been the driver upon this coach."

"It—er—it is, of course, a matter of indifference to her that he does *not* happen to be a driver, but the heir to one of the oldest dukedoms in England. Do you mean to represent that this remarkable young lady is utterly indifferent to the title——?"

Vane could not resist the sneer, and the girl noted it and looked him full in the face with her brilliant eyes.

"She—*loves* it!" she said slowly. "She thinks it's too fine for anything that she will be a duchess. She made Erchie call her 'Your Grace' all one afternoon, and stuck a turban on her head and feathers in it. She went strutting up and down the room, and he shrieked with laughter. You wouldn't believe how they laugh when they get together. And the family diamonds! She's crazy to see those diamonds and have a real tiara of her own."

"'A bribe! He is actually talking of bribes!'"

"Just so! They must be a great attraction. The father is not rich, you say, so he has probably no diamonds of his own. The family stones, of course, could not be touched, but Mrs. Stanford is generously disposed. It will be in Miss Paton's power to do her the greatest of services, and any selection of jewels which she might choose in return——"

The girl lifted her hand with an involuntary gesture of command and her cheeks blazed with colour. She gave a little breathless gasp of emotion.

"Oh! oh! A bribe! He is actually talking of bribes! Do you mean to say Mrs. Stanford sent you here with a bribe of

money and diamonds? My sakes alive!" She put her hand to her throat and swallowed rapidly, as if her indignation went nigh to choke her. "You just repeat that message to Lottie Paton, and I'll tell you what she'll say. She'll say, 'If anything in the world could make me stick faster to Erchie Stanford and my promise to him, it would be knowing the sort of mother the poor fellow had got to influence him at home. I don't want to make his opinion of women worse than it is at present, and it seems to me it must be pretty bad. Mrs. Stanford may be "honourable" in name, but I guess she'd be the better for a few lessons in behaviour. If she's afraid I'm going to disgrace her son she's making a big mistake. Seems to me he might be precious glad to get me. I'm young—I'm strong—I come of an honest stock who have paid their way and cheated no one; I try to be as good as I know how; I love him with all my heart. . . . He might have done better, perhaps, but, my sakes! he might have done a heap worse. . . .' You said just now if this marriage came off it would be a great misfortune for your friend. You just wait awhile and see how your prophecy turns out! Lottie's set her mind on being a pride to her husband and not a disgrace, and if she wants a thing she's bound to do it. If there's one or two lessons she's not learnt yet, she's smart enough to fix them up and not give herelf away, and she reckons she's got grit in her that will be of more use than airs and graces. At home, in our State, she's been treated with as much honour as if she'd been a hundred duchesses, and she's not the kind of girl to let herself be insulted and take it smiling. . . . I guess if I were a man I'd do a good many things before I'd face Lottie Paton and offer her a bribe of money. . . . Driver! just stop right here. I'm going to get down and walk. It's only a few miles, and I—I——" she rose to her feet as the man pulled up his horses, and bending over the seat held out her hand to the old gentleman with the prettiest gesture of thanks; but when Vane held out his own hand in turn she stared straight ahead and bade him adieu with the curtest of nods. The coach drove on; the slim grey figure disappeared from view on the highway, and Vane was left to digest his own discomfiture and the indignation of his neighbour in the second seat.

* * * * *

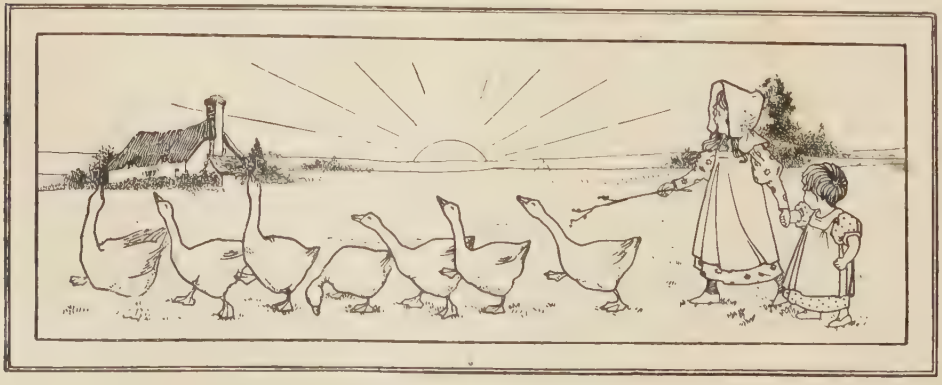
The next morning, while Vane was loafing in the hotel waiting Archie's arrival, a letter was handed to him addressed in an unknown feminine writing. He opened it and read as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Vane,—It's not a mite of use! I'm going to marry Archie, and Archie's going to marry me, and you can't do anything to stop it. I have told him about our ride on the coach, and he is mad, but he laughed at the idea of anything you could say coming between us. You'd best go right back home and not waste your time. Give Mrs. Stanford my love and say I'll be just as nice to her as she'll allow me. She needn't worry, I'll be a good wife to her son. I guess it was more her fault than yours that you were so rude, so I forgive you. Yours very truly,

"Charlotte E. Paton.

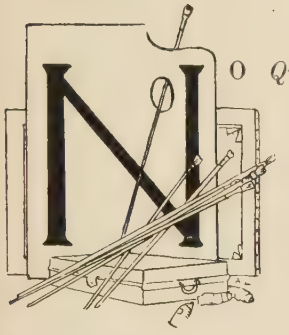
"P.S.—Was the old gentleman pretty mad?"

Vane wheeled round and made a hasty circuit of the hotel garden. When he returned to the hall he walked up to the railway time-table which hung on the wall, and gave orders to have his bag taken to the station in time for the afternoon train.



AMONG THE LONDON ART STUDENTS.

By Frederick Dolman.



NO *Quartier Latin* has London, but in number its art schools rival the more famous students' *ateliers* of Paris. Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., in his "Pen and Pencil Sketches," mentions that in his youth there were only two art schools in London besides those conducted by the Royal Academy—Carey's, in Bedford Square, now defunct, and Leigh's, in Newman Street, Oxford Street, which is now so well-known as "Heatherley's." Their name is now legion; they are to be found in pretty well all parts of the Metropolis, and, as one of the R.A.'s said to me the other day, the question, "Where do all the students come from?" is only less puzzling than the question, "Where will they all go to?"

COSTUME CLASS IN THE LIFE ROOM, ST. JOHN'S WOOD ART SCHOOLS.

But out of the number it is not difficult to pick and choose a few schools which, in the opinion of the art profession generally, at any rate, are in their several ways representative and pre-eminent. To begin, there are the "nurseries" or "forcing grounds" for Burlington House. To understand these terms you must know that the Academy Schools are free to all-comers under the age of twenty-three, in painting, and twenty-five in sculpture, provided their talent can pass through a rather fiery ordeal. It need not be said that this free education is eagerly competed for; a studentship of the R.A. carries with it great prestige, as well as instruction by such men as Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., and Mr. G. Aitchison, A.R.A. Of late years the number of applicants and the qualifying tests, although not really competitive, have, it is asserted, shown a corresponding increase in severity. Tests are of a dual character; the budding painter, sculptor, or architect has first to send specimens of his work to the Council of the R.A., and if these are approved of he or she is required to proceed to the Schools and execute on the spot similar drawings and models. It is upon this work that the Council finally pronounces judgment; if the judgment be favourable the student can attend the classes for three or five years, with the chance of winning prizes of £50, £60, and £200, for the expenses of the foreign travel without which no artist's education is considered complete.

Few students venture to try conclusions with the Council of the Royal Academy without having incurred some expense in fees at a preliminary training school. "Calderon and Ward's," in Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, is the most popular of these "nurseries"; of 394 students admitted to the Academy since 1880, 250 were pupils of this school, sixty-two out of eighty-six prizes awarded at Burlington House since

1886 being gained by them. Although so successful, the school is comparatively new, its three large studios having been built about eighteen years ago. The stranger passing along Elm Tree Road cannot but be struck by the *façade* of No. 7, with its subdued green tint and Continental aspect —it is "Calderon and Ward's," so-called in art circles from the names of the founder (Mr. A. A. Calderon) and present principal (Mr. B. E. Ward) of the school. If it is the luncheon hour he may also observe with interest the game of tennis played in the broad stone courtyard by bright, merrily laughing girls with long, paint-smudged aprons or over-alls—four of the hundred or so students (two-thirds of whom are of the fair sex) in attendance at the St. John's Wood Art Schools, to use the official title. In past years, I may add, they included Dudley Hardy and Lewis Baumer; at present Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., and Mr. Alfred East, R.I., show their confidence in the school by sending their sons there.

ANTIQUE ROOM, ST. JOHN'S WOOD ART SCHOOLS.

"Heatherley's" has many claims to distinction. It is, as I have indicated, the oldest private school in the Metropolis. It has by far the longest and strongest list of distinguished "old pupils." Among the names in the entrance-hall of the old-fashioned house in Newman Street—inscribed on the walls, no doubt, as a constant inspiration to the ambitious young men and the earnest young women who come and go every day—are Burne-Jones and Boehm, Gilbert and Poynter, J. C. Hook and Frank Holl, Henry Moore and Phil Morris, Walter Crane and Du Maurier. Some of these were sent to the Academy Schools; others left Newman Street to set their feet at once upon the ladder of fame. It is even whispered that a few—but breathe it not in Gath!—tried in vain the portals of the institution which in a few years was glad to hang their work upon the line. Perhaps they accepted their defeat too easily, for with regard to the Academy Schools—

> If at first you don't succeed,
> You can try, try again

—which is not the case with some Academic tests. The lady, for instance, who is known to the public as Miss Henrietta Rae, and to her friends as Mrs. Normand, attacked the fortress five times, whilst a student at Heatherley's, before it surrendered to her perseverance and talent. It was a girl student of Heatherley's, by the way, who, by the simple expedient of giving her surname and initials, first won for her sex the right of admission to the Academy Schools. When Miss Hertford presented herself for the second test the R.A.'s had not the courage to turn her away because she was a woman, and thus, in spite of all their prejudices, a binding precedent was created.

Heatherley's is much in favour with those who want to try their hand at historical subjects or large subject pictures. For one thing, it has a unique wardrobe and a fine collection of genuine "properties." In the upper studio, stored away in huge cupboards and drawers, are an immense number of costumes, and the *et ceteras* of costume, of various periods and countries—which are available for the adornment of the "model" in faithful accordance with the subject of the pictures. Then, Heatherley's has a good

name among students of pronounced individuality for its freedom; there is no "teaching" in the ordinary sense of the word, certainly no attempt at training according to a cast-iron method. In this respect Mr. John Compton, the principal, who is a nephew of old Mr. Heatherley, merely carries on the tradition of the school from its beginning. If you add to this the Bohemian spirit of comradeship and unconventionality which seems to pervade the age-stained rooms, where so many famous artists have laughed and joked with the joy of youth, it is not surprising that amongst many new rivals Heatherley's still holds its own. Of these rivals the Slade School affords, in some ways, the greatest contrast to Heatherley's. It is carried on within the dignified walls of University College, Gower Street, and carried on in a spirit suggestive of the red-tape which seems inseparable from all such institutions. Yet, strangely enough, it was from this art school that Mr. Aubrey Beardsley came forth to astonish and horrify the world.

MR. THOMAS McKEGGIE.
Principal of the Lambeth School of Art.

In art schools, as in most other things, "specialism" is beginning to assert itself. A few years ago Mr. Frank Calderon, a son of the well-known R.A., started a school in Baker Street for the special purpose of animal painting, and, shortly afterwards, he was joined by Mr. C. H. Johnson, R.I., who on three days of the week devotes himself to instruction in landscape. There is more affinity between the two branches of art than the unreflective reader may suppose—in painting an animal picture the artist must generally put in a good background of grass, trees, etc., whilst a landscape frequently gains from the introduction of a herd of pensive cattle or a flock of browsing sheep. Hence many of Mr. Calderon's students—who usually number about sixty or seventy—also attend the school on Mr. Johnson's days, and *vice versâ*. Young ladies have seemingly a great fondness for animal painting—in the morning they form almost the entire body of Mr. Calderon's pupils. In the basement of the large, well-lighted studio, by the way, Mr. Calderon keeps several fine dogs, whose lot—which they usually accept with remarkable patience—it is to be drawn and painted from day to day; as other "models," horses, cows, etc., selected for their beauty and docility, are hired from time to time. In the future it may be expected that this school will become the *alma mater* of animal and landscape painters, as the Lambeth School now is of sculptors.

The Lambeth School of Art is comprehensive in its aims. But in the art world this school "over the water"—it is situated in Upper Kennington Lane—is famous for its "modelling." It trained George Tinworth, of Doulton's, among other distinguished sculptors. The proximity of Doulton's famous works may have had much to do with the *métier* which the school has made its own, and Sir Henry Doulton is a member of its committee of management. The site of the school, which was part of Vauxhall Gardens, was the gift of the Prince of Wales, and the laying of its foundation-stone was one of his first public acts thirty-six years ago.

MR. JOHN COMPTON.
Principal of Heatherley's School.

In most of the London art schools the girl students are now greatly in the majority. It is only in the evening classes—where such are held—that the men have an ascendency.

The scruples of some parents in regard to the mixing of the sexes are met by the existence of schools solely for girl students. Of these, the best-known is conducted by Mrs. Jopling-Rowe. This famous artist started her schools in the spirit of the old masters, who admitted pupils to their studios and in them preserved some of their inspiration for future years. The painter of "Five o'clock Tea," at Pembroke Road, Kensington, has, as a rule, about twenty or thirty girl students studying under her care. Mrs. Jopling-Rowe holds strongly to the view that there is no sex in art (although excluding the mere man from her school), and believes that the time is not far distant when, with equal opportunities for study, men and women will be equally successful in painting pictures and making statues. In her own school she has one or two pupils whose great promise tends to sustain this fine faith in her sex.

Besides having produced some of the most charming "subject" pictures of our day, Mrs. Jopling-Rowe herself has won the highest opinions as a portrait painter—Lord Rothschild and Dr. Dobson Roose, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Genevieve Ward, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, have been among her sitters—and for the study of this branch of art her school may be considered to offer exceptional facilities. For one thing, she makes a point from time to time of painting a head in the presence of her pupils, just to show them "how it is done"—a plan she derives from Le Gros, the late distinguished Oxford professor.

The Grosvenor School, to which, likewise, only ladies are admitted, is best known to "life" students. It is described, in fact, as "a Parisian studio in London," and Mr. W. J. Donne, the principal, claims that it is conducted on the same lines as have given success to Julliens' and other famous *ateliers* in the French capital. Drawing for reproduction in the press receives special attention in this school, and during its comparatively short existence it has already turned out some promising workers in this very practical sphere. In the summer most of the students adjourn to a village near Dieppe for out-of-door sketches.

Another centre at which good work is being done, for women students only, is the Linton Studio. This institution, situated in a by-street off Pond Place, Fulham Road, is the outcome of "The Linton School of Water Colour," which for several years flourished under its popular head, Sir James D. Linton, at Cromwell Place, South Kensington. When, to the great regret of the students, the "School" was given up, several of the most enthusiastic among its pupils rented a studio for the purpose of working together, Sir James Linton having most kindly promised to visit them once a month and criticise their work. In addition to the monthly criticisms, the students have the benefit of weekly supervision from their former master, Mr. Henry J. Stock, R.I. There are two clubs attached to the studio—"The Linton Sketch Club," and "The Linton Art Club."

IN THE LINTON STUDIO.
Photo by Naudin, Kensington.

AN OPEN-AIR CLASS AT MRS. JOPLING-ROWE'S SCHOOL.
Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

Members of the latter hold their Annual Exhibition in February, and have met with considerable success each year since the studio was started.

Among all London's students there are, of course, a considerable number who have no intention of making a profession of art. In most schools, however, the majority—even of the girl students—is decidedly the other way, though there is always a good minority which has not to look to art for its bread-winning. But it must not be supposed—in the schools I have mentioned, at any rate—that the dilettante's view of painting and sculpture as a fashionable accomplishment finds much countenance. As a rule, the students are too deadly in earnest about work for the mere butterfly, who speedily seeks social diversion in some other garden. In some of the schools there are, it is true, no rules as to time and amount of work, but in all there is an *esprit de corps* which enforces a certain standard of diligence. The schools open at nine or ten in the morning, and workers will be found in them till six or seven in the evening, even during the winter, when work has to be done by gas or electric light. This means an arduous day, even when the intervals for lunch and tea, and the "models'" rest of five minutes every hour, are taken into account. In some classes, it may be added, conversation is prohibited except during these "rests."

But what about the social joys, the Bohemian pleasures of student life?—the reader may inquire. Well, these are by no means absent from the London art schools, but they are indulged in with more or less moderation. Heatherley's fancy dress dances and amateur dramatic performances are probably more frequent because of the fine wardrobe which is available for such occasions. In old times there was always a supper in Newman Street School the night before "sending in" for the Academy, but this has been superseded by the more conventional "at home." The St. John's Wood students have an annual carnival ball, whilst even the South Kensington School, which, as an auxiliary to a Government department and the principal training ground of school teachers, is utilitarian in the extreme, indulges once a year in a conversazione at the Museum. At Mrs. Jopling-Rowe's school there is a fancy dress ball every summer, when the girls do great things in the artistic decoration of themselves and their ballroom, and a monthly "tea" to which they have the privilege of inviting friends of both sexes. The Academy students have several extensive junketings during the year, and their social

intercourse generally even led to the establishment of a club, about seven years ago, with a comfortable suite of rooms in Conduit Street, Hanover Square.

Every self-respecting school has its sketching club, whose operations do much to promote social enjoyment and good fellowship. The sketching club is always managed by the students themselves, and among other things it usually gets up competitions for prizes. In awarding these prizes, the professor or teacher, as a rule, takes his only share in the sketching club. Sometimes the sketches thus made are submitted to the criticism of an R.A. or other distinguished artist when he visits the school. Each school has attached to it as "visitor" some more or less eminent member of the art profession, and the visits of these gentlemen for critical purposes form about the greatest and most fearful excitement in the life of the student.

One would suppose that in art schools there was great danger of envy and all uncharitableness manifesting themselves. On the contrary, the sweet harmony of work and play is seldom disturbed in the best schools, and many students make there some of the best and most lasting friendships of their lives.

MRS. JOPLING-ROWE PAINTING A HEAD IN THE PRESENCE OF HER PUPILS.
Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

The Secret of Sobrante's Well

By Bret Harte

Illustrated by Warwick Goble.

EVEN to the eye of the most inexperienced traveller there was no doubt that Buena Vista was a "played out" mining camp. There, seamed and scarred by hydraulic engines, was the old hillside, over whose denuded surface the grass had begun to spring again in fitful patches; there were the abandoned heaps of tailings already blackened by sun and rain, and worn into mounds like ruins of masonry; there were the waterless ditches, like giant graves, and the pools of slum-gullion, now dried into shining, glazed cement. There were two or three wooden "stores," from which the windows and doors had been taken and conveyed to the newer settlement of Wynyard's Gulch. Four or five buildings that still were inhabited — the blacksmith's shop, the post-office, a pioneer's cabin, and the old hotel and stage-office — only accented the general desolation. The latter building had a remoteness of prosperity far beyond the others, having been a wayside Spanish-American *posada*, with adobe walls of two feet in thickness, that shamed the later shells of half-inch plank, which were slowly warping and cracking like dried pods in the oven-like heat.

The proprietor of this building, Colonel Swinger, had been looked upon by the community as a person quite as remote, old-fashioned and inconsistent with present progress, as the house itself. He was an old Virginian, who had emigrated from his decaying plantation on the James' River only to find the slaves, which he had brought with him, freed men when they touched Californian soil; to be driven by Northern progress and "smartness" out of the larger cities into the mountains, to fix himself at

last, with the hopeless fatuity of his race, upon an already impoverished settlement; to sink his scant capital in hopeless shafts and ledges, and finally to take over the decaying hostelry of Buena Vista, with its desultory custom and few, lingering, impecunious guests. Here, too, his old Virginian ideas of hospitality were against his financial success; he could not dun nor turn from his door those unfortunate prospectors whom the ebbing fortunes of Buena Vista had left stranded by his side.

Coloner Swinger was sitting in a wicker-work rocking-chair on the verandah of his hotel—sipping a mint julep which he held in his hand, while he gazed into the dusty distance. Nothing could have convinced him that he was not performing a serious part of his duty as hotel-keeper in this attitude, even though there were no travellers expected, and the road at this hour of the day was deserted. On a bench at his side Larry Hawkins stretched his lazy length—one foot dropped on the verandah, and one arm occasionally groping under the bench for his own tumbler of refreshment. Apart from this community of occupation, there was apparently no interchange of sentiment between the pair. The silence had continued for some moments, when the Colonel put down his glass and gazed earnestly into the distance.

"Seein' anything?" remarked the man on the bench, who had sleepily regarded him.

"No," said the Colonel, "that is—it's only Dick Ruggles crossin' the road."

"Thought you looked a little startled, ez ef you'd seen that ar wanderin' stranger."

"When I see that wandering stranger, sah," said the Colonel decisively, "I won't be sittin' long in this yer chyar. I'll let him know in about ten seconds that I don't harbour any vagrants prowlin' about like poor whites or free niggers on my property, sah!"

"All the same, I kinder wish ye did see him—for you'ld be settled in *your* mind and I'd be easier in *mine*—ef you found out what he was doin' round yer, or ye had to admit that it wasn't no *livin'* man."

"What do you mean?" said the Colonel, testily facing around in his chair.

His companion also altered his attitude by dropping his other foot to the floor, sitting up, and leaning lazily forward with his hands clasped.

"Look yer, Colonel. When you took this place I felt I didn't have no call to tell ye all I know about it, nor to pizen yer mind by any darned fool yarns I mout hev heard. Ye know it was one o' them old Spanish *haciendas?*"

"I know," said the Colonel loftily, "that it was held by a grant from Charles the Fifth of Spain, just as my property on the James' River was given to my people by King James of England, sah!"

"That ez as may be," returned his companion, in lazy indifference; "though I reckon that Char-les the Fifth of Spain and King James of England ain't got much to do with what I'm goin' to tell ye. Ye see, I was here long afore *your* time, or any of the boys that hev now cleared out; and at that time the *hacienda* belonged to a man named Juan Sobriente. He was that kind o' fool that he took no stock in mining. When the boys were whoopin' up the place and finding the colour everywhere, and there was a hundred men working down there in the gulch, he was either ridin' round lookin' up the wild horses he owned, or sitten' with two or three lazy peons and Injins that was fed and looked arter by the priests. Gosh! now I think of it, it was mighty like *you* when you first kem here with your niggers. That's curious, too, ain't it?"

He had stopped, gazing with an odd, superstitious wonderment at the Colonel, as if overcome by this not very remarkable coincidence. The Colonel, overlooking or totally oblivious to its somewhat uncomplimentary significance, simply said, "Go on. What about him?"

"Well, ez I was sayin', he warn't in it nohow, but kept on his reg'lar way when the boom was the biggest. Some of the boys allowed it was mighty oncivil for him to stand off like that, and others—when he refused a big pile for his *hacienda* and the garden, that ran right into the gold-bearing ledge—war for lynching him and driving him outer the settlement. But as he had a pretty darter or niece livin' with him, and, except for his partickler cussedness towards mining, was kinder peaceable and perlite, they thought better of it. Things went along like this, until one day the boys noticed—particklerly the boys that had slipped up on their luck—that old man Sobriente was gettin' rich—had stocked a ranch over on the Divide, and had given some gold candlesticks to the mission church. That would have been only human nature and business, ef he'd had any during them flush times—but he hadn't. This kinder puzzled them. They tackled the peons—his niggers—but it was all 'No sabe.' They tackled another

man—a kind of half-breed Kanaka, who, except the priest, was the only man who came to see him, and was supposed to be mighty sweet on the darter or niece—but they didn't get even the colour outer *him*. Then the first thing we knowed was that old Sobriente was found dead in the well!"

"In the well, sah!" said the Colonel, starting up. "The well on my propahty?"

"No," said his companion. "The old well that was afterwards shut up. Yours was dug by the last tenant, Jack Raintree, who allowed that he didn't want to 'take any Sobriente in his reg'lar whisky and water.' Well, the half-breed Kanaka cleared out after the old man's death, and so did that darter or niece; and the Church, to whom old Sobriente had left this house, let it to Raintree for next to nothin'."

"I don't see what all that has got to do with that wandering tramp," said the Colonel, who was by no means pleased with this history of his property.

"I'll tell ye. A few days after Raintree took it over, he was lookin' round the garden, which old Sobriente had always kept shut up agin strangers, and he finds a lot of dried-up 'slumgullion'* scattered all about the borders and beds, just as if the old man had been using it for fertilising. Well, Raintree ain't no fool; he allowed the old man wasn't one, either; and he knew that slumgullion wasn't worth no more than mud for any good it would do the garden. So he put this yer together with Sobriente's good luck, and allowed to himself that the old *coyote* had been secretly gold-washin' all the while he seemed to be standin' off agin it! But where was the mine? Whar did he get the gold? That's what got Raintree. He hunted all over the garden, prospected every part of it—ye kin see the holes yet—but he never even got the colour!"

He paused, and then, as the Colonel made an impatient gesture, went on.

"Well, one night just afore you took the place, and when Raintree was gettin' just sick of it, he happened to be walkin' in the garden. He was puzzlin' his brain agin to know how old Sobriente made his pile, when all of a suddenst he saw suthin' a movin' in the brush beside the house. He calls out, thinkin' it was one of the boys, but got no answer. Then he goes to the bushes and a tall figger, all in black, starts out afore him. He couldn't see any face, for its head was covered with a hood—but he saw that it held suthin' like a big cross clasped agin its breast. This made him think it was one o' them priests, until he looks agin and sees that it wasn't no cross it was carryin'—but a *pickaxe!* He makes a jump towards it, but it vanished! He trapsed over the hull garden—went through ev'ry bush—but it was clean gone. Then the hull thing flashed upon him with a cold shiver. The old man bein' found dead in the well! the goin' away of the half-breed and the girl! the findin' o' that slumgullion! The old man *had* made a strike in that garden, the half-breed had discovered his secret and murdered him, throwin' him down the well! It war no *livin'* man that he had seen—but the ghost of old Sobriente!"

The Colonel emptied the remaining contents of his glass at a single gulp and sat up. "It's my opinion, sah, that Raintree had that night more than his usual allowance of corn-juice on board—and it's only a wonder, sah, that he didn't see a few pink alligators and sky-blue snakes at the same time. But what's this got to do with that wanderin' tramp?"

"They're all the same thing, Colonel—and in my opinion that there tramp ain't no more alive than that figger was."

"But *you* were the one that saw this tramp with your own eyes," retorted the Colonel quickly, "and you never before allowed it was a spirit!"

"Exactly! I saw it whar a minit afore nothin' had been standin', and a minit after nothin' stood," said Larry Hawkins, with a certain serious emphasis; "but I warn't goin' to say it to *anybody*, and I warn't goin' to give you and the *hacienda* away. And ez nobody knew Raintree's story, I jest shut up my head. But you kin bet your life that the man I saw warn't no livin' man!"

"We'll see, sah!" said the Colonel, rising from his chair with his fingers in the armholes of his nankeen waistcoat, "ef he ever intrudes on my property again. But look yar! don't ye go sayin' anything of this to Polly—you know what women are!"

A faint colour came into Larry's face; an animation quite different to the lazy deliberation of his previous monologue shone in his eyes, as he said, with a certain rough respect he had not shown before to his companion, "That's why I'm tellin' ye, so that ef *she* happened to see anything and got skeert, ye'd know how to reason her out of it."

"'Sh!" said the Colonel, with a warning gesture.

A young girl had just appeared in the

* *i.e.*, a viscid cement-like refuse of gold-washing.

doorway, and now stood leaning against the central pillar that supported it, with one hand above her head in a lazy attitude strongly suggestive of the Colonel's southern indolence, yet with a grace entirely her own. Indeed, it overcame the negligence of her creased and faded yellow cotton frock and unbuttoned collar, and suggested—at least to the eyes of *one* man—the curving and clinging of the jasmine vine against the outer column of the verandah. Larry Hawkins rose awkwardly to his feet.

"Now what are you two men mumblin' and confiding to each other? You look for all the world like two old women gossips," she said with languid impertinence.

It was easy to see that a privileged and recognised autocrat spoke. No one had ever questioned Polly Swinger's right to interrupting, interfering, and saucy criticisms. Secure in the hopeless or chivalrous admiration of the men around her, she had repaid it with a frankness that scorned any coquetry; with an indifference to the ordinary feminine effect or provocation in dress or bearing that was as natural as it was invincible. No one had ever known Polly to "fix up" for anybody, yet no one ever doubted the effect, if she had. No one had ever rebuked her charming petulance, or wished to.

Larry gave a weak, vague laugh. Colonel Swinger as ineffectively assumed a mock parental severity. "When you see two gentlemen, miss, discussin' politics together, it ain't behavin' like a lady to interrupt. Better run away and tidy yourself before the stage comes."

The young lady replied to the last innuendo by taking two spirals of soft hair, like "corn silk," from her oval cheek, wetting them with her lips, and tucking them behind her ears. Her father's ungentlemanly suggestion being thus disposed of she returned to her first charge.

"It ain't no politics; you ain't been swearing enough for *that!* Come now! It's the mysterious stranger ye've been talking about!"

Both men stared at her with unaffected concern.

"'It ain't no politics.'"

"What do *you* know about any mysterious stranger?" demanded her father.

"Do you suppose you men kin keep a secret," scoffed Polly. "Why, Dick Ruggles told me how skeert ye all were over an entire stranger—and he advised me not to wander down the road after dark. I asked him if he thought I was a pickaninny to be frightened by bogies, and that if he hadn't

a better excuse for wantin' 'to see me home' from the Injin spring, he might slide."

Larry laughed again, albeit a little bitterly, for it seemed to him that the excuse was fully justified; but the Colonel said promptly, "Dick's a fool, and you might have told him there were worse things to be met on the road than bogies. Run away now, and see that the niggers are on hand when the stage comes."

Two hours later the stage came with a clatter of hoofs and a cloud of red dust, which precipitated itself and a dozen thirsty travellers upon the verandah before the hotel bar-room; it brought also the usual "express" newspapers and much talk to Colonel Swinger—who always received his guests in a lofty personal fashion at the door as he might have done in his old Virginian home; but it brought likewise—marvellous to relate—an *actual guest* who had two trunks and asked for a room! He was evidently a stranger to the ways of Buena Vista, and particularly to those of Colonel Swinger, and at first seemed inclined to resent the social attitude of his host, and his frank and free curiosity. When he, however, found that Colonel Swinger was even better satisfied to give an account of *his own* affairs, his family, pedigree and his present residence, he began to betray some interest. The Colonel told him all the news, and would no doubt have even expatiated on his ghostly visitant had he not prudently concluded that his guest might decline to remain in a haunted inn. The stranger had spoken of staying a week; he had some private mining speculations to watch at Wynyard's Gulch—the next settlement, but he did not care to appear openly at the "Gulch Hotel." He was a man of thirty, with soft, pleasing features and a singular litheness of movement, which, combined with a nut-brown, gipsy complexion, at first suggested a foreigner. But his dialect, to the Colonel's ears, was distinctively that of New England, and to this was added a puritanical and sanctimonious drawl. "He looked," said the Colonel in after years, "like a blank light mulatter, but talked like a blank Yankee parson." For all that, he was acceptable to his host, who may have felt that his reminiscences of his plantation on the James' River were palling on Buena Vista ears, and was glad of this new auditor. It was an advertisement, too, of the hotel and a promise of its future fortunes. "Gentlemen having propahty interests at the Gulch, sah, prefer to stay at Buena Vista with another man of propahty, than to trust to those new-fangled, papah-collared, gingerbread booths for traders that they call 'hotels' there," he had remarked to some of "the boys." In his preoccupation with the new guest he also became a little neglectful of his old chum and dependent, Larry Hawkins. Nor was this the only circumstance that filled the head of that shiftless loyal retainer of the Colonel's with bitterness and foreboding. Polly Swinger—the scornfully indifferent, the contemptuously inaccessible, the coldly capricious and petulant—was inclined to be polite to the stranger!

The fact was that Polly, after the fashion of her sex, took it into her pretty head, against all consistency and logic, suddenly to make an exception to her general attitude toward mankind in favour of one individual. The reason-seeking masculine reader will rashly conclude that this individual was the *cause* as well as the object; but I am satisfied that every fair reader of these pages will instinctively know better. Miss Polly had simply selected the new guest, Mr. Starbuck, to show *others*, particularly Larry Hawkins, what she *could* do if she were inclined to be civil. For two days she "fixed up" her distracting hair at him so that its silken floss encircled her head like a nimbus; she tucked her oval chin into a white *fichu* instead of a buttonless collar; she appeared at dinner in a newly starched yellow frock! She talked to him with "company manners"; said she would "admire to go to San Francisco," and asked if he knew her old friends the Fauqier girls from "Faginia." The Colonel was somewhat disturbed; he was glad that his daughter had become less negligent of her personal appearance; he could not but see, with the others, how it enhanced her graces; but he was, with the others, not entirely satisfied with her reasons. And he could not help observing—what was more or less patent to *all*—that Starbuck was far from being equally responsive to her attentions, and at times was indifferent and almost uncivil. Nobody seemed to be satisfied with Polly's transformation but herself.

But eventually she was obliged to assert herself. The third evening after Starbuck's arrival she was going over to the cabin of Aunt Chloe, who not only did the washing for Buena Vista, but assisted Polly in dress-making. It was not far, and the night was moonlit. As she crossed the garden she saw Starbuck moving in the manzanita bushes beyond; a mischievous light came

into her eyes ; she had not *expected* to meet him, but she had seen him go out, and there were always *possibilities*. To her surprise, however, he merely lifted his hat as she passed, and turned abruptly in another direction. This was more than the little heart-breaker of Buena Vista was accustomed to !

" Oh, Mister Starbuck ! " she called in her laziest voice.

He turned almost impatiently.

" Since you're so civil and pressing, I thought I'd tell you I was just runnin' over to Aunt Chloe's," she said drily.

" I should think it was hardly the proper thing for a young lady to do at this time of night," he said superciliously. " But you know best—you know the people here."

Polly's cheeks and eyes flamed. " Yes, I reckon I do," she said crisply ; " it's only a *stranger* here would think of being rude. Good-night, Mr. Starbuck ! "

She tripped away after this Parthian shot, yet feeling, even in her triumph, that the conceited fool seemed actually relieved at her departure ! And for the first time she now thought she had seen something in his face that she did not like ! But her lazy independence reasserted itself soon, and half an hour later, when she had left Aunt Chloe's cabin, she had regained her self-esteem. Yet, to avoid meeting him again, she took a longer route home, across the dried ditch and over the bluff, scarred by hydraulics, and so fell, presently, upon the old garden at the point where it adjoined the abandoned diggings. She was quite sure she had escaped a meeting with Starbuck, and was gliding along under the shadow of the pear trees when she suddenly stopped. An indescribable terror overcame her as she stared at a spot in the garden, perfectly illuminated by the moonlight not fifty yards from where she stood. For she saw on its surface a human head—a man's head !—seemingly on the level of the ground, staring in her direction. A hysterical laugh sprang from her lips, and she caught at the branches above her or she would have fallen ! Yet in that moment the head had vanished ! The moonlight revealed the empty garden—the ground she had gazed at—but nothing more !

She had never been superstitious. As a child she had heard the negroes talk of " the hants "—*i.e.*, " the *haunts* " or spirits—but had believed it a part of their ignorance, and unworthy a white child—the daughter of their master ! She had laughed with Dick Ruggles over the illusions of Larry, and had shared her father's contemptuous disbelief of the wandering visitant being anything but a living man ; yet she would have screamed for assistance now, only for the greater fear of making her weakness known to Mr. Starbuck, and being dependent upon him for help. And with it came the sudden conviction that *he* had seen this awful vision, too. This would account for his impatience of her presence and his rudeness. She felt faint and giddy. Yet, after the first shock had passed, her old independence and pride came to her relief. She would go to the spot and examine it. If it were some trick or illusion, she would show her superiority and have the laugh on Starbuck. She set her white teeth, clenched her little hands, and started out into the moonlight. But alas ! for women's weakness. The next moment she uttered a scream and almost fell into the arms of Mr. Starbuck, who had stepped out of the shadows beside her.

" So you see you *have* been frightened," he said, with a strange, forced laugh ; " but I warned you about going out alone ! "

Even in her fright she could not help seeing that he, too, seemed pale and agitated, at which she recovered her tongue and her self-possession.

" Anybody would be frightened by being dogged about under the trees," she said pertly.

" But you called out before you saw me," he said bluntly, " as if something had frightened you. That was *why* I came towards you."

She knew it was the truth—but as she would not confess to her vision she fibbed outrageously.

" Frightened," she said, with pale but lofty indignation. " What was there to frighten me ? I'm not a baby, to think I see a bogie in the dark ! " This was said in the faint hope that *he* had seen something, too. If it had been Larry or her father who had met her, she would have confessed everything.

" You had better go in," he said curtly. " I will see you safe inside the house."

She demurred at this, but as she could not persist in her first bold intention of examining the locality of the vision without admitting its existence, she permitted him to walk with her to the house, and then at once fled to her own room. Larry and her father noticed their entrance together and their agitated manner, and were uneasy. Yet the Colonel's paternal pride and Larry's lover's

respect, kept the two men from communicating their thoughts to each other.

"The confounded pup has been tryin' to be familiar, and Polly's set him down," thought Larry, with glowing satisfaction.

"He's been trying some of his sanctimonious, Yankee, abolition talk on Polly, and she's shocked him!" thought the Colonel exultingly.

"A man's head staring in her direction."

But poor Polly had other things to think of in the silence of her room. Another woman would have unburthened herself to a confidante; but Polly was too loyal to her father to shatter his beliefs, and too high-spirited to take another and a lesser person into her confidence. She was certain that Aunt Chloe would be full of sympathetic belief and speculations, but she would not trust a nigger with what she couldn't tell her own father. For Polly really and truly believed that she had seen a ghost, no doubt the ghost of the murdered Sobriente, according to Larry's story. *Why* he should appear with only his head above ground puzzled her—although it suggested the Catholic idea of purgatory—and he was a Catholic! Perhaps he would have risen entirely but for that stupid Starbuck's presence—perhaps he had a message for *her* alone. The idea pleased Polly, albeit it was a "fearful joy" and attended with some cold shivering. Naturally, as a gentleman, he would appear to *her*—the daughter of a gentleman—the successor to his house—rather than to a

Yankee stranger. What was she to do? For once her calm nerves were strangely thrilled; she could not think of undressing and going to bed, and two o'clock surprised her, still meditating and occasionally peeping from her window upon the moonlit but vacant garden. If she saw him again, would she dare to go down alone? Suddenly she started to her feet with a beating heart! There was the unmistakable sound of a stealthy footstep in the passage, coming towards her room. Was it he? In spite of her high resolves she felt that if the door opened she should scream! She held her breath—the footsteps came nearer—were before her door—and *passed!*

Then it was that the blood rushed back to her cheek with a flush of indignation. Her room was at the end of the passage—there was nothing beyond but a private staircase, long disused, except by herself, as a short cut through the old *patio* to the garden. No one else knew of it, and no one else had the right of access to it! This insolent human intrusion—as she was satisfied it was now—overcame her fear, and she glided to the door. Opening it softly, she could hear the stealthy footsteps descending. She darted back, threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and taking the small Derringer pistol—which it had always been part of her ostentatious independence to place at her bed-head—she as stealthily followed the intruder. But the footsteps had died away before she reached the *patio*, and she saw only the small deserted, grass-grown courtyard, half hidden in shadows—in whose centre stood the fateful and long sealed-up well! A shudder came over her at again being brought into contact with the cause of her frightful vision, but as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness she saw something more real and appalling! The well was no longer sealed! Fragments of bricks and boards lay around it! one end of a rope, coiled around it like a huge snake, descended its foul depths—and as she gazed with staring eyes, the head and shoulders of a man emerged slowly from it! But it was *not* the ghostly apparition of last evening, and her terror changed to scorn and indignation as she recognised the face of Starbuck!

Their eyes met, an oath broke from his lips. He made a movement to spring from the well, but as the girl started back the pistol held in her hand was discharged aimlessly in the air and the report echoed throughout the courtyard. With a curse Starbuck drew back, instantly disappeared in the well, and Polly fell fainting on the steps. When she came to, her father and Larry were at her side. They had been alarmed at the report and had rushed quickly to the *patio*, but not in time to prevent the escape of Starbuck and his accomplice. By the time she had recovered her consciousness, they had learned the full extent of that extraordinary revelation which she had so innocently precipitated. Sobriente's well had really concealed a rich gold ledge—actually tunnelled and galleried by him, secretly in the past—and its only other outlet was an opening in the garden hidden by a stone which turned on a swivel. Its existence had been unknown to Sobriente's successor, but was known to the Kanaka who had worked with Sobriente, who fled with his daughter after the murder, but who no doubt was afraid to return and work the mine. He had imparted the secret to Starbuck, another half-breed, son of a Yankee missionary and Hawaiian wife, who had evidently conceived this plan of seeking Buena Vista with an accomplice, and secretly removing such gold as was still accessible. The accomplice—afterwards identified by Larry as the wandering tramp—failed to discover the secret entrance *from* the garden, and Starbuck was consequently obliged to attempt it from the hotel—for which purpose he had introduced himself as a boarder—by opening the disused well secretly at night. These facts were obtained from papers found in the otherwise valueless trunks, weighted with stones for ballast, which Starbuck had brought to the hotel to take away his stolen treasure in, but which he was obliged to leave in his hurried flight. The attempt would have doubtless succeeded but for Polly's courageous and timely interference!

And now that they had told her *all*, they only wanted to know what had first excited *her* suspicions, and driven her to seek the well as the object of Starbuck's machinations? *They* had noticed her manner when she entered the house that night, and Starbuck's evident annoyance. Had she taxed him with her suspicions, and so discovered a clue?

It was a terrible temptation to Polly to pose as a more perfect heroine, and one may not blame her if she did not rise entirely superior to it. Her previous belief, that the head of the accomplice at the opening of the garden was that of a *ghost*, she now felt was certainly in the way, as was also her conduct to Starbuck, whom she believed to be equally

"He made a movement to spring from the well."

frightened, and whom she never once suspected! So she said, with a certain lofty simplicity, that there were *some things* which she really did not care to talk about, and Larry and her father left her that night with the firm conviction that the rascal Starbuck had tried to tempt her to fly with him and his riches, and had been crushingly foiled. Polly never denied this, and once, in later days, when admiringly taxed with it by Larry, she admitted with dove-like simplicity that she *may* have been too foolishly polite to her father's guest for the sake of her father's hotel.

However, all this was of small account to the thrilling news of a new discovery and working of the "old gold ledge" at Buena Vista! As the three kept their secret from the world the discovery was accepted in the neighbourhood as the result of careful examination and prospecting on the part of Colonel Swinger and his partner Larry Hawkins. And when the latter gentleman afterwards boldly proposed to Polly Swinger, she mischievously declared that she accepted him only that the secret might not go "out of the family."

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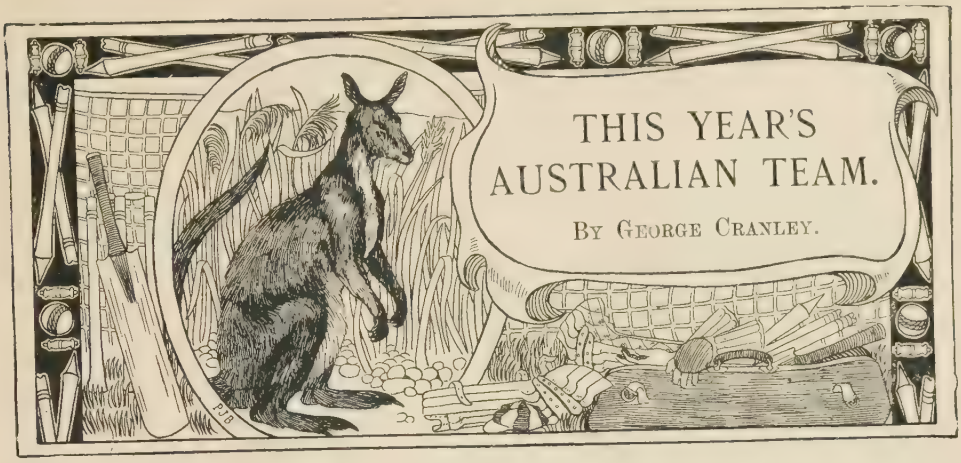
THE HEIGHT OF AN AMBITION.—BY H. KAULBACH.

(*Copyright by Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.*)



THIS YEAR'S AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

By George Cranley.

NOW that the Australians have fairly started their campaign in this country, readers of the Windsor can judge for themselves how they are likely to fare against English cricketers and on English soil. As this judgment may be helped by a knowledge of what the Colonials have done at home, we give here a short biography of each member of the team, with an account of his best performances up to the time that the team sailed for England.

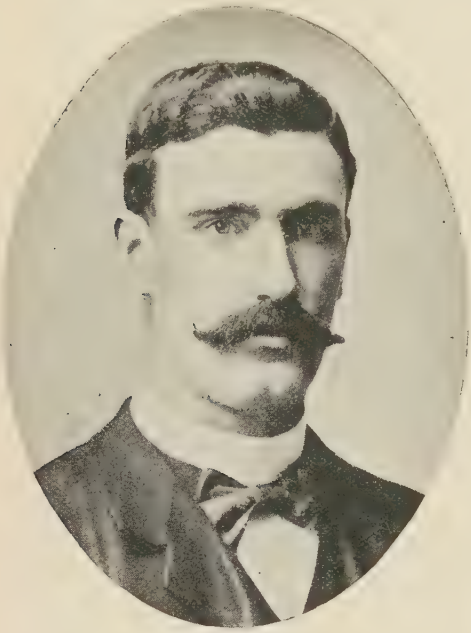
The new men in the team, as everyone knows, are Trumper, Worrall, McLeod, Laver, Howell, and Noble. Worrall certainly has been in this country before, when he visited England with Percy McDonnell's combination in 1888, but as he has improved out of all knowledge since then he may fairly be regarded as a stranger. Noble has had a comet-like career. In the season of 1896–7 he jumped to the front in one bound, and it appeared that New South Wales had for two years been entertaining an angel unawares. Three years previously, Noble had scored 152 not out for Eighteen Sydney Juniors against Stoddart's team. One would have thought that such a feat would have brought him into prominence at once, but he had only one opportunity of showing his skill that year in inter-Colonial matches, and as he did very little he was dropped till 1896, when he actually headed the first class Australian tables with the splendid average of 68. In the season that is just completed Noble scored 100 against Victoria, and 101 against South Australia, and secured fourth place in the list of first class averages. But it is as a bowler that Noble is being watched most eagerly over here. A couple of years ago he discovered that, after the fashion of American baseball pitchers, he possessed the faculty of making the ball curl in the air. He then set to work to cultivate this gift, and his success was immediate and extraordinary. One of the most wonderful sights of cricket was to see the way, in 1898, he bowled down the wickets of such batsmen as Stoddart, Hayward, and Hirst, with full pitches. Whether, as English cricketers become accustomed to Noble's "air-breaks," he will continue to be so deadly is an open question.

M. A. NOBLE.

Photo by Kerry, Sydney.

Charles McLeod, who must not be confused

with his brother Robert, who was a member of the 1893 team, is a left-handed batsman of the safe rather than the brilliant order,



C. McLEOD.
Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

though he owes his place to his bowling more than his batting. During Stoddart's last tour McLeod batted with the most consistent success and secured an average of 58 in the test matches, but as a batsman in the past season in Australia he went all to pieces and came out no higher than 38 in the tables, with the proud average of five. As a set-off against this, however, he was third in the bowling averages, with 21 wickets for 17 runs each. McLeod is one of the coolest individuals in the world, and in Melbourne, where he is very popular, he is known as "Lightning," because off the field and on he has never yet been known to hurry himself.

Some seven or eight years ago W. L. Murdoch, then on a visit to Australia, expressed the highest opinion of Frank Laver's batting; but though he has invariably scored well for Victoria, it was not until last season he showed form which could entitle him to a place in a representative Australian team. Last winter he came along with a rush and obtained second place in the Australian first class batting averages, with 61·80, being only beaten by a fraction for first place by Clement Hill. His highest score was 137 not out against South Australia. Laver is the giant of Australian cricket. He is a most ungainly batsman, but an extremely useful one; in addition to what he has done in first class cricket, he is one of the most prolific scorers in minor matches in Australia.

The Benjamin of the team is Victor Trumper, who is not yet twenty-one years of age. Trumper's success against Stoddart's XI. in 1898 was not striking—that is, if success is to be measured merely by the number of runs scored. But according to Ranjitsinhji he has in him the makings of the finest batsman in Australia. In the trial fixtures just before the team sailed Trumper scored 75 and 46 twice. In the inter-Colonial matches of the past season he had an average of eighteen only, though he made 292 against Tasmania—a match which corresponds with what we call a second class fixture in England. As a fieldsman he is electric, and during Stoddart's tour he dismissed Hayward with a catch which Ranjitsinhji describes as the finest he has ever seen.

When Worrall last appeared on English

J. DARLING.
Photo by A. Pickering, Leicester.

ground he was a batsman of a strongly pronounced agricultural type. He "hit 'igh and 'ard," but he didn't hit often, for the simple

reason that the fieldsmen didn't give him a chance. But that was in his unregenerate days, and he is now, especially on bad wickets, one of the most skilful batsmen living. To show the extent of his improvement within the past ten years it need only be mentioned that his batting average in Australia was once no higher than 3, while in the past season he stood fifth in the list with an average of 48·71. Against New South Wales last Boxing Day he played an innings of 109 out of a total of 189 for the whole side, which was regarded by Australian critics as the finest display of batting on a bad wicket since the late Percy MacDonnell's historic innings of 82 out of 86 against the North of England at Manchester in 1888. Worrall also scored 104 against South Australia last season. He is the holder of the record Australian score, 417, made in 1896 against the Melbourne University. He is a magnificent fieldsman, and according to George Giffen has never been equalled at mid-off.

Howell is a bowler of the Attewell type. His distinguishing feature is accuracy, though even on the smooth Australian wickets he has sometimes made the ball break considerably. He is right-hand, about medium pace, and last season stood fourth in the inter-Colonial bowling averages, with 20 wickets at a cost of 24 runs each. Howell isn't reckoned much of a bat in Australia, but it mustn't be forgotten that for New South Wales against Stoddart's team in February, 1898, he astonished the cricket world by scoring, as last man, 48 and 95, the latter in a few minutes over the hour.

The remaining men in the team have all been in England before, so there is no need to give a lengthy description of them. Judging from their performances in Australia last season neither Gregory nor Darling has improved on his form of 1896. Darling was no higher than thirteenth in the table of inter-Colonial batting averages. His highest score in first class matches was 70, though against Queensland he made 210. Darling, however, has so much cricket in him that even if his average in Australia had been 0 it wouldn't be safe to prophesy failure for him in England. Darling has had a peculiarly interesting career. Like A. C.

IREDALE. GREGORY.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

MacLaren, he made his mark as a schoolboy when he scored 252 in an annual college match which is the South Australian equivalent of the Eton and Harrow fixture. If he had remained in Adelaide he would have probably represented Australia before he was eighteen, but his father sent him away to manage a farm in one of the back blocks, and he was not seen in good cricket again till he had completed his twenty-third year. Then, with the firm conviction that he could make a name in first class cricket, he returned to Adelaide, and within eighteen months was playing in the test matches. In

CLEM HILL.
Photo by A. Pickering, Leicester.

his very first innings against English bowling he scored 117, and brilliantly concluded the season by making the highest score for Australia in the famous final test match against Stoddart's 1894 team. With his performances in England in 1896 everyone of course is familiar.

Like our Studds and Lytteltons, Gregory belongs to a family of cricketers. His uncle, David Gregory, captained the first Australian team that ever visited this country, while his father, Ned Gregory, was one of the leading lights of Australian cricket in the early seventies. Syd Gregory was first taken to England as a fieldsman rather than as a batsman, but experience in good company rapidly developed his batting powers, so that in 1893 he acquitted himself with credit, while in 1896 he secured a higher average than any of his predecessors had obtained in England. During the past season in Australia he did nothing out of the common, as his highest score in inter-Colonial matches was only 89 and his position in the batting averages no higher than fourteenth, but, just as in Darling's case, Gregory's cricket is of such a nature that temporary failure forms no ground for believing that he has really gone off as a batsman.

Many enthusiastic Australian cricketers declare that at the present day Clement Hill is absolutely the best batsman in the world. Without discussing how far this sweeping praise is deserved, it may be confidently stated that Hill is the best left-hand batsman living. His scores for South Australia last season make most interesting reading—86 and 3 against Victoria, 73 and 109 against New South Wales in the first match, and 12 and 159 in the second match, 78 (run out) against Queensland, and 27 and 33 in the second match against Victoria; while for the Representative Eleven against the Rest of Australia, just before the team sailed, he scored consecutively 76, 101 not out, 51, 33, and 0. As mentioned above, Hill was at the head of the Australian batting averages, with 62·75 for eight completed innings.

To those who watched Iredale's batting in this country three years ago it seems a puzzle that there should ever have been any doubt as to his place in the present team. Yet he was only chosen at the eleventh hour. Why this was it is difficult to say, as not only has Iredale scored persistently well in test matches both here and in Australia, but in the past season his name stood sixth in the inter-Colonial batting averages with 47·57. Iredale, as is well known, is a bad starter—so bad, indeed, that, especially when fast bowling is on, the fieldsmen in the slips are surprised if he does not give them some sort of a chance before he has made half a dozen. But, as George Giffen says in his interesting volume, "With Bat and Ball," they may pray in vain for a chance if once he becomes set.

On his Australian form during the past season Hugh Trumble seems to be as good a bowler and a much better batsman than when he visited England in 1896. He stands at the head of the Australian bowling averages

with 34 wickets at a cost of 15·44, and has the useful batting average of 25. Trumble, it will be remembered, by his steadiness at a crisis practically won the test match at Manchester in 1896. But his batting average in Australia last season shows that he has improved appreciably since his last visit to England. Last winter he played an innings of 70 against South Australia without giving a chance.

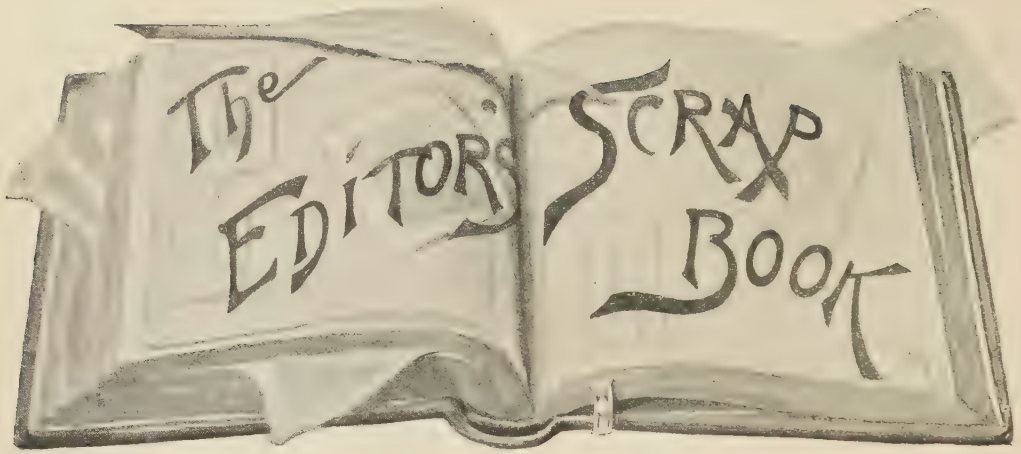
There is no necessity here to allude to the probability of the renewal of the question as to the fairness of Jones's bowling. The stir created by his being "no-balled" during Stoddart's last tour is fresh in everyone's memory. Judged by his performances in Australia last season, when in inter-Colonial matches he secured 28 wickets for 28 runs apiece, Jones is certainly not the bowler he was; as a set-off, however, against his descent in the bowling averages Jones came on with rapid strides as a batsman. In 1898, Jones only averaged 12 runs per innings, but in the season just finished he had an average of 28·5, and this with only one not-out to help him. His innings of 82 in December, on the Adelaide Oval, against the bowling of Howell, Noble, and McKibbin, was worthy of a batsman of the highest class.

J. J. KELLY.
Photo by Kerry, Sydney.

E. JONES.
Photo by Scott & Barry, Adelaide.

Although a Victorian by birth, Kelly does not serve that Colony now, for when he made his *début* in the cricket world the Victorians, rich in the possession of Blackham, did not appreciate him at his true worth, so he migrated to New South Wales. All English cricketers know what a painstaking and reliable wicket-keeper Kelly is. His last trip to England improved his batting immeasurably, and in the inter-Colonial averages of the past season he came out third with the magnificent figure of 53·25.

Kelly's understudy, Johns, according to Blackham, who ought to know something about the matter, is the finest wicket-keeper in the world. The Australians are accustomed to brilliant wicket-keepers, but some of Johns' feats behind the stumps for Victoria last season fairly electrified the critics. The only drawback to Johns is that his hands are too tender to stand the wear and tear of a whole season's work. Otherwise he would have come over here as stumper-in-chief instead of emergency man.



CALLER: I sent you a poem three weeks ago. What have you done with it?

EDITOR: I'm holding on to it. Every now and then I get to thinking that we are not producing as good a paper as we ought to, and then I take that poem and see how much worse the sheet might be, and that makes me cheerful again. Now, how much'll you take for it?

ENGLISH AS SHE IS PRONOUNCED.

The wind was rough,
And cold and blough,
She kept her hands within her mough.

It chill'd her through,
Her nose grough blough,
And still the squall the faster flough.

And yet although
There was nough snough,
The weather was a cruel fough.

It made her cough,—
Pray do not scough!—
She cough'd until her hat blew ough.

Ah, you may laugh,
You silly caugh!
I'd like to beat you with my staugh.

Her hat she caught,
And saught and faught,
To put it on and tie it taught.

Try as she might
To fix it tight,
Again it flew off like a kight,

Away up high
Into the skigh.
The poor girl sat her down to crigh.

She cried till eight
P.M., so leight!
Then home she went at a greight reight.

J. H. Walton.

"SARAH, I saw the baker's man kiss you to-day. I really shall have to go down and take in the bread myself in future!"

"'Twouldn't be no use, ma'am; he wouldn't kiss you, 'cos he promised he'd never kiss anybody else but me."

FATHER: This preparation will remove any kind of stains or dirt, will it?

MOTHER: It will remove anything! I had Tommy's clothes cleaned with it.

BROWN: I woke up last night and found a burglar in my room.

JONES: Catch him?

BROWN: Certainly not. I'm not making a collection of burglars.

A FRIEND of mine kept three dogs, and one night, on returning home, found them all asleep on his sofa.

They were whipped and expelled.

Next night he found them before the fire, but, feeling the sofa and finding it warm, he punished them again.

The third night he returned earlier than usual, and found them sitting in front of the sofa blowing it to cool it. Fact!

CLASSICAL TRIPPER (pointing to a sea bird): What bird is that over there?

ANCIENT MARINER: Dunno. 'Less it be an halbatross.

CLASSICAL TRIPPER: Ah. Quite a *rara avis*, is it not?

ANCIENT MARINER: Dunno 'bout that. I allus calls it a halbatross.

CLASSICAL TRIPPER: You don't quite understand me. I call it a *rara avis*, just the same as I call you a *bona-fide* salt.

ANCIENT MARINER (disgustedly): Oh, do yer? Well, I calls it a halbatross, just the same as I calls *you* a bloomin' 'umbug.

At a seaside boarding-house breakfast. "I see by the papers that eggs are imported from all parts of the Continent. Do these come from Italy?"

"Certainly not; they are fresh from a farm near here. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, merely because somehow they made me think of 'The Lays of Ancient Rome.'"

Senior Partner: We must discharge that traveller of ours. He told one of our customers that I was a fool.

Junior ditto: I'll see him at once and insist upon his keeping the firm's secrets.

"It is said that a very thin partition separates genius from lunacy."

"That's a fact. A man who is learning to play the clarionet lives in the flat next to me."

"John," said Mrs. Meekton, "the doctor says you must be careful and not take anything that does not agree with you."

"Where do you suppose you would be now, Maria," answered Mr. Meekton humbly, "if I had always done that?"

"Is it true that you are living beyond your station?" "Yes, I regret to say—two miles."

Flossie: Mamma, I want some water to christen my doll.

Mamma: No, dear, it is wrong, you know.

Flossie: Well, then, I want some wax to waxinate her. She's old enough now to have something done to her.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

"I've lost all confidence in Jones since he sold me that brute of a horse. Don't you think it was a shame?"
"Yes, I do, dear! What are you going to do with it?"
"I don't know. Must try and sell it to Brown, I think."

Cousin Dick: I'd like to go shooting to-morrow, if I could only get a dog that was well trained.

Ethel: Oh, I'll let you take Dottie, then. She can stand on her head, and shake hands, and play dead, and say her prayers, and do *lots* of things.

A Scotch socialist, who was explaining the meaning of socialism, remarked that all possessions should be equally shared.

"If you had two horses, would you give me one?" asked his friend.

"Of course," replied the socialist.

"And if you had two cows, would you do the same?"

"Yes," was the ready reply.

"Well, supposing you had two pigs, would you give me one?" asked his friend slowly.

"Eh!" he said, "ye've got owre near hame. Ye *ken* I've got twa pigs."

"Ethel," said the teacher, "who do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?"

"Atlas."

"You are quite right," said the teacher. "Atlas supported the world. Now who supported Atlas?"

"I suppose," said Ethel softly, "I suppose he married a rich wife."

"Is that a good dog?"

"I used to think so, but I'm beginning to have my doubts now."

"Why?"

"I've had him a month, and nobody has tried to steal him."

Said the Sunday-school teacher, "All little children who lie, or steal, or fight, or don't go to church, will go to the bad place when they die."

Little Charlie burst into tears.

"But you won't go there, dear," continued the teacher kindly.

"N-n-no, I know that," blubbered Charlie; "b-b-but my little friends will."

She was boasting of her latest conquest.

"The first thing I knew," she said, "he was at my feet."

"Who threw him?" asked her dearest friend.

Patient: Well, doctor, do you think it's as bad as that?

Eminent Surgeon: I never think, my friend; I always know.

Patient: Yes, I know you always know after the operation, but can't you break over the rule and work up a little doubt now?

Family Doctor: "You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day."

"Very well, if you say so, doctor," said the perplexed young mother; "but I really don't see how he is going to hold it all."

NOT OVER CONFIDENT.

Fred: "Your father rather likes me; so that's something in our favour."
Kitty: "Oh, I don't think we can count much on that—he's only seen you once."

DESPERATE ODDS.

From the Picture by Stanley Berkeley.

By permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co.

A BATTLE-PAINTER AT HOME:

MR. STANLEY BERKELEY AND HIS WORK.

MR. STANLEY BERKELEY IN HIS YEOMANRY UNIFORM.

FEW pictures, probably, win their way into "the great heart of the British peoples" more speedily or more surely than those depicting some brilliant military exploit or another: but, unfortunately, the artists who are able to infuse the necessary spirit and fire into such conceptions are few and far between. Thus it is that those stirring paintings, "The Victory of Candahar," "The Charge of the French Cuirassiers at Waterloo," "For God and the King," "Gordons and Greys to the Front," "The Charge of Scarlett's Three Hundred," and those two more recent pictures, "Atbara" and "Omdurman," commemorating incidents in the recent Egyptian campaign, have aroused widespread admiration, though of the artist who painted them comparatively little is known.

Mr. Stanley Berkeley has a deep-rooted abhorrence of notoriety, but, like many other well known men who prefer to live and work in retirement, possesses an interesting history. As befits an artist in whose work the noblest of animals plays so important a part, Mr. Berkeley dwells amid distinctly horsey surroundings, for his Surrey home overlooks one of our most noted racecourses, Sandown Park, in the picturesque little Surrey village, Esher. When you remark upon his reclusive life among his dogs, pigeons, and poultry, Mr. Berkeley smilingly replies, "I love the country; it is so quiet and peaceful." This keen admiration for rural England is well borne out by the fact that more than one of this popular artist's Academy successes have been landscapes, purely and simply.

"I am now at work upon a large oil painting, six feet in length," remarked Mr. Berkeley, as we entered his studio, the walls of which are covered with proofs of his most famous landscape, battle, and animal pictures. "Last year I completed three military subjects—'Dargai,' depicting the Gordon Highlanders storming the heights of Dargai, and the heroic piper playing on his pipes though brought to earth by having his ankles shot through, 'Atbara,' with the Scottish Highlanders charging and tearing up the zareba; and 'Omdurman,' showing the gallant charge of the 21st Lancers, and the death of Lieutenant Grenfell. These three commissions followed rather closely one after the other, and kept me well employed for a period. Even when not engaged upon these special large canvases, I am busy with black-and-white work for magazines and books, as I turn out dozens of black-and-white drawings in the course of the year."

Mr. Berkeley's career has been most remarkable. He has not had those brilliant opportunities for educating his artistic faculty that have fallen to so many of our leading artists in their younger days. Mr. Berkeley was intended for the law, but when he was twenty years of age he had grown so tired of forensic business that he threw it up and turned his attention to the brush. This was rather a bold step, inasmuch as he had never interested himself in art before, except, as he facetiously remarks, "by covering the diaries of the office with crude and hastily executed sketches." Still, there was the inward feeling which urged that art was his proper bent. At any rate, he determined to give his abilities in this direction a thorough test. At first the struggle was very hard, for his attempts were necessarily very small—designing labels

and other trifling things of that description; in fact, as he says, "Anything, so long as it kept me alive, for I was solely dependent upon what I could earn for my livelihood. In the evening I attended an art school at Lambeth, where I obtained my first real instruction in art. The curriculum here was confined to the designing of wall-papers, studies from life, and so forth—a very useful course, no doubt, to students, but I can assure you not calculated to appeal very strongly to my ambitions. It was all too monotonous and lacked movement or excitement. Still, I kept at it, feeling confident that I should succeed in time. My first success was the winning of the National Gold Medal. You cannot imagine how pleased I was with myself on this occasion." Curious to relate, in the same year in which Mr. Berkeley won the gold medal, the charming lady who is now his wife—they were art students together at the same school—won the National Silver Medal, and in the following year followed up her success by carrying off the coveted gold trophy.

"By this time," continued Mr. Berkeley, "I began to do a little work for the illustrated papers—nothing great, it is true, but yet sufficient to spur me on. The *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* were among my earliest patrons. Gradually, however, I turned my attention to more ambitious work, and in 1883 succeeded in gratifying my highest aspiration by having one of my canvases hung in the Royal Academy."

Since that picture was hung upon those honoured walls, sixteen years ago, Mr. Berkeley has been a conspicuous exhibitor at the Academy. Many of his greatest successes first arrested attention while hanging on the walls of Burlington House. In last year's Academy "Gordons and Greys to the Front" was exhibited, but for some reason or other it did not arouse the wide interest it has gained since its appearance in the more popular photogravure form.

THE CHARGE OF SCARLETT'S THREE HUNDRED OR HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA, OCTOBER 25TH, 1854
(Scots Greys and Inniskillens.)
From the picture by Stanley Berkeley.
By permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co.

But, notwithstanding his well-earned success, Mr. Berkeley has never severed the close association with the illustrated press which was formed in his struggling days and placed him on the first rung of the ladder of fame. We publish a wash drawing of his which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* in the early part of last year. It depicts an incident during the terrible gale which raged at Margate in March, 1898. While the horses where hauling the lifeboat trolley into the water they were caught and

PRINCE RUPERT: THE LAST CHARGE AT EDGEHILL.

From the picture by Stanley Berkeley.

By permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co.

THE CHARGE OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT DARGAI.

From the picture by Stanley Berkeley.

By permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co.

buffeted with terrific force against the sea wall by the storm-tossed sea and were all killed. In this picture, completed within a few hours, the frantic terror in the eyes of the horses, and their mad struggle with the cruel waves, have been touched off with a truthfulness that is eminently characteristic of the artist's work.

It is a leading article of Mr. Berkeley's artistic faith that one of the greatest obstacles against which an artist has to contend is the public taste. What delights an artist often fails to arouse the slightest enthusiasm in the public mind. This is necessarily a condition, he says, "which curbs an artist's ambitions very considerably."

Upon this question of the public's demands Mr. Berkeley is in a fair position to speak, for, despite his peculiar popularity, one or two of his pictures have signally failed to draw the public. Some years ago he completed a picture called "Might is Right," the theme of which was a huge tiger devouring an antelope, while close around crouched two other smaller beasts, snarling and hungry, but withal afraid to dispute possession of the victor's prey. This picture has met with great success in many galleries in which it has been exhibited, but no publisher has yet been induced to accept it. "On another occasion," remarked Mr. Berkeley, "I painted a landscape with a cloudy effect. Although it satisfied the Hanging Committee of the Academy, I was perfectly well aware that it would not be appreciated by the general public; so directly it was returned to me I replaced the cloudy sky with a bright one, and introduced a huntsman and his hound, in order to bring a little life into the picture. But I never completed the canvas, and there it now hangs on my studio wall waiting to be finished whenever the inclination shall seize me."

A LIFEBOAT DISASTER.
From the picture by Stanley Berkeley.
Originally published in the "Illustrated London News."

In the black-and-white room at the Academy a year or two ago there was a picture by this artist, entitled, "Cornered at Last," an incident of lynch law. The idea, as will be seen from our reproduction, is a stirring and vivid one, yet is considered too painful a subject to suit the popular taste, and though the printsellers, like Oliver Twist, are always "asking for more" from Mr. Berkeley's brush, they will have none of this subject. The artist has always cherished a fancy to paint "Hypatia," but for the same reason has so far refrained from committing his desire to the canvas, so closely doomed has he become to the two fields of battle and of sport.

"What induced you to devote your energies to battle-field subjects?" I inquired.

"Strange to relate, it is only within recent years that I have taken to this class of work so enthusiastically. Formerly I went in largely for sentimental, animal, and hunting

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FOR GOD AND THE KING: MARSTON MOOR.

From the picture by Stanley Berkeley.

subjects, such as 'The School of Repentance,' 'Fair Sailing,' 'Caught in a Squall,' 'The Survival of the Fittest.' My reason for devoting so much attention to animal subjects has lain entirely in my love of animals and birds. I used to ride with the hounds, and was a member of a Yeomanry corps, so that I became intimately acquainted with horses, their movements and habits. Then the study of natural history brought me into touch with the fiercer and more formidable beasts of the forest. The public, however, appear to greet my military pictures with the keenest appreciation, so that all I can do is to oblige them. But I do not confine my energies to any particular choice of subject. Any work with plenty of life and go in it is congenial to me, and, as far as my own taste goes, I may say that it affords me the greatest pleasure to portray stirring incident of any kind upon my canvas."

The versatility of Mr. Berkeley's work is certainly remarkable. In his younger days, when commissions were few and money was necessary, Mr. [illegible] was not in a position to select a specific public taste work and devote his whole attention to it. Although, as he himself admits, his *forte* is animal studies, yet he is perfectly at home with almost any class of work, be it a landscape, an incident from cowboy or backwoods life, or some mediæval romance, with the picturesque costumes of the period. Then, again, although the majority of his work is quite serious in tone, yet he can at times, especially where dogs are concerned, impart a distinctly humorous touch to his idea, notably in his pictures, "Completely Routed," "The Survival of the Fittest," and "When We were Pups Together."

Bearing in mind the fact that several of our leading artists have developed their artistic faculty to an appreciable extent in Continental *ateliers*, I asked Mr. Berkeley whether he had ever studied abroad, and had thus obtained many of his impressions and ideas.

"THREE TO ONE."
From the picture by Stanley Berkeley.

"No!" he replied. "While staying in Paris for a short holiday, many years ago, however, I, of course, visited the Luxembourg, and was much impressed with a picture by Aimé Morot, delineating a charge of French and Prussian cavalry. The magnificent dash and spirit of that canvas so inspired me that I determined to make another effort, and 'For God and the King' was the result. One of my earliest military pictures was 'Prince Rupert at the Battle of Edgehill.' In connection with this painting a curious incident occurred. When finished I sent it to the Academy in 1884. When the examination of the submitted pictures was concluded I received

ORIGINAL PENCIL SKETCH FOR THE PAINTING, "FULL CRY."

a communication to the effect that my picture, of which I was proud, had been rejected. At this information I can tell you I felt rather glum, but imagine my astonishment, when visiting Burlington House a few days afterwards, to see my painting hanging on the wall! It subsequently proved that the letter had been sent to me in mistake, but I can assure you that that clerical error robbed me of more than one night's sleep."

"When you have decided to illustrate a

PAINTING INTENDED FOR "THE CUIRASSIERS AT WATERLOO," BUT DISCARDED AT THIS STAGE.

By permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co.]

GORDONS AND GREYS TO THE FRONT AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

From the picture by Stanley Berkeley.

certain event, do you make a complete sketch of your ideas first?"

"It is only on very rare occasions that I make sketches. I start straight away on my canvas. In my opinion the making of detailed rough sketches is a waste of time, and in a measure destroys the freshness of the work, so that one loses all interest in the picture almost before one has taken up the brush. I always make rough sketches of a particular gun, sword, or some other accoutrement or detail of clothing, to serve as shorthand notes, as it were. I only recollect having made a complete sketch of a picture once in my life. This was in connection with my quartette of paintings illustrating a fox hunt—'The Meet,' 'Full Cry,' 'Gone Away,' and 'The Death'—published last year. In this instance I made a detailed sketch of each picture before I began upon the actual canvas. Then, again, I never use models. I depend entirely upon observation and inspiration for the success of my paintings. Take the picture of 'The Charge of the French Cuirassiers at Waterloo.' It would be absolutely impossible to pose the horses in many of the positions there adopted, especially in the case of the horse falling over the precipice. For the animal pulled on to its haunches by its frantic rider, when I had nearly completed my picture, I got one of my own horses, and rested its jaw on the head of my groom, in order to see whether I had some details correct about which I was a little anxious. Again, with regard to the Wellington boots the riders are wearing, you will recollect that the field of Waterloo was almost a quagmire on the day of the conflict. Well, while hunting one wet day, and galloping over ploughed fields, I got my top-boots liberally splashed with mud. When I arrived home I carefully examined those boots to see how the spatters of mud fell upon them, and then compared those natural mud splashings with those which I had painted upon the boots of the cavalrymen in my picture. The precipice was obtained by a visit to some sandhills in this neighbourhood; but when I had completed this part of the picture I made a fresh start upon another canvas and transformed the original into another subject altogether. I may say that I expended a great amount of trouble and time upon this canvas. Many of the figures and horses were painted over and over again before I was satisfied with it. If, when I have finished a picture, I entertain any doubts concerning the veracity of any of the figures, I arrange a model so far as I can and compare it with my idea on the canvas. When I painted the picture, 'Cornered at Last,' I was rather doubtful about the tattered shirt of the desperate fugitive, torn to shreds by the revengeful lynchers, so I procured a shirt and tore it all to rags while on the model before I could hit upon a satisfactory ideal. Of course I think out my subject before I commit brush to canvas, but directly I have grasped the run of the conception I start straight away, if necessary introducing new features as they occur to me."

"What is the average length of time you occupy in completing a picture?" I asked.

"THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST."
From the picture by Stanley Berkeley.

"That all depends upon the subject and the circumstances under which I labour, though I like to take as much time as possible over my work. 'Atbara' was finished in less than a fortnight; 'Dargai' in about the same time; and 'Omdurman' in less than ten days; but then these were intended to be 'topical studies.' Well do I remember working upon the last named. With the thermometer at ninety-two degrees in the shade I almost imagined myself in Egypt. I began upon the canvas the morning after the news of the English victory was received in London. Of course,

it had been pretty generally anticipated that sooner or later there would be a great battle between the British and the Mahdi's troops, so I had followed the events of the campaign up to that point very closely. I had gathered together a good deal of material regarding the country, fighting tactics of the Dervishes, offensive and defensive, and similar details essential to the correct rendering of such a subject. I cull my material from every available source—museums, books, the War Office, from military men, and in one or two cases I have even obtained it from the war correspondents themselves. I had a very unique experience in connection with my picture 'Dargai.' When the news of the Highlanders' charge reached this country it was asserted that Milne was the piper who had continued playing his instrument though shot in both ankles, and I accordingly conveyed Piper Milne to my canvas. When the picture was almost completed it was suddenly announced that the heroic piper was not Milne at all, but Findlater. I was now in a quandary. Milne was minus a moustache, and I was in ignorance whether Findlater was clean shaven or not. I hunted all over the country for a photo of Findlater, and almost gave up the quest in despair, when I succeeded in securing a small faded photograph, sufficient for the due conversion of Piper Milne into Piper Findlater."

That the appreciation accorded to Mr. Berkeley's work by a patriotic public is well merited is beyond a doubt. It is almost an impossibility to select one particular picture from his list as being the most successful. Perhaps the one of "The French Cuirassiers at Waterloo" has enjoyed the largest sale. All the *remarque* proofs of this picture were sold immediately on publication, and two hundred proofs signed by the artist went off almost as quickly. The original canvas was subsequently purchased by an American syndicate—the Americans are keen admirers of Mr. Berkeley's work—and now adorns a large hall in New York. The popularity of the painting, "Gordons and Greys to the Front," has been almost as great, for the stamped and signed proofs have doubled in value. The three more recent paintings, "Dargai," "Atbara," and "Omdurman," have also been well received, and the Queen was so impressed with that of "Dargai" that she commanded a copy to be hung in her Highland home at Balmoral.

"CORNERED AT LAST."
From the picture by Stanley Berkeley.

A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

BY IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by HAROLD COPPING.

No. II.—BULLDOG.

THE headmaster of a certain great English school is accustomed to enlarge in private on the secret of boy-management, and this is the sum of his wisdom—Be kind to the boy, and he will despise you; put your foot on his neck, and he will worship you. This deliverance must, of course, as its eminent author intends, be read with sense, and with any modification it must be disappointing to philanthropists, but it is confirmed by life. Let a master, not very strong in character and scholarship, lay himself out to be a boy's friend—using affectionate language, overseeing his health, letting him off impositions, sparing the rod, and inciting him to general benevolence—and the boy will respond, without any doubt, but it will be after his own fashion. The boy will take that master's measure with extraordinary rapidity; he will call him by some disparaging nickname, with an unholy approximation to truth; he will concoct tricky questions to detect his ignorance; he will fling back his benefits with contempt; he will make his life a misery, and will despise him as long as he lives. Let a man of masculine character and evident ability set himself to rule and drill boys, holding no unnecessary converse with them, working them to the height of their powers, insisting on the work being done, not fearing to punish with severity, using terrible language on occasion, dealing with every boy alike without favour or partiality, giving rare praise with enthusiasm, and refraining always from mocking sarcasm—which boys hate and never forgive—and he will have his reward. They will rage against him in groups on the playing-fields and as they go home in companies, but ever

"'Yes, Mrs. Dowbiggin, I have always had a love for boys.'"

* Copyright, 1899, by John Watson, in the United States of America.

with a keen appreciation of his masterliness; they will recall with keen enjoyment his detection of sneaks and his severity on prigs; they will invent a name for him to enshrine his achievements, and pass it down to the generation following; they will dog his steps on the street with admiration, all the truer because mingled with awe. And the very thrashings of such a man will be worth the having, and become the subject of boasting in after years.

There was a master once in Muirtown Academy whose career was short and inglorious, as well as very disappointing to those who believed in the goodness of the boy. Mr. Byles explained to Mrs. Dowbiggin his idea of a schoolmaster's duty, and won the heart of that estimable person, although the Doctor maintained an instructive silence, and afterwards hinted to his spouse that Mr. Byles had not quite grasped the boy nature, at least in Muirtown.

"Yes, Mrs. Dowbiggin, I have always had a love for boys—for I was the youngest of our family, and the rest were girls—seven dear girls, gentle and sweet. They taught me sympathy. And don't you think that boys, as well as older people, are ruled by kindness and not by force? When I remember how I was treated, I feel this is how other boys would wish to be treated. Muffins? Buttered, if you please. I dote on muffins! So I am a schoolmaster."

"You are needed at the Academy, Mr. Byles, I can tell you, for the place is just a den of savages! Will you believe me, that a boy rolled James on the ground till he was like a clay cat yesterday—and James is so particular about being neat!—and when I complained to Mr. MacKinnon, he laughed in my face and told me that it would do the laddie good? There's a master for you! Thomas John tells me that he is called 'Bulldog,' and although I don't approve of disrespect, I must say it is an excellent name for Mr. MacKinnon. And I've often said to the Doctor, 'If the masters are like that, what can you expect of the boys?'"

"Let us hope, Mrs. Dowbiggin, that there will soon be some improvement; and it will not be my fault if there isn't. What I want to be is not a master, but the boys' friend, to whom the boys will feel as to a mother, to whom they will confide their difficulties and trials," and Mr. Byles's face had a soft, tender, far-away look.

It was only for one winter that he carried on his mission, but it remains a green and delectable memory with old boys of the Academy. How he would not use the cane, because it brutalised boys, as he explained, but kept Peter McGuffie in for an hour, during which time he remonstrated with Peter for his rude treatment of James Dowbiggin, whom he had capsized over a form, and how Peter's delighted compatriots climbed up one by one to the window and viewed him under Mr. Byles's ministrations with keen delight, while the Sparrow intimated to them by signs that they would have to pay handsomely for their treat. How he would come on Jock Howieson going home in a heavy rain and ostentatiously refusing even to button his coat, and would insist on affording him the shelter of an umbrella, to Jock's intense humiliation, who knew that Peter was following with derisive criticism. How, by way of conciliation, Mr. Byles would carry sweets in his coat-tail pocket and offer them at unsuitable times to the leading anarchists, who regarded this imbecility as the last insult. It is now agreed that Mr. Byles's sudden resignation was largely due to an engineering feat of Peter's, who had many outrages to avenge, and succeeded in attaching no less than three squibs to the good man's desk; but it is likely that an exhortation from Bulldog, overheard by the delighted school, had its due effect.

"Humanity or no humanity, my man, it's no peppermint drops nor pats on the head that'll rule Muirtown birkies; their fathers were brought up on the stick, and the stick'll make the sons men. If ye'll take ma advice, Mr. Byles, adverteese for a situation in a lassies' school. Ye're ower dainty for Muirtown Academy."

This was not a charge which his worst enemy could bring against Mr. Dugald MacKinnon, and because he was the very opposite—a most unflinching, resolute, iron man—he engraved himself on the hearts of three generations of Muirtown men. They were a dour, hard-headed, enterprising lot—a blend from the upland braes of Drumtochty and the stiff carse of Gowrie and the Kelts of Loch Tay, with some good south country stuff—and there are not many big cities on either side of the Atlantic where two or three Muirtown men cannot this day be found. They always carry in their hearts the "Fair City"—which lieth in a basin among the hills, beside the clean, swift-running river, like a Scots Florence; and they grow almost eloquent when they start upon their home, but the terminus of recollection is ever the same. When they have dallied with the swimming in the Tay, and the climbing of the hill

"Climbed up one by one to the window."

which looks down on the fair plain as far as Dundee, and the golf on the meadows, and the mighty snow-fights of days where there were men (that is, boys) in the land, and memory is fairly awake, someone suddenly says, "Bulldog." "Ah!" cries another, with long-drawn pleasure, as one tasting a delicate liquor; and "Bulldog," repeats the third, as if a world of joy lay in the word. They rest for a minute, bracing themselves, and then conversation really begins, and being excited, they drop into the Scots tongue.

"Man," hurries in the first, "a' see him stannin' at his desk in the mornin' watchin' the laddies comin' in ower the top o' his spectacles, an' juist considerin' wha wud be the better o' a bit thrashin' that day."

"Sax feet high gin he wes an inch," burst in the second, "an' as straight as a rush, though a'm thinkin' he wes seventy, or maybe eighty, some threipit (insisted) he was near ninety; an' the een o' him — div ye mind, lads, hoo they gied back an' forward in his head — oscillatin' like? Sall, they were fearsome."

"An' the rush to get in afore the last stroke o' nine" — the third man could not be restrained — "an' the crack o' his cane on the desk an' 'Silence'; man, ye micht hae heard a moose cross the floor at the prayer."

"Div ye think he keekit oot atween his eyelids, Jock?"

"Him? nae fear o't," and Howieson was full of contempt. "Ane day I pit a peen into that smooth-faced wratch Dowbiggin, juist because I cudna bear the look o' him: an' if he didna squeal like a

stuck pig. Did Bulldog open his een an' look ?"

The audience had no remembrance of such a humiliating descent.

"Na, na," resumed Jock, "he didna need ; he juist repeated the first sentence o' the prayer ower again in an awfu' voice, an' aifter it wes dune, doon he comes to me. 'Whatna prank wes that ?'"

"Wes't nippy ?" inquired Bauldie with relish, anticipating the sequel.

"Michty," replied Jock ; "an' next he taks Dowbiggin. 'Who asked you to join in the prayer ?' an' ye cud hae heard his yowls on the street. Bulldog hed a fine stroke." And the three smoked in silent admiration for a space.

"Sandie, div ye mind the sins in the prayer ? 'Lord deliver the laddies before Thee from lying——'"

"'Cheating,'" broke in Bauldie.

"'Cowardice,'" added Sandie.

"'And laziness, which are as the devil,'" completed Jock.

"An' the laist petition, a' likit it fine, 'Be pleased to put common sense in their heads, and Thy fear in their hearts, and——'"

"'Give them grace to be honest men all the days of their life,'" chanted the other two together.

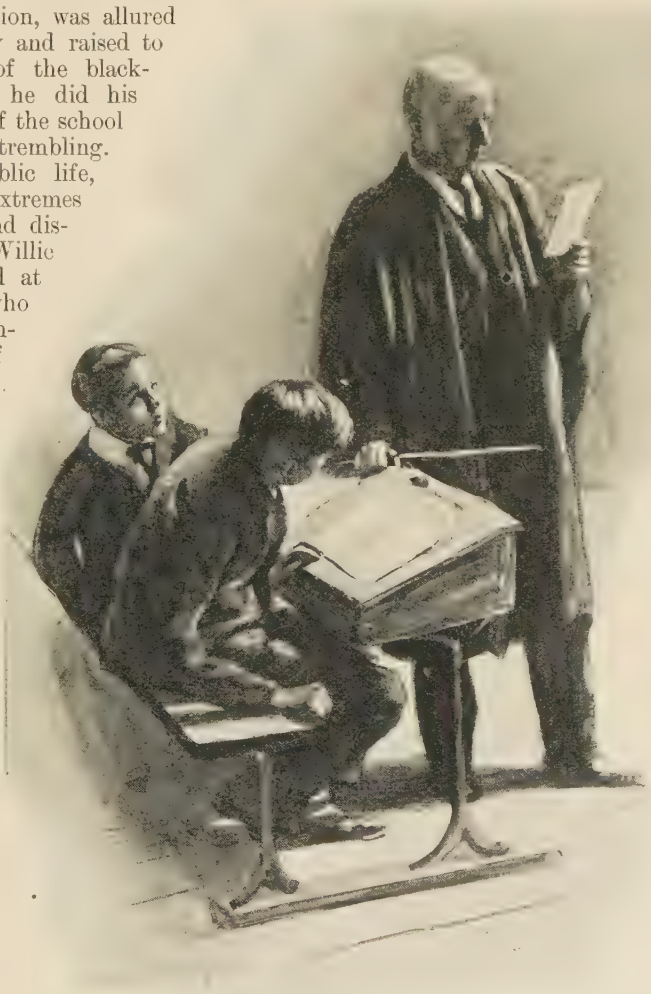
"It wes a purpose-like prayer, an' a' never heard a better, lads ; he walkit up to his words, did Bulldog, an' he did his wark well." And as they thought of that iron age, the railway president and the big banker and the corn millionaire—for that was what the fellows had come to—smacked their lips with relish and kindly regret.

It may be disappointing, but it remains a fact, that the human history of the ages is repeated in the individual, and the natural boy is a savage, with the aboriginal love of sport, hardy indifference to circumstances, stoical concealment of feelings, irrepressible passion for fighting, unfeigned admiration for strength, and slavish respect for the strong man. By and by he will be civilised and Christianised, and settle down, will become considerate, merciful, peaceable—will be concerned about his own boys having wet feet, and will preside at meetings for the prevention of cruelty to animals ; but he has to go through his process of barbarism. During this Red Indian stage a philanthropist is not the ideal of the boy. His master must have the qualities of a brigand chief, an autocratic will, a fearless mien, and an iron hand. On the first symptom of mutiny he must draw a pistol from his belt (one of twenty), and shoot the audacious rebel dead on the spot. So perfectly did Bulldog fulfil this ideal that Bauldie, who had an unholy turn for caricature, once drew him in the costume and arms of Chipanwhackewa, an Indian chief of prodigious valour and marvellous exploits. This likeness was passed from hand to hand, to be arrested and confiscated by its subject in Jock Howieson's possession, and although Jock paid the penalty, as was most due, yet it was believed that Bulldog was much pleased by the tribute, and that he kept the picture in his desk.

His achievements in his own field, which extended from the supervision of handwriting to instruction in mathematics, were sustained and marvellous. When a boy was committed to his care at or about the age of eight, before which age he attended a girls' school and fed his imagination on what was in store for him under Bulldog, the great man wrote at the head of his copybook, in full text and something better than copper-plate, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son." With this animating sentiment the neophyte made a fearful beginning, and his master assisted him to transcribe it for years to come through half text and small text, till he could accomplish it with such delicate up-strokes and massive down-strokes, such fine curves and calculated distances, that the writing could hardly be distinguished from the original, and might be exhibited to the Lord Provost and bailies at the annual examination. It is said now that no school of any name in the land would condescend to teach writing, and that boys coming from such high places can compass their own signatures with difficulty, and are quite illegible after a gentlemanly fashion ; but it was otherwise in one old grammar school. So famous was the caligraphy produced at the Academy, that Muirtown bankers, lawyers, and other great personages used to drop in of an afternoon, and having snuffed with the master, would go over the copybooks and pick out suitable lads for their offices. And it is a solemn fact that one enterprising Muirtown clerk went up to London without a single introduction, and obtained a situation in the great firm of Brancker, Copleston, Goldbeater & Co., on the strength of a letter and sheet of figures he sent to old Fyler, the manager, whose reason was giving way under the scrawling of the junior clerks. Bulldog considered that his pupils' handwriting steadily deteriorated from the day of their departure.

When they came to see him at school from Glasgow, London, and beyond the sea, as they all did, on their visits to Muirtown, besides giving them an affectionate welcome, which began at the door and ended at the desk, he never failed to produce their letters and point the decadence in careful detail, while the school rejoiced greatly.

Any lad who showed some aptitude, or whose father insisted on the higher education, was allured into geometry and raised to the dignity of the black-board, where he did his work in face of the school with fear and trembling. This was public life, and carried extremes of honour and disgrace. When Willie Pirie appeared at the board—who is now a Cambridge don of such awful learning that his juniors, themselves distinguished persons, can only imagine where he is in pure mathematics—the school, by tacit permission, suspended operations to see the performance. As Willie progressed, throwing in an angle here and a circle there, and utilising half the alphabet for signs, while he maintained the reasoning from point to point in his high, shrill voice, Bulldog stood a pace aside, a pointer in one hand and in the other a cloth with which at a time he would wipe his forehead till it was white with chalk, and his visage was glorious to behold. When the end came, Bulldog would seize the word out of Pirie's mouth and shout, "Q.E.D., Q . . . E . . . D. Splendid. Did ye follow that, laddies?" taking snuff profusely, with the cloth under one arm and the pointer under the other. "William Pirie, ye'll be a wrangler if ye hae grace o' continuance. Splendid!"



"Yet it was believed that Bulldog was much pleased by the tribute."

It was otherwise when Jock Howieson tried to indicate the nature of an isosceles triangle and confused it with a square, supporting his artistic efforts with remarks which reduced all the axioms of Euclid to one general ruin. For a while the master explained and corrected, then he took refuge in an ominous silence, after which, at each new development, he played on Jock with the pointer, till Jock, seeing him make for the cane, modestly withdrew, but did not reach his place of retreat without assistance and much plain truth.

"It's a shame to take any fee from your father, Jock Howieson, and it's little use trying to give ye any education. Ye've the thickest head and the least sense in all the schule. Man, they should take you home and set ye on eggs to bring out chickens; ye micht manage that wi' care. The first three propositions, Jock, before ye leave this room, without a slip, or *ma certes!*" and Jock understood that if he misused his time his instructor would make good use of his.

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It was Bulldog's way to promenade the empty schoolroom for ten minutes before the reassembling at two, and it was rare indeed that a boy should be late. When one afternoon there were only nineteen present and forty-three absent, he could only look at Dowbiggin, and when that exemplary youth explained that the school had gone up to the top of the meadows for a bathe, and suggested they were still enjoying themselves, Bulldog was much lifted.

"Bathing is a healthy exercise, and excellent for the mind, but it's necessary to bring a glow to the skin afterwards, or there might be a chill," and he searched out and felt a superior cane kept for the treatment of truants and other grievous offenders.

It was exactly 2.15 when the door opened and the procession of forty-two entered panting and breathless, headed by Dunc Robertson, who carried his head erect, with a light in his eye, and closed by Peter, whose hair was like unto that of a drowned rat, and whose unconcealed desire was for obscurity. The nineteen could only smack their lips with expectation and indicate by signs the treat awaiting their comrades.

"I've had chairge of the departments of writing, arithmetic, and mathematics in the Muirtown Academy," began Bulldog, "for fifty-fower years laist Martinmas, and near twal hundred laddies hae passed through ma hands. Some o' them were gude and some were bad"—Mr. MacKinnon spoke with a judicial calmness that was awful—"some were your grandfathers, some were your fathers; but such a set of impudent, brazen-faced little scoundrels——" Then his composure failed him as he looked at the benches. "What have ye got to say for yourselves, for it will be three weeks afore I'm over ye all?"

For a while no one moved, and then Dunc Robertson rose in his place and made speech for his fellows like a gentleman's son.

"We are sorry for being late, sir, but it was not our blame; we had been bathing in the golfers' pool, and were dressing to run down to school in good time. Little Nestie—I mean Ernest Molyneux, sir—had stayed in a little longer, and someone cried, 'Nestie's drowning!' and there the little chap was, being carried away by the current."

"Is 'Nestie'—drowned?" and they all noticed the break in Bulldog's voice, and remembered that if he showed indulgence to anyone, it was to the little English lad that had appeared in Muirtown life as one out of due place.

"No, sir, Nestie's safe, and some women have taken him home; but he was very nearly gone," and Dunc was plainly shaken. "He's a good wee man, and—and it would have been terrible to see him die before our eyes."

"Who saved Nestie?" Bulldog's face was white, and Jock swore afterwards the tears were in his eyes.

"It was one of the boys, sir"—Robertson's voice was very proud—"and it was a gallant deed; but I can't give his name, because he made me promise not to tell."

The master looked round the school, and there was a flush on his cheek.

"John Howieson," with a voice that knew no refusal, and Jock stood in his place.

"Give me the laddie's name who savit wee Nestie."

"It was Spiug, sir, an'—it wes michty; but a' wudna hae telt hed ye no askit, an'—it's no my blame," and Jock cast a deprecatory glance where Peter was striving to hide himself behind a slate.

"Peter McGuffie, come out this moment," and Peter, who had obeyed this order in other circumstances with an immovable countenance, now presented the face of one who had broken a till.

"Tell the story, Duncan Robertson, every word of it, that each boy in this room may remember it as long as he lives."

"We had nearly all dressed, and some of us had started for school . . . and when I got back McGuffie had jumped and was out in the current waiting for Nestie to come up. . . . We saw his face at last, white on the water, and shouted to Peter, and . . . he had him in a minute, and . . . made for shore; big swimming, sir; not one of us could have done it except himself. A salmon-fisher showed us how to rub Nestie till he came round, and . . . he smiled to us, and said, 'I'm all right; sorry to trouble you chaps.' Then we ran down as hard as we could lick, and . . . that's all, sir."

"Ye're a leear, Duncan Robertson," suddenly broke out Spiug, goaded beyond endurance; "ye helpit oot Nestie yirself, an' ye're . . . as muckle tae blame as me."

"All I did, sir"—and Robertson's face was burning red—"was to meet Peter and take Nestie off his hands quite near the bank; he had the danger; I . . . did nothing—was too late, in fact, to be of use."

Spiug might have contested this barefaced attempt at exculpation, but Bulldog was himself again and gripped the reins of authority.

"There was evidently no extenuating feature."

"Silence!" and his emotion found vent in thunder; "no arguing in my presence. You're an impudent fellow, Peter McGuffie, and have been all your days, the most troublesome, mischievous, upsetting laddie in Muirtown School," and the culprit's whole mien was that of a dog with a bad conscience.

"Ye've focht with your fists, and ye've focht with snowballs; ye've played truant times without number; and as for your tricks in school, they're beyond knowledge. And now ye must needs put the capper on the concern wi' this business!

"There's no use denying it, Peter, for the evidence is plain"—and now Bulldog began to speak with great deliberation. "You saw a little boy out of his depth and likely to be drowned." (Peter dared not lift his head this time; it was going to be a bad case.)

"You might have given the alarm and got the salmon-fishers, but, instead of acting like any quiet, decent, well-brought-up laddie, and walking down to the school in time for the geometry" (the school believed that the master's eye rested on William Dowbiggin), "ye jumped clothes and all into the Tay." (There was evidently no extenuating feature, and Peter's expression was hopeless.)

"Nor was that all. But the wicked speerit that's in ye, Peter McGuffie, made ye swim out where the river was running strongest and an able-bodied man wouldna care to go. And what for did ye forgit yirsel and risk your life?" But for the first time there was no bravery left in Peter to answer; his wickedness was beyond excuse, as he now felt.

"Just to save a puir orphan laddie frae a watery death. And ye did it, Peter; an' it . . . beats a'thing ye've dune since ye came into Muirtown Academy? As for you, Duncan Robertson, ye may say what ye like, but it's my opinion that ye're no one grain better. Peter got in first, for he's a perfect genius for mischief—he's aye on the spot—but ye were after him as soon as ye could—you're art and part, baith o' ye, in the exploit." It was clear now that Dunc was in the same condemnation and would share the same reward; whereat Peter's heart was lifted, for Robertson's treachery cried to Heaven for judgment.

"Boys of Muirtown, do you see those tablets?"—and Bulldog pointed to the lists in gold of the former pupils who had distinguished themselves over the world—prizemen, soldiers, travellers, writers, preachers, lawyers, doctors. "It's a grand roll, and an honour to have a place in it, and there are two new names to be added.

"Laddies"—and Bulldog came down from his desk and stood opposite the culprits, whose one wish was that the floor might open beneath them and swallow them up—"you are the sons of men, and I knew you had the beginnings of men in you. I am proud . . . to shake hands with you, and to be . . . your master. Be off this instant, run like mad to your homes and change your clothes, and be back inside half an hour, or it will be the worse for you! And, look ye here, I would like to know . . . how Nestie is."

His walk through the room was always full of majesty, but on that day it passed imagination, and from time to time he could be heard in a soliloquy, "A pair of young rascals! Men of their hands, though, men of their hands! Their fathers' sons! Well done, Peter!" To which the benches listened with awe, for never had they known Bulldog after this fashion.

When the school assembled next Monday morning the boys read in fresh, shining letters—

"PETER MCGUFFIE and DUNCAN R. S. ROBERTSON, who at the risk of their own lives saved a schoolfellow from drowning."

It stood before the school, so that all could see; but if anyone dared to make a sign in that direction as he passed Spiug's desk, his life was not worth living for seven days, and it was felt that Spiug never completely recovered from the moral disgrace of that day.

SIGNOR MARCONI AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

A CHRONICLE AND AN INTERVIEW.

By Cleveland Moffett.*

SIGNOR MARCONI began his now famous endeavours at telegraphing without wires in 1895. When in the fields of his father's estate at Bologna, Italy, he set up tinned boxes, called "capacities," on poles of varying heights, and connected them by insulated wires with the instruments he had then devised — a crude transmitter and receiver. Here was a young man of twenty hot on the track of a great discovery, for presently he is writing to Mr. W. H. Preece, chief electrician of the British postal system, telling him about these tinned boxes, and how he has found that "when these were placed on top of a pole two metres high signals could be obtained at thirty metres from the transmitter," and that "with the same boxes on poles four metres high signals were obtained at one hundred metres, and with the same boxes at a height of eight metres, other conditions being equal, nearly up to a mile and a half. Morse signals were easily obtained at four hundred metres." And so on, the gist of it being (and this is the chief point in Marconi's present system) that the higher the pole connected by wire with the transmitter, the greater was found to be the distance of transmission.

In 1896 Marconi came to London and conducted further experiments in Mr. Preece's laboratory, these earning him followers and supporters. Then came the signals on Salisbury Plain through house and hill, plain proof for doubters that neither brick walls nor rocks nor earth could stop these subtle waves. What kind of waves they were Marconi did not pretend to say. It was enough for him that they did their business well.

SOUTH FORELAND, THE ENGLISH STATION FROM WHICH MESSAGES WERE SENT WITHOUT WIRES TO BOULOGNE, FRANCE, THIRTY-TWO MILES AWAY.

The mast supporting the vertical wire is seen on the edge of the cliff.

And since they acted best with wire supported from a height, a plan was conceived of using balloons to hold the wires, and March, 1897, saw strange doings in various

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WILLIAM MARCONI.
From a photograph taken at South Foreland Lighthouse, March 29, 1899.

parts of England; ten-foot balloons covered with tinfoil sent up for "capacities" and promptly blown into slivers by the gale; then six-foot calico kites with tinfoil over them and flying tails; finally tailless kites, under the management of experts. In these trials, despite unfavourable conditions, signals were transmitted through space between points over eight miles apart.

In November, 1897, Marconi and Mr. Kemp rigged up a stout mast at the Needles, on the Isle of Wight, 120 feet high, and supported a wire from the top by an insulated fastening. Then, having connected the lower end of this wire with a transmitter, they put out to sea in a tug-boat, taking with them a receiving instrument connected to a wire that hung from a sixty-foot mast. Their object was to see at what distance from the Needles they could get signals. For months, through storm and gale, they kept at this work, leaving the Needles farther and farther behind them as details in the instruments were improved, until by the New Year they were able to get signals clear across to the mainland. Forthwith a permanent station was set up there at Bournemouth, fourteen miles from the Needles, and was subsequently moved to Poole, eighteen miles.

An interesting fact may be noted, that on one occasion, soon after this installation, Mr. Kemp was able to get Bournemouth messages at Swanage, several miles down the coast, by simply lowering a wire from a high cliff and connecting on a receiver at the lower end. Here was communication established with only a rough precipice to serve and no mast at all!

Let us come now to the Kingstown regatta, which took place in July, 1898, and lasted several days. The *Daily Express* of Dublin set a new fashion in newspaper methods by arranging to have these races observed from a steamer, the *Flying Huntress*, used as a movable sending station for Marconi messages which should describe the different events as they happened. A height of seventy-five to eighty feet of wire was supported from the mast, and this was found sufficient to transmit easily to Kingstown, even when the steamer was twenty-five miles from shore. The receiving mast erected at Kingstown was 110 feet high, and the despatches as they arrived here through the receiving instrument were telephoned at once to Dublin, so that the *Express* was able to print full accounts of the races almost before they were over, and while the yachts were out far beyond the range of any telescope. During the regatta more than seven hundred of these wireless messages were transmitted.

Not less interesting were the memorable tests that came a few days later, when Marconi was called upon to set up wireless communication between Osborne House on the Isle of Wight and the Royal yacht with the Prince of Wales aboard as she lay off in Cowes Bay. The Queen wished to be able thus to get frequent bulletins in regard to the Prince's injured knee, and not less than one hundred and fifty messages of a strictly private nature were transmitted during sixteen days with entire success. By permission of the Prince of Wales some of these messages have been made public: among others the following :—

August 4th.

From Dr. TRIPP *to* Sir JAMES REID.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has passed another excellent night, and is in very good spirits and health. The knee is most satisfactory.

August 5th.

From Dr. TRIPP *to* Sir JAMES REID.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has passed another excellent night, and the knee is in good condition.

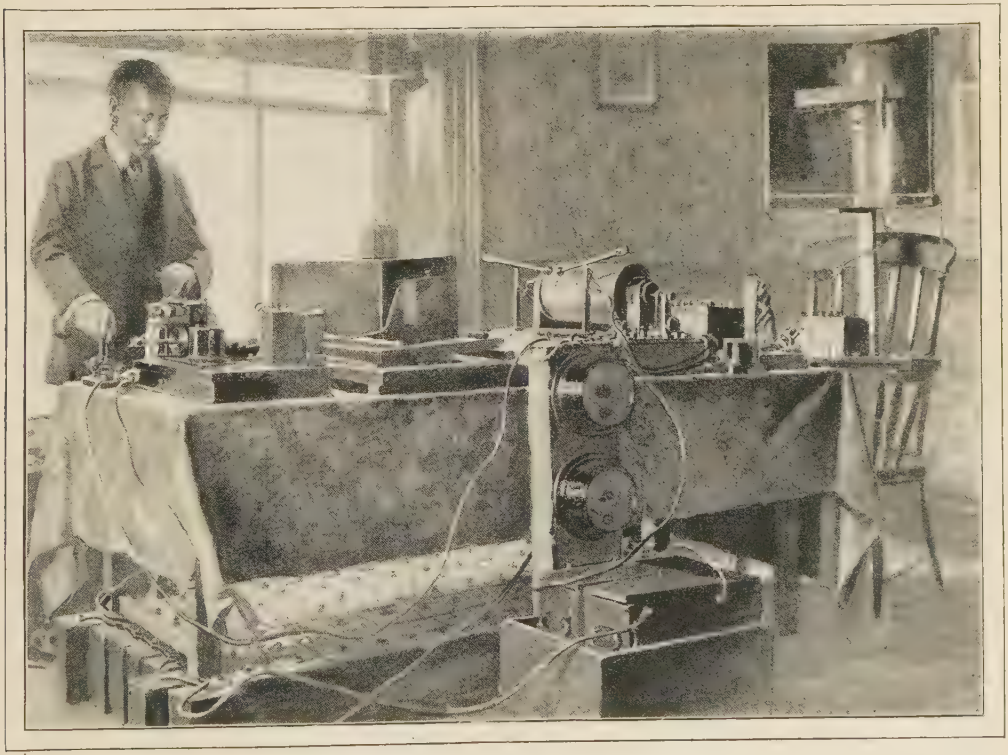
The transmission here was accomplished in the usual way—with a one-hundred-foot pole at Ladywood Cottage, in the grounds of Osborne House, supporting the vertical conductor, and a wire from the yacht's mast lifted eighty-three feet above deck. This wire led down into the saloon, where the instruments were operated and observed with great interest by the various royalties aboard, notably the Duke of York, the Princess Louise, and the Prince of Wales himself. What seemed to amaze them above all was that the sending could go on just the same while the yacht was ploughing along through the waves.

The following telegram was sent on August 10th by the Prince of Wales while the yacht was steaming at a good rate off Bembridge, seven or eight miles from Osborne :—

To the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Will be pleased to see you on board this afternoon when the *Osborne* returns.

On one occasion the yacht cruised so far west as to bring its receiver within the influences of the transmitter at the Needles, and here it was found possible to communicate successively with that station and with



THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT POOLE, SHOWING SENDING AND RECEIVING INSTRUMENTS.

In the right-hand corner is the copper reflector used in directing the waves.

Drawn from a photograph.

Osborne; this despite the fact that both stations were cut off from the yacht by considerable hills, one of these, Headon Hill, rising three hundred and fourteen feet higher than the vertical wire of the *Osborne*.

It was at the extreme west of the Isle of Wight that I got my first practical notion of how this amazing business works. Looking down from the high ground, a furlong beyond the last railway station, I saw at my feet the horse-shoe cavern of Alum Bay, a steep semicircle, bitten out of the chalk cliffs, one might fancy, by some fierce sea-monster, whose teeth had snapped in the effort and been strewn there in the jagged line of Needles. These gleamed up white now out of the waves and pointed straight across the Channel to the mainland. On the right were low-lying, reddish forts, waiting for some enemy to dare their guns. On the left, rising bare and solitary from the highest hill of all, stood the granite cross of Alfred Tennyson, alone, like the man, yet a comfort to weary mariners.

Here, overhanging the Bay, is the Needles Hotel, and beside it rises one of Marconi's tall masts, with braces and halliards to hold it against storm and gale. From the peak hangs down a line of wire that runs through a window into the little sending room where we may now see enacted this mystery of talking through the ether. There are two matter-of-fact young men here who have the air of doing something that is altogether simple. One of them stands at a table with some instruments on it and works a black-handled key up and down. He is saying something to the Poole station over yonder in England, eighteen miles away.

"Brripp — brripp — brripp — brrrrrr. Brripp—brripp—brripp—brrrrrr—brripp—brrrrrr—brripp. Brripp—brripp!"

So talks the sender with noise and deliberation. It is the Morse code working ordinary dots and dashes which can be made into letters and words, as everybody knows. With each movement of the key bluish sparks jump an inch between the two brass knobs of the induction coil, the same kind of coil and the same kind of sparks that are familiar in experiments with the Rontgen rays. For one dot a single spark jumps, for one dash there comes a stream of sparks.

One knob of the induction coil is connected with the earth, the other with the wire hanging from the masthead. Each spark indicates a certain oscillating impulse from the electrical battery that actuates the coil; each one of these impulses shoots through the aërial wire and from the wire through space by oscillations of the ether, travelling at the speed of light, or seven times round the earth in a second. That is all there is in the sending of these Marconi messages.

"I am giving them your message," said the young man presently, "that you will spend the night at Bournemouth and see them in the morning. Is there anything you would like to add?"

"Ask them what sort of weather they are having," I suggested, thinking of nothing better.

"I've asked them," he said, and then struck a vigorous series of V's, three dots and a dash, to show that he had finished. "Now I switch on to the receiver," he explained, and connected the aërial wire with an instrument in a metal box about the size of a valise. "You see, the aërial wire serves both to send the ether waves out and to collect them as they come through space. Whenever a station is not sending it is connected to receive."

"Then you can't send and receive at the same time?"

"We don't want to; we listen first and then talk. There, they're calling us. Hear that?"

Inside the metal box a faint clicking sounded, like a whisper after a hearty tone. And the wheels of a Morse printing apparatus straightway began to turn, registering dots and dashes on a moving tape.

"They send their compliments, and say they will be glad to see you. Ah, here comes the weather—'Looks like snow. Sun is blazing on us at present.'"

It is, perhaps, worthy of note that five minutes later it began to snow on our side of the Channel.

"I must tell you," went on my informant, "why the receiver is put in this metal box. It is to protect it against the influence of the sender, which you observe rests beside it on the table. You can easily believe that a receiver sensitive enough to record impulses from a point eighteen miles away might be disorganised if these impulses came from a distance of two or three feet. But the box keeps them out."

"And yet it is a metal box?"

"Ah, but these waves are not conducted as ordinary electric waves are. These are Hertzian waves, and good conductors for everyday electricity may be bad conductors for them. So it is in this case. You heard the receiver work just now for the message

from Poole, yet it makes no sound while our own sender is going. But look here, I will show you something."

He took up a little buzzer with a tiny battery, such as are used to ring electric bells.

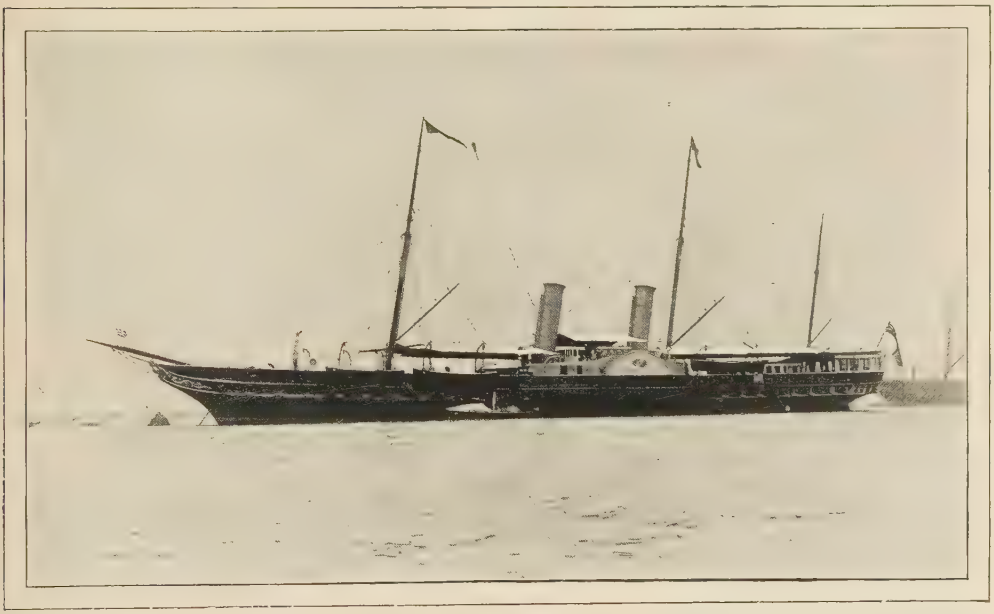
"Now listen. You see, there is no connection between this and the receiver."

He joined two wires so that the buzzer began to buzz, and instantly the receiver responded, dot for dot, dash for dash.

"There," he said, "you have the whole principle of the thing right before you. The feeble impulses of this buzzer are transmitted to the receiver in the same way that the we have sent a message. So another station can always get us in a few minutes. There they are again."

Once more the receiver set up its modest clicking.

"They're asking about a new coherer we're putting in," he said, and proceeded to send the answer back. I looked out across the water, which was duller now under a grey sky. There was something uncanny in the thought that my young friend here, who seemed as far as possible from a magician or supernatural being, was flinging his words across this waste of sea, over the beating



THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE," FROM WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES TELEGRAPHED WITHOUT WIRES.

The sending and receiving wire is suspended from the rope connecting the two mastheads, and can be distinguished by the wire cone near the top.

From a photograph by A. E. Beken.

stronger impulses are transmitted from the induction coil at Poole. Both travel through the ether."

"Why doesn't the metal box stop these feeble impulses as it stops the strong ones of your own sender?"

"It does. The effect of the buzzer is through the aërial wire, not through the box. The wire is connected with the receiver now, but when we are sending it connects only with the induction coil, and the receiver, being cut off, is not affected."

"Then no message can be received when you are sending?"

"Not at the very instant, but, as I said, we always switch back to the receiver as soon as schooners, over the feeding cormorants, to the dim coast of England yonder.

"I suppose what you send is radiated in all directions?"

"Of course."

"Then anyone within an eighteen mile range might receive it?"

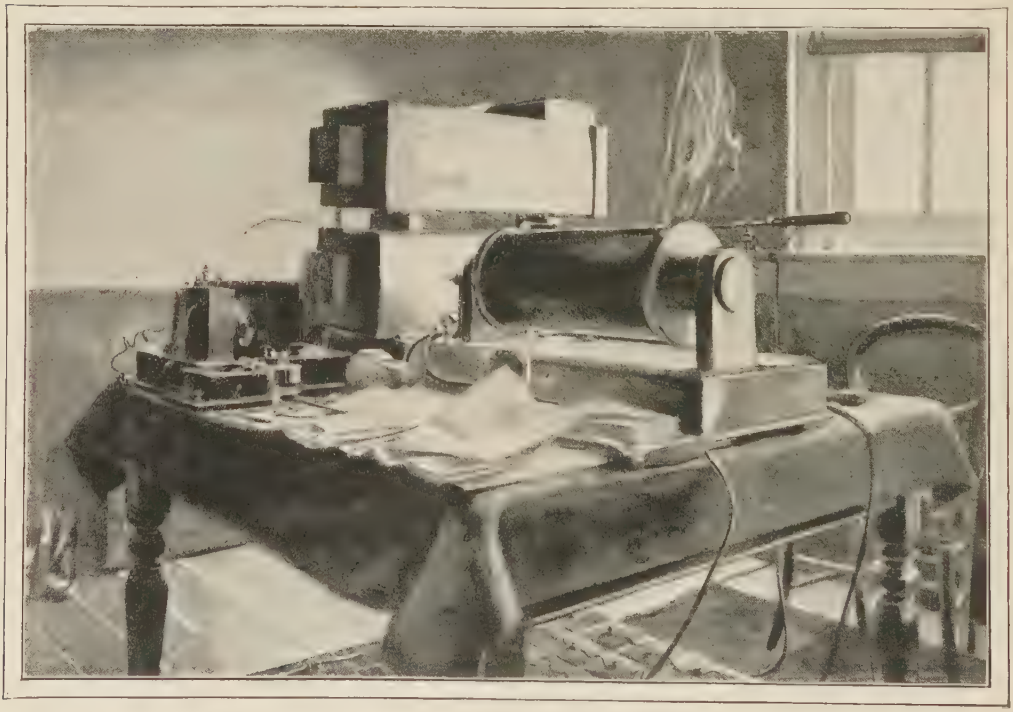
"If they had the proper kind of receiver." And he smiled complacently, which drew further questions from me, and presently we were discussing the relay and the tapper and the twin silver plugs in the neat vacuum tube, all essential parts of Marconi's instrument for catching these swift pulsations in the ether. The tube is made of glass about the thickness of a

thermometer tube and about two inches long. It seems absurd that so tiny and simple an affair can come as a boon to ships and armies, and a benefit to all mankind, yet the chief virtue of Marconi's invention lies here in this fragile coherer. But for this, induction coils would snap their messages in vain, for none could read them.

The silver plugs in this coherer are so close together that the blade of a knife could scarcely pass between them; yet in that narrow slit nestle several hundred minute fragments of nickel and silver, the finest dust, siftings through silk; and these enjoy the strange property (as Marconi discovered) of being alternately very good conductors and very bad conductors for the Hertzian waves—very good conductors when welded together by the passing current into a continuous metal path, very bad conductors when they fall apart under a blow from the tapper. One end of the coherer is connected with the aërial wire, the other with the earth and also with a home battery that works the tapper and the Morse printing instrument.

And the practical operation is this:—When the impulse of a single spark comes through the ether down the wire into the coherer, the particles of metal cohere (hence the name), the Morse instrument prints a dot, and the tapper strikes its little hammer against the glass tube. That blow decoheres the particles of metal and stops the current of the home battery. And each successive impulse through the ether produces the same phenomena of coherence and decoherence, and the same printing of dot or dash. The impulses through the ether would never be strong enough of themselves to work the printing instrument and the tapper, but they are strong enough to open and close a valve (the metal dust) which lets in or shuts out the stronger current of the home battery—all of which is simple enough after someone has taught the world how to do it.

Twenty-four hours later, after a breezy ride across Channel on the self-reliant side-wheeler *Lymington*, then an hour's railway journey and a carriage jaunt of like duration over gorse-spread sand dunes, I found myself at the Poole signal station, really six miles beyond Poole, on a barren promontory. Here the installation is identical with that at the Needles, only on a larger scale, and here two operators are kept



THE APPARATUS EMPLOYED AT SOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE FOR COMMUNICATING WITH THE GOODWIN SANDS LIGHTSHIP AND WITH BOULOGNE.
Drawn from a photograph.

TRANSMITTING-INSTRUMENT AT BOULOGNE STATION.
Drawn from a photograph.

busy at experiments under the direction of Signor Marconi himself and Dr. Erskine-Murray, one of the Company's chief electricians. With this latter I spent a couple of hours in profitable converse.

"I suppose," said I, "this is a fine day for your work?" The sun was shining and the air mild.

"Not particularly," said he; "the fact is, our messages seem to carry best in fog and bad weather. This past winter we have sent through all kinds of gales and storms without a single breakdown."

"Don't thunderstorms interfere with you, or electric disturbances?"

"Not in the least."

"How about the earth's curvature? I suppose that doesn't amount to much from here to the Needles?"

"Doesn't it, though? Look across and judge for yourself. It amounts to 100 feet, at least. You can only see the head of the Needles lighthouse from here, and that must be 150 feet above the sea. And the big steamers pass there hulls and funnels down."

"Then the earth's curvature makes no difference with your waves?"

"It has made none up to twenty-five miles, which we have covered from a ship to shore. And in that distance the earth's dip amounts to about 500 feet. If the curvature counted against us, then the messages would have passed some hundreds of feet over the receiving station; but nothing of the sort happened. So we feel reasonably confident that these Hertzian waves follow around smoothly as the earth curves."

"And you can send messages through hills, can you not?"

"Easily. We have done so repeatedly."

"And you can send in all kinds of weather?"

"We can."

"Then," said I, after some thought, "if neither land, nor sea, nor atmospheric conditions can stop you, I don't see why you can't send messages to any distance."

"So we can," said the electrician, "so we can, given a sufficient height of wire. It has become simply a question now how high a mast you are willing to erect. If you double the height of your mast you can send a message four times as far. If you treble the height of your mast you can send

a message nine times as far. In other words, the law established by our experiments seems to be that the range of distance increases as the square of the mast's height. To start with, you may assume that a wire suspended from an eighty-foot mast will send a message twenty miles. We are doing about that here."

"Then," said I, multiplying, "a mast 160 feet high would send a message eighty miles?"

"Exactly."

"And a mast 320 feet high would send a message 320 miles; and a mast 640 feet high would send a message 1,280 miles; and a mast 1,280 feet high would send a message 5,120 miles?"

"That's right. So, you see, if there were another Eiffel Tower in New York, it would be possible to send messages to Paris through the ether, and get answers, without ocean cables."

"Do you really think that would be possible?"

"I see no reason to doubt it. What are a few thousand miles to this wonderful ether which brings us our light every day from millions of miles."

"Do you use stronger induction coils," I asked, "as you increase the distance of transmission?"

"We have not up to the present, but may do so when we get into the hundreds of miles. A coil with a ten-inch spark, however, is quite sufficient for any distances under immediate consideration."

After this we talked of improvements in the system made by Signor Marconi as the result of experiments kept up continuously since these stations were established nearly two years ago. It was found that a horizontal wire, placed at whatever height, was of practically no value in sending messages. All that counts here is the vertical component. Also that it is better to have the wire conductor suspended out from the mast by a sprit. It was found, furthermore, that by modifying the coherer and perfecting various details of installation, the total efficiency was much increased, so that the vertical conductor could be lowered gradually without disturbing communication. Now they are sending to the Needles with a sixty-foot conductor, whereas at the start a wire with 120 feet vertical height was necessary.

So much for my visits to these pioneer etherial stations (if I may so style them), which gave me a general familiarity with the method of wireless telegraphy and enabled me to question Marconi with greater pertinence during several talks which it was my privilege to have with him. What interested me chiefly was the practical and immediate application of this new system to the world's affairs. And one thing that came to mind, naturally, was the question of privacy or secrecy in the transmission of these aërial messages. In time of war, for instance, would communications between battleships or armies be at the mercy of anyone, including enemies, who might have a Marconi receiver?

On this point Marconi had several things to say. In the first place it was evident that generals and admirals, as well as private individuals, could always protect themselves by sending their despatches in cipher. Then, during active military operations, despatches could often be kept within a friendly radius by lowering the wire on the mast until its transmitting power came within that radius.

Marconi realises, of course, the desirability of being able in certain cases to transmit messages in one and only one direction. To this end he has conducted a special series of experiments with a sending apparatus different from that already described. He uses no wire here but a Righi oscillator placed at the focus of a parabolic copper reflector two or three feet in diameter. The waves sent out by this oscillator are quite different from the others, being only about two feet long instead of three or four hundred feet, and the results, up to the present, are less important than those obtained with the pendant wire. Still, in trials on Salisbury Plain, Marconi and his assistants sent messages perfectly in this way over a distance of a mile and three-quarters, and were able to direct these messages at will by aiming the reflector in one direction or another. It appears that these Hertzian waves, though invisible, may be concentrated by parabolic reflectors into parallel beams and projected in narrow lines just as a bull's-eye lantern projects beams of light. And it was found that a very slight shifting of the reflector would stop the messages at the receiving end. In other words, unless the Hertzian beams fell directly on the receiver there was an end of all communication.

"Do you think," I asked, "you will be able to send these directed messages very much farther than you have sent them already?"

"I am sure we shall," said Marconi. "It is simply a matter of experiment and gradual improvement, as was the case with the undirected waves. It is likely, however, that a

limit for directed messages will be set by the curvature of the earth. This stops the one kind, but not the other."

"And what will that limit be?"

"The same as for the heliograph, fifty or sixty miles."

"And for the undirected messages there is no limit?"

"Practically none. We can do a hundred miles already. That only requires a couple of high church steeples or office buildings. New York and Philadelphia, with their sky-scraping structures, might talk to each other through the ether whenever they wished to try it. And that is only a beginning. My system allows messages to be sent from one moving train to another moving train, or to a fixed point by the tracks; to be sent from one moving vessel to another moving vessel or to the shore, and from lighthouses or signal stations to vessels in fog or distress."

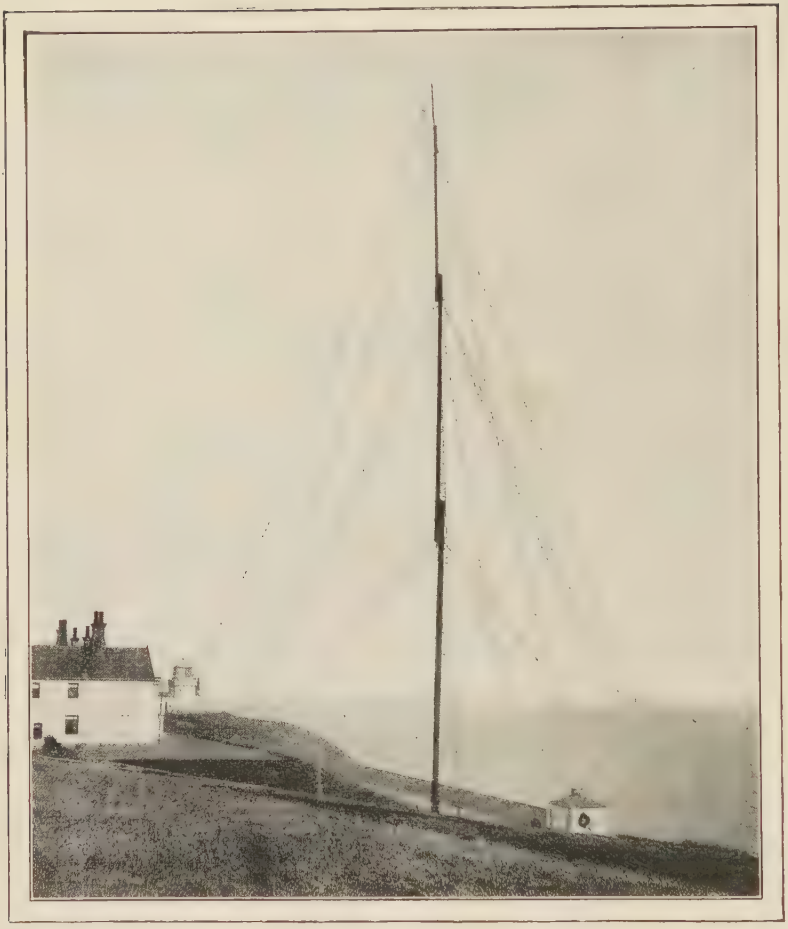
THE EAST GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP.

The Marconi apparatus is seen suspended from the spar at the masthead.

Marconi pointed out one notable case where his system of sending directed waves might render great service to humanity. Imagine a lighthouse or danger-spot in the sea fitted with a transmitter and parabolic reflector, the whole kept turning on an axis and constantly throwing forth impulses in the ether—a series of danger signals, one might call them. It is evident that any vessel fitted with a Marconi receiver would get warning through the ether (say by the automatic ringing of a bell) long before her look-out could see a light or hear any bell or fog-horn. Furthermore, as each receiver gives warning only when its rotating reflector is in one particular position—that is, facing the transmitter—it is evident that the precise location of the alarm station would at once become known to the mariner. In other words the vessel would immediately get her bearings, which is no small matter in a storm or fog.

Again, the case of lightships off shore gives the Marconi system admirable opportunity of replacing cables, which are very expensive and in constant danger of breaking. In December, 1898, the Trinity House Brethren authorised the establishment of wireless communication between the South Foreland lighthouse at Dover and the East Goodwin lightship twelve miles distant; and several times already warnings of wrecks and vessels in distress have reached shore when, but for the Marconi signals, nothing of the danger would have been known. One morning, for instance, in January, during a week of gales, Mr. Kemp, then stationed at the South Foreland lighthouse, was awakened at five o'clock by the receiver bell, and got word forthwith that a vessel was drifting on the deadly Goodwin Sands, firing rockets as she went. At this moment there was so dense a fog-bank between the sands and the shore that the rockets could never have been seen by the coastguards, who were now, however, informed of the crisis by telegraph and were able to put out at once in their lifeboats.

At another time, also in a heavy fog, a warning gun sounded from the lightship, and at once the receiver ticked off:—"Schooner headed for sands. Are trying to make her turn."



MAST AND STATION AT SOUTH FORELAND, NEAR DOVER, ENGLAND, USED BY MARCONI IN TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO BOULOGNE, FRANCE.

From a photograph.

"Has she turned yet?" questioned Kemp.

"No," came the answer. "We've fired another gun."

"Has she turned yet?"

"Not yet. We're going to fire again. There! she turns."

And the danger was over without any call upon the lifeboat men, who might otherwise have laboured hours in the surf to save a vessel that needed no saving.

Another application of wireless telegraphy that promises to become important is in the signalling of incoming and outgoing vessels. With Marconi stations all along the coast it would be possible, even as the discovery stands to-day, for all vessels within twenty-five miles of shore to make their presence known and to send or receive communications. So apparent are the advantages of such a system, that in May, 1898, Lloyds began negotiations for the setting up of instruments at various of their stations; and a preliminary trial was made between Ballycastle and Rathlin Island in the north of Ireland. The distance signalled over here was seven and a half miles, with a high cliff intervening between the two positions. The results of many trials here were more than satisfactory.

I come now to that historic week at the end of March, 1899, when the system of wireless telegraphy was put to its most severe test in experiments across the English Channel between Dover and Boulogne.

These were undertaken by request of the French Government, which is considering a purchase of the rights to the invention in France. During several days that the trials lasted representatives of the Government visited both stations and observed in detail the operations of sending and receiving. Signor Marconi himself, with his chief engineer, Mr. Jameson Davis, explained how the installations had been set up and what they expected to accomplish.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, March 27th, everything being ready, Marconi pressed the sending key for the first cross-Channel message. There was nothing different in the transmission from the method grown familiar now through months at the Alum Bay and Poole stations. Transmitter and receiver were quite the same; a seven-strand copper wire well insulated, and hung

from the sprit of a mast 150 feet high, was used. The mast stood in the sand just at sea level, with no height of cliff or bank to give aid.

"Brripp — brripp — brripp — brripp — brrrrrr," went the transmitter under Marconi's hand, the sparks flashed, and a dozen eyes looked out anxiously upon the sea as it broke fiercely over Napoleon's old fort that rose abandoned in the foreground. Would the message carry all the way to England? Thirty-two miles seemed a long way!

"Brripp — brripp — brrrrrr — brripp — brrrrrr — brripp — brripp."

So he went on deliberately, with a short message telling them over there that he was using a two-centimetre spark, and signing three V's at the end.

Then he stopped, and the room was silent with a straining of ears for some sound from the receiver. A moment's pause and then it came briskly, the usual clicking of dots and dashes as the tape rolled off its message. And there it was, short and commonplace enough, yet vastly important, since it was the first wireless message sent from England to the Continent: First V, the call; then M, meaning "Your message is perfect"; then "Same here": 2 c m s. V. V. V. —the last being an abbreviation for two centimetres and the conventional finishing signal.

And so, without more ado, the thing was done. The Frenchmen might stare and chatter as they pleased, here was something come into the world to stay there. A pronounced success, surely, and everybody said so as messages went back and forth, scores of messages during the following hours and days, and all correct.

I asked one of Marconi's chief engineers if the Boulogne and Dover installation would remain permanent now. He said that depended on the French and English Governments. The latter has a monopoly in England of any system of telegraphy in

THE MAST AND STATION AT BOULOGNE, FRANCE, USED BY MARCONI IN TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO SOUTH FORELAND, ENGLAND.
Drawn from a photograph.

which electric apparatus is used, and all cross-Channel cables are of British ownership.

"There must be a great saving by the wireless system over cables, is there not?" I asked.

"Judge for yourself. Every mile of deep sea cable costs about £150; every mile for the land ends about £200. All that we save, also the great expense of keeping a cable steamer constantly in commission making repairs and laying new lengths. All we need is a couple of masts and a little wire. The wear and tear is practically nothing; the cost of running simply for home batteries and operators' keep."

"How fast can you transmit messages?"

"Just now at the rate of about fifteen words a minute, but we shall do better than that, no doubt, with experience. You have seen how clear our tape reads. Anyone who knows the Morse code will see that they are perfect."

"Do you think there is much field for the Marconi system in overland transmission?"

"In certain cases, yes. For instance, where you can't get the right of way to put up wires and poles. What is a disobliging farmer going to do if you send messages right through his farm, barns and all? Then see the advantage in time of war for quick communication, and no chance that the enemy may cut your wires."

"But they may read your messages."

"That is not so sure, for, besides the possibility of directing the waves with reflectors, Marconi is now engaged in most promising experiments in syntony, which I may describe as the electrical tuning of a particular transmitter to a particular receiver, so that the latter will respond to the former, and no other, while the former will influence the latter and no other. That, of course, is a possibility in the future, but it bids fair soon to be realised. There are even some who maintain that there may be produced as many separate sets of transmitters and receivers capable of working only together as there are separate sets of Yale locks and keys. In that event, any two private individuals might communicate freely without fear of being understood by others. There are possibilities here, granting a limitless number of distinct tunings for transmitter and receiver, that threaten our whole telephone system—I may add our whole newspaper system."

"Our newspaper system?"

"Certainly; the news might be ticked off tapes every hour right into the houses of all subscribers who had receiving instruments tuned to a certain transmitter at a news-distributing station. Then the subscribers would have merely to glance over their tapes to learn what was happening in the world."

We talked after this of other possibilities in wireless telegraphy, and of the services Marconi's invention may render in coming wars.

"If you care to stray a little into the realm of speculation," said the engineer, "there is no doubt our instruments could be made to operate a cable at sea-bottom, just as they could be made to blow up a powder magazine in a beleaguered city, or steer a ship from a distance, or——"

"Steer a ship from a distance?" I interrupted.

"Certainly; a small one—say a lightship—with no one aboard her."

"How could you steer her?"

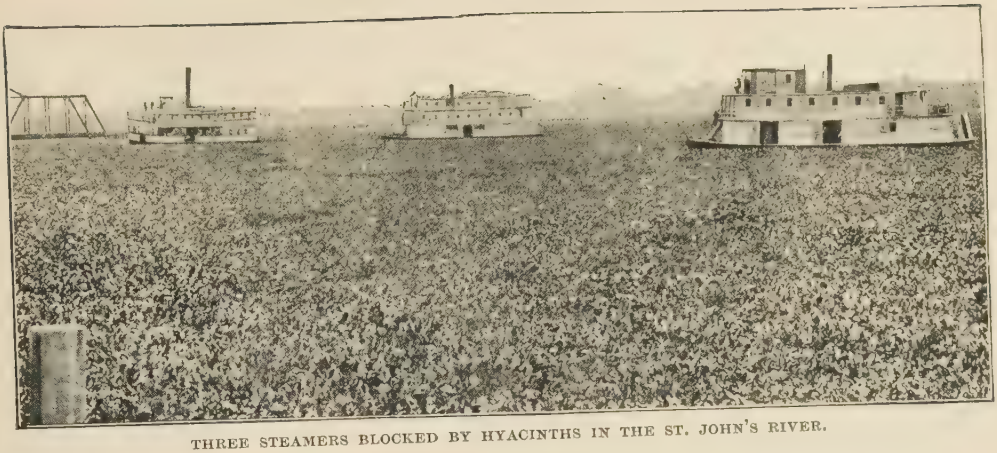
"Oh, by a simple arrangement of commutators and relays. It isn't worth while going into the thing, but you could send one signal through the ether that would part her cables—say by an explosive tube or a simple fusing process. Then you could send another signal that would open her throttle valve and start her engines. Of course I'm assuming fires up and boilers full. Then you could send other signals that would put her helm to starboard or port, and so on. And straightway your lightship would go where you wanted her to. There may not seem to be much sense in steering an empty lightship about, but don't you see the vast usefulness in warfare of such control over certain other craft? Think a moment."

He smiled mysteriously while I thought.

"You mean torpedo craft?"

"Exactly. The warfare of the future will have startling things in it; perhaps the steering of torpedo craft from a distance will be counted in the number. But we may leave the details to those who will work them out."

And here, I think, we may leave the whole fascinating subject, in the hope that we have seen clearly what already is, and with a half-discernment what is yet to be.



THREE STEAMERS BLOCKED BY HYACINTHS IN THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

A RIVER CHOKED WITH HYACINTHS.

By Walter Akroydd.

Illustrated from photos by A. P. Lewis, *Adrian, U.S.A.*

AGRICULTURISTS in this country suffer considerable inconvenience from various natural pests, but it is doubtful whether any of their grievances can compare in magnitude with that which at the present moment is occupying the attention of residents on the banks of the St. John's River and its tributaries, in Florida. For several years they have been strenuously battling against the plague of the hyacinth plant, which has invaded their waterways, seriously hindering navigation, reducing the fishing and lumbering industries to a comparative standstill, and inflicting severe pecuniary loss upon those who depend on the last two occupations for their livelihood. Indeed, the plague has reached a stage so serious that the War Department of the United States recently investigated the matter, and bills were presented to Congress formulating suggestions for remedying the evil. So far, however, the plants have triumphed.

This curious nuisance possesses many peculiar characteristics, the most salient of which is the fact that this particular hyacinth will only thrive in water or in places where the soil is very marshy. As a rule, however, it simply floats upon the surface of the water, without any attachment whatever of its roots to the soil, and under these conditions it flourishes much the more luxuriantly. Its prolific growth is, indeed, a matter for marvel, and has caused much uneasiness among the inhabitants of the district, for the streams, rivers, creeks, and ponds are covered with dense masses of hyacinth plants, packed so closely together, in many cases, as to render the water quite invisible.

As will be seen from one of our illustrations, the flower is not of that pretty bell-shape which characterises the bloom of the hyacinth or bluebell as we know them in Europe, nor is the range of colours so varied, the flowers being invariably either of a light blue or violet hue. Lack of variety in tint is compensated by the profusion of bloom which distinguishes the plant. In springtime, when the flowers are in full bloom, a large expanse of these delicately tinted blossoms provides a very striking picture. The leaves grow to a considerable size, a bunch of stems frequently averaging from one to two feet in height. The roots also grow, in many cases, to a length of three feet, and exceptional growths measuring eight feet from the top of the flower to the tip of the longest tendril of the root are occasionally found.

It is not definitely known when this plant first made its appearance in the St. John's River, but it would seem that a pond at Edgewater, four miles above the town of Palatka, was first infested with it. In 1890 this sheet of water was cleaned out and the plants heedlessly thrown into the river. The sluggish waters of the latter appear to have been quite as congenial to the plants as that of the pond from which they had been so

summarily removed. At any rate, they grew luxuriantly and produced heavy clusters of bloom, which rendered the river quite beautiful at the spot. Settlers and travellers to the neighbourhood were much attracted by the pretty sight, and, ignorant of the multiplying propensities of the plant, carried away specimens to grow in the river nearer home to vary the beauty of its existing

THE WATER-HYACINTH PLANT IN BLOOM.

vegetation. Four years later the fishermen in the river took alarm at the ubiquity of the hyacinth, when they began to suffer inconvenience through the frequent entanglement of the weed with their nets. Steamboats also had their progress retarded by huge clumps of hyacinths sufficient to bring vessels to a standstill when they came in contact with them.

At the present moment the hyacinth infests the St. John's River for a distance of over 200 miles, the banks on either side of the waterway being fringed with a border of the plant varying from twenty-five to two hundred feet in width, while it is estimated that the total amount of coast-line affected is considerably over 1,000 miles in extent. The main reason why the hyacinth has obtained such a firm hold on the St. John's River lies in the sluggishness of the stream, which runs at the rate of only about one and a half miles an hour. In the tributaries of this river, where the current travels at about four miles per hour, the plant has no chance of obtaining a hold, the swift current tearing it away from the banks and carrying it into the St. John's River. So far other rivers have been kept free from the nuisance, but as there is always a possibility of its being introduced into other waters by uninquiring admirers of its beauty, Mr. Herbert J. Webber, an assistant in the Division of Vegetable Physiology and Pathology of the United States Department of Agriculture, who was instructed by that Board to investigate the plague, has wisely suggested that the State of Florida should enact laws forbidding the introduction of the water-hyacinth into lakes and ponds having an outlet, for once the plant obtains a footing it can never be entirely eradicated.

Those settlers who encouraged the cultivation of the water-hyacinth ten years ago are now reaping the fruits of their action. As may be seen from our illustrations, the river at the part affected is covered with a dense mat of the plants stretching from one side to the other. At this spot the river is exactly one mile wide, so that a very comprehensive idea of the supremacy of the plant may be gathered. Small boats with screw-propellers find it impossible to make headway, as the plants become entangled in the screws so that they cannot revolve. Side paddle-wheel steamers fare better, but are often brought to a complete standstill. In this case the difficulty is that the plants collect between the wheel and the bulkheads, making a thick,

TWO TUG-BOATS TOWING VESSEL THROUGH THE WATER-HYACINTHS.

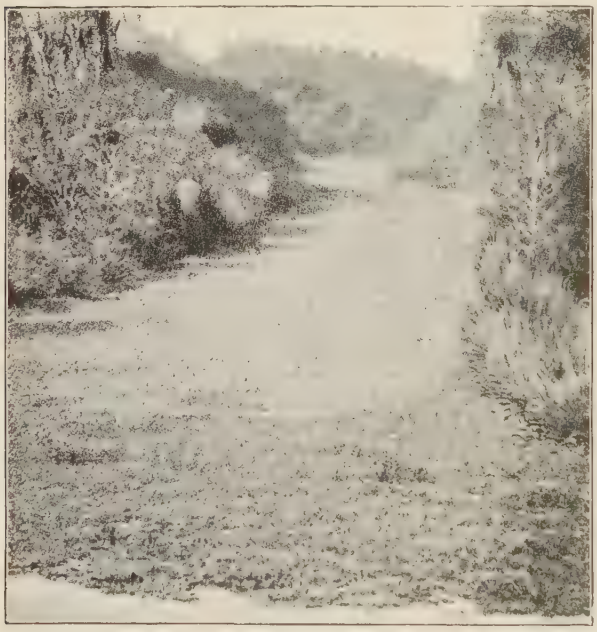
impenetrable blanket, so that it is often absolutely impossible to reverse the engines. On one occasion no less than three excursion steamers were blocked by the plants, unable to move one way or the other. Steamers with low-pressure engines have their injection pipes choked, so that sufficient water cannot be obtained for the condensers. Occasionally this evil is remedied by blowing a powerful jet of steam through the injection pipes, but this is an extremely hazardous course, for injection pipes are not constructed for the purpose of withstanding heavy pressure applied from within. And the navigator's trouble is still further increased by the presence of pieces of wood and other *débris* which lie concealed among the plants and are not revealed until the vessel crashes into them. In fact, so great has the menace to navigation become that, unless some very drastic method is resorted to for the removal of the hyacinths, the river traffic to and from Palatka will cease, and this would be a severe blow to the town, as, at

THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, A MILE WIDE AT PALATKA BRIDGE, BUT COMPLETELY COVERED BY THE WATER-HYACINTH.

the present moment, eight large steamers ply regularly up and down the river, carrying mails, freight, and passengers.

But not only has navigation suffered severely from the nuisance. The timber industry has also been greatly reduced, for logs cannot be rafted down the river as they were when the waterway was quite clear. The amount of timber exported from Palatka is about 55,000,000 feet per annum, representing a value of some £20,000. It is estimated that from the difficulty in rafting the logs the timber merchants suffer an approximate loss of £6,000 every year.

Fishermen, too, have been severely handicapped in following their vocation, on account



A FLORIDA CREEK COVERED WITH WATER-HYACINTHS.

of their inability to manipulate their nets among the plants. Occasionally open spaces occur, so that the nets may be lowered; but this is a risky undertaking, as the nets are caught up by the drifting hyacinths and carried away. Something like five hundred men are engaged in this industry upon the banks of the St. John's River, and the outlook for them is by no means prosperous. One large employer of fishing labour reckons that he has experienced a loss of about £200 a year through damage to nets, loss of time, and depreciation in the results of the catches.

Another and much graver danger is that the hyacinths impede the flow of the water. When heavy rainfalls or floods occur the small islands of plants are caught up by the current and carried rapidly along until further progress is barred by a bridge. Here the weed collects and forms a formidable dam. The pressure of the water accordingly becomes tremendous, and either the barrier succumbs or the surrounding country is flooded. In the year 1894, during a flood, the plants collected in this manner against the foundations of a railway bridge that spanned the river at Rice Creek, and some sixty-five feet of the trestles were destroyed, while at another bridge men had to be specially employed to push the plants through, so that the waters should be allowed to continue their natural course and not desolate the neighbouring country.

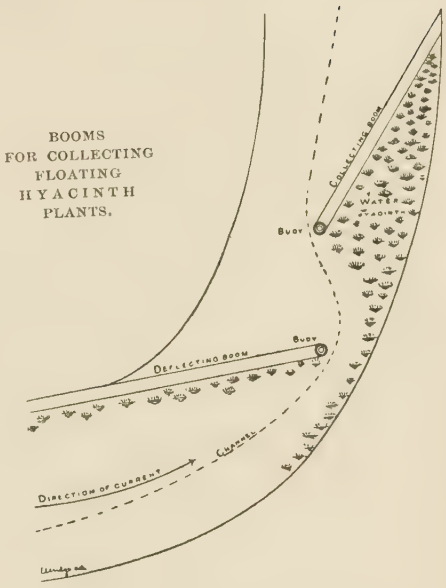
Various schemes have been advanced for exterminating the plant, but it is generally accepted that its complete banishment is absolutely impossible, owing to the firm footing which it has obtained, so that the only hope now is to hold it well under control. Strange to say, cattle thrive upon it wonderfully, and hundreds of animals may be seen along the shores of the St. John's River in winter grazing on the weed with great relish. But it is doubtful whether this utilisation of the water-hyacinth will be sufficiently extensive to keep it in check, consequently more formidable weapons of war have been suggested. The assistant engineer of the War Department recommends the construction of a light draft stern-wheel-steamer, having a double bow or outrigger which, on being forced into a mass of plants, would cause them to gather toward the middle of the boat, where an inclined carrier would pick them up and deposit them in front of rollers driven by machinery. These rollers, in turn, would force the water from them, thus greatly reducing their bulk. The crushed material could then be delivered to barges alongside, to be deposited where it could not cause any further injury.

This process, however, would be very expensive, for the steamers would have to be retained in constant employment in order to keep the waterway clear for navigation. Absolute extirpation, though very much desired, is regarded as completely out of the question, since that would mean the unending task of destroying every single plant, root, and seed from which a new growth could

possibly spring. The only expedient, therefore, to which resort can be made is to keep the surface of the river comparatively free from the weed by means of these steamers. But even this drastic method is fraught with difficulty, as the crushing machinery is liable to be constantly injured and made of no effect by the logs, driftwood, and general rubbish brought down by the stream and strongly entangled in the luxuriant growth of the objectionable plant.

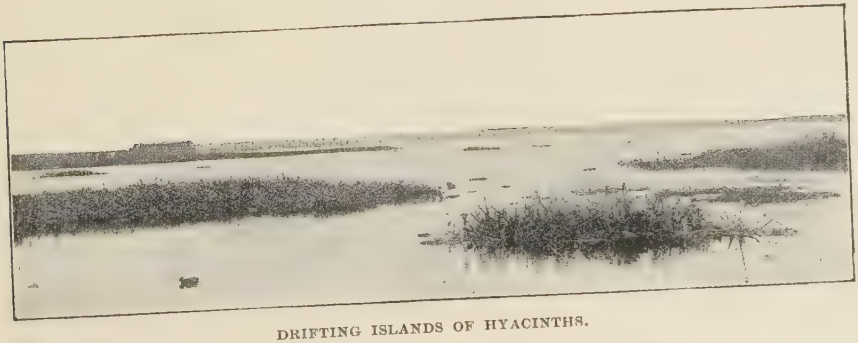
Another suggestion is the arrangement of two booms, as shown in our illustration. The plants travelling with the current strike the deflecting boom and round the buoy at the end. As the course of the current has been diverted by the collecting boom, the plants are arrested by the latter and brought to a standstill. They can then be removed from the river, to be burned or otherwise destroyed. Strange to say, the water-hyacinth is killed directly it comes into contact with salt water or other impurities, and it has been suggested that destructive substances should be placed in the water. So far, however, none of these schemes have been systematically carried into effect.

There is, however, another expedient by which this pest might be kept in check—the introduction and spread of its natural enemies. After prolonged, careful search Mr. Webber has discovered a disease which he considers would do widespread damage among the hyacinth plants. This is a parasite fungus which attacks the leaves in spots and in time completely kills it. It is interesting to recall the fact that a somewhat similar evil—the water weed—infested several of the rivers and canals of this country many years ago to such an extent that navigation was seriously threatened. Although botanical experts devoted their



BOOMS FOR COLLECTING FLOATING HYACINTH PLANTS.

energies to the discovery of some disease that would have fatal effect upon the weed, all their attempts for some time proved unavailing. At last, however, they were spared further efforts in this direction, for the plant suddenly began to decrease in profusion, and in a short while disappeared altogether. This sudden and complete extinction of the water weed was attributed to the presence of natural enemies in the water in which the plant had previously flourished. Mr. Webber, therefore, urges that extensive search should be made in the natural haunts of this leaf-spotting fungus for the purpose of introducing it among the hyacinths in large quantities. If it does not entirely kill off the plants, it will at any rate serve to keep their growth in check.



DRIFTING ISLANDS OF HYACINTHS.

ON A HAYSTACK.

By Charles Kennett Burrow.

Illustrated by St. Clair Simmons.

IT was three o'clock in the afternoon: luncheon had come to a placid termination an hour before, and Waythorpe, having nothing to do, was at loose ends. There was no more delightful country house within forty miles of London than Mrs. Stanmore's, and her guests, as a rule, were so carefully selected that they fitted in with one another as comfortably as the pieces of a puzzle; but Waythorpe, for once, could not find his place. As I have said, he had nothing to do, and everyone else appeared to be intent on some occupation which any addition might have embarrassed. Now, although in some circumstances it is easy enough to do nothing alone, there are occasions when it may be eminently desirable to do nothing with somebody else, and Waythorpe felt that he was in the clutch of one of these occasions. Idleness is one of the pleasantest occupations in the world, but, to a trustful conscience, it becomes a positive virtue when another person, in like case, is near at hand. Waythorpe felt this profoundly as he wandered from room to room.

In the drawing-room he found half a dozen people, all reading or chatting or pretending to work.

"Is there anyone here," he asked, generally, "who'd like to come and do nothing with me?"

"We're all busy, as you see," Mrs. Stanmore said. "Ethel was here half an hour ago; I'm sure she would have sympathised with you, but she has disappeared."

"Miss Stanmore is the best lounger I know, if I may say so. Do you happen to know where she's gone?"

"Unfortunately, I haven't a notion," said Mrs. Stanmore. Waythorpe withdrew, determined to find Ethel if she were accessible. He made his way to the library, which was empty and deliciously cool: he would have remained there if Mrs. Stanmore's information had not put the spirit of a treasure-hunter into him. Next he went to the smoking-room, which appeared to be tenanted by placid sleepers—there was certainly no lady there. After that he crossed to the billiard-room, where two enthusiasts, in their shirt-sleeves, were playing 300 up, crawling to the total by preposterous breaks of ten or so.

"I suppose I'm not wanted here, Mansell?" asked Waythorpe.

"You may mark if you like."

"No, thanks; that would be work. Is there anyone about the place who wants to do nothing?"

"Well, of all the lazy beggars——" said the second player.

"I saw Miss Stanmore going towards the farm not long ago," said Mansell; "she didn't look as though she meant to do much."

"But why towards the farm, I wonder?"

"Don't ask me, Waythorpe; go and find her!"

"When you fellows want a lesson in billiards I'm at your service, you know. Mansell can no more play than an owl!"

"Go away!" said Mansell. "What's the matter with you?"

"I think it's the heat. It must be awful down there in the valley."

"I dare say it is; but if you're not going to mark I wish you'd clear out."

"You're a charming fellow, Mansell, but, as I said, you can no more play than——" Waythorpe dexterously avoided a piece of chalk and retired.

He put on a straw hat and wandered out into the sunshine. It was, indeed, terribly hot, and his first instinct was to seek out a shady spot, throw a handkerchief over his face, and go to sleep. But he remembered Miss Stanmore and the farm, and determined to try to find the lady before he weakly succumbed to the influences of the weather. Besides, he rather particularly wished to see Miss Stanmore alone, which was no easy matter in a houseful of guests, most of whom were intimate friends, and one, at least, would have liked to be more.

He crossed the garden, then slowly passed through a gate that gave upon a private road, and presently vaulted a stile and found himself in the farm premises. It was a modern farm, conducted at considerable loss by Mrs. Stanmore, which fact probably accounted for the enthusiasm with which she regarded it. Everything was very neat, very clean, very

elaborately fitted—in a word, very unbusiness-like; for it all indicated that far more money was spent than could possibly have been paid out of the profits. However, from Waythorpe's point of view it was a much pleasanter place to wander round than an ordinary farm, so he commenced his search for Miss Stanmore by mentally complimenting her mother.

But although he sought diligently, he found nothing to reward his toil. He looked at the pigs, which were all asleep, and concluded that he did not like them much; he examined some bullocks critically, paid a visit to the poultry-yard, dropped into the stables (which were sometimes called the "drawing-rooms" by jealous neighbours) and spent a pleasant ten minutes with the horses; but wherever he went he found nothing that suggested Miss Stanmore. Everything, too, was asleep, and he began to wonder whether he himself was really awake; a somnolent enchantment appeared to brood over the world; the very spirit of summer itself seemed drowned in rest.

"Ethel Stanmore was lying there, asleep."

At last he came to a gate, and naturally he leant upon it in a kind of dream. From that point the land sloped steadily down into the valley; his eye wandered over miles of quiet country, across the Weald of Sussex, shimmering in a blue haze, to the distant South Downs, which looked like a bank of cloud on the horizon. At the other side of the gate was a grass-field, and in one corner of it a hay-stack, flat-topped, protected by a canvas awning. The space between the stack and the awning presented a haven of shade, and Waythorpe made towards it as a bather makes for the sea. The question of gaining the summit suggested itself as he approached, but that difficulty vanished when he reached the place, for on the other side of the rick, conveniently placed for mounting, he found a ladder.

"The quest of the lady," he thought, as he set foot on the lowest rung, "has failed; but the gods are seldom vindictive, and they have, at least, guided me to a place where I can follow the example of the rest of the world, and go to sleep."

But the gods, remembering their own experience of the ways of men, are sometimes moved to beautiful kindnesses; for as Waythorpe's head rose above the top of the rick he beheld a sight that sent the blood spinning to his heart. The shaded platform was already tenanted—Ethel Stanmore was lying there, and she, like everything else on that amazing afternoon, was asleep.

For a moment Waythorpe gazed silently, not daring to move—and, indeed, the sight before him was sufficiently entrancing to have stirred the pulses of a less susceptible man. The girl lay there, lengthways of the rick, with her face turned in the direction of the ladder; but the approach had been left unguarded, sleep had played the traitor, and she was caught. She had taken off her hat, and her cheek rested against a curved arm; the movement of her breath made a little rustling in the loose hay, her left hand, palm upwards, lay within a yard of him. He resisted a sudden impulse to tickle it with a piece of grass, and, instead, drew a deep inspiration and said, "By Jove!" very softly.

And then a rather curious thing happened, for, as Waythorpe's foot left the last rung, the ladder slipped, and, just as he landed safely, it fell to the ground—not noisily or without discretion, but very quietly, dragging its end against the rick as it descended. He could not for his life have said whether he was in any way consciously responsible for that incident; it was just one of those occurrences which almost enter the region of metaphysics.

Instead of disposing himself to sleep, which, in the circumstances, was impossible, he sat down to watch. He felt like the fairy prince, but had not the courage to call the princess back to the waking world by the usual method; indeed, after a time he felt that the situation might be rather embarrassing to the lady, and he began to cast about in his mind for some means of making his presence seem inevitable; the fallen ladder supplied the very excuse he needed—there it lay; his retreat, and hers also, was cut off. He was on the point of indicating his arrival by a judicious cough, when Miss Stanmore opened her eyes, started up on to one elbow, and gazed at him in amused surprise.

"Mr. Waythorpe!" she cried, "how on earth did you get here?"

"From the ground."

"How did you know I was here?"

"I didn't know; it was all accident, the happiest accident."

"I thought perhaps you'd been looking for me," she said.

"Well, so I had, but I'd given up the search; and then, of course, when I least expected it, I found you."

"It's a jolly place, isn't it?"

"Perfect," said Waythorpe.

"Ever since I can remember there's been a rick in this corner; when I came home from school in the summer I used almost to live on it."

"That was before I knew you."

"It's only three years ago."

"But I've only known you for eighteen months."

"Is that all? Why, you seem quite like an old friend." Waythorpe did not feel in the least like an old friend, but he did not say so.

"And what did you do up here?" he asked. "I suppose you weren't always asleep?"

"How absurd! Of course not! I used to play Robinson Crusoe, and desert islands, and alone on a raft, and things of that sort."

"We might play now," Waythorpe suggested.

"I don't think it would do," she said, shaking her head; "it wouldn't be a bit convincing, and there's no good in playing at play."

"I daresay you're right; all one's illusions die after one has passed eighteen."

"Oh, no!"

"After twenty, then."

"No—the true ones never die."

"But if they're true, they're not illusions!"

"Please talk about something else—you're getting very unpractical, Mr. Waythorpe."

"There were several things I wanted to say before I found you, but I daresay they were illusions—like the others."

She said nothing, but glanced over the edge of the rick; Waythorpe did the same thing on his side; it occurred to him that for complete isolation their position was singularly well disposed.

"After all," he said, "it doesn't need much imagination to transform this into a raft, floating on a sea of summer."

"No," she said; "there is the very calm, green sea; we have a kind of sail above us,—it's a funny shape, but that doesn't matter;

but how are you going to account for the trees?"

"They represent islands—tropical islands in the South Seas."

"And we're sailing straight for the South Downs?"

"No, no—say to Upolu or Samoa."

"And there isn't a cloud in the sky!"

"And we are alone: this is our world! What could be better than to go sailing on and on like this for ever?"

"If we only were sailing!" Ethel cried. "But, after all, this is only a rick, and we're not moving at all, and I'm sure we should have gone in to tea an hour ago."

"Hang tea!" said Waythorpe. "Do you want any?"

"It seems rather a long way to go for it, doesn't it?"

"Then let's stay where we are." There are times when a man loathes the mere notion of tea, with its clicking cups, its subdued conversation, its persistent call for small efforts. This escape made Waythorpe breathe freely again.

"I find," he said, "that the older one gets, the less interesting tea, as an institution, becomes; I speak, of course, from a man's point of view."

"I've often wondered whether men really enjoyed it."

"Personally, you know, this kind of thing suits me much better, even without the tea."

"That's because it's more unusual, I suppose."

"It is more unusual, certainly; but that isn't quite what I meant. Don't you think, when two people are together, like this, isolated, as it were, and above the world, things seem simpler? It's so difficult, with crowds of people buzzing about, to realise that life is a very simple business, after all."

"'Why didn't you think of that before?' she asked."

"That doesn't sound at all modern, Mr. Waythorpe."

"I daresay not, and a good thing, too! You find it simple, don't you?" She rested her chin between thumb and forefinger to think about it; after a time she said—

"Well, you see, I've had so little experience that I really don't know. It's certainly amusing."

"Never serious?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes; but even serious things may be amusing."

"As, for instance," said Waythorpe, "such a matter as the loss of our ladder."

"Our ladder?"

"Just as I reached the top it fell down. There it is, lying quite innocently ever so many feet away." She crossed over to his side to look at it, and presently sat down by him.

"The nasty thing!" she said.

"It was inconsiderate, wasn't it? This is a kind of desert island, you see, after all. Shall I fly a signal of distress, or call for help?"

"Oh, no!" she cried. Waythorpe smiled as he gazed tenderly at the offending ladder.

"It was, as you say, very nasty of it to drop," he murmured. "But," he added, "I'm rather glad it did, because it makes us companions in adversity, and they are always confidential."

"How on earth are we to get down?"

"We'll think about that later, if you don't mind. . . . I told you that I'd been looking for you this afternoon, didn't I?"

"Yes," she said.

"Well, to tell you the candid truth, I wanted to make love to you!" Ethel did not move, she did not even start; Waythorpe paused until, as it were, his words had soaked into the silence. Then he went on, "That's rather a brutal way of putting it, isn't it? But I'm not much of a hand at wrapping things up; and if my illusion has to die, it may as well be killed suddenly. I'm glad, though, that you believe so firmly in illusions!"

"I said, in true illusions."

"Yes, in true ones. Now, on my side there's no illusion at all—I know I love you—there's no mistake there; but I had an idea that you might care for me—and if that was an illusion, you see, I'm done!"

There was another long pause, and the haystack became as profoundly silent as the sleeping country that it overlooked. Nothing stirred; the shadow of a rook flying over the field seemed to accentuate the stillness. At last Ethel said—

"I don't think it was an illusion—altogether!"

It may be observed that the indirect question and answer are always more pleasing, and certainly easier, than the direct; to leave something unsaid broadens the horizon; the simple "Yes" or "No" snaps with the abruptness of a closing door.

"We must really go," said Ethel, after a blissful half hour in which the pair had come to a perfect understanding. "But how are we going to get down?"

"Oh, that's easy enough, dear girl," said Waythorpe. He slipped over the edge of the rick, clinging on by his fingers, and dropped; it was a long drop, but he had done more dangerous things under much less stirring circumstances. Then he raised the ladder to its place, and the girl descended laughing.

"Why didn't you think of that before?" she asked.

"I did think of it—but I was in no hurry, and I had something to say to you."

"And you said it."

"And I said it, my sweetest girl!"

Photo by Thomas] LORD'S PAVILION ON AN ETON AND HARROW DAY. [*Cheapside.*

THE HEADQUARTERS OF CRICKET.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE PAVILION AT LORD'S.

BY

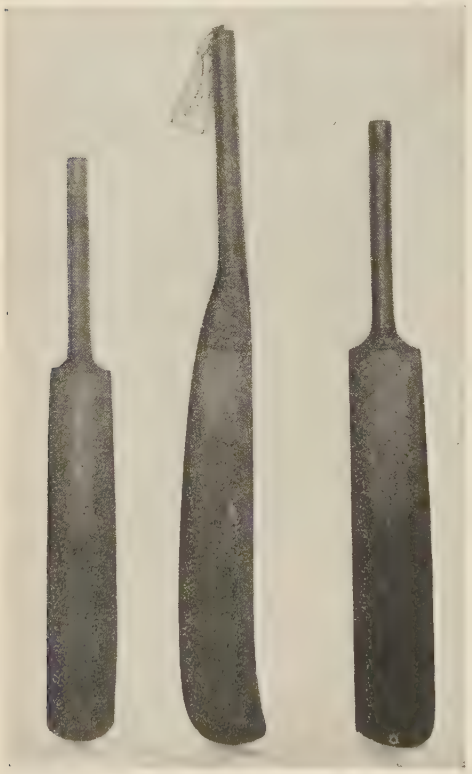
M. Randal Roberts.

THE Marylebone Club is the cricketers' Mecca. Every schoolboy worth his salt, from the time he first handles a bat, looks forward to the day when he can don the famous colours and enjoy all the delights and privileges of membership of the M.C.C. Old members, when their days for active play are over, gravitate to Lord's on fine summer afternoons as surely as steel filings are attracted to the magnet. No self-respecting old Blue would absent himself from Lord's pavilion on the occasion of the 'Varsity match any more than the Chancellor of the Exchequer would keep away from the House of Commons on Budget night. Among the members there are certain old cricketing Nestors whose proud boast it is that for forty years they have never missed a match of importance at Lord's, and who hope to continue the same programme, if they live, another forty. What a chance for the cricket chronicler if he could only secure a seat among those veterans. They are most of them full of reminiscences and could supply him with enough gossip about bygone heroes to fill half a dozen ponderous tomes. While discussing the ever fresh story of famous cricket matches, an enthusiastic member told the writer last season that he could walk blindfold from the pavilion to the exact spot on the ground where the wicket was pitched in the historic match twenty-one years ago, when the Australians suddenly leaped into fame by beating a powerful M.C.C. team in a single day.

The M.C.C. is the hub of the cricket universe. I am aware that I have previously called it the Mecca, but a variety of metaphors seem to come naturally when dealing with what the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton terms the great, glorious, and unsurpassable subject of cricket. The Australians would rather win the match played at Lord's than any of the other test matches. No matter what the performances of the team elsewhere, no visit of the Colonials would be considered a failure if it were illumined by a victory over England at Lord's. But, by a curious perversity of fate, Lord's has never proved a happy hunting ground to any of the Australian elevens. Of the seven matches against England played on the ground of St. John's Wood Road, only one, that in 1888, has been won by the Australians. Moreover, except in 1878, they have never succeeded in beating a team of the M.C.C. at headquarters. The two most terrible disasters that have ever befallen Australian and English cricket are associated with Lord's. In 1878 the first Australian team dismissed an eleven of the M.C.C. for a paltry nineteen, and it is still fresh in everyone's memory how, after waiting

eighteen years for revenge, the M.C.C. got rid of the last Australian eleven for eighteen runs, the smallest score ever made by an Australian eleven in this country.

By the courtesy of Mr. F. E. Lacey, the secretary of the M.C.C., the writer a few weeks ago was allowed to explore with a camera the inmost recesses of the pavilion at Lord's. Though it is known as the pavilion, it is in reality a most capacious clubhouse. Every cricket lover, among Londoners at any rate, is familiar with the external appearance of the famous building,



BATS, FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF LORD BESSBOROUGH, THE HARROW COACH, AND MERCER.
Now in the Pavilion at Lord's.

but an acquaintance with its interior is rigidly reserved for members and their friends. To the inexperienced eye the large room shown in our last photograph looks like what the young lady novelist would describe as the banqueting room in a baronial hall. As a matter of fact this room is not devoted to banqueting at all, baronial or otherwise. It is simply a gigantic lounge room, where the members do mostly congregate on the occasion of a big match when the icy zephyrs of our English summer make sitting on the benches outside too risky an amusement. From the windows in this room a perfect view is to be had of the playing portion of the ground and all that thereon is.

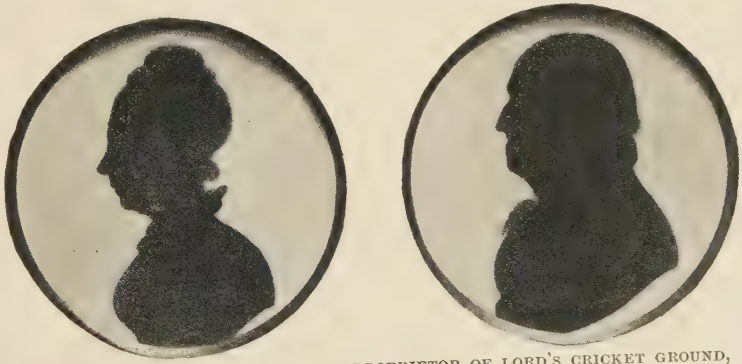
Every room in the pavilion is lavishly decorated with interesting cricket pictures, some of which are reproduced here. The print of the match between teams composed of one-armed and one-legged cricketers—such a match was actually played about ninety years ago — is absolutely unique. Then, in the bar, there is a photograph of a mixed team of Englishmen and Fiji Islanders. The Fijians, whose cricket costume looks something like a cross between bathing raiment and a footballer's garb, rejoice in such mouth-filling names as Nailovolovo, Tuisawau, Epeli, and Kadavulevu. Beside these oddments there are cricketing sketches by Mr. G. F. Watts, and portraits of all the presidents of the Club from its foundation till the reign of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, in the present year of grace.

In Mr. Lacey's room stand three bats, two of which will always be regarded with interest by every old Harrovian. They used to belong to Lord Bessborough, who coached the Harrow boys for so many years and who was one of the founders of the Zingari, and from their appearance probably saw a great deal of active service in his hands; one of these bats, it will be observed, is much smaller than the other. The third is a left-handed bat which was at one time the property of Mercer, a batsman who some time in the Dark Ages used to make a lot of runs for Kent. In this room there is also an interesting cricket card containing the details of the record score of 1,094 made by Melbourne University against Essendon in Australia, in March last year.

The antiquarian, however, who visits Lord's pavilion will probably pause longest before two cases of bats which stand in the room of one of Mr. Lacey's assistants. One of these cases, containing bats belonging to the Scott family, was presented to the M.C.C. by the Duke of Buccleuch. Some of these bats date back nearly a hundred and fifty years, and most of them have been eaten by worms into a state of unsubstantial hollowness. The case in which they are preserved is, as far as possible, air-tight, and my request that the bats should be taken out, so that they could be photographed individually, was peremptorily refused on the very reasonable ground that they would very possibly dissolve into dust on being exposed to the air. One

very remarkable bat belonging to a member of the Buccleuch family is absent from the collection—the bat with which Lord George Scott made his historic score of 100 in the Oxford and Cambridge match of 1887.

The bats in the other case are also worm-eaten and jet black with age. Many of them were once wielded by the heroes of the cricket field a hundred years ago, but undoubtedly the most interesting in this collection is Fuller Pilch's bat. For the benefit of those readers of the WINDSOR who may not be versed in cricket lore it may perhaps be explained that Fuller Pilch was probably the finest all-round cricketer in the world seventy years ago. He was the originator of what is known as "forward play," and it was largely owing to him that Kent obtained her pre-eminence among the cricket counties half a century ago. He was born in 1803, and died in 1870, so that it is quite possible that some of the older of the present generation of players may have actually seen him bat. Pilch's only real rival was Alfred Mynn. Those were the days of single wicket matches, and in this form of the game each of them could overcome with ease and affluence any antagonist rash enough to challenge either of them. A match between the two champions would have been regarded with as much interest as a match between England and Australia at the present day, but either because they both belonged to the same county, or because each was afraid of the other, such a match never came off.



MR. THOMAS LORD, THE ORIGINAL PROPRIETOR OF LORD'S CRICKET GROUND, AND HIS WIFE.

From a print, presented to M.C.C. by Mr. Walter Townsend, 1897, and now hanging in the Pavilion at Lord's.

Pilch and Mynn must have been to Kent in those days what the Graces were afterwards to Gloucestershire.

> And with five such mighty cricketers 'twas but natural to win,
> As Felix, Wenman, Hillyer, Fuller Pilch, and Alfred Mynn.

The M.C.C. celebrated its centenary in 1887, as all cricket enthusiasts remember, and consequently is 112 years old. In the beginning it was an offshoot of White Conduit Club, which in the latter half of the last century was the most important cricket club in London. One Thomas Lord was engaged at that club in the dual capacity of half attendant and half bowler. Dissensions however, arose among the members, and Lord was requested to prospect the neighbourhood for a new ground. The ground he finally selected was the space which is now known as Dorset Square. Thither the schismatics followed him, and Lord's ground came into being. At the outset of its career the M.C.C. was thus simply a proprietary club "bossed" by Lord. The Club kept its habitation for two years at Dorset Square, when, in consequence of a demand for an increased rent from the landlord, it changed its site to North Bank, a position some few hundred yards distant from where Lord's at present stands. At North Bank the Club remained for a very brief period before it removed to its present abode. Just eleven years after this last migration of the Club it was threatened with sudden dissolution owing to Lord's resolve to sell the remainder of his lease to a firm of jerry builders, or whatever was the equivalent in 1825 of the modern exploiter in cheap bricks and mortar. However, this disaster was averted temporarily by the patriotism of a Mr. Ward, one of the members, who purchased the remainder of his lease from Lord at an exorbitant figure. Lord, it may be remarked parenthetically, was of Scotch descent. Five years later, for reasons which need not be entered upon here, Mr. Ward sold the unexpired portion of his lease to Dark, who in his turn disposed of it to the committee in 1863 for £11,000. Even then the Club was not altogether out of the wood, for on the expiration of the term for which the committee rented the ground, the ground landlord would have ousted the Club and all its belongings, had not one of

the members again come to the rescue, and by advancing the committee the necessary purchase money enabled them to secure final possession of the much-bid-for cricket ground.

Trouble with the landlord was by no means the only difficulty the M.C.C. had to struggle with in the days of its infancy. In 1825, immediately after a Winchester and Harrow match, the pavilion was burned. The burning of the Alexandrian Library was nothing compared with the wholesale destruction of cricket records on this melancholy occasion. Many of Lord's account books and ledgers were also swallowed up in the flames, and it was probably this sudden loss which prompted him to recoup himself by selling his lease of the ground to the highest bidder.

No body exercises more unlimited sway than the M.C.C. It is the parliament of cricket, but requires no policemen to enforce its laws. The constitution of the Club is absolutely informal; there is nothing to prevent any club from arranging to play *not* according to M.C.C. rules. But just because its rule is so light rebellion against its decrees is never dreamed of. There is nothing autocratic about the committee; no change in the laws is ever made until it has been fully ascertained that such a change is unanimously demanded by all the county clubs in the country.

The wickets at Lord's are now almost uniformly good—*i.e.*, favourable to the batsmen; but this wasn't always the case, and some years ago a "regular Lord's wicket" was a synonym among cricketers for a bowler's harvest. The founders of the Club seem to have been enamoured of the turf of the old ground at Dorset Square. Anyhow, they brought it with them when they removed to North Bank, and transferred it again from there to the present ground. Batting at Lord's cannot have been half so pleasant an occupation thirty years ago as it is to-day. W. G. Grace often tells of an experience he had while playing for the M.C.C. against Yorkshire in 1870. The bowling was bumping and kicking in the most unexpected directions. Most of the players were literally black and blue before the game ended, and one ball hit W. G. so hard on the elbow that it flew up into the air and gave him time to score a run before it descended. It is on

A MIXED TEAM OF ENGLISH AND FIJI ISLAND CRICKETERS.
From a print now hanging in the Pavilion at Lord's.

record that in one Gentlemen *v.* Players match the Gentlemen owed their victory entirely to the fast bowling of Mr. Harvey Fellows, who, finding an old-fashioned Lord's wicket, first hurt his opponents and then got them out.

Whatever may have been the early troubles of the Club, the M.C.C. has bidden a long good-bye to all financial fears. Its income is over £30,000 a year, and the committee could easily double this sum if they wished by extending the list of membership. At the time the new pavilion was built it was thought desirable to raise £10,000 by admitting a hundred members on payment of £100 each. The difficulty was not to find a hundred persons willing to avail themselves of this opportunity for membership, but to select the hundred from the numbers who applied. At the present day, under ordinary circumstances, no one can hope to be elected for at least thirty years after his name has been put down for membership, so largely does the demand exceed the supply. Of course special provision is made for the election of promising young cricketers, and youthful Blues, or any young amateurs who have proved their worth, are always sure of immediate election.

Over forty professionals are engaged at Lord's, many of whom earn as much as £10 a week. The ground bowlers are paid from thirty shillings to £2 10*s.* a week, and these wages are, of course, largely supplemented by tips. For country matches the professionals receive £6 a match, and £3 for each match played at Lord's. The M.C.C. defray the expenses of all the county teams which play against the Club at Lord's, but when an M.C.C. team travels to play a match against a county, all its necessary expenses are paid out of the Club's exchequer.

A CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN ONE-ARMED AND ONE-LEGGED CRICKETERS NINETY YEARS AGO.

From a print by Halken, Senior, now hanging in the Pavilion at Lord's.

THE LOUNGE IN THE PAVILION.

"The pity of it!"

By Marcella Walker.

A PERFECT STRANGER.

By E. Nesbit.

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.

THE dusty road lay white before her, the dusty hedges retreating swiftly on either side were rarely broken by tree or gate. Far away to each side lay the placid pastures of the marshes, where the quiet beasts grazed and the sheep cropped the short, sweet grass. The sedge whispered in the dykes, and now and then raised its soft voice as a wild duck or a moorhen rustled from the shelter of it. The scattered farms, red walled, with yellow lichen on roof and fence, seemed asleep in the hush of the moon. The frank face of the country smiled compassionately at the girl who chose whirling wheels and a dusty road rather than the infinite peace that lies between green pasture and blue sky. And Alexa saw it all—the beauty, the smile, the compassion; and the world seemed very good to her. The roads were perfect, her bicycle was running like a willing live thing. Her dress was pretty, her hat shady, and the young blood in her rejoiced in the strength of her young limbs, the vision of her young eyes. Far ahead the red roofs of a village gathered close about a grey church, like children round their mother's knees. Alexa glanced at the sketching-block strapped to her handle-bar.

"I will stop at that village," she said, "whether it's Ivychurch or not."

And still the white road rushed back under her wheels, and the white hedges gave place to grey, lichened fences guarding the winding road from the reed-filled dykes that now bordered it.

The village, like the farms, seemed asleep. The little gardens were full of flowers—sunflowers, asters, marigolds, with here and there the great white-and-gold lily, looking, amid the homely snapdragons and nasturtiums, like some beautiful Court lady astray in a peasants' fair.

Alexa wheeled her bicycle in through the grey gate of the churchyard, propped it against the wall, and walked up the brick-path to the church.

"But this is magnificent," she said, and indeed it was. For the most part early English, with a Norman doorway and a turret hard to date, the great church, built long ago for the needs of many souls long since at rest, triumphantly outfaced the degradation of three or four late perpendicular windows, and stood in its grey stone, still stately and splendid. The lichen, that in the marsh softens caressingly all brick and stone-work, had painted the old stones a soft and pleasant colour, and on the tower and the strangely shaped turret hung great bulging masses of shining ivy.

Alexa walked round the church, noting every dripstone, every carved corbel, every moss-grown buttress.

"What a church," she said, "to find on the very first day! 'Ivy Church' looked good on the map, certainly; but, then, so often good names turn out to be only yellow brick and galvanised iron, and the church is church-warden-Gothic built in the wicked sixties."

In the meadow beyond the church the girl found the right point of view for her sketch; she worked quickly, with firm, clean touches, and as she worked the wording of the descriptive article to accompany the sketch began to arrange itself in her mind. It was a glorious idea, this—a bicycle tour through Romney Marsh, by way of holiday—

and the series of articles and sketches, "Churches of the Marshlands," would pay for the holiday over and over again. Alexa wondered why she had never thought of this before. Hitherto she had worked at her writing and illustrating in her little London flat, and spent a quiet and straitened fortnight at some cheap seaside place. But now, since she had a bicycle, all things seemed possible. She finished the sketch and went to look at the church. The big iron ring that served as handle to the west door turned easily in her hand, and the heavy grey oak swung slowly inwards.

"They don't lock up the church, then," she said; "that looks as if the people cared for it a little, and liked to come in to rest and be quiet for a while sometimes, even on work-days."

But when she stood within the church she perceived that the church door had not been left open because anybody cared. The structure of the church was as fine within as without; seven early English arches on either side of the nave divided the side aisles from the centre. The middle of the church was fitted with heavy, square, wooden pews, which, very long ago, had been painted a dull drab colour. The backs of these pews reached almost to the shoulders of the arches. Alexa trod softly on the broken stones and tiles of the central aisle and near the chancel found a way to the south aisle. This was a mere lumber shed. There were broken chairs and dirty tin candlesticks, rotting chests crammed with mouldering papers and parchments—"Priceless parish records, I shouldn't wonder!" said Alexa angrily. There were piles of old books, and crumbling, dry, brown evergreens in heaps. "I suppose somebody decorated the church when it was built, and these things have been here ever since—oh!——"

From behind a heap of lumber in which a rusty fender and a wheelbarrow took leading parts someone rose up—a young man in flannels—with curling brown hair and a cavalier moustache.

"I am afraid I frightened you," he said, when the gravedigger's tools disturbed by his sudden rising had settled in rattling protest on the broken tiles of the aisle.

"I saw that you didn't see me, and as you were talking to yourself——"

"Was I talking aloud? I was only thinking what a burning shame it is to let this wonderful old place go to rack and ruin like this——"

"It *is* a shame," he answered; "and there are most astonishingly lovely things here, too. There's a dear little brass under that rubbish—I was trying to unearth it." He looked longingly at the rubbish heap.

Alexa's eyes brightened. "Oh, do you think we might?" she said. "I have some paper and heel-ball, and I should so like to take a rubbing of it?"

The young man looked at her more attentively. This sort of girl, without shyness, as without affectation, was new in his experience. She was like a man, he reflected, in the frankness of her address, her simple acceptance of the bond of a common interest between them. That "we" of hers was charming, he thought.

"I think we might," he answered, and lifting the wheelbarrow trundled it to a remote corner.

When he came back she spoke, her arms full of the withered wreaths.

"I'll clear off these things if you'll do the heavy ones. You see, I'm doing some articles on Kentish churches, and the brass would come in nicely——"

That was a feminine touch he noted. Men do not begin to talk of their work at once to perfect strangers. But women are so pleased and surprised to find that they can earn their own living, that they speak of their work with the insistent, artless pride of clever children.

He found an old broom among the litter, and when at last the brass lay bare he swept the dust from it. Then she dropped on her knees and dusted the little figure with her handkerchief.

"And *that's* like a man," thought he.

Then she looked helplessly about her for something on which to rub her begrimed fingers. He held out his own handkerchief quite simply.

"That's feminine of her," said he to himself.

Alexa secured the rubbing of the tonsured figure with the folded hands and strait cassock, and while she rubbed he held the paper for her and they talked. She was entirely at her ease; it was quite natural to her to talk to an intelligent human being with interests like her own. But the young man, whose upbringing had been among women of a narrower and more formal type, found the situation novel, with a touch of romance in it even.

Alexa spoke her mind freely as to the iniquity of parson and churchwardens, and he listened, smiling a little awkwardly, but endorsing to the full her condemnations.

"But you don't know the worst yet," he said, when the brass rubbing was finished. "Come and see the north aisle." If the south aisle was a wilderness, this was a desert, and a desert swept and garnished. The old, flat tombs were boarded over, tables and forms outraged the beauty of arch and window above them, and, worse than all, an American stove squatted black and sordid in the lady-chapel, and stuck its black pipe straight up through the rafters of the wonderful old roof. On the wall were hung those oval, black boards, with white texts painted on them, in which the piety of the Georgian period did so greatly delight. He pointed to one of these, just by the American stove, and she read, "How dreadful is this place!" They looked at each other and laughed. Then Alexa remembered that this, however disguised, was a church, and that in church you must not laugh, so she led the way to the porch. Pausing there she said—

"I'm awfully glad I met you. You've told me lots about the church I didn't know, and you found the brass. Thank you ever so much. Now I'm going to have my lunch here under the yew tree, and then I must go on. I want to get another church in to-day. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he said mechanically. "I wish I could give you some lunch, but——"

"Oh, I have my sandwiches on the machine. I shall be all right, thanks."

She stood waiting. Why didn't the man go?

"Look here," he said desperately. "I've been here three days; it's a dead-and-alive place, and you are the first person I've seen who could exchange a word with me on any but farming subjects. Would it be—would you mind—I wish you would let me stay and have lunch with you."

"He blushes generously," she thought, and aloud she said, her surprise showing only very slightly in her pretty eyebrows—

"All right, there's plenty for two."

"In one moment," he said, and disappeared round the corner of the church. Alexa sat down with her back against a convenient buttress under the shade of the yew.

"Have I perchance stumbled on a lunatic?" she asked herself, "or is it merely the boredom of Ivychurch? Anyway, bored or lunatic, he is very well informed, and—oh, yes, he's all right." He returned very quickly—she wondered how near his house could be—with a basket, containing cold pie, cake, ripe pears, and a bottle of thin claret.

"Here's my contribution," he said gaily.

And this was how Alexa found herself picknicking in a churchyard with a perfect stranger. They fell to talking again over the pie and sandwiches, and the more he talked the better Alexa liked him. When at last she led her bicycle through the church-gates she said to herself, "I'm sorry I shall never see him any more!"

"Her bicycle was running like a willing live thing."

But he said to her, "Shall I never see you again?"

"The world is small," she said cheerfully. "Good-bye. Thank you so much about the brass!" And with whirling wheels and a flash of grey skirt she was gone. He stood looking after her till the bicycle faded round

"I will write a curt, plain-spoken note," she said, "and tell the man what I think of him." But she wrote in a white heat of anger and indignation, and though the letter was plain-spoken enough it was certainly not short. It was addressed to the rector of Ivychurch. It reminded him of his income,

"'Here's my contribution,' he said gaily."

the corner of the last house, and then went back to the churchyard to think of her. He lay under the yew tree, thinking, till the shadows began to lengthen in earnest. He was young, and to him that day had revealed many things.

Alexa laid that night at a little inn ten miles from Ivychurch. Before she slept she borrowed pen and ink from the motherly landlady and wrote a letter.

of his duties to the parishioners and to the church. "You have held this living for thirty years," said the angry letter, "and you have suffered your church to become a rubbish heap and a disgrace. I write this so that you may know that someone is left

who knows of your wickedness, and who will protest against it." She signed her name with a vehement flourish, and next day she posted the letter.

When the rector received that letter, he read it, and re-read it, and rumpled his hair helplessly with his hands.

But within a month of its arrival masons were at work in the old church.

II.

ALEXA was very dull indeed. It is a fine thing to earn your own living and be independent, but a little lonely flat in London is a poor place to spend Christmas in, and Alexa had no relations. She looked up from her book two days before the loneliest day of all, and saw that the sun was turning her green serge curtains a fine yellow.

"How pretty Ivychurch must be looking!" she said. "I will go and spend Christmas in the marshes."

And she went.

She stayed at the same little inn where she had written that passionate letter to the rector of Ivychurch, and on the afternoon of Christmas Day she took out her bicycle and rode over to the village.

Still, as when last she rode down its street, it seemed asleep or dead. She leaned her bicycle against the wall at the old spot. The air struck cold, and she took her cloth cape from the handle-bar and went up to the church, through the litter of planks and stones, mortar, and dead ashes, that disfigured the grassy mounds of the churchyard. A ladder leaned against one of the tombstones, and round the tower was a network of scaffolding poles.

"So my letter did wake him up!" she thought, with a thrill of triumph.

To the inside of the church a greater change had come. The pews and the oval texts were cleared away. The stove no longer straggled in the lady-chapel, but stood in a corner, almost hidden by a new screen of carved wood, its chimney retiring decently through the wall behind. In the lady-chapel was an altar, and there were flowers. The rest of the church was given over to a cleanly desolation, but in the lady-chapel were fresh green wreaths and garlands, because it was Christmas time. And, fixing up a wreath of yew that had fallen from its nail, was a figure in black. The early dusk of the December day was closing in, but a chill, pink light shone through a window on the face. And Alexa recognised the stranger with whom she had picnicked in the golden afternoon of September.

He turned and came towards her, and she saw that his dress was that of an English clergyman.

"You?" he said softly.

"They have begun to restore, then?" she said, "and you have come down here at Christmas? How strange!"

Instinctively she had turned from the corner where, with flowers and carpets and evergreens, faith seemed to have grown vital, material, and walked into the barren barrenness of the middle aisle.

"I live here," he said. "We have found all sorts of wonderful things. I knew we should. I must show you everything; but it is too dark. Are you staying here long?"

"I shall be about here for a few days. I didn't know you were in orders."

"I know you didn't. Do you remember that strange little turret? We couldn't make it out, you recollect. Well, it leads to the crypt — pure Norman — the most perfect thing."

"I should like to see that."

"There are candlesticks down there. They're underpinning the walls."

He opened the door of the little turret, and a dark hole in the ground showed a hint of steps leading down.

"It was all bricked up," he said. "Mind how you go. Let me light a match. The stairs are quite sound."

He struck a vesta and she followed him down.

When they reached the crypt he lighted candle after candle and stuck them on the ledges of the walls.

"There!" he said; "isn't it magnificent?"

"I feel a little bewildered," she said. "I thought Ivychurch had no friends, and now I find it on its way to the high places of honour. I thought you were a tourist and——"

"It's being done most carefully," he went on irrelevantly; "nothing will be spoiled. It was the flannels, I suppose. I can't get out of the way of wearing them in the summer. As soon as the walls are safe, and the roof, we shall go on to explore behind the lath and plaster. I think there's original colouring on some of the walls. Look at the groining of this roof and the scalloped—ah——"

A sudden, sharp crack, followed by a thundering sound of falling masonry. The crypt

seemed to shake, and all the candles went out. There followed a deep silence.

"Where are you?" he cried. "Are you hurt?"

"No." Her voice came through the darkness, tremulous, but only a very little.

The sharp, sudden spurt of flame from the match as he struck it showed him a white face and frightened eyes, but the mouth was set firmly.

He lighted one of the candles.

"What is it?" she said.

"The stair has fallen in, I think," he answered quietly, and went to see. Through the low arch by which they had entered the base of a mound of masonry now protruded.

"Hold the candle," he said, and crept over the heap and out of sight. Then a hand reached back for the candle.

"Here, give me the light."

She gave it, half kneeling on the broken masonry to reach his outstretched fingers. The little glimmer of the candle through the archway seemed to draw the darkness towards it, and Alexa felt it pressing behind her like a tangible presence. After a while he called to her to take the candle, and then came scrambling back over the broken stone and rubble. His black coat was covered with white dust, and his hair was rumpled and had cobwebs in it, she noticed.

"Well?" she said impatiently.

"Well," he answered, looking at her in a dazed way. He took the candle again and held it all on one side so that the melted grease ran down over his hand. "Suppose we were to sit down. You'll be tired standing so long."

"What has happened?"

"I hope you're not afraid of the dark," he said. "I don't suppose I shall be able to get you out alive, and you don't even know my name, and—I beg your pardon, I think I am dreaming." He set the candle on a ledge and began to walk up and down, holding his head in his hands. Alexa wondered if the candle-grease on his hand had hardened yet, or if it would come off on his hair. She wondered why she did not feel cold. It was frosty outside, she remembered. She longed to take the man by the shoulders and shake the truth out of him. Suddenly he stopped in his walk and spoke in his natural voice.

"I don't know what I've been saying. Forgive me if I talked nonsense. It was rather a shock to think that I had led you into this—you, of all people. Now I'm sane again. I'll tell you exactly what has happened. As far as I can make out, the wall of the staircase has given way. I suppose the underpinning of the other wall has shaken it. Or perhaps it was bricked up all those years ago because they knew it wasn't safe. The workmen won't come near the place till after to-morrow, and perhaps not then; you know they are never in a hurry to get to work after Bank Holiday. There's nothing to be done."

"It *is* rather bad," she said, "but we must hold on and keep up our courage. The village is all round us—quite close; someone will hear if we shout."

"The village is quite close—yes," he said.

"But the dead people lie thick between," she went on, "and no one can expect them to carry messages. Now I'm talking nonsense, too. But someone will come into the church, or they will miss you and come to look."

He did not tell her that they would not miss him because he had come into the church on his way to Canterbury—where he had meant to spend a few quiet days among the old books. He only said, "If you left the church door open there is a chance."

"Yes," she said quickly, "I did leave it open." But she lied. She could not bear to add to the torment which she saw consumed him at the thought of the doom he had brought on her.

"You're quite right," she said presently. "We ought to sit down and try not to think—if you are quite sure there is no other way out."

"There is none," he answered briefly. "I know every inch of the place."

"Well," she said, and her voice was steady, cheerful even, "I suppose if anyone came into the church we should hear them, and they'd hear us if we shouted."

"Possibly. Sound travels in strange ways. You *are* good. Most women would have been screaming and calling me names before this."

She laughed. "You don't know 'most women,'" she said. And he was more grateful to her for her laugh than for all the other manifestations of her courage. As, indeed, he had reason to be.

They sat down and each made the strong effort needed to talk of other things than this burial, this death in life.

She told him of her childhood, and of her schooldays, of her struggles against poverty, and her early, timid, hardly hoped-for successes, and he questioned and listened. But after a while pauses dropped like stones into

"'Look at the groining of this roof.'"

the pool of her speech, and presently fell so fast that the pool was dried up and silence was between them.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, after a long time.

"Not a bit. I have some biscuits in my pocket, if *you* are."

"No," he said. "Oh, no. I was only thinking. I must explore a bit."

He left her sitting there and examined the litter of tools and odd things left by the workmen. He found half a dozen empty sacks that had held cement or such things, and an old coat, probably the foreman's working garment. He took off his own coat and put on this tweed jacket, with the rounded shoulders and that smell of putty which hangs about the clothes of all workmen, whatever be their trade. He arranged the sacks in one of the little side chapels. "They will do to cover her if she sleeps," he thought. "Pray God she may sleep."

Then he went back to her.

"You're to have my coat," he said. "I've got another." She submitted. Then he talked to her awhile and told her many things. At ten o'clock he wound up his watch and asked her if she could sleep.

"It's very odd," she said, "but I believe I could."

He led her to the little chapel and showed her the sacks. She insisted on dividing them with him. He took his share to the other chapel and lay down. To his surprise he found dreams taking hold of him almost before he had said to himself that he could never sleep. He fell asleep praying for her, and when he awoke it was six o'clock, and he heard her moving and saw the gleam of a lighted candle.

"I have found a pail of water," she cried in answer to his greeting, "and it tastes all right. Come and have breakfast."

They each had a biscuit and some of the water, and talked of the possibilities of rescue till they dared not to talk of them any more. Then she asked him if he could remember the morning prayers, and she listened to the beautiful words and schooled her heart to patience and courage. "If the worst comes," she said, "I shall not die alone. He is a man. Suppose I had been condemned to die in this den with a coward!"

III.

THIS was the second day, and of the length of that day there are not words enough in all English to tell the tale. The two talked and were silent, they walked and sat and dozed a little, and the hours were like weeks and the minutes like hours. There were eight biscuits, and that evening they ate two more. And he felt giddy and sick with fasting, and with fear and with sorrow, but his fears and his sorrow were for her. For himself, he felt only how hard it was to have brought this horror on this woman—the ideal woman, the woman who could look death in the face and not flinch.

It was on the evening of the second day that she said—

"If we have got to die, I should like to hold your hand. I am getting a little frightened, and I don't like that chapel where the sacks are. I think someone walks there. That is a tomb at the side, and, besides, the dead people are all around us—close, quite close." So he held her hand and she slept against his shoulder. They had been buried for two days and two nights when, for the first time, to ears strained with silence, came a footfall overhead.

"Shout!" she whispered hoarsely, and he shouted. With trembling hands she lighted one of the candles—they had been sparing of them through these long hours—and brought him the pail. "Drink!" she said; "you have no voice. Drink and shout;" and while he drank she shrieked, "Help! Stop! Listen!"

"Look up," she said. "I would not worry you by telling you—there's a crack—no, go on shouting, you can hear all the same—there's a crack—I have seen the light through it—in the roof over there."

A voice answered their shouting. "Who's there?" it cried.

"We're buried! Fetch someone to dig us out. Go at once—we're starving—been here three days in the crypt. Stairs blocked. Go, for God's sake!" The footsteps above hurried heavily away.

Then he looked at her and she broke into wild sobbing. "Oh, we're *not* going to die," she cried. "We're going to live. I didn't want to die. But I *was* good, wasn't I? Oh, say I was good and brave," and with that she fainted quietly away.

* * * * *

"See what comes of leaving church doors unlocked," he said, a few hours later, when, warmed and fed, they sat beside the rectory fire waiting for the carriage that was to take Alexa back to her lodging in the little inn. "If that tramp hadn't crept in for warmth——"

Don't," she said; "I'm afraid to think of it. I believe I shall be afraid now all my life."

"You won't. Fear won't live long with you, you brave woman. When am I to see you again?"

"I don't know. Some day, perhaps."

"The world is small, as you said once. Are you going to cast me off because I am the rector, and you know now who it was that you wrote that letter to? Your letter had nothing to do with the restoration. I always meant to do it from the first. That day I saw you was my first day here. Oh, forgive me for being a rector!"

Here his grim housekeeper announced that the fly from the "Dragon" was waiting.

"Let it wait!" he said impatiently. The old woman retreated muttering and he stood up, a little unsteadily.

"Do you know," he said, "I find I can't let you go, unless you promise to come back. I can't do without you."

She looked at him. "Do you mean——?"

"I didn't mean to speak now. I didn't say a word, did I, when we were down there among the dead people? I meant to try and make you love me, if ever we got out. Oh, yes; I meant to wait years for your answer! But I can't wait an hour. Tell me you'll marry me. Dear, dear, dear one! I can't let you go."

"You must be mad," she said, looking at him doubtfully. "How can I promise to marry you, a perfect stranger?"

He flushed and for a moment he was silent, tasting the bitterness of the conventional phrase. Then he laughed.

"A perfect stranger!" he said. "And we have sat hand in hand and looked Death in the eyes! Do you suppose we could know each other half so well if we'd been meeting each other for years at parties and dinners? You don't know. Is it nothing to you? Am I nothing to you? Answer me! Has any other man shown you his heart and soul as I have done in these long hours and hours?"

"No!" she faltered; "but——"

"And no other man," he said masterfully, "shall ever know your soul as I know it."

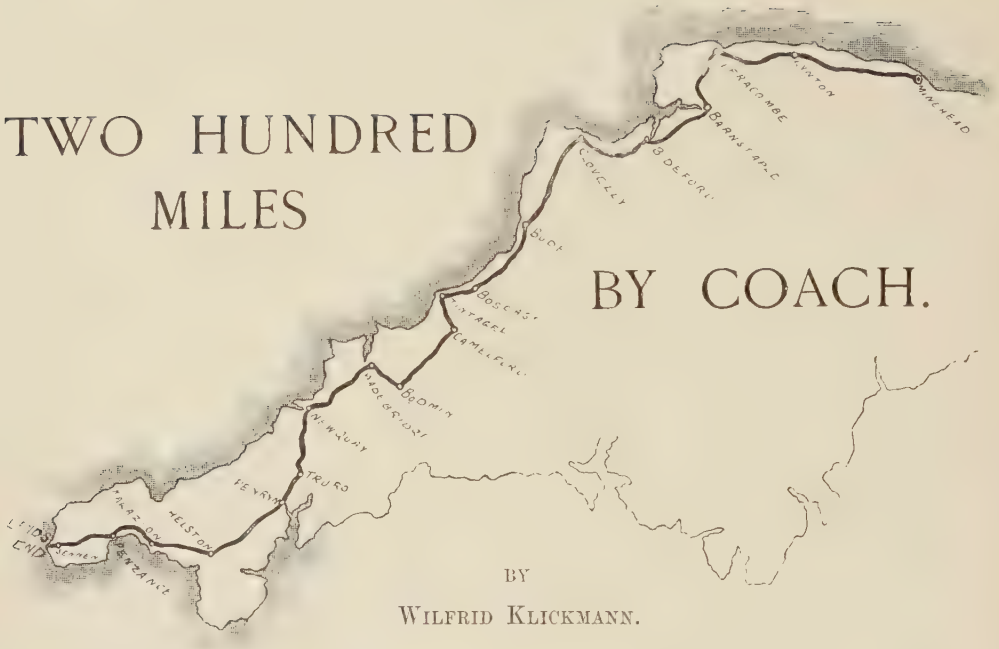
"Is it that you really care?" she asked, reaching out a trembling hand to him, "or is it only that you think you ought?"

He caught her hand and laughed again.

"You may go now," he said. "Let me wrap you up in shawls and things. In March—not a day later—you will come back to me. We shall be very happy. Oh, my dear, brave little woman, my own soul! And you will forgive me for being a rector, and we shall be together all our happy lives. We shall be happier than anyone else in the world."

"Oh, well!" she said, "if you think so——"

TWO HUNDRED MILES BY COACH.



BY

WILFRID KLICKMANN.

MINEHEAD, so popular with hunters of red deer on Exmoor, is the starting point of a continuous coaching system in the west of England, extending for two hundred miles in almost a straight line. What is more, for about half the distance the coach travels within sight of the ocean, passing through scenery now world-famous through the pens of R. D. Blackmore, Kingsley, "Lucas Malet," Dickens, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and many others.

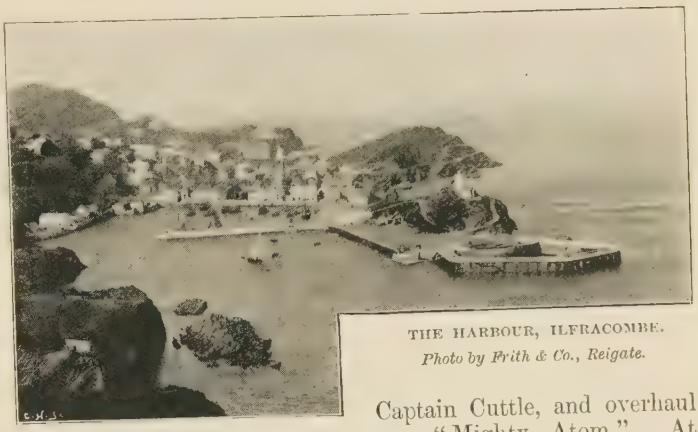
Photo by F. Frith & Co., [*Reigate.*

THE LYNTON AND ILFRACOMBE COACH.

Coaching is inseparably connected with the romantic halo obscuring the inconveniences of "the good old days." Here in the west country the stage-coach is still existent, but in a few years it will have been driven from the road by the iron horse and automatic motor. The Barnstaple and Lynton coach, which ran daily from time immemorial, has succumbed to a narrow-gauge railway. With the line to Clovelly from Bideford already planned, and others threatened in all directions, this phenomenally long coach ride of two hundred miles will soon be an impossibility.

Nowadays the stages are much shorter than formerly. In fact, while travelling in the same vehicle, one has now the maximum of convenience with none of the discomforts our forefathers had of necessity to experience. The afternoon coach from Minehead to Lynmouth is well known as a smart and serviceable turn-out. It is, and has need to be, well horsed, for the country's face in these parts has protuberances akin to young mountains. An easy run of six miles brings us to Porlock, so reminiscent of Whyte-Melville's spirited romance, "Katerfelto." Here the serious work of the stage begins, and

n another mile we are 1,400 feet above sea level. As every cyclist knows, though sometimes he doubts, there are two sides to every hill, and a long, gentle decline leads through County Gate into Devonshire, and so on to Lynmouth. Away on the left lies the famous Doone Valley, and the passengers listen respectfully while whip and guard declaim abridged editions of "Lorna Doone." We drop steeply into Lynmouth with musical flourishes on the horn, and a verbal contrapuntal treatment composed of "Oh! isn't that . . . !" (the range of adjectives is too large to quote).



THE HARBOUR, ILFRACOMBE.
Photo by Frith & Co., Reigate.

Eight a.m. in summer as a starting time is an hour quite conformable with healthy inclinations. Having ascended by the *Tit-Bits* cliff railway to Lynton (how those literary associations dogged our progress!) we say "Good-bye" to one of the fairest spots in England. The Ilfracombe coach, as it leaves Lynton, follows the West Lyn. At Martinhoe Cross the driver turns himself into an animated foot-rule, and mentions that we have topped 1,000 feet. Parracombe and Kentisbury Downs likewise need plenty of collar work. We then turn-to, like Captain Cuttle, and overhaul our "Mighty Atom." At Combmartin Church, so long tended by Norman the sexton, certain lady passengers, of course, alight and wait for an afternoon coach. To others the mystical neighbourhood of "dark Tintagel," looming in the far distance of several days ahead, has a charm far more magnetic. Combmartin Bay, however, is always admirable, and we closely follow the cliffs to Ilfracombe beloved of honeymooners.

To Barnstaple the road is pretty enough. A halt should be made at Pilton Church to examine the swinging arm and hour-glass attached to the pulpit—a delicate hint, the thing "contrives a double debt to pay." With it the preacher points his moral, and to it the congregation ever and anon cast anxious eyes. Barnstaple, or Old Barum, must surely date from about the year 1, for the Saxon King Athelstan *repaired* the town's walls and defences, which had fallen into ruin from old age.

The short run of nine miles into Kingsley's country is performed in a vehicle not quite so high-toned as our previous conveyances. It is a hybrid in which the omnibus type predominates. The Barum and Bideford carrier runs every day, following in turn the rivers Taw and Torridge. At the Royal Hotel, Bideford, Kingsley's room is shown, in which "Westward Ho!" was written. Close adjoining is the railway station, from whence start the fours-in-hand for Clovelly and Bude. From June 1 to October 31 these coaches carry over ten

Photo by [*Christie Hipp, Lynton.*

THE WEST LYN VALLEY, AND ROYAL CASTLE HOTEL.

thousand passengers. We can cross the famous bridge, 677 feet long, carried over twenty-four arches into Bideford, the capital of Kingsley's country. Yet another famous writer has laid this neighbourhood under contribution. Rudyard Kipling's notorious trio "Stalky & Co.," whose adventures were recently recorded in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, disported themselves at Westward Ho! a couple of miles out of Bideford. The whip of the Clovelly coach is and has been a man of many parts. Sam Jewell, formerly the Clovelly carrier, is as popular a man on the road as ever handled a rein. He is "a Clovelly man," and therefore a right good fellow. Few would imagine that this quiet-looking man had ever headed a mutinous crew at sea; yet such was the case. Supported by his mates he compelled the captain, an intolerable tyrant of the old school, to maintain good behaviour for the rest of the voyage. What is more, Sam's diplomatic conduct in a difficult position prevented a prosecution for mutiny on reaching port. It is no wonder there is always a scramble for the box seats of this coach, for few drivers can better beguile a journey with yarns and entertaining stories from real life than the quondam Clovelly carrier. Jewell is nothing if not placid. When driving some ladies to Bideford on one occasion a wheel came off, and the crash of the vehicle was lost in the shrieks of the occupants. He calmly turned on the box seat and said: "Do not be alarmed, ladies, I beg; it is nothing: it's only a wheel come off—*I know which one.*"

The Bude coach made its wonted journey several times before we reluctantly left Clovelly and joined it to penetrate a district known only to a few. For a thickly wooded country we have exchanged a breezy, gorse-scented moor, with a keener and more bracing quality in the air. Over Bursden Moors we draw rein at the West Country Inn, an out-of-the-way house in a lonely parish. Here are the sources of the Torridge and the Tamar, rivers which reach the sea at opposite sides of the country. The county border line is soon crossed and we enter Cornwall. Our coach takes us within a very few miles of Stowe, where lived one well known to all readers of "Westward Ho!"—Sir Richard Grenville, who commanded the *Revenge* during her immortal fight against the whole of the Spanish fleet. Stamford Hill is soon passed, and the curious may inspect the old cannon mounted *in situ* to commemorate Sir Beville Granville's victory over the Parliamentary forces, 4,000 strong. And so to Bude, which has been one of

Photo by] [*Puddicombe, Bideford.*

BUDE AND CLOVELLY COACHES LEAVING THE NEW INN, BIDEFORD.

Photo by] [*Thorn, Bude.*

10 A.M. AT THE FALCON HOTEL, BUDE.

Cornwall's chief coaching centres. During the early seventies the first coach over the route just traversed started from the Falcon Hotel, Bude, and ran to Barnstaple, thirty-eight miles. Sometimes four or five well-horsed coaches can be seen before the Falcon, ready to start on their respective journeys.

Bude has its attractions, but on the threshold of King Arthur's domains one need not linger. At 10 a.m. we mount to the outside of the Boscastle coach—the same vehicle which has carried Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, and Sir Henry Irving, to name only a few of its famous passengers. As regards fares a peculiar survival of former days is noticeable. The stuffy inside seats, with circumscribed views, are more expensive than those outside. Needless to say, no one dreams of riding inside while a vacant seat remains on the roof. Bleaker and barer is the scenery with every mile traversed. Ascending gradually we soon see their highnesses Brown Willy and Rough Tor, young mountains away on our left. The loneliest spot in Cornwall to-day is Dozmary Pool, beyond these heights. This was the traditional scene of the passing of Arthur. Here it was that an arm—

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful—

Photo by] [*W. Klickmann.*

THE BOSCASTLE COACH.

Photo by] [*F. Waren, Newquay.*

THE HARBOUR, BOSCASTLE.

appeared from the waters and received the ever-victorious sword *Excalibur*.

Boscastle is the wildest example of rugged cliff scenery to be found in all this long, indented coast. The opening between the cliffs is called a harbour, and a couple of tiny jetties give a significance to the name. A more difficult harbour to make for could hardly be conceived. A mariner able to negotiate safely the tortuous passage between these awful cliffs might navigate between Scylla and Charybdis with his eyes shut. The village of Boscastle lies scattered along the valley which is the continuation of this unique cleft in the cliffs; and the coach, skilfully guided around some astonishingly sharp corners, pulls up before the hospitable Wellington Hotel. Tintagel lies five miles further down the coast, and the coach still follows the cliffs. A pretty scene is at the crossing of Rocky Valley. St. Knighton's Kieve, a beautiful waterfall, is higher up the valley on the left. Tradition declared that here King Arthur's knights met prior to the Holy Grail expedition. We pass onward through Bossiney, a "pocket" borough (before the Reform Act) in more senses than one. The village returned a member to Parliament with the votes of nine men only, who expected and received a *quid pro quo*, and sometimes more. We take the coachman's word that the uninteresting village of Trevena is really Tintagel. For a few moments misgivings arise, but cheery boys hail us and guide us through a gorge in the cliffs beyond. Merlin has not been seen hereabouts for some long time. In his absence visitors must prosaically apply at the cottage for the Castle door-key. A narrow path, followed by an almost perpendicular zigzag up the face of a huge black cliff, bring us to the ideal Tintagel, the chiefest castle of "Lyonesse, the wave-worn Kingdom of Romance." A glance at the well-nigh shapeless bits of masonry makes one credit without question the antiquity of the buildings in consonance with the Arthurian legend. The learned point to the keep and say, "Norman," and label pieces of wall here and there "late twelfth century," but to little purpose. Malory's "Mort d'Arthure" is reputed gospel in these parts, and antiquarian interference is not appreciated by the masses. The veritable Round Table, as

Photo by] [*F. Waren, Newquay.*

THE NORTH CORNWALL COACH AT WADEBRIDGE.

eryone blessed with a normal edulity knows, hangs against the alls of the Guildhall, Winchester. he coach having made a respect- il halt while Tintagel Castle is xamined, returns *viâ* Camelford, assing Slaughter Bridge, where Iordred the Usurper was slain nd King Arthur wounded unto eath.

Until four years ago the well- nown North Cornwall coach took p the running from Camelford, ut with the advent of the rail- vay it awaits its passengers at Wadebridge. Eschewing quick ransit, however, we can take the egular coach to Bodmin and then ontinue by mail brake to Wade- ridge. So quickly are the coaches eing superseded, that this last- named vehicle now only takes the road once a week, early on Sunday mornings, when the trains do not run. Parenthetically it may be mentioned that this Bodmin to Wadebridge railway line was the second passenger line built in England (1834). The white track across the foreground of our illustration shows where this railway still runs.

The North Cornwall coach leaving Wade- bridge daily at 6 p.m. completes the last eighteen miles of the journey to Newquay *viâ* the London and South-Western Railway. Charlie Soper, who has guarded this coach for a quarter of a century, is a great favourite on the road. He specially endears himself to youths with musical aspirations, for his euphonious "yard of tin" is at the use of one and all should they desire. This coach had some rare experiences during the great blizzard ten years ago. Fred May (now the driver of the Bude railway station omnibus) drove this vehicle, and the stage was from Launceston to Newquay, forty-three miles. Camelford, sixteen miles from Launceston,

Photo by] [*F. Waren, Newquay.*

CARNANTON WOODS, NEAR NEWQUAY.

Photo by] [*Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*

TRURO CATHEDRAL.

the first stopping place, was reached two hours late. The outside passengers had to be lifted off, for they were nearly dead and quite unable to move. Just at midnight Wadebridge was reached amid enthusiastic rejoicings. With telegraph wires broken, and all communication cut off, the town was isolated for a week, when Soper and May on horseback penetrated nine out of the eleven miles to Camelford, only to be beaten by the impassable snowdrifts. Another attempt was made next day with a larger party. There was safety in numbers, and they dug each other's horses out of the snow, which not only obscured hedges, but even cottages. After incredible difficulties Camelford was reached, and mail bags, the first to reach the town for a week, were brought in triumphantly.

On approaching St. Columb Major we pass nine tall, upright blocks of granite, of prehistoric origin. They are called the Nine Maidens. Local legends unblushingly declare the pillars to be the petrified remains of nine girls who wickedly danced on the Sabbath. No antiquarian has been bold enough to deny the statement publicly. On through St. Columb Major, past Carnanton Woods, and the cliff road is again joined until Newquay is reached.

Three times a week Mr. Jane drives his four-in-hand from Newquay to the cathedral city of Truro, over some astonishingly long hills. In one instance, when standing at the eighth milestone, the ninth is also in view. On market days Truro is packed with vehicles. For a westward bound coach we have ample choice. The route *viâ* Penryn and Helston is slightly longer, but more picturesque than the road through Redruth and Camborne, where hills of mining refuse have been added to ugly, bare excrescences of Nature. Penryn is really a granite town. Houses, shops, churches, streets, garden walls, outhouses are all made of solid grey granite. This material is used, in fact, for every imaginable purpose, except as an article of diet. A few more miles over moorland, with deserted mine shafts here and there for incident, and Helston is reached.

Only two more stages remain to be accomplished. Penzance, twelve miles from Helston, is the next stopping place, and we have passed through Marazion, with St. Michael's Mount lying off the shore, a rocky, castle-crowned islet. Beyond Penzance we are beyond railways. Regular vehicles ply to Sennen, the nearest village to Land's End. Bare hills, stone circles, and prehistoric relics unite to make the traveller feel he is an alien to the soil.

Sennen is the most westerly village in England. Here is the inn which once truthfully vaunted itself as "the first and last house in England." The Land's End Hotel has since been built on the edge of the cliffs, one mile distant. This surely is the "first and last house"? No! The proprietor of the inn built a little refreshment shanty on the rocks a few yards further west than the hotel, and proudly set up his signboard. Instead of the hotel retaliating by establishing a floating bar out at sea beyond the Longships Lighthouse, but anchored to a rock, the affair was amicably settled by the hotel buying out its close neighbour. Here, then, is Land's End, the haunt of artists, poets, record-breakers with yearnings towards John o' Groats, hurrying day-trippers, and solitary, leisurely wanderers. Each hopes, to find the Land's End looking to its best advantage for his especial benefit and behoof. The leisurely man wins, and he who waits to view the scene at early morning, or during an evening sunset, will have seen the finest sight our coasts can offer.

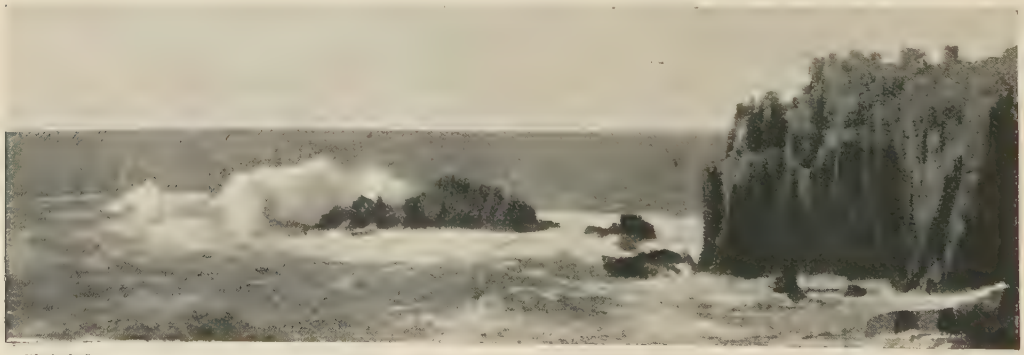


Photo by] [*Gibson & Sons, Penzance.*

A ROUGH SEA AT LAND'S END.

THE DYING OF LORD OUDENARDE

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

Illustrated by G. MONTBARD.

I DO not expect to be believed. Everybody has read the recent paragraph in the papers telling of the sudden death of Viscount Oudenarde, whilst shooting with Mr. Alan McKinder and party over the former's preserves beyond Nymoorie, in the lower Himalayan country. Nearly everyone will recollect that death was said to be due to the action of heart disease, accelerated by vigorous exercise at an altitude of 6,000 feet. And everyone, except the imaginative few, will prefer that simple explanation of a sad event to the one which might be drawn from my narrative. It does not matter to you who I am, nor which is the part I play. It is sufficient to let the story tell itself.

In Lord Oudenarde there died the last of a wealthy, if not a very ancient or distinguished family. The title dates, I believe, from 1800, or possibly a few years later. The Maffingtons, however, were rich men, county magnates, and pillars of Church and State, for a good half century before that. And the founder of the family was one John Maffington, sometime captain of horse in the service of his Majesty King George II., and subsequently a soldier of fortune, whose bloodhound's instinct carried him to the East Indies, and from Fort William far into the rich kingdoms of Northern India, and beyond them. It was a glorious field for the military freelance with a taste for intrigue; the histories of the more famous prove it to us, and reek of loot and plunder and princely salaries flung at their feet by the Eastern princes whom they served.

But Maffington had not much success at Lucknow and Delhi. The clever Frenchmen who guided the monarchs' armies at that time were not anxious to secure his services, and so he wandered still further northward, and vanished, after the manner of the restless adventurers of his day, into the unknown. Not a word of him was whispered back to Fort William, and he passed from the memories of the men of Charnock's city as if he had never been.

And then, suddenly, after ten years, he reappeared—a dried-up, silent man, with ears that were stonily deaf to all demands for an account of the intervening years. He sailed home to England, and it was not until he had set foot in London that the world knew that he had come to barter with precious stones for a king's ransom in current coin of the realm, landed property, and a high place among his countrymen.

Where those gems, the remnant of which to-day form the far-famed Oudenarde jewels, were found, or at what cost they came to the hands of their taciturn owner, no man in England knew but Maffington, and his secret died with him. He married, and lived long enough after his return to see the foundations of his house firmly laid in good repute and prosperity. Then he went to his own place, and his son reigned in his stead. And thus, through a chain of landed proprietors and politicians, more or less brilliant, came Geoffrey Maffington, the last Viscount Oudenarde, to fill the shoes of his mysterious but practical ancestor.

Lord Oudenarde arrived in India in September. He was a very inconsequential youth, and he said, in answer to the remonstrance of an astonished official, that he had heard the snipe-shooting was good in the plains about then. He did not bag many snipe, but he had a very pretty dose of fever; and a scandalised Civil surgeon packed him off to the Nymoorie hills with the curt remark that paddy fields in Oudh were not good for sprigs of the nobility.

So he came to the Hill Top Club, and there fell in with Alan McKinder and his brother, who are to Nymoorie much what Lord Oudenarde himself might have been to Welshott, the nearest country town to his Loamshire home. The McKinders are brewers and landowners, with a finger apiece in all that concerns the welfare of Nymoorie, but sportsmen first of all, and sterling friends.

If they chuckled a little between themselves at the young Viscount's misfortune and the manner of it, they did not forget that he was a stranger in a far land. So it came about that Lord Oudenarde was included, being by this time in a fair way of health, among the favoured few who were invited to shoot over the Brewery property on the opening day of the season.

We met at the Park gates, and the McKinders were there to greet us. Rattray Carington the policeman, Sivewright of the Civil Service, and Greatorex the doctor, made up the party. It is needless to say they were all good men with a gun, for the McKinders are not fond of bunglers. We shook hands; the saises led the horses away and trailed behind; and we set out along the narrow, climbing path that leads across the beautiful wooded slopes to the bare hills beyond.

"You have a fine view here," said Lord Oudenarde, suiting his lanky, rather uncertain stride to Alan McKinder's steady pace. "It seems to remind me—no, I can't remember any place like it, and yet—— Perhaps I've seen a picture somewhere. It looks—er—uncommon. Lots of local colour and room for romance, don't you know."

He looked out through the bending trees, the great rhododendrons and hill mangoes and deodars, across the valleys to where a fleck of white above the far horizon told of the snows. Valley after valley and ridge after ridge of grey hills stretched between, and a blue mist drifted lazily about the ravines and hollows. The hill dipped down a sheer hundred feet below the path and reared its head as high again above it, thick with trees and luxuriant undergrowth.

"Yes, it's a magnificent view," said Alan. "As to romance—it would not be the East if it had not enough of that. You would be surprised if you could hear some of the fairy tales that the hill people have to tell of their country and of themselves. Oh, yes, there is plenty of local colour."

"I should have thought the influence of British rule——" said Oudenarde.

McKinder laughed.

"British influence!" He chuckled at the thought. "Why, in the first place, you are on the very border of the British Empire at this moment, and in the second the Englishman is not born who could drain a native dry of superstition. It is rather the other way, and we Anglo-Indians learn to respect the improbable. Our civilisation does not touch these people—by Jove!—doesn't touch them. Why, the things that happen under the very noses of the officials—ask Carington." And he chuckled again.

Then he looked across the valley to where a silver thread on the side of the hill beyond marked a mountain stream. "Take an instance. We shall cross that stream presently, and you will see beside it a cave wherein lives a gentleman who purports to be two hundred years old. His—well—advanced years are attributed by native voice to supernatural agency. I do not like him, myself, though I am honoured by his residence on my property. But I confess he has the prior claim."

Someone called from the front of the procession, and McKinder uttered an apology and hurried on. Lord Oudenarde dropped into Carington's company and listened abstractedly to his conversation.

"It is curious," he said at last.

"What?" queried Carington.

"It's very odd, but—do you know, I could swear I have been here before. Of course I

know I haven't, but I seem to remember this path and that hill yonder. I *knew* we should turn a sharp corner just then, and find ourselves skirting over a sudden gorge. There's a big white stone further on, and

becoming more wild and rugged at every step, and it curved round a projecting rock some twenty feet before them.

"One meets places in dreams," he said, after a pause.

"Lord Oudenarde staggered back against the cliff."

somebody has chipped a little basin for the rain water on the top of it."

Carington looked him up and down. They were walking gingerly, for the *khud* was steep below them, and the path was sprinkled with loose stones that had rattled down from the overhanging hill above. The road was

"Does one? I don't dream much, as a rule. Yet— ah! what did I tell you?"

They had turned the corner, and there before them, blocking the way so that the path climbed over it, and the shooting party had to scramble up and down it like monkeys, was a great white rock with a little rudely

cut basin chipped into its head. The hollow was dry, but the green rim in it showed where the water had been.

Lord Oudenarde staggered back against the cliff and wiped his forehead. His face was white, and the perspiration was running down it.

"I feel awfully queer," he said. "I don't know why, but every mile I go along this road I feel a sort of gruesome done-it-before sensation. It's really quite inexplicable about that stone, too, isn't it? Beastly uncanny, don't you know. You don't happen to have a flask on you, do you? My throat's dry, and my legs are funny."

"I am sorry to say I haven't a flask here," said Carington, with a steady look at the Viscount, "and the *kitmatghars* are a long way behind with the lunch. But if you come on fifty yards or so you can get a drink from the stream you saw before we rounded that last corner. I wouldn't pay much attention to remembering that stone, if I were you. I daresay McKinder has shown it you among his photographs. I'm afraid this hill walking is trying you rather."

"Yes, that's it, no doubt. But it is very strange I—there's water further on, you say? Yes, of course, I know—I mean I had an idea there was. We've got rather far behind the others, haven't we? Perhaps you had better go on."

"It doesn't matter in the least, Lord Oudenarde," said Carington. "The McKinders will wait to spread out the party when they get below the beaters. Let me give you an arm if you feel faint. If you prefer to go back, I'll catch up to the others while you are resting by the stream, and tell them about it."

"Oh, no, it's just a passing queerness. I'm perfectly all right, of course," said Oudenarde, taking the proffered arm. "A drink will set me up again."

The next minute brought them to the stream. A couple of planks thrown across from boulder to boulder spanned it, and it rippled and splashed down the path it had cut for itself by shivering maidenhair and dripping moss, down to the far-off valley. Above the path the great elbows of rock jutting out from the green covering of the hillside formed a little platform, and behind them gaped an opening, four feet high, perhaps, that showed the undergrowth straggling above it, and darkness within.

Carington knelt upon the planks and dipped up water in Oudenarde's helmet. Then he piloted the shaking Viscount to a conveniently flat rock and sat him down upon it. He looked upon the young man as he drank, and ran his eyes over him anxiously. There was no doubt about it; something that was not altogether over-exertion had disturbed the boy's nerves. His lips were blue, and the perspiration still trickled over his forehead, though the mountain air was cool and the path sheltered, as yet, from the sun. But he drank the water eagerly and seemed better for it.

"Now, if you don't mind being left here for five minutes," said Carington, "I will catch McKinder and get him to send back for your tat, and I will also bring Dr. Greatorex to you. It's very certain that, with a sudden attack like this, you ought not to go an inch further."

"It's really awfully good of you, don't you know," said Oudenarde, tilting the remainder of the water out of his Ellwood and setting it on the rock beside him. "Most unfortunate that I should knock up like this. But mind, I don't mean to spoil your shoot—good Lord! What's that?"

His eyes were fixed on the platform of rock above the stream, and there was a look in them that made Carington wheel rapidly and follow their gaze. He saw the trailing growth pushed aside and the opening of the cave blocked by a crawling figure, and as he looked it crept out on all fours into the daylight.

It was an old, old man, with naked, paint-daubed skin, and a mass of ash-coloured hair and beard about his face. He seemed little bigger than a monkey, so shrivelled and wizened was the grey-brown body, and he crawled silently across the platform and blinked down at the Englishmen with one shrunken claw shading his peering eyes. He did not look human; and the stealthy observation was like that of some soft-padded animal of the jungle.

"I agree that it is a disagreeable object," said Carington easily, though some of the Viscount's alarm had found, for the second, a vague echo in his own breast. "But he's quite harmless, and is probably far more scared at us than we are at him. He's the old fakir—I think I heard McKinder mention him to you—and he lives in that cave behind the rock. There—he's gone again."

The creature had vanished as he spoke, as silently as he had appeared, and only the shaking of the hanging shrubs that curtained the cave showed that he had returned to his hole.

"They say he was a priest in the pre-

"It crept out on all fours into the daylight."

historic times," Carington continued, seeing that Oudenarde's eyes remained raised to the rock above him. "Some rival religionists plundered his temple and burnt it to the ground, and he fled away into the wilderness and rooted himself here. That makes him out to be very old, for it did not happen in the days of the British administration."

"Ugh!" said Oudenarde. "He looked like a living mummy. It made me feel suddenly sick to see him glaring down behind you. I can quite believe he is the oldest person in the world. His looks claim the distinction for him. Do you know, I seem to have met—I mean even he—oh, dash it all! there's something very queer about me to-day."

Again Carington had cause to look anxiously at him. The Viscount was wiping his face nervously, and he looked, if anything, whiter and more fagged than before. It was clearly a case for the doctor.

"Well, I'll go on and fetch Greatorex," he said. "You don't mind being left for five minutes, I suppose? Not faint, are you?"

"Not in the least, thank you," said Lord Oudenarde; "a little shaky, that's all." He glanced up again at the mouth of the cave. "I suppose that thing won't—— Oh, no, I don't mind being left at all, of course. So good of you to bother, don't you know." He averted his eyes from the cave and folded his arms with the air of a man who conquers a hidden impulse.

It was on the tip of Carington's tongue to offer to stay with him till the others should miss them and return, but Oudenarde's manner showed that he did not wish him to make the suggestion, and with another word of sympathy he turned on his heel and left him. The path zigzagged, snake-like, about the hill, and twenty yards took him out of sight.

Alan McKinder, with Greatorex and Sivewright, was sitting on the edge of the path a quarter of a mile further on. He had halted to wait for his missing guns, and indeed there was a discussion going on as Carington appeared, as to whether somebody should not go back to look for them. Carington's first words startled the little group, and they scrambled to their feet.

"Lord Oudenarde has been taken ill," said Carington. "He may not be bad, but he has been talking oddly, and he is much too shaky to walk another inch. I wish you'd come back and look at him."

Greatorex instinctively felt in his pockets and hurried back at once.

"This comes of benevolence," said Sivewright to McKinder. "Your shoot will be a pearl thrown before swine to that short-breathed young man."

"I hope there's nothing wrong with the boy," said McKinder anxiously, breaking into a trot.

Greatorex had turned the last corner, with Carington at his heels. The men behind heard him give an exclamation and saw him make a sprint forward. Then they, too, saw the reason and they quickened their pace. The stones rattled down from under their feet as they laboured up the rugged little path.

Lord Oudenarde had crossed the plank and was stumbling along towards them, reeling from side to side and imperilling his life every time he rolled towards the unprotected edge of the path. He was bareheaded, and his hands were clutching, opening and shutting, at the empty air. Behind, the kneeling fakir peered after him, wild-beast-like, from the edge of the rock.

Greatorex rushed forward and caught the boy under the armpits. He swayed for an instant in the grasp and then sank, dragging the doctor's hand down. And then he spoke.

"I swear to you he stole it first! I only took what was not his—he knows it—he knew it then. He took it when the others attacked the temple—how should the god suspect his own priest? And while they searched the ruins he fled to the north, and no man knew of his guilt but I. I followed, up, up, up—nearer, nearer . . . . how he screamed when I found him! It was a great treasure . . . . price of blood . . . . many jewels . . . . it was an angry god. But why should he shift the curse to me?"

"Great Heavens!" said Greatorex. "The man is dying!"

Lord Oudenarde's lips were blue, and his face became distorted by a sudden convulsion. The men started forward and held their breath. Above them, seeing but unseen, the fakir stretched out his shrivelled neck, and, with talon-like fingers clawing at the edge of the rock, craned to watch the tragedy.

* * * * *

Carington walked into Alan McKinder's study one morning, some three weeks after the preceding events, with his finger between the pages of a book. He stood in the doorway for a little, nodding his head thoughtfully as he watched the brewer impaling

the corpse of a butterfly with scientific precision.

"Drop your bugs for a minute, McKinder," he said, at last. "I want to talk to you about Lord Oudenarde's death."

"Haven't we had enough of that?" said McKinder. But he laid the butterfly in its case and pushed back his chair. "The whole thing was very sudden and distressing, and, by Jove! it gave a nasty jar to the best of us. The poor lad's death haunts me now."

"Yes, yes; very sad," said Carington absently. He strode up the room and back again, his hands locked behind his back on the book. McKinder watched him.

"What has become of the fakir?" Carington said suddenly, wheeling to a halt.

"My dear fellow! How should I know what the department of police has not been able to discover?"

"Don't prevaricate, McKinder. You know a great deal more than any police-wallah can hope to learn. You understand these people; you have penetrated under the surface; you have made a study of their —their superstitions. Now, what about the connection between the fakir's disappearance and Lord Oudenarde's death? And, secondly, where is the old wretch?"

"I believe he is dead, too. Not that there is any trace of him—your men know that—but it would complete the story. His body is probably rotting in some inaccessible jungle corner."

"The story! Then you *do* know something! Look here"—he tapped the book with an eager forefinger—"I have been reading——"

"The History and Traditions of Mogulpur," I suppose. "Yes; I looked into that myself, not long ago."

"It contains an account of how the jewels of the shrine at Mogulpur—jewels worth a king's ransom—were reported to have been looted at the desecration of the temple by the men who sacked the city in 1731. But this was denied by the conquerors, who averred that the gems had been stolen by a priest, who had fled. And, certainly, the booty that was shown contained nothing of extraordinary value."

"Fled northwards. Yes."

"There was an Englishman in the service of the victorious rajah. He resigned service and went north shortly after the Mogulpur affair."

"Lord Oudenarde's ancestor. Just so."

Carington drew a chair to the table, squared his elbows, and looked at McKinder.

"The rest of the story, please," he said.

"I don't *know* anything," said the brewer. "Nobody knows anything in India in matters of this sort. But here is my theory, built from the Mogulpur record, from local tradition, and from my own observation.

"Maffington followed the priest who had succumbed to temptation at the opportunity given him in the general panic. They came up here, one following the other, and the priest was induced, under persuasion, to disgorge his booty. He continued to live—funny things happen in the East—to an incredible age, waiting, as I suppose, for the punishment of the gods to visit John Maffington."

"But it didn't."

"Well, that depends. There's a notion of reincarnation which prevails in some sects, you know. Supposing the god's curse should have been that the fakir was to linger on earth, until the reincarnated Maffington returned to expiate his crime on the spot where it was committed?"

Carington fidgeted the leaves of the book; his brows contracted thoughtfully.

"No, impossible," he said.

"Of course it is," said McKinder cheerfully. "Hopelessly, monstrously impossible. Lord Oudenarde died of—what was it the doctor said?—aneurism of the heart, and our friend the fakir went a-walking in the jungles and did not return. And we are a pair of fools. There, isn't that much more satisfactory? Come and have a peg, and I'll show you the tiger I shot last May."

JOHN BRIGHT AS AN ANGLER:

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

By W. A. Sommerville.

REMEMBER being asked to dine at Abbotsford, and a postscript to the letter said, "The boat will meet you at the ferry at seven o'clock." I was looking to-day at what was the site of the St. James's Hotel in Jermyn Street, where Sir Walter Scott spent his last night in London. The hotel has long since gone, but the Tweedside Ferry remains. This was the ferry used by Sir Walter; you can picture him on the banks of the river with Tom Purdie and his dogs, and at his call the boat gliding across to take him to Abbotsford.

There is only one book of biography in our language which I think can compare with Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and that book is Lockhart's "Life of Scott." Is there anything more pathetic in literature than Lockhart's description of Sir Walter's return to Abbotsford from Italy? "As we descended the Vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him. Presently he murmured a name or two—Gala water, surely, Buckholm Torwoodle. As we rounded the hill at Ladhope the outline of the Eildons burst upon him, and when, turning himself upon the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with delight." A few weeks after, waking from unconsciousness, he sent for Lockhart and said to him, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. Be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man." And he who filled our childhood with romance a few days afterwards passed away.

The ferry at Abbotsford is characteristic of many on the Tweed, from Berwick to the Crook. The stage coach used to change horses at the Crook Inn. The stage coach has gone, some day the ferries may go, too, to be superseded by iron bridges—how sad it all is! John Ruskin has told us. A mile and a bit below Kelso there is a ferry that takes you over to the village of Sprouston, where lives John Wright, maker of salmon-flies. John will take three salmon for any other man's one out of the Rock Pool; personally, I never could take one. The ferry is rented by an old friend of mine, Charles Carse; Charles has a man called Donald, who rows the ferry boat for him. Donald seldom speaks, save when he gets a "challenge" from the other side of the river, of "Boat," from someone wishing to cross. I don't think he receives much pay, but all the money he gets he spends on books—not old books, but new ones, fresh from some Edinburgh or London publisher. The last time I was in his room there was more than a cartload of them—not on bookshelves, he has no space for that. He has them piled up in a heap, much as the crofters pile up their peats for the winter fire. His room is in Charles Carse's cottage, who gives him free lodging and what Donald calls "his meat." One day I was saying something to Charles in praise of Donald, with his silence and passion for books, and Charles did not differ from me very much. It was all true enough, he said; but it seemed that Donald consumed enormous quantities of porridge. "You have no idea of the quantity of porridge that man can put away." Here was the rift in the lute, the discord coming into the pastorale symphony of this Tweedside Ferry. It seemed that this porridge was the principle item in what Donald called "his meat." Well, I don't wonder the poor man was hungry, for he rowed the boat from daylight to dark, and had many a time a call of "Boat" coming across the river in the night from the Kelso road.

In 1874 my father rented the Lower Sprouston water on the Tweed, the cottage stream and the mill stream, and the right to fish down for about a mile to a cast called Red Nanny. We used to fish alternately for about two hours. When it was not my turn I would take my trout rod and go up the river to Sprouston Dub and have a try for a trout. One day I was fishing, when I became conscious of someone coming down the river towards me; it was John Bright. He came slowly, pausing now and again to watch the salmon as they broke the surface of the water. In those days I had a collie dog called "Yarrow," and away went Yarrow, glad to find someone to sympathise with him. This was the first time I ever met Mr. Bright,

though I often used to meet him afterwards when he was fishing at Sprouston, and I used occasionally to travel with him between Edinburgh and Kelso.

I would sometimes go up to the rising ground above the Dub and watch him fishing. That he was a very good angler I would not say ; it takes long years, beginning in boyhood, to be that, and a development of muscle that is not gained by walking into the division lobby of the House of Commons or ascending the steps of the Reform Club. He could play a fish as well as most of us, and cast not too long a line as well as need be.

That he loved the river it is needless to say ; his angling brought him into touch with its streams and pools, the riverside flowers, the birds, and the birch trees with their silver stems. And then there were the kindly Tweedside folk with whom to talk, and the silent evenings, when the river seems to speak, "deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night."

He would often talk to me about Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cobden, "My friend Mr. Cobden." If he had been visiting at Hawarden he would speak of it with a pleasure, almost as though it were a privilege for him to go there. Side by side with Cobden he had fought for the repeal of the Corn Laws, but he always left the impression with you that Cobden was greater than he. I never heard him speak in public, but in talking to me on the river there was the same earnestness that characterised his public utterances. He never attained what Tennyson calls "the wise indifference of the wise." With him there was no indifference ;

"I was fishing, when I became conscious of someone coming down the river towards me."

he had still the deep-beating heart of his boyhood and the perpetual youthfulness that is a distinctive mark of genius.

Once, in travelling with him from Edinburgh, I lost my railway ticket. I was sure I had placed it in one of my waistcoat pockets, and I remember that Mr. Bright insisted on examining each pocket himself. One day we were going to Kelso, and Yarrow, my collie dog, was with me. Now Yarrow was, like all collie dogs, a great diplomatist ; and whenever the ticket examiner made his appearance at the door of the carriage

would disappear mysteriously under the seat. Mr. Bright remarked to me that it was perfectly evident that Yarrow must have at one time belonged to a gentleman who was in the habit of travelling without a dog ticket.

On the portion of the river where I used to watch Mr. Bright fish I once had a record day. The river was very low, weeks having passed without any rain; the fish had left the streams and shallows and gathered into the Dub, which is really a great lake formed by the dam or weir constructed to store the water for driving the corn mill below. I rented the water at this time with a Mr. Wood, whose brother was standing for Parliament. As he was assisting him with his election work, he had little time for fishing, but he had written that if the water was in order he would come North for a single day, travelling all night in the Midland sleeping carriage, and returning home to England at night. He left it to Charles Carse, from whom we rented the water and who rowed our boat, to decide whether he should come North or not. I had only landed one fish in nine days. The want of rain and bright sunshine had done their work.

Charles was in trouble. "Should he wire Mr. Wood" (he always called him Mr. 'Ood) "to come or no?" Charles was very partial to Mr. Wood, but with him, as with all of us, he had a fault to find. If Mr. 'Ood would fish the Dub with two single gut traces, instead of two double, it would make his fly sink deeper, and he would kill two fish for one; but Mr. Wood had his way, preferring the stronger tackle. Charles drove down to Kelso with me to consult Mr. Patterson at Forrest's, who was a great authority on the weather; and in the evening, things promising to get no better, they wired Mr. Wood not to come—and Mr. Wood lost a great day on the Tweed.

When I reached the river, Charles was waiting for me at the Butterwash, and we rowed down to the Dub. Captain Griffiths (now Sir George Waldie Griffiths, of Henderside) was fishing the Henderside side, and as we passed I asked him if he had had any sport. He answered that he had been fishing for an hour, but had caught nothing. You fish down stream for salmon, but even fishing down stream has its exceptions. The waves on the Dub were a foot high and the wind blowing strongly. Charles decided to start fishing up stream.

There was no difficulty in casting, and I sent my fly with ease to the other side. I had not long to wait; there was a heavy, determined pull at my line, my rod bent, and away went a salmon as merrily as a four-in-hand down Piccadilly. "Ye gave him a right stroke," said Charles; "haud on to him." Soon we knew that he was a very heavy fish. Would the slender hold give way? He took a lot of holding; away up stream for eighty yards I had to let him go again and again. Had I checked him, he would have broken my gut cast as easily as you broke your breakfast egg this morning. He sulked and started to tug at the line much after the fashion of a steam launch at her moorings in a storm. At last the steady pressure of rod and arm told; we gradually drew him nearer to the side, and Charles landed him safely in the net.

He weighed 33 lbs. I then killed two in succession—they weighed 27 lbs. each—and later one of 29 lbs. By evening I had twelve fish, averaging 19 lbs. each. Captain Griffiths, fishing on the other side, killed thirteen fish, so that we had twenty-five fish between us. Charles walked down to the gate at Henderside with me. We had previously had many a weary blank day together. Only anglers know how grateful one is to have such a change of luck. But Charles's pleasure was tempered with sadness. He bade me good-night, pathetically adding, "What will Mr. 'Ood say?" As I walked home that long last beautiful mile that leads into Kelso—I once counted seventy pheasants together in the Park at Henderside from it—I, also, could not help thinking of my friend Mr. Wood. "If Mr. 'Ood would fish the Dub with two single gut casts instead of two double, it would make his fly sink deeper, and he would kill two fish for one."

The last time I saw Mr. Bright we travelled from Kelso to Edinburgh together. There was a little crowd on the Kelso platform round a compartment in the window of which the stationmaster had placed a placard marked "engaged." I had gone into the next compartment, a smoking one, when John Bright came up and told the stationmaster laughingly that he would rather go into the smoking carriage with me. The stationmaster transferred his label, and we had the carriage to ourselves. He told me he feared it would be his last visit to Kelso, and spoke as pathetically of the parting as if he were saying good-bye to a friend for ever.

IT is to be feared that when Adam was called upon to find names for all the creatures he found in the Garden of Eden, he must have lumped many of them together under a common designation, or else he omitted to register the names he bestowed. Certainly his successors have failed to hand down to us the names of any but the comparatively few large creatures. But for this omission Spenser would not have had to lament the "endlesse worke" he had in hand "to count the sea's abundant progeny." It may safely be said that to-day not one in a hundred of the creatures inhabiting these little islands in the North Atlantic have got real folk-names, and the few that have bear eloquent testimony to the poverty of man's nominative ability. Many of the sea creatures, for example, have had to be content with the names of totally dissimilar land creatures with the distinctive prefix of "sea." Thus we have sea-lion as the name of a species of seal, and among fishes such inappropriate and even confusing names as sea-owl, sea-adder, sea-eagle, sea-ape, sea-fox, sea-snail, and so forth throughout a lengthy list.

There is, perhaps, more reason for naming the subjects of this article sea-spiders, because some of them, though indubitably crabs, bear a very striking resemblance to *the* spiders in their long, alternated limbs and small trunks; so much so that very few fishermen will recognise them as crabs, even though you compromise by calling them spider-crabs. To them they are as much spiders as the eight-legged creatures that construct webs in their homes and gardens. Of the twelve kinds of spider-crabs that are found on the British coasts fishermen will admit but one as a crab—that is the gabrick, or prickly spider-crab (*Maia*), one of the largest of our crabs. None of the group is well known, except to the few naturalists who have made a special study of the crustacea, and as there are some very curious points in the economy of most of them I have thought the readers of this magazine would be interested in a brief account of them. One need not go beyond our own seas for examples, but one conspicuous foreigner may be mentioned—Kämpfer's spider-crab (*Macrocheira Kämpferi*), which, in the waters of Japan, can span ten or eleven feet with its long, slender legs, though the trunk to which these are articulated is only about a foot in diameter.

On glancing at almost any crab it is possible to tell by the structure of its legs and trunk what is its mode of life. That one is built for swimming through the sea, or for ascending rapidly from the bottom to the surface waters. This one is meant for slipping into crevices of the rocks on the slightest alarm, that for getting rapidly

beneath them, and here again is one designed for life beneath the deep-water sands. But looking at the entire series of British spider-

LEACH'S SPIDER-CRAB.

crabs, we fail to see that any of them is adapted for either of these conditions of life. Their thick bodies, broadest behind, are ill-adapted for backward burrowing or for getting into safe retreats, for which their long, sprawling, weak limbs also unfit them. These limbs are rounded, and therefore useless as paddles, and when not as slender as grass-stems are covered with bristles or spines. Their bodies, too, are in varying degree covered with sharp spines and hooked bristles. The gabrick is more spiny practically than a sea-urchin, for the spines of an urchin may be moved aside, but those of the gabrick are immovable.

I have mentioned several modes of life for which the peculiar build of the spider-crabs unfits them, and the reader may not unreasonably expect to be informed for what occupation they are fitted. Their resemblance to spiders reminds us that these spinners use their slender limbs for the purpose of traversing their own delicate webs without breaking through. Many long-legged insects can walk over the tips of grass-blades, even as Atalanta was fabled to skip over the fields of corn—her toes were probably drawn out to an inordinate length like the finger-bones of the bat! Several of the water-bugs walk over the surface of ponds without putting their feet in the water, and a bird of South America—the jacana—walks over the aquatic weeds by the aid of exceedingly long toes, just as our fellow-humans in Northern Europe walk over deep snow with the aid of ski. So, too, do our spider-crabs walk over and climb up and down the finer weeds in deep water, whilst the larger and heavier species lie about on mud and the soft decaying material accumulating on parts of the sea-bottom—thanks to their long legs.

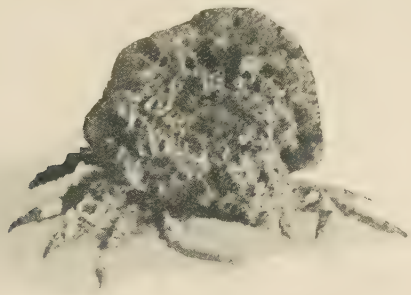
It is not so easy for the reader to check this statement as it is to test the truth of what I have stated relative to terrestrial creatures, but it is not at all difficult to obtain evidence in support of my contention. In dredging for examples of the life of the sea bottom we bring up part of the bottom. The finer constituents, such as mud and sand, for the most part escape through the meshes of the dredge-net, but shells, stones, corals, weeds, etc., are retained, and from their condition we can judge the character of the bottom. When the dredge comes up half filled with the long green ribbons of grass-wrack, among which are certain kinds of spider-crabs that have cut off little bits of this grass and fastened them about their legs and bodies, we are surely justified in saying the crabs live among the grass-wrack. When, too, from another part of the dredging ground the dredge comes up full of coral, and among it are quaintly formed spider-crabs that are obviously built in imitation of the coral, it is only exercising common sense to say the crabs live among the coral

SLENDER SPIDER-CRAB.

branches. Once more, when among mud and decaying *débris* of weeds the gabrick comes up with his back thickly coated with

similar rubbish, we are justified in holding the belief that the gabrick spends his life upon such stuff.

Now, such situations are more or less in

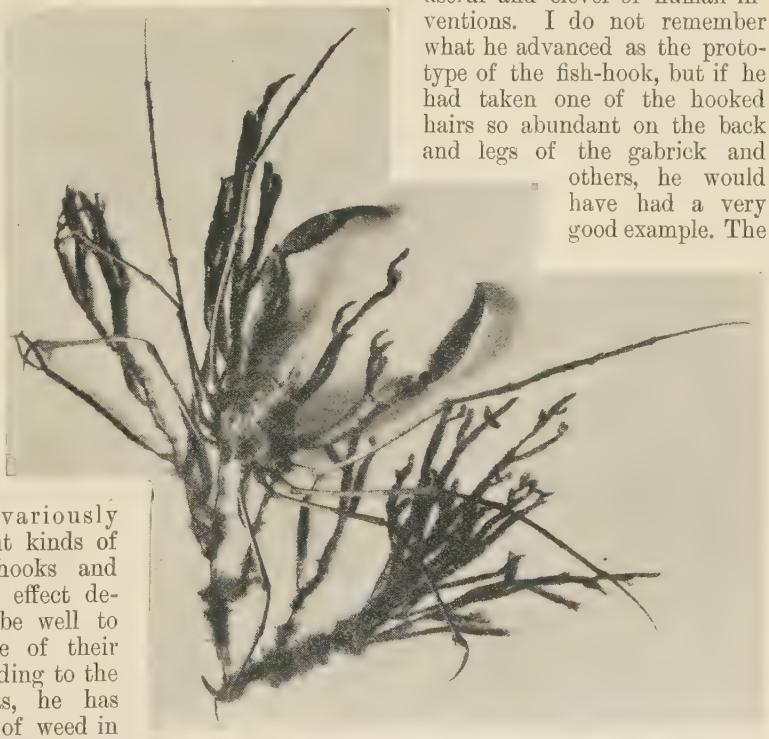


GIBBS' SPIDER-CRAB, WITH RED SPONGE GROWN OVER CARAPACE.

the open, where fishes are for ever prowling around, seeking what they may devour. Crabs and their kindred are the favourite food of many fishes, just as they are with many humans, and it requires all the craftiness of the race to enable them to survive the onslaughts made upon them. Great fecundity is one of their safeguards against extinction, and, as we have already hinted, some have developed swimming power, or the capacity for rapidly getting beneath rocks and sand on the slightest suspicion of danger, to say nothing of the provision of formidable nippers wherewith to defend themselves at close quarters.

Nature having variously equipped the different kinds of spider-crabs with hooks and spines, they have in effect decided that it would be well to make the fullest use of their endowment; so, according to the situation each affects, he has hooked on little bits of weed in such an irregular fashion that the underlying symmetry of trunk and limbs is admirably disguised. If the members of our own race were similarly endowed with hooks, they could scarcely exhibit greater intelligence and artistic taste than are shown by some of these spider-crabs in dissembling their natural beauty. This is the more remarkable because their eyes are so situated and mounted that a very limited portion of their decorated surfaces can be brought within their field of vision. However, some other sense probably comes in to help them to a satisfactory arrangement of their fal-lals; for when a specimen decked out with red weeds is placed in a tank where only green weeds are growing, the red is soon stripped off and replaced by green. Some kinds decorate both back and limbs, some the limbs only or chiefly; but in no species with which I am acquainted is any attempt made to improve the natural condition of the under surface, except the broad abdomen of the female, when it is extended for the protection of her numerous eggs—but this has then ceased to be a part of the under surface.

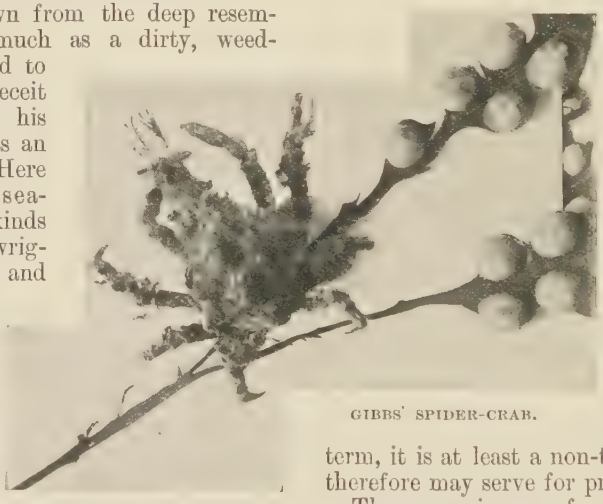
The late Rev. J. G. Wood was very fond of showing that Nature had either anticipated or given the hint for all the most useful and clever of human inventions. I do not remember what he advanced as the prototype of the fish-hook, but if he had taken one of the hooked hairs so abundant on the back and legs of the gabrick and others, he would have had a very good example. The



COMMON SEA-SPIDER, FROM LIFE.

gabrick's back is studded with stout conical spines, and around the base of every one of these is a triple or quadruple ring of these

hooked hairs. On the upper side of the walking legs the hooked hairs are crowded in straight lines, and the lower surfaces are as thickly clothed with straight, needle-pointed bristles. The nipper legs alone are free from such adornment, because they are mostly hidden beneath the overhanging front of the shell. With these nippers the gabrick breaks off lengths of the pod-weed, and, whipping its own back with these, catches them under the hooked hairs, where they are so securely held in position that it is by no means a light task to clean a gabrick for the cabinet, so as to show the natural condition of the shell. In addition to these larger weeds there are many of a finer description, and mingled with them are some of the branching corallines, the whole forming a well-compacted coat that effectually hides the shell and catches sand and mud. A gabrick fresh drawn from the deep resembles nothing so much as a dirty, weed-covered stone; and to carry out the deceit more thoroughly his coat of rubbish has an extensive fauna. Here you may find sea-anemones, many kinds of marine-worms, wriggling brittle-stars, and a host of minor crustaceans. A few years ago writers on crabs, who had chiefly studied cabinet specimens, were content to assume that these weeds had grown upon the crab owing to its sluggish habits, though a slight examination of freshly caught examples must have shown that the weeds were all short fragments mechanically attached.



GIBBS' SPIDER-CRAB.

Taking a glance at the smaller of these spiders of the sea, we find much similarity of treatment, but with nothing like slavish adherence to a family plan. The long-legged spider-crabs (*Macropodia*), of which we have two species, chiefly decorate their back by getting tube-worms to construct their white, porcelain, serpentine tunnels upon it. Small saddle-oysters also help to disguise the crab, and bits of flimsy red weeds are stuck over back and legs in such a manner as to wave about with every movement of crab or water. These species have peculiar scythe-shaped terminal joints to their walking legs. When folded close against each other these joints serve as supplementary nippers for taking secure hold. By this means the creatures will scramble up a trammel-net —which is set vertically—and on your attempting to gather specimens from such positions, you will find they more readily detach their legs from the body than release their hold of the net. The eyes of these long-legged species are worthy of note—they stand out at right angles from the rostrum, are of peculiar shape, and end in a point. Cranch's spider-crab is similar to these in many respects, but it has shorter legs, with much-curved terminal joints resembling the claws of perching birds. The back is covered with hooked hairs, and the legs with long, straight hairs spreading horizontally. It covers itself with dull red weeds, which render its discovery a matter of difficulty.

Another section (*Inachus*) of the spider-crab group contains three native species, differing only in points of interest to the expert. One of them has been termed the scorpion spider-crab, and though we fail to see any fitness in the term, it is at least a non-technical name and therefore may serve for present purposes.

These scorpions are found in deeper water, and show a decided preference for disguising themselves with a slimy yellow sponge which they appear to plant on their backs and the upper side of their nipper-claws. One specimen I had under observation for several weeks amused me considerably. His back and nippers were covered with an even coat of this sponge, and his lesser limbs were decked out with fragments of thin crimson weed, and, slightly to alter Browning —

> I never could enough admire
> The wisdom of this quaint attire,

for I found it was not only good for a disguise, but also served him for food. The tank in which I kept him was tapestried with green weeds, and it was evident that he was out of harmony with his environment, for

he commenced stripping off his red rags and was not content until he had got rid of them all. Some he ate, and then set to work to cover his limbs afresh with green gathered from his prison walls. But this was only the gossamer-like conferva, and not of sufficient substance to be so used, so he had to abandon that design. After he had been with me for about a fortnight it appeared as though the tank did not provide him with sufficiently appetising food. One day I noticed he was very busy—stretching his big arms across his back, he grabbed a handful of the sponge and brought it to his jaws, eating it with apparent relish. He made many meals after the same fashion, until his back was nearly denuded of its covering, though he was careful not to exterminate the sponge altogether, but to leave a little for future growth.

ROUGH SPIDER-CRAB.

Of all the spider-crabs commend me to Gibbs' spider (*Pisatribulus*) for genuine artistic industry. I should imagine that Nature had fitted him out specially for a life among sponges and corals, for his upper surface is thrown up into five or six rounded hillocks and the whole covered with a short "pile" of thick, scurfy hairs, and his legs are so distorted, drawn up, and gnarled, that he appears to have suffered acutely all his life from rheumatism and chalky gout. Only the first two pairs of walking legs are of much service for walking, but the others are admirable for clinging tenaciously to the stems of seaweeds and for not looking like legs. And yet *tribulus* is not satisfied with his natural disguise; he adds to it bits of weeds and corallines, and plants sponges where he thinks they will be most effective. As I write I have a pair of specimens before me, male and female. On the unsupported evidence afforded by his added finery one might be pardoned for supposing the male to be a female; for his head is adorned with ostrich-feather-like plumes of coralline imbedded in a patch of sponge. Behind this are set several streamers of flimsy green and crimson weeds to wave over his back with every movement of the water. Along his sides are several patches of thin, white, calcareous sponges, so that when looked at from below these would produce the illusion of holes through the body. The first two pairs of walking legs are covered with loose, fluttering rags of weed, but the two hinder pairs are left unadorned, because they are clasped round some support and hidden beneath the crab's body. The female specimen is got up quite differently. She appears to have lacked the patience necessary for titivating herself up with bits of ribbon and feathers; she bears on her back a mass of vermilion-coloured sponge about three times her own bulk. Beneath this load she is hidden, except her walking legs, and these she has in appearance severed from her body by sticking on little patches of white sponge, like those on the male's sides, but smaller.

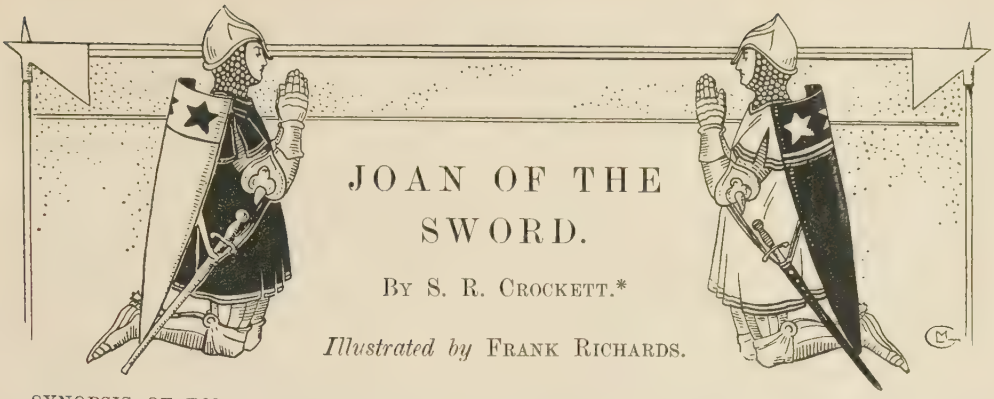
The last example of this remarkable family with which I shall trouble the reader is the strawberry crab (*Eurynome*), which does not seek to improve upon Nature. It lives among corals in deep water (15 to 25 fathoms) on our south-west coast, and is built in very close harmony with its surroundings. The back of this creature is studded with broad-topped, stony excrescences of a pink tint, in some cases sufficiently red to suggest the likeness to a strawberry. The limbs, too, are knobbed and twisted in such manner as makes them to resemble coral branches. The nipper-legs of the male are very long,

STRAWBERRY CRAB.

but when not in use he keeps them doubled up to reduce their length one half and destroy all his resemblance to a crab

"Gather ye rose=buds while ye may!"

By Aimee G. Clifford.



JOAN OF THE SWORD.

By S. R. Crockett.*

Illustrated by Frank Richards.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

In the preceding chapters we are introduced to the Duchess Joan of Hohenstein, in Castle Kernsberg, who is twenty-one years old and is a keen and accomplished swordswoman. She is bound by the decree of her father, anxious to unite the two States, either to marry Prince Louis of Courtland or to forfeit her dominion. In order to see her affianced husband unknown to him, Joan, who is very impetuous, dons masculine dress and pays an incognito visit to Courtland, disguised as a secretary named "Johann Pyrmont." Here she makes the acquaintance of Princess Margaret of Courtland, who introduces the secretary to her brother, and is herself greatly fascinated by the young man's looks and ingenuousness. The Princess discards her former cavalier, a Muscovite Prince, who is mad with jealousy. "Johann," however, is much confused by the double *rôle* that is necessary in order to preserve the secret of her identity, though she is most favourably impressed with the glimpse she has of the man whom she regards as her future husband. Ultimately Joan proceeds to Courtland as a bride. Owing to an attack of illness, Prince Louis is unable to see her until they meet at the altar, when, to her dismay, Joan finds that the Prince whose memory she has been cherishing so happily is but Prince Conrad, the younger brother and the bishop who is to marry her, while the bridegroom is a man as repellent and ill-favoured as his brother is attractive. Joan at first refuses to marry him, but eventually yields to Princess Margaret's persuasion. On the steps of the cathedral, however, she suddenly withdraws from her husband, telling him she has fulfilled the letter of the contract, but will have no more to do with him. Hastily springing to her horse, she rides out of the city, and, followed by her horsemen, makes straight for Kernsberg. The flouted bridegroom then resorts to force, and besieges Kernsberg with a powerful army of his own and Muscovite men. In order to prevent the Duchess being captured, in the event of the castle being taken, her officers convey her, much against her will, to a place of safety on an island in the Baltic, where she may stay with the mother of one of their fellow officers till the storm has blown over. Here, in a lonely house on the dunes, Joan's mysterious hostess makes a midnight attempt upon the life of her distinguished guest, and only after its failure makes herself known as the unacknowledged wife of the late Duke, Joan's father, and the mother of his son, who should have been his heir.

CHAPTER XXV.

BORNE ON THE GREAT WAVE.

It chanced that in the chamber from which Werner von Orseln had come so swiftly at the cry of the Wordless Man, Boris and Jorian, after sleeping through the disturbances above them and the first burst of the storm, were waked by the blowing open of the lattice as the wind reached its height. Jorian lay still on his pallet and slily kicked Boris, hoping that he would rise and take upon him the task of shutting it.

Then to Boris, struggling upward to the surface of the ocean of sleep, came the same charitable thought with regard to Jorian. So, both kicking out at the same time, their feet encountered with a clash of iron footgear, and so with surly snarls they hent them on their feet, abusing each other in voices which could be heard above the humming of the storm without.

It was tall Boris who, having cursed himself empty, first made his way to the window. The lattice hung by one leathern thong. The other had been torn away, and indeed it was a wonder that the whole framework had not been blown bodily into the room. For the tempest pressed against it straight from the north, and the sticky spray from the waves which broke on the shingle drove stingingly into the eyes of the man-at-arms as he looked out.

Nevertheless he thrust his head out, looked a moment through half-closed eyelids, and then cried, "Jorian, we are surely lost! The sea is breaking in upon us. It has passed the beach of shingle out there!"

And seizing Jorian by the arm Boris made his way to the door by which they had entered, and, undoing the bolts, they reached the walled courtyard, where, however, they found themselves in the open air, but sheltered from the utmost violence of the tempest. There was a momentary difficulty here, because neither could find the key of the heavy door in the boundary wall. But Boris, ever fertile in expedient, discovered a ladder under a kind of shed, and setting it against the northern wall he climbed to the top. While he remained under the shelter of the wall his body was comfortably warm; only

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an occasional veering flaw sent a purl of what he was to meet downwards. But the instant his head was above the copestone, and the ice-cold northerly blast met him like a wall, he fairly gasped, for the furious onslaught of the storm seemed to blow every particle of breath clean out of his body.

The spindrift flew smoking past, momentarily white in the constant lightning flashes, and before him, and apparently almost at the foot of the wall, Boris saw a wonderful sight. The sea appeared to be climbing, climbing, climbing upwards over a narrow belt of sand and shingle which separated the scarcely fretted Haff from the tumbling milk of the outer Baltic.

In another moment Jorian was beside him, crouching on the top of the wall to save himself from being carried away. And there, in the steamy smother of the sea, backed by the blue electric flame of the lightning, they saw the slant masts of a vessel labouring to beat against the wind.

"Poor souls, they are gone!" said Boris, trying to shield his eyes with his palm, as the black hull disappeared and the masts seemed to lurch forward into the milky turmoil. "We shall never see her again."

For one moment all was dark as pitch, and the next a dozen flashes of lightning burst every way, as many appearing to rise upwards as could be seen to fall downwards. A black speck poised itself on the crest of a wave. "It is a boat! It can never live!" cried the two men together, and dropping from the top of the wall they ran down to the shore, going as near as they dared to the surf which arched and fell with ponderous roar on the narrow strip of shingle.

Here Jorian and Boris ran this way and that, trying to pierce the blackness of the sky with their spray-blinded eyes, but nothing more, either of the ship or of the boat which had put out from it, did they see. The mountainous roll and ceaseless iteration of the oncoming breakers hid the surface of the sea from their sight, while the sky, changing with each pulse of the lightning from densest black to green shot with violet, told nothing of the men's lives which were being riven from their bodies beneath it.

"Back, Boris, back!" cried Jorian suddenly, as after a succession of smaller waves a gigantic and majestic roller arched along the whole seaward front, stood a moment black and imminent above them, and then fell like a whole mountain-range in a snowy avalanche of troubled water which rushed savagely up the beach. The two soldiers, who would have faced unblanched any line of living enemies in the world, fled terror-stricken at that onrush of that sea of milk. The wet sand seemed to catch and hold their feet as they ran, so that they felt in their hearts the terrible sensation of one who flees in dreams from some hideous imagined terror and who finds his powers fail him as his pursuer approaches.

Upward and still upward the wave swept with a soft, universal hiss which drowned and dominated the rataplan of the thunder-peals above and the sonorous diapason of the surf around them. It rushed in a creaming smother about their ankles, plucked at their knees, but could rise no higher. Yet so fierce was the back draught, that when the water retreated, dragging the pebbles with it down the shingly shore with the rattle of a million castanets, the two stout captains of Plassenburg were thrown on their faces and lay as dead on the wet and sticky stones, each clutching a double handful of broken shells and oozy sand which streamed through their numbed fingers.

Boris was the first to rise, and finding Jorian still on his face he caught the collar of his doublet and pulled him with little ceremony up the sloping bank out of tide-reach, throwing him down on the shingly summit with as little tenderness or compunction as if he had been a bag of wet salt.

By this time the morning was advancing and the storm growing somewhat less continuous. Instead of the wind beating a dead weight upon the face, it came now in furious gusts. Instead of one grand roar, multitudinous in voice yet uniform in tone, it hooted and piped overhead as if a whole brood of evil spirits were riding headlong down the tempest-track. Instead of coming on in one solid bank of blackness, the clouds were broken into a wrack of wild and fantastic fragments, the interspaces of which showed paly green and pearly grey. The thunder retreated growling behind the horizon. The violet lightning grew less continuous, and only occasionally rose and fell in vague, distant flickerings towards the north, as if someone were lifting a lantern almost to the sea-line and dropping it again before reaching it.

Looking back from the summit of the mound, Boris saw something dark lying high up on the beach amid a wrack of seaweed and broken timber which marked where the great wave had stopped. Something odd about the shape took his eye.

A moment later he was leaping down again

towards the shore, taking his longest strides, and sending the pebbles spraying out in front and on all sides of him. He stooped and found the body of a man, tall, well-formed, and of manly figure. He was bare-headed and stripped to his breeches and underwear.

Boris stooped and laid his hand upon his heart. Yes, so much was certain. He was not dead. Whereupon the ex-man-at-arms lifted him as well as he could and dragged him by the elbows out of reach of the waves. Then he went back to Jorian and kicked him in the ribs. The rotund man sat up with an execration.

"Come!" cried Boris, "don't lie there like Reynard the Fox waiting for Kayward the Hare. We want no malingering here. There's a man at death's door down on the shingle. Come and help me to carry him to the house."

It was a heavy task, and Jorian's head spun with the shock of the wave and the weight of their burden long before they reached the point where the boundary wall approached nearest to the house.

"We can never hope to get him up that ladder and down the other side," said Boris, shaking his head.

"Even if we had the ladder!" answered Jorian, glad of a chance to grumble; "but, thanks to your stupidity, it is on the other side of the wall."

Without noticing his companion's words, Boris took a handful of small pebbles and threw them up at a lighted window. The head of Werner von Orseln immediately appeared, his grizzled hair blown out like a misty aureole about his temples.

"Come down," shouted Boris, making a trumpet of his hands to fight the wind withal. "We have found a drowned man on the beach!"

And indeed it seemed literally so, as they carried their burden round the walls to the wicket door and waited. It seemed an interminable time before Werner von Orseln arrived with the dumb man's lantern in his hand.

They carried the body into the great hall, where the Duchess and the old servitor met them. There they laid him on a table. Joan herself lifted the lantern and held it to his face. His fair hair clustered about his head in wet knots and shining twists. The features of his face were white as death and carven like those of a statue. But at the sight the heart of the Duchess leaped wildly within her.

"Conrad!" she cried—that word and no more. And the lantern fell to the floor from her nerveless hand.

There was no doubt in her mind. She

"A girl, sweet and stately, sat by his bedside."

could make no mistake. The regular features, the pillar-like neck, the massive shoulders, the strong, clean-cut mouth, the broad white brow—and—yes, the slight tonsure of the priest. It was the White Knight of the Courtland lists, the noble Prince of the summer parlour, the red-robed prelate of her marriage-day, Conrad of Courtland, Prince and Cardinal, but to her, "*he*"—the only "he."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GIRL BENEATH THE LAMP.

When Conrad, Cardinal-designate of the Holy Roman Church and Archbishop of Courtland, opened his eyes, it seemed to him that he had passed through warring waters into the serenity of the life beyond. His hand, on which still glittered his episcopal ring, lay on a counterpane of faded rose silk, soft as down. Did he dream that another hand had been holding it, that gentlest fingers had rested caressingly on his brow?

A girl, sweet and stately, sat by his bedside. By the door, to which alone he could raise his eyes, stood a tall, gaunt man, clad in grey from head to foot, his hands clasped in front of him, and his chin sunk upon his breast.

The Prince-Bishop's eyes rested languidly on the girl's face, on which fell the light of a shaded silver lamp. There was a book in her lap, written upon sheets of thin parchment, bound in silver-embossed leather. But she did not read it. Instead she breathed softly and regularly. She was asleep, with her hand on the coverlet of rosy silk.

Strange fancies passed through the humming brain of the rescued man—as it had been, hunting each other across a stage—visions of perilous endeavour, of fights with wild beasts in shut-in places from which there was no escape, of brutal fisticuffs with savage men. All these again merged into the sense of falling from immense heights only to find that the air upheld him and that, instead of breaking himself to pieces at the bottom, he fell soft as thistledown on couches of flowers. Strange, rich, heady scents seemed to rise about him like something palpable. His brain wavered behind his brow like a summer landscape when the sun is hot after a shower. Perfumes, strange and haunting, dwelt in his nostrils. The scent, at once sour and sweet, of bee-hives at night, the richness of honey in the comb, the delicacy of wet banks of violets, full odoured musk, and the luxury of sun-warmed afternoon beanfields, dreamily sweet—these made his soul swoon within him. Then followed odours of rose gardens, of cool walks drenched in shadow and random scents blown in at open windows. Yes, he knew now; surely he was again in his own chamber in the summer pavilion of the palace in Courtland. He could hear the cool wash of the Alla under its walls, and with the assurance there came somehow a memory of a slim lad with clear-cut features who brought him a message from—was it his sister Margaret, or Louis his brother? He could not remember.

Of what had he been dreaming? In the endeavour to recall something he harked back on the terrors of the night in which, of all on board the ship, his soul alone had remained serene. He remembered the fury of the storm, the helpless impotence and blank cowardice of the sailor folk, the desertion of the officers in the only seaworthy boat.

Slowly the drifting mists steadied themselves athwart his brain. The actual recomposed itself out of the shreds of dreams. Conrad found himself in a long, low room such as he had seen many times in the houses of well-to-do ritters along the Baltic shores. The beams of the roof-tree above were carven and ancient. Arras went everywhere about the walls. Silver candlesticks, with princely crests graven upon them, stood by his bedhead. After each survey his eyes settled on the sleeping girl. She was very young and very beautiful. It was—yet it could not be—the Duchess Joan, whom he himself had married to his brother Louis in the cathedral church of his own archiepiscopal city.

Conrad of Courtland had not been trained a priest, yet, as was common at that age, birth and circumstance had made him a Prince of the Roman Church. He had been thrust into the hierarchy solely because of his name, for he had succeeded his uncle Adrian in his posts and emoluments as a legal heir succeeds to an undisputed property. In due time he received his red hat from a pontiff who distributed these among his favourites (or those whom he thought might aggrandise his temporal power) as freely as one who distributes favours at a wedding.

Nevertheless, Conrad of Courtland had all the warm life and imperious impulses of a young man within his breast. Yet he was no Borgia or Della Rovere, cloaking scarlet sins with scarlet vestments. For with the

high dignities of his position and the solemn work which lay to his hand in his northern province there had come the resolve to be not less, but more faithful than those martyrs and confessors of whom he read daily in his Breviary. And while, in Rome herself, vice-proud princes, consorting in the foulest alliance with pagan popes, blasphemed the sanctuary and openly scoffed at religion, this finest and most chivalrous of young northern knights had laid down the weapons of his warfare to take up the crucifix, and now had set out joyfully for Rome to receive his cardinal's hat on his knees as the last and greatest gift of the Vicar of Christ.

He had thus begun his pilgrimage by express command of the Holy Father, who desired to make the Archbishop his Papal assessor among the Electors of the Empire. But scarcely was he clear of the Courtland shores when there had come the storm, the shipwreck, the wild struggle among the white and foaming breakers—and then, wondrously emergent, like heaven after purgatory, the quiet of this sheltered room and this sleeping girl, with her white hand lying lax and delicate on the rosy silk.

The book slipped suddenly from her fingers, falling on the polished wood of the floor with a startling sound. The eyes of the gaunt man by the door were lifted from the ground, glittered beadily for a moment, and again dropped as before.

The girl did not start, but rather passed immediately into full consciousness with a little shudder and a quick gesture of the hand, as if she pushed something or someone from her. Then, from the pillow on which his head lay, Joan of Hohenstein saw the eyes of the Prince Conrad gazing at her, dark and solemn from within the purplish rings of recent peril.

"You are my brother's wife!" he said softly, but yet in the same rich and thrilling voice she had listened to with so many heart-stirrings in the summer palace, and had last heard ring through the cathedral church of Courtland on that day when her life had ended.

A chill came over the girl's face at his words.

"I am indeed the Duchess Joan of Hohenstein," she answered. "My father willed that I should wed Prince Louis of Courtland. Well, I married him and rode away. In so much I am your brother's wife."

It was a strange awaking for a man who had passed from death to life, but at least her impetuosity convinced him that the girl was flesh and blood.

He smiled wanly. The light of the lamp seemed to waver again before his eyes. He saw his companion as it had been transformed and glorified. He heard the rolling of drums in his ears, and merry pipes played far away. Then came the hush of many waters flowing softly, and last, thrumming on the parched earth, and drunk down gladly by tired flowers, the sound of abundance of rain. The world grew full of sleep and rest and refreshment. There was no longer need to care about anything.

His eyes closed, and he seemed about to sink back into unconsciousness, when Joan rose, and with a few drops of Dessauer's phial, which she kept by her in case of need, she called him back from the misty verges of the things which are without.

As he struggled painfully upward he seemed to hear Joan's last words repeated and re-repeated to the music of a chime of fairy bells, "*In so much—in so much I am your brother's wife, your brother's wife!*" He came to himself with a start.

"Will you tell me how I came here, and to whom I am indebted for my life?" he said, as Joan stood beside him, her shapely head dim and retired in the dusk above the lamp, only her chin and the shapely curves of her throat being illumined by the warm lamplight.

"You were picked up for dead on the beach in the midst of the storm," she answered, "and were brought hither by two captains in the service of the Prince of Plassenburg!"

"And where is this place, and when can I leave it to proceed upon my journey?"

The girl's head was turned away from him a trifle more haughtily than before, and she answered coldly, "You are in a certain fortified grange somewhere on the Baltic shore. As to when you can proceed on your journey, that depends neither on you nor on me. I am a prisoner here. And so I fear must you also consider yourself!"

"A prisoner! Then has my brother——?" cried the Prince-Bishop, starting up on his elbow and instantly dropping back again upon the pillow with a groan of mingled pain and weakness. Joan looked at him a moment and then, compressing her lips with quick resolution, went to the bedside and with her hand under his head rearranged the pillow and laid him back in an easier posture.

"You must lie still," she said in a com-

manding tone, and yet softly; "you are too weak to move. Also you must obey me. I have some skill in leechcraft."

"I am content to be your prisoner," said the Prince-Bishop, smiling – "that is, till I am well enough to proceed on my journey to Rome, whither the Holy Father Pope Sixtus hath summoned me by special messenger."

"I fear me much," answered Joan, "that, spite of the Holy Father, we may be fellow prisoners of long standing. Those of my own folk who hold me here against my will are hardly likely to let the brother of Prince Louis of Courtland escape with news of my hiding-place and hermitage!"

The young man seemed as if he would again have started up, but with a gesture smilingly imperious Joan forbade him.

"To-morrow," she said, "perhaps if you are patient I will tell you more. Here comes our hostess. It is time that I should leave you."

Theresa von Lynar came softly to the side of the bed and stood beside Joan. The young Cardinal thought that he had never seen a more queenly pair—Joan resplendent in her girlish strength and beauty, Theresa still in the ripe glory of womanhood. There was a gentler light than before in the elder woman's eye, and she cast an almost deprecating glance upon Joan. For at the first sound of her approach the girl had stiffened visibly, and now, with a formal word as to the sick man's condition, and a cold bow to Conrad, she moved away.

Theresa watched her a little sadly as she passed behind the deep curtain. Then she sighed, and turning again to the bedside she looked long at the young man without speaking.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WIFE AND PRIEST.

"I HAVE a right to call myself the widow of the Duke Henry of Kernsberg and Hohenstein," said Theresa von Lynar, in reply to Conrad's question as to whom he might thank for rescue and shelter.

"And therefore the mother of the Duchess Joan?" he continued.

Theresa shook her head.

"No," she said sadly; "I am not her mother, but—and even that only in a sense—her stepmother. A promise to a dead man has kept me from claiming any privileges save that of living unknown on this desolate isle of sand and mist. My son is an officer in the service of the Duchess Joan."

The face of the Prince-Bishop lighted up instantaneously.

"Most surely, then, I know him. Did he not come to Courtland with my Lord Dessauer, the Ambassador of Plassenburg?"

The lady of Isle Rugen nodded indifferently.

"Yes," she said; "I believe he went to Courtland with the embassy from Plassenburg."

"Indeed, I was much drawn to him," said the Prince eagerly; "I remember him most vividly. He was of an olive complexion, his features without colour, but graven even as the Greeks cut those of a young god on a gem."

"Yes," said Theresa von Lynar serenely, "he has his father's face and carriage, which are those also of the Duchess Joan."

"And why," said the young man, "if I may ask without offence, is your son not the heir to the Dukedom?"

There was a downcast sadness in the woman's voice and eye as she replied, "Because when I wedded Duke Henry it was agreed between us that aught which might be should never stand between his daughter and her heritage; and, in spite of deadly wrong done to those of my house, I have kept my word."

The Prince-Cardinal thought long with knitted brow.

"The Duchess is my brother Louis's wife," he said slowly.

"In name!" said Theresa, quickly and breathlessly, like one called on unexpectedly to defend an absent friend.

"She is his wife—I married them. I am a priest," he made answer.

A gleam, sharp and quick as lightning jetted from a thunder cloud, sprang into the woman's eye.

"In this matter I, Theresa von Lynar, am wiser than all the priests in the world. Joan of Hohenstein is no more his wife than I am!"

"Holy Church, the mother of us all, made them one!" said the Cardinal sententiously. For such words come easily to dignitaries even when they are young.

She bent towards him and looked long into his eyes.

"No," she said; "you do not know. How is it possible? You are too young to have learned the deep things—too certain of your own righteousness. But you will learn some day. I, Theresa von Lynar, know—aye,

"Joan looked steadily away across the steel-grey sea."

though I bear the name of my father and not that of my husband!" And at this imperious word the Prince was silent and thought with gravity upon these things.

Theresa sat motionless and silent by his bed till the day rose cool and untroubled out of the east, softly aglow with the sheen of clouded silk, pearl-grey and delicate. Prince Conrad, being greatly wearied and bruised inwardly with the buffeting of the waves and the stones of the shore, slumbered restlessly and with many tossings and turnings. But as oft as he moved, the hands of the woman who had been a wife were upon him, ordering his bruised limbs with swift knowledgable tenderness, so that he did not wake, but gradually fell again into dreamless and refreshing sleep. This was easy to her, because the secret of pain was not hid from Theresa, the widow of the Duke of Hohenstein—though Henry the Lion's daughter, as yet, knew it not.

In the morning Joan came to bid the patient good-morrow, while Werner von Orseln stood in the doorway with his steel cap doffed in his hand, and Boris and Jorian bent the knee for a priestly blessing. But Theresa did not again appear till night and darkness had wrapped the earth, and being all alone he listened to the heavy plunge of the breakers on the beach among which his life had been so nearly sped. The sound grew slower and slower after the storm, until at last the wavelets of that sheltered sea lapsed on the shingle in a sort of breathing whisper.

"Peace! Peace! Great peace!" they seemed to say hour after hour as they fell on his ear.

And so day passed and came again. Long nights, too, at first with hourly tendance and then presently without. But Joan sat no more with the young man after that first watch, though his soul longed for her, that he might again tell her that she was his brother's wife, and urge her to do her duty by him who was her wedded husband. So Conrad contented himself and salved his conscience by thinking austere thoughts of his mission and high place in the hierarchy of the only Catholic and Apostolic Church. So that presently he would rise up and seek Werner von Orseln in order to persuade him to let him go, that he might proceed to Rome at the command of the Holy Father, whose servant he was.

But Werner only laughed and put him off.

"When we have sure word of what your brother does at Kernsberg, then we will talk of this matter. Till then it cannot be hid from you that no hostage half so valuable can we keep in hold. For if your brother loves my Lord Cardinal, then he will desire to ransom him. On the other hand, if he fear him, then we will keep your Highness alive to threaten him, as the Pope did with Djem, the Sultan's brother!"

So after many days it was permitted to the Prince to walk abroad within the narrow bounds of the Isle Rugen, the Wordless Man guarding him at fifty paces distance, impassive and inevitable as an ambulant rock of the seaboard.

As he went Prince Conrad's eyes glanced this way and that, looking for a means of escape. Yet they saw none, for Werner von Orseln with his ten men of Kernsberg and the two captains of Plassenburg were not soldiers to make mistakes. There was but one boat on the island, and that was locked in a strong house by the inner shore, and over against it a sentry paced night and day. It chanced, however, that upon a warm and gracious afternoon, when the breezes played wanderingly among the garden trees before losing themselves in the solemn aisles of the pines as in a pillared temple, Conrad, stepping painfully westwards along the beach, arrived at the place of his rescue, and, descending the steep bank of shingle to look for any traces of the disaster, came suddenly upon the Duchess Joan gazing thoughtfully out to sea.

She turned quickly, hearing the sound of footsteps, and at sight of the Prince-Bishop glanced east and west along the shore as if meditating retreat.

But the proximity of Max Ulrich and the encompassing banks of water-worn pebbles convinced her of the awkwardness, if not the impossibility, of escape.

Conrad the prisoner greeted Joan with the sweet gravity which had been characteristic of him as Conrad the prince, and his eyes shone upon her with the same affectionate kindliness that had dwelt in them as he looked upon his sister in the pavilion of the rose garden. But after one glance Joan looked steadily away across the steel-grey sea. Her feet turned instinctively to walk back towards the house, and the Prince turned with her.

"If we are two fellow-prisoners," said Conrad, "we ought to see more of each other. Is it not so?"

"That we may concert plans of escape?" said Joan. "You desire to continue your pilgrimage, I to return to my people, who,

alas, think themselves better off without me!"

"I do, indeed, greatly desire to see Rome," replied the Prince. "The Holy Father Sixtus has sent me the red biretta, and has commanded me to come to Rome within a year to exchange it for the Cardinal's hat, and also to visit the tombs of the Apostles."

But Joan was not listening. She went on to speak of the matters which occupied her own mind.

"If you were a priest, why did you ride in the great tournament of the Blacks and the Whites at Courtland not a year ago?"

The Prince-Cardinal smiled indulgently.

"I was not then fledged full priest; hardly am I one now, though they have made me a Prince of Holy Church. Yet the tournaying was in a manner, perhaps, what her bridal dress is to a nun ere she takes the black veil. But, my Lady Joan, what know you of the strife of Blacks and Whites at Courtland?"

"Your sister, the Princess Margaret, spoke of it, and also the Count von Löen, an officer of mine," answered Joan disingenuously.

"I am indeed a soldier by training and desire," continued the young man. "I have served in Plassenburg and the Mark by the side of Karl the Miller's Son. In Italy I have played at stratagem and

"Conrad paced to the west with a downcast look."

countermarch with the Orsini and Colonna. But in this matter the younger son of the house of Courtland has no choice. We are the bulwark of the Church alike against heretic Muscovite to the north and furious Hussite to the south. We of Courtland must stand for the Holy See along all the Baltic edges; and for this the Pope has always chosen from amongst us his representative upon the Diet of the Empire, till the office has become almost hereditary."

"Then you are not really a priest?" said Joan, fixing upon that part of the young man's reply, which somehow had the greatest interest for her.

"In a sense, yes—in truth, no. They say that the Pope, in order to forward the Church's polity, makes and unmakes cardinals every day, some even for money payments; but these are doubtless Hussite lies. Yet though by prescript right and the command of the head of the Church I am both priest and bishop, in my heart I am but Prince Conrad of Courtland and a simple knight, even as I was before."

They paced along together with their eyes on the ground, the Wordless Man keeping a uniform distance behind them. Then the Prince laughed a strange, grating laugh, like one who mocks at himself.

"By this time I ought to have been well on my way to the tombs of the Apostles; yet in my heart I cannot be sorry, for—God forgive me!—I had liefer be walking this northern shore, a young man alone with a fair maiden."

"A priest walking with his brother's wife!" said Joan, turning quickly upon him and flashing a look into the eyes that regarded her with some wonder at her imperiousness.

"That is true, in a sense," he answered; "yet am I a priest with no consent of my desire—you a wife without love. We are, at least, alike in this—that we are wife and priest chiefly in name."

"Save that you are on your way to take on you the duties of your office, while I am more concerned in evading mine."

The Cardinal meditated deeply.

"The world is ill arranged," he said slowly; "my brother Louis would have made a far better Churchman than I. And strange it is to think that but a year ago the knights and chief councillors of Courtland came to me to propose that, because of his bodily weakness, my brother should be deposed and that I should take over the government and direction of affairs."

He went on without noticing the colour rising in Joan's cheek, smiling a little to himself and talking with more animation.

"Then, had I assented, my brother might have been walking here with tonsured head by your side, while I would doubtless have been knocking at the gates of Kernsberg, seeking at the spear's point for a runaway bride."

"Nay!" cried Joan, with sudden vehemence; "that would you not——"

And as suddenly she stopped, stricken dumb by the sound of her own words.

The Prince turned his head full upon her. He saw a face all suffused with hot blushes, haughtiest pride struggling with angry tears in eyes that fairly blazed upon him, and a slender figure drawn up into an attitude of defiance, at sight of which something took him instantly by the throat.

"You mean—you mean——" he stammered and for a moment was silent. "For God's sake, tell me what you mean!"

"I mean nothing at all!" said Joan, stamping her foot in anger.

And turning upon her heel she left him standing fixed in wonder and doubt upon the margin of the sea.

Then the wife of Louis, Prince of Courtland, walked eastward to the house upon the Isle Rugen with her face set as sternly as for battle, but her nether lip quivering, while Conrad, Cardinal and Prince of Holy Church, paced slowly to the west with a bitter and downcast look upon his ordinarily so sunny countenance.

For Fate had been exceeding cruel to these two.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RED LION FLIES AT KERNSBERG.

And meanwile right haughtily flew the red lion upon the citadel of Kernsberg. Never had the Lady Duchess, Joan of the Sword Hand, approven herself so brave and determined. In her forester's dress of green velvet, with the links of chain body-armour glinting beneath its frogs and taches, she went everywhere on foot. At all times of the day she was to be seen at the half-moons wherein the cannon were fixed, or on horseback scouring the defenced posts along the city wall. She seemed to know neither fear nor fatigue, and the noise of cheering followed her about the little hill city like her shadow.

Three there were who knew the truth—Peter Balta, Alt Pikker, and George the

Hussite. And when the guards were set, the lamps lit, and the bars drawn, a stupid Hohensteiner set on watch at the turnpike foot with command to let none pass upon his life—then at last the lithe young Sparhawk would undo his belt with huge refreshful gusting of air into his lungs, amid the scarcely subdued laughter of the captains of the host.

"Lord Peter of the Keys!" Von Lynar would cry, "what it is to unbutton! 'Tis very well to admire it in our pretty Joan, but 'fore the Lord, I would give a thousand crowns if she were not so slender. It cuts a man in two to get within such a girdle. Only Prince Wasp could make shift to fit it. Give me a goblet of ale, fellows."

"Nay, lad—mead! Mead of ten years alone must thou have, and little enough of that! Ale will make thee fat as mast-fed pigs."

"Or stay," amended George the Hussite; "mead is not comely drink for a maid—I will get thee a little canary and water, scented with millefleurs and rosemary."

"Check your fooling and help to unlace me, all of you," quoth the Sparhawk. "Now there is but a silken cord betwixt me and Paradise. But it prisons me like iron bars. Ah, there"—he blew a great breath, filling and emptying his lungs with huge content—"I wonder why we men breathe with our stomachs and women with their chests!"

"Know you not that much?" cried Alt Pikker. "'Tis because a man's life is in his stomach; and as for women, most part have neither heart, stomach, nor bowels of mercy—and so breathe with whatever it liketh them!"

"No ribaldry in a lady's presence, or thou shalt have none of these, either!" quoth the false Joan; "help me off with this thrice-accursed chain-mail. I am pocked from head to heel like a Swiss mercenary late come from Venice. Every ring in this foul devil's jerkin is imprinted an inch deep on my hide, and itches worse than a hundred beggars at a church door. Ah! better, better. Yet not well! I had thought our Joan of the Sword Hand a strapping wench, but now, a hop-pole is an abbot to her when one comes to wear her *carapace* and *justaucorps!*"

"How went matters to-day on your side?" he went on, speaking to Balta, all the while chafing the calves of his legs and rubbing his pinched feet, having first enwrapped himself in a great mantle of red and gold which erstwhile had belonged to Henry the Lion.

"On the whole, not ill," said Peter Balta. "The Muscovites, indeed, drove in our outposts, but could not come nearer than a bowshot from the northern gate, we galled them so with our culverins and bombardels."

"Duke George's famous Fat Peg could not have done better than our little leathern vixens," said Alt Pikker, rubbing his grey badger's brush contentedly. "Gott, if we had only provender and water we might keep them out of the city for ever! But in a week they will certainly have cut off our river and sent it down their new channel, and the wells are not enough for half the citizens, to say nothing of the cattle and horses. This is a great fuss to make about a young jackanapes of a Jutlander like you, Master Maurice von Lynar, Count von Löen—wife of his Highness Prince Louis of Courtland. Ha! ha! ha!"

"I would have you know, sirrah," cried the Sparhawk, "that if you do not treat me as your liege lady ought to be treated, I will order you to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat! Come and kiss my hand this instant, both of you!"

"Promise not to box our ears, and we will," said Alt Pikker and George the Hussite together.

"Well, I will let you off this time," said Maurice royally, stretching his limbs luxuriously and putting one hosened foot on the mantel-shelf as high as his head. "Heigh-ho! I wonder how long it will last, and when we must surrender."

"Prince Louis must send his Muscovites back beyond the Alla first, and then we will speak with him concerning giving him up his wife!" quoth Peter Balta.

"I wonder what the craven loon will do with her when he gets her," said Alt Pikker. "You must not surrender in your girdle-brace and ring-mail, my liege lady, or you will have to sleep with them on. It would not be seemly to have to call up half a dozen lusty men-at-arms to help untruss her ladyship the Princess of Courtland!"

"Perhaps your goodman will kiss you upon the threshold of the palace as a token of reconciliation!" cackled Hussite George.

"If he does, I will rip him up!" growled Maurice, aghast at the suggestion. "But there is no doubt that at the best I shall be between the thills when they get me once safe in Courtland. To ride the wooden horse all day were a pleasure to it!"

But presently his face lighted up and he murmured some words to himself—

"Yet, after all, there is always the Princess Margaret there. I can confide in her when

the worst comes. She will help me in my need—and, what is better still, she may even kiss me!"

And, spite of gloomy anticipations, his ears tingled with happy expectancy, when he thought of opportunities of intimate speech with the lady of his heart.

* * *

Nevertheless, in the face of brave words and braver deeds, provisions waxed scarce and dear in Castle Kernsberg, and in the town below women grew gaunt and hollow-cheeked. Then the children acquired eyes that seemed to stand out of hollow purple sockets. Last of all, the stout burghers grew thin. And all three began to dream of the days when the good farm-folk of the blackened country down below them, where now stood the leafy lodges of the Muscovites and the white tents of the Courtlanders, used to come into Kernsberg to market, the great solemn-eyed oxen drawing carts full of country sausages, and brown meal fresh from the mill to bake the wholesome bread—or when the stout market women brought in the lappered milk and the butter and curds. So the starving folk dreamed and dreamed and woke, and cried out curses on them that had waked them, saying, "Plague take the hands that pulled me back to this gutter-dog's life! For I was just a-sitting down to dinner with a haunch of venison for company, and such a lordly trout, buttered, with green sauce all over him, a loaf of white bread, crisp and crusty, at my elbow, and—Holy Saint Matthew!—such a noble flagon of Rhenish, holding ten pints at the least."

About this time the Sparhawk began to take counsel with himself, and the issue of his meditations the historian must now relate.

It was in the outer chamber of the Duchess Joan, which looks to the north, that the three captains usually sat—burly Peter Balta, stiff-haired, dry-faced, keen-eyed—Alt Pikker, lean and leathery, the life humour within him all gone to fighting juice, his limbs mere bone and muscle, a certain acrid and caustic wit keeping the corners of his lips on the wicker, and, a

"Haughtily flew the red lion upon the citadel of Kernsberg.

little back from these two, George the Hussite, a smaller man, very solemn even when he was making others laugh, but nevertheless with a proud, high look, a stiff upper lip, and a moustache so huge that he could tie the ends behind his head on a windy day.

These three had been speaking together at the wide, low window from which one can see the tight little red-roofed town of Kernsdorf and the green Kernswater lying like a bright, looped ribbon at the foot of the hills.

To them entered the Sparhawk, a settled frown of gloom upon his brow, and the hunger which he shared equally with the others already sharpening the falcon hook of his nose and whitening his thin nostrils.

At sight of him the three heads drew apart, and Alt Pikker began to speak of the stars that were rising in the eastern dusk.

"The dog-star is white," he said didactically. "In my schooldays I used to read in the Latin tongue that it was red!"

But by their interest in such a matter the Sparhawk knew that they had been speaking of far other things than stars before he burst open the door. For little George the Hussite pulled his pandour moustaches and muttered, "A plague on the dog-star and the foul Latin tongue. They are only fit for the gabble of fat-fed monks. Moreover, you do not see it now, at any rate. For me, I would I were back under the Bohemian pine trees, where the very wine smacks of resin, and where there is a sheep (your own or another's, it matters not greatly) tied at every true Hussite's door."

"What is this?" cried the Sparhawk. "Do not deceive me. You were none of you talking of stars when I came up the stairs. For I heard Peter Balta's voice say, 'By Heaven! it must come to it, and soon!' And you, Hussite George, answered him, 'Six days will settle it.' What do you keep from me? Out with it? Speak up, like three little men!"

It was Alt Pikker who first found words to answer.

"We spoke indeed of the stars, and said it was six days till the moon should be gone, and that the time would then be ripe for a sally by the—by the—Plassenburg Gate!"

"Pshaw!" cried the Sparhawk. "Lie to your father confessor, not to me. I am not a purblind fool. I have ears, long enough, it is true, but at least they answer to hear withal. You spoke of the wells, I tell you; I saw your heads move apart as I entered; and then, forsooth, that dotard Alt Pikker (who ran away in his youth from a monk's cloister-school with the nun that taught them stocking-mending) must needs furbish up some scraps of Latin and begin to prate about dog-stars red and dog-stars white. Faugh! Open your mouths like men, set truthful hearts behind them, and let me hear the worst!"

Nevertheless the three captains of Kernsberg were silent awhile, for heaviness was upon their souls. Then Peter Balta blurted out, "God help us! There is but ten days' more provender in the city, the river is turned, and the wells are almost dried up!"

After this the Sparhawk sat awhile on the low window seat, watching the twinkling fires of the Muscovites and listening to the hum of the town beneath the Castle—all now sullen and subdued, no merry hucksters about the church porches, no loitering lads and lasses linking arms and bartering kisses in the dusky corners of the linen market, no clattering of hammers in the armourers' bazaar—a muffled buzzing only, as of men talking low to themselves of bitter memories and yet dismaller expectations.

"I have it!" said the Sparhawk at last, with his eyes on the misty plain of night, with its twinkling pin-points of fire which were the watch-fires of the enemy.

The three men stirred a little to indicate attention, but did not speak.

"Listen," he said, "and do not interrupt. You must deliver me up. I am the cause of war—I, the Duchess Joan. Hear you! I have a husband who makes war because I contemn his bed and board. He has summoned the Muscovite to help him to woo me. Well, if I am to be given up, it is for us to stipulate that the armies be withdrawn, first beyond the Alla, and then as far as Courtland. I will go with them; they will not find me out—at least, not till they are back in their own land."

"What matter?" cried Balta. "They would return as soon as they discovered the cheat."

"Let us sink or swim together," said Hussite George. "We want no talk of surrender!"

But grey, dry Alt Pikker said nothing, weighing all with a judicial mind.

"No, they would not come back," said the Sparhawk; "or, at worst, we would have time—that is, you would have time—to revictual Kernsberg, to fill the tanks and reservoirs, to summon in the hillmen. They would soon learn that there had been no Joan

within the city but the one they had carried back with them to Courtland. Plassenburg, slow to move, would have time to bring up its men to protect its borders from the Muscovite. All good chances are possible if only I am out of the way. Surrender me, but by private treaty, and not till you have seen them safe across the fords of the Alla!"

"Nay, God's truth!" cried the three, "that we will not do! They would kill you by slow torture as soon as they found out that they had been tricked."

"Well," said the Sparhawk slowly, "but by that time they *would* have been tricked."

Then Alt Pikker spoke in his turn.

"Men," he said, "this Dane is a man—a better than any of us. There is wisdom in what he says. Ye have heard in church how priests preach concerning One who died for the people. Here is one ready to die—if no better may be—for the people!"

"And for our Duchess Joan!" said the Sparhawk, taking his hat from his head at the name of his lady.

"Our Lady Joan! Aye, that is it!" said the old man. "We would all gladly die in battle for our lady. We have done more—we have risked our own honour and her favour in order to convey her away from these dangers. Let the boy be given up; and that he go not alone without fit attendance, I will go with him as his chamberlain."

The other two men, Peter Balta and George the Hussite, did not answer for a space, but sat pondering Alt Pikker's counsel. It was George the Hussite who took up the parable.

"I do not see why you, Alt Pikker, and you, Maurice the Dane, should hold such a pother about what you are ready to do for our Lady Joan. So are we all every whit as ready and willing as you can be; and I think, if any are to be given up, we ought to draw lots for who it shall be. You fancy yourselves overmuch, both of you!"

The Sparhawk laughed.

"Great tun-barrelled dolt," he said, clapping Peter on the back, "how sweet and convincing it would be to see you, or that ale-faced knave George there, dressed up in the girdle-brace and steel corset of Joan of the Sword Hand! And how would you do as to your beard? Are you smooth as an egg on the cheeks as I am? It would be rare to have a Duchess Joan with an inch of blue-black stubble on her chin by the time she neared the gates of Courtland! Nay, lads, whoever stays—I must go. In this matter of brides I have qualities (how I got them I know not) that the best of you cannot lay claim to. Do you draw lots with Alt Pikker there, an you will, as to who shall accompany me, but leave Joan of the Sword Hand to settle her own little differences with him who is her husband by the blessing of Holy Church."

And he threw up his heels upon the table and plaited his knees one above the other.

Then it was Alt Pikker's time.

"Peter Balta, and you, George the Heretic, listen," he cried, vehemently emphasising the points on the palm of his hand. "You, Peter, have a wife that loves you—so, at least, we understand—and your Marion, how would she fare in this hard world without you? Have you laid by a stocking-foot full of gold? Does it hang inside your chimney? I trow not. Well, you at least must bide and earn your pay, for Marion's sake. I have neither kith nor kin, neither sweetheart nor wife, covenanted nor uncovenanted. And for you, George, you are a heretic, and if they burn you alive or let out the red sap at your neck, you will go straight to hell-fire. Think of it, George! I, on the other hand, am a true man, and after a paltry year or two in purgatory (just for the experience) will go straight to the bosom of patriarchs and apostles, along with our Holy Father the Pope, and our elder brothers the Cardinals Borgia and Della Rovere!"

"You talk a deal of nothings with your mouth," said George the Hussite. "It is true that I hold not, as you do, that every dishclout in a church is the holy veil, and every old snag of wood with a nail in't a veritable piece of the true cross. But I would have you know that I can do as much for my lady as any one of you—nay, and more, too, Alt Pikker. For a good Hussite is afraid neither of purgatory nor yet of hell-fire, because, if he should chance to die, he will go, without troubling either, straight to the abode of the martyrs and confessors who have been judged worthy to withstand and to conquer."

"And as to what you said concerning Marion," nodded Peter Balta truculently, "she is a soldier's wife and would cut her pretty throat rather than stand in the way of a man's advancement!"

"Specially knowing that so pretty a wench as she is could get a better husband to-morrow an it liked her!" commented Alt Pikker drily.

"Well," cried the Sparhawk, "still your quarrel, gentlemen. At all events, the thing

"It was in the outer chamber that the three captains sat.

is settled. The only question is *when?* How many days' water is there in the wells?"

Said Peter Balta, "I will go and see."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE GREETING OF THE PRINCESS MARGARET.

THEY were making terms concerning treaty of delivering thus:—

"When the last Muscovite has crossed the Alla, when the men of Courtland stand ready to follow—then, and not sooner, we will deliver up our Lady Joan. For this we shall receive from you, Louis, Prince of Courtland, fifty hogsheads of wine, six hundred wagon-loads of good wheat, and the four great iron cannon now standing before the Stralsund Gate. This all to be completed before we of Kernsberg hand our Lady over."

"It is a thing agreed," answered Louis of Courtland, who longed to be gone, and, above all, to get his Muscovite allies out of his country. For not only did they take all the best of everything in the field, but, like locusts, they spread themselves over the rear, carrying plunder and rapine through the territories of Courtland itself, treating it, indeed, as so much conquered country, so that men were daily deserting his colours in order to go back to protect their wives and daughters from the Cossacks of the Don and the Strelits of little Russia.

Moreover, he wanted that proud wench, his wife. Without her as his prisoner, he dared not go back to his capital city. He had sworn an oath before the people. For the rest, Kernsberg itself could wait. Without a head it would soon fall in, and, besides, he flattered himself that he would so sway and influence the Duchess, when he once had her safe in his palace by the mouths of Alla, that she would repent her folly, and at no distant day sit knee by knee with him on his throne of state in the audience hall when the suitors came to plead concerning the law.

And even his guest Prince Ivan was complaisant, standing behind Louis's chair and smiling to himself.

"Brother of mine," he would say, "I came to help you to your wife. It is your own affair how you take her and what you do with her when you get her. For me, as soon as you have her safe within the summer palace, and have given me, according to promise, my heart's desire, your sister Margaret, so soon will I depart for Moscow. My father, indeed, sends daily posts praying my instant despatch, for he only waits my return to launch a host upon his enemy the King of Polognia."

And Prince Louis, reaching over the arm of his chair, patted his friend's small, sweet-scented hand, and thanked him for his most unselfish and generous assistance.

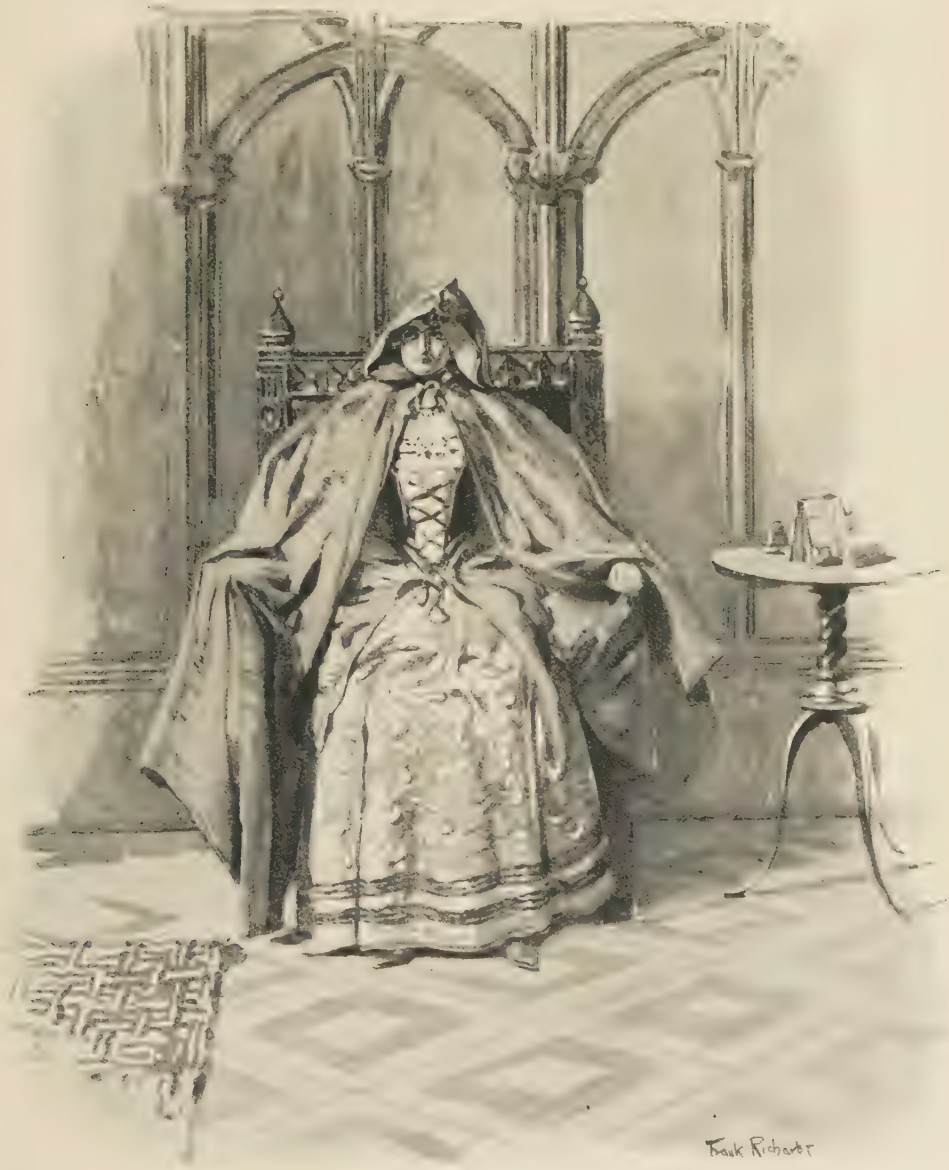
Thus the leaguer of Hohenstein attained its object. Prince Louis had not, it is true, stormed the heights of Kernsberg as he had sworn to do. He had, in fact, left behind him to the traitors who delivered their Duchess a large portion of his stores and munitions of war. Nevertheless, he returned proud in heart to his capital city. For in the midst of his most faithful body of cavalry rode the young Duchess Joan, Princess of Courtland, on a white Neapolitan barb, with reins that jingled with silver bells and rosettes of ribbon on the bosses of her harness.

The beautiful prisoner appeared, as was natural, somewhat wan and anxious. She was clad in a close-fitting gown of pale blue, with inch-wide broidering of gold, laced in front, and with a train which drooped almost to the ground. Over this a cloak of deeper blue was worn, with a hood in which the dark, proud head of the Princess nestled half hidden and half revealed. The folk who crowded to see her go by took this for coquetry. She rode with only the one councillor by her who had dared to share her captivity—one Alt Pikker, a favourite veteran of her little army, and the master-swordsman (they said) who had instructed her in the use of arms.

No indignity had been offered to her. Indeed, as great honour was done her as was possible in the circumstances. Prince Louis had approached and led her by the hand to the steed which awaited her at the fords of the Alla. The soldiers of Courtland elevated their spears and the trumpets brayed a salute. Then, without a word spoken, her husband had bowed and withdrawn as a gentleman should. Prince Ivan then approached, and on one knee begged the privilege of kissing her fair hand.

The traitors of Kernsberg, who had bartered their mistress for several tuns of Rhenish, could not meet her eye, but stood gloomily apart with faces sad and downcast, and from the town came the sound of women weeping. Only George the Hussite stood by with a smile on his face and his thumbs stuck in his waistband.

The captive Princess spoke not at all, as was indeed natural and fitting. A woman conquered does not easily forgive those who have humbled her pride. She talked little even to Alt Pikker, and then only apart. one captured but in nowise vanquished. And the soldiers of the army of Courtland (those of them who were married) whispered one to another, noting her demeanour, "Our good Prince is but at the beginning



"'Strange things to hear, indeed!'"

The nearest guide, who had been chosen because of his knowledge of German, could not hear a murmur. With bowed head and eyes that dwelt steadily on the undulating mane of her white barb, Joan swayed her graceful body and compressed her lips like of his troubles; for, by Brunhild, did you ever see such a wench? They say she can engage any two fencers of her army at one time!"

"Her eye is like a rapier thrust," whispered another. "Just now I went near her to look, and she arched an eyebrow at me,

no more, and lo! I went cold at my marrow as if I felt the blue steel stand out at my backbone."

"It is the hunger and the anger that have done it," said another; "and, indeed, small wonder! She looked not so pale when I saw her ride along Courtland Street that day to the Dom—the day she was to be married. Then her eyes did not pierce you through, but instead they shone with their own proper light and were very gracious."

"A strange wench, a most strange wench," responded the first, "so soon to change her mind."

"Ha!" laughed his companion, "little do you know if you say so! She is a woman—small doubt of that! Besides, is she not a princess? and wherefore should our Prince's wife not change her mind?"

They entered Courtland, and the flags flew gaily as on the day of wedding. The drums beat, and the populace drank from spigots that foamed red wine. Then the Prince Louis came, with hat in hand, and begged that the Princess Joan would graciously allow him to ride beside her through the streets. He spoke respectfully, and Joan could only bow her head in acquiescence.

Thus they came to the courtyard of the palace, the people shouting behind them. There, on the steps, gowned in white and gold, with bare head overrun with ringlets, stood the Princess Margaret among her women. And at sight of her the heart of the false princess gave a mighty bound, as Joan of the Sword Hand drew her hood closer about her face and tried to remember in what fashion a lady dismounted from her horse.

"My lady," said Prince Louis, standing hat in hand before her barb, "I commit you to the care of my sister, the Princess Margaret, knowing the ancient friendship that there is between you. She will speak for me, knowing all my will, and being also herself shortly contracted in marriage to my good friend, Prince Ivan of Muscovy. Open your hearts to each other, I pray you, and be assured that no evil or indignity shall befall one whom I admire as the fairest of women and honour as my wedded wife!"

Joan made him no answer, but leaped from her horse without waiting for the hand of Alt Pikker, which many thought strange. In another moment the arms of the Princess Margaret were about her neck, and that impulsive princess was kissing her heartily on cheek and lips, talking all the while.

"Quick! Let us get in from all these staring, stupid men. You are to lodge in my palace so long as it lists you. My brother hath promised it. Where are your women?"

"I have no women," said Joan, in a low voice, blushing meanwhile; "they would not accompany a poor betrayed prisoner from Kernsberg to a prison cell!"

"Prison cell, indeed! You will find that I have a very comfortable dungeon ready for you! Come—my maidens will assist you! Hasten—pray do make haste!" cried the impetuous little lady, her arm close about the tall Joan.

"I thank you," said the false bride, with some reluctance, "but I am well accustomed to wait on myself."

"Indeed, I do not wonder," cried the ready Princess; "maids are vexatious creatures, well called 'tirewomen.' But come—see the beautiful rooms I have chosen for you! Make haste and take off your cloak, and then I will come to you; I am fairly dying to talk. Ah, why did you not tell me that day? That was ill done. I would have ridden so gladly with you. It was a glorious thing to do, and has made you famous all over the world, they say. I have been thinking ever since what I could do to be upsides with you and make them talk about me. I will give them a surprise one day that shall be great as yours. But perhaps I shall not wait till I am married to do it."

And she took her friend by the hand and with a light-hearted, skipping motion convoyed her to her summer palace, kissed her again at the door, and shut her in with another imperious adjuration to be speedy.

"I will give you a quarter of an hour," she cried, as she lingered a moment; "then I will come to hear all your story, every word."

Then the false Princess staggered rather than walked to a chair, for brain and eye were reeling.

"God wot," she murmured; "strange things to hear, indeed! Sweet lady, you little know how strange! This is ten thousand times a straiter place to be in than when I played the Count von Löen. Ah, women, women, what you bring a poor, innocent man to!"

So, without unhooking her cloak or throwing back the hood, this sadly bewildered bride sat down and tried to select any hopeful line of action out of a whirling chaos of her thoughts. And even as she sat there a knock came sharply at the door.

(*To be continued.*)

"ON THE SAFE SIDE":

A VISIT TO THE STRONG-ROOMS OF CHANCERY LANE.

By B. M. O'Reilly.

Illustrated from Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company.

WHEN once I had quite recovered from the first inevitable feeling that I was in a prison I enjoyed my visit to the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit immensely. It is really one of the most interesting of London's sights—for such, indeed, it may be called. As I was escorted through by the courteous manager, Mr. Evans, I much wished that walls could speak

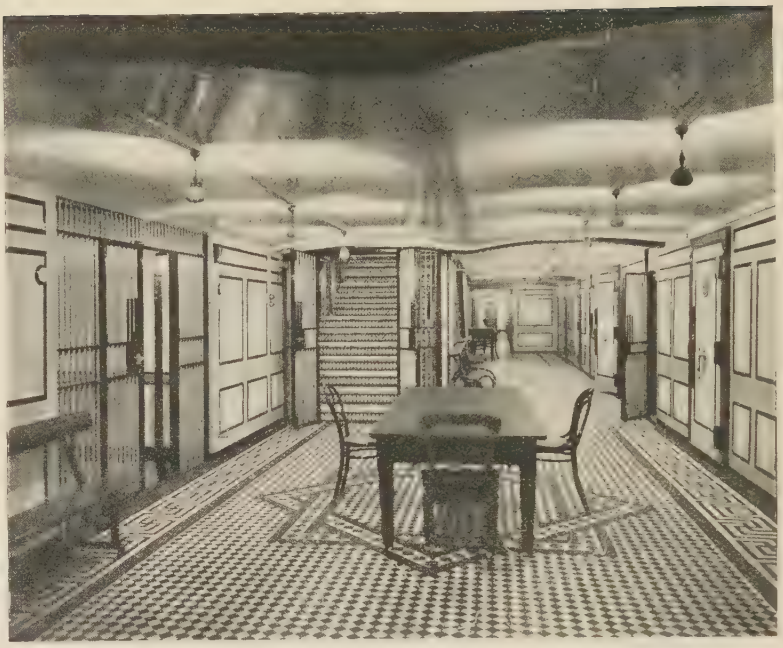
ON THE "SAFE" SIDE OF CHANCERY LANE.

—we all know they have ears—that I might learn the history of the vast treasures hidden in the safes and strong-rooms of which I was privileged to see the outside covering. One safe contains between £30,000,000 and £40,000,000 of value; £5,000,000 is quite a common deposit. Besides money value these safes contain interesting records—Shakespeare's folios were in one for years, another contained thirteen sackfuls of postal orders during the trial of the missing word competition.

Although I have been rude enough to commence this article by comparing my sensations, when admitted to these precincts, to those experienced on one's first entrance into a prison, the impression was certainly not caused by want of beauty in my surroundings, for the building is both artistic and beautiful. The entrance is of polished red granite, with handsome wrought-iron gates, and a portcullis in grille, which is lowered from above when required, protects the upper external vestibule. A staircase of marble and mosaic leads down to the lower external vestibule, which is a work of art in its decorations. The ceiling is of

enamelled iron, beautifully designed, and the walls are of varicoloured marbles, with a dado of grand antique. The entrance to the vestibule is carefully guarded, and no person is admitted without an order.

At the end of the upper external vestibule are comfortable waiting-rooms stocked with newspapers, books, and writing materials—one for ladies, one for gentlemen, and another promiscuously labelled "general," in the language of the railway companies.



THE "SAFE" VESTIBULE.

Having passed through the inner gates of the lobby, I was escorted to the "safe" vestibule, where the various strong-rooms occupy three sides of the area, which is tastefully decorated with bright tiles. On the right-hand side is a strong-room for the deposit of plate, which is cared for at a trifling cost for travellers who wish to leave it there when away from town.

CORRIDOR BETWEEN STRONG-ROOMS.

The strong-rooms proper for documents and valuables form the most interesting portion of the Safe Deposit. These rooms weigh 500 tons and have doors which weigh two tons each. They are divided into about 500 separate iron safes, which are arranged in tiers called "integers." The locks of these "integers" are so arranged that the key of the lessee as well as that of the custodian is required before an opening can be effected.

Each "integer"

is fitted with a tin box, which can be taken out by the renter and examined at his leisure. Small rooms are provided for that purpose, where renters can go over their belongings shielded from prying eyes. All the strong-rooms are built on iron columns in the vaults beneath the building, and are completely isolated from external walls, so that armed patrols can walk round, over, and under them, and there is an arrangement of mirrors which shows the surroundings from every side, so that a watchman cannot be surprised even should a burglar effect an entrance. On each door of the strong-room there is a clock-work arrangement by which the door can only be opened at a given hour once it is locked. At a particular hour of the evening the doors are locked by the manager, and no

"INTEGERS" OR LOCKERS INSIDE A STRONG-ROOM.

"TO THE STRONG-ROOMS."

person can open them until the hour on the following day for which the clockwork locks are set, and on Saturday they are set so that the doors cannot be opened until Monday morning. No key can open them until the appointed hour. The armour-plating of the strong-rooms consists of iron and steel intersected plates, and a steel building encloses all the strong-rooms.

The Deposit is lighted by electricity, with gas in reserve. Every modern improvement has been utilised, and everything done regardless of expense. It is fireproof as well as proof against burglars. When the manager and staff leave for the night the building is handed over to an armed patrol.

Some of the safe doors differ from the rest, having been put up by the desire of the owners. One of these is the famous Chubb's, which won a gold medal at the Edinburgh Exhibition—it cost its owner £2,500. The day I was there a service of gold plate was being taken out by the owner, for the night, as the Prince of Wales was to dine with him that evening. Ladies who have valuable jewels leave them there and call for them when they want to wear them. Keys can also be registered at the Safe Deposit for the small sum of one shilling a year, and if the subscriber loses his keys they will be returned in twenty-four hours or one pound paid over to replace them.

The charges for renting safes are very moderate and vary from £1 to £100 a year. Some of the large safes could hold the furniture of a house. Every comfort is provided for the anxious souls who seek the security of these strong-rooms for their treasures, and their letters are received and forwarded to any given address.

It seems odd to those whom Fortune has not afflicted with similar riches that there should be quite a number of people whose only permanent address in London is "The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit," but as one looks around at the extremely comfortable and even luxurious arrangements made for the convenience of the institution's patrons, one feels that it is certainly a very "safe" sort of club to keep as a *pied-à-terre* in town!

SITTING-ROOM FOR THE USE OF DEPOSITORS.

Colin's Courtship.

By H. J. Walker.

"Pimpernel, Pimpernel, Tell me True
Whether the weather be fine or no;
No heart can think, no tongue can tell
The virtues of the Pimpernel."

ANNE AND THE ANARCHIST.

By Mrs. Andrew Dean.
(*Author of "The Grasshoppers."*)

Illustrated by A. C. Weatherstone.

ONCE upon a time there was a clergyman's widow who lived in a little country town and had two daughters called Anne and Alice. They were very poor. In fact, the united income of the family did not exceed two hundred a year, which is not much when three ladies have to pay for all they receive and give out of it. Mrs. Crewe had been a pretty woman in her time, and she saw with satisfaction that her girls were taking after her. So she hoped that in spite of their poverty they would some day marry and relieve her income of the long depressing strain upon it. In many respects she was a foolish woman, but she took pains with the education of Anne and Alice. She sent them regularly to school, and she looked after their health and their manners as well as she could.

Luckily there was an excellent school in Burnside, where the girls were taught for next to nothing. Nevertheless, in after years Mrs. Crewe bore the school a grudge because she felt sure that Anne had picked up her unfeminine ideas within its walls. Mrs. Crewe had lived in Burnside all her life, and her opinions on most matters were vague, but she had no doubts at all about what was feminine and what was not.

In complexion and stature the sisters resembled each other; but in expression and manner they were widely apart. Alice, everyone said, was a sweet girl. She had a willowy figure and great pathetic eyes. She cried rather easily and often had headaches, and at school she did not distinguish herself. But in Burnside most people thought her a much nicer girl than her sister, and when Mr. Beeston went to the house twice in one week, everybody hoped he went for Alice and not for Anne.

"Anne Crewe said Burnside stifled her."

No one in Burnside denied that Anne had brains. In fact, some folks went as far as to say it was a pity she had not been born a man and therefore meant to use them. At school she carried off prize after prize, and for many a year she played the dangerous part of show-scholar. But she never grew disagreeably conceited, although you could have found people in Burnside who thought her so. There is a degree of conceit that most of us easily forgive to youth, because we know what shocks it will sustain in the battle of life and how soon a sound nature sloughs it. Of course, young people are tiresome creatures. They come knocking at our doors with their new ideas, and their inconvenient requests, and their anxiety "to go out for to see"; and they hardly listen when we implore them to avoid knocks and stay quietly at home. "Knocks?" cry they. "Honour and glory and the kingdoms of the world." At the age of seventeen Anne Crewe said Burnside stifled her.

She wanted to go to college, but that was out of the question because of the expense.

She had no desire to teach, or to nurse, or to stand behind a counter. She wanted to write, and this ambition had not been roused by inward genius, but by the schoolmistress's sister, who was a successful journalist. The sister sometimes stayed in Burnside, and always made much of Anne. So when the girl found she could not go to Girton she said she wished to live in London and write for the press. Such a proposal had never issued from the lips of a Burnside young person in the memory of man, and when Mrs. Crewe invited the town to condole with her it condoled unanimously. The oldest maiden inhabitant told Anne that if she stayed at home like a good girl she would be preparing herself for the duties of a married woman. Of course, as she had no money and few friends she might never be married; but every girl should wish for a home of her own, and spend her youth in scrambling for it. Anne did not take these remonstrances so patiently as she should have done, and she was even indiscreet enough to say she would rather go to Girton than marry her grandfather's friend, as her schoolfellow Rosie Lloyd had done. From the moment this remark became public property, Burnside made up its mind that Anne Crewe was "unfeminine," and wondered thereat, which shows that Burnside went with the swim and puzzled themselves about questions of heredity.

At sixteen a girl without money cannot as a rule do much to escape from uncongenial surroundings; and when you are young you think that the thing you want and cannot have at once will not be worth having later on. Poor Anne fretted and fumed all through her early youth, and offended her neighbours by showing how much she wished to get away. A few felt sorry for her, but the majority called her an ambitious, discontented girl, and supposed that they completely described her. The same people would have been full of pity for a bird beating its wings against a cage. Many of us are kinder to animals than to human beings.

It was only to be expected that a sweet girl like Alice would behave very differently from her sister, and it seemed like a reward for good conduct when, at the age of seventeen, she received one of those summonses all women ardently desire. In Burnside the marriage of a penniless young lady was not an everyday event. There were very few young gentlemen in the town, and five girls out of six never married at all. Mrs. Crewe may have been a silly woman, but this fact had not escaped her observation; so when the struggling local solicitor, Mr. Beeston, proposed to Alice, she urged the girl not to throw away a chance that would probably never occur again. Like a dutiful daughter Alice obeyed her mother, and accepted the man. She did not like him much, but Mrs. Crewe said that women always grew fond of their husbands after marriage. Meanwhile, she enjoyed getting new clothes and wedding presents, and she thought it was better to be called Mrs. Beeston than to remain Alice Crewe all her days. The young couple would be very short of money. Anne foresaw that her sister would be worse off as a matron than she had been as a maid, and she asked her mother to point out the advantages of a marriage neither sanctified by affection nor comforted by money. But Mrs. Crewe only quoted texts at her elder daughter, and continued to cut out underclothing for her younger one.

In course of time Anne had an offer, and refused it. She did not care for the man, and she said she would not marry for board and lodging. When this view of hers leaked out, Burnside began to think her hardly respectable. It compared her with that sweet, womanly creature, her sister, who had five children and a broken constitution at the age of twenty-two, and it felt quite relieved when she suddenly cut her leading strings and escaped to London. For five years she had tried through the penny post to get her foot on the journalistic ladder, and at last someone at the top reached her a helping hand. An editor who had been taking anything she sent of late offered her regular work.

From Burnside Anne Crewe vanished. She did not make a name by her writing—at least, not a name that reached Burnside. Her mother said that she sent cheerful letters, and seemed able to maintain herself; in fact, she once or twice came to Alice's assistance with a cheque. At first Mrs. Crewe used to write for Anne whenever anything went a little wrong; if her servant gave notice, for instance, or if Alice's children had the measles. Anne used to explain that she had regular work to do and could not run off when it suited her, but no one in Burnside accepted that excuse for her selfish behaviour. Though she sometimes sent Alice a cheque, people agreed in whispers that money cannot make up for personal sympathy. Anne did not even spend her annual holiday in Burnside, and perhaps it was natural her mother should

think this unkind. She had no idea that her daughter did hard work for her pay, and really needed rest and bracing air once in twelve months. Mrs. Crewe was very silly about it. She refused to visit Anne or to travel with her, and in Burnside she hardly ever spoke of her. People thought there must be a good reason for her silence, and they pictured Anne starving in a garret, addressing an unemployed mob from a cart, and probably wearing a divided skirt.

Mrs. Crewe always talked of "my daughter Mrs. Beeston" in a voice of maternal pride, although poor Alice's affairs were far from flourishing. She had not learned to love her husband after marriage; and you can hardly blame her for this, because he had turned out a drunkard as well as a fool. He was his wife's inferior in every respect but that of physical strength, and he proved his superiority in this one point by beating her. Of course, his practice did not flourish, for his habits were not hidden under a bushel, and as his family increased every year it soon became difficult to satisfy their appetite for bread and butter as well as his own appetite for drink. He had a long-suffering set of clients, and a mother-in-law who would starve herself for her child and grandchildren, so he took things easily. Mrs. Crewe had a weak spot in her understanding for her son-in-law the lawyer, even when she had seen the bruises on Alice's arms.

"Are you sure you didn't provoke him, darling?" she said.

Some of the children died, and the others were usually ill. They were born without constitutions and brought up without care, for at the age of twenty-six their mother had neither strength nor spirit left. Poverty, sickness, and sorrow had worn out the girl who had given herself so lightly at her mother's bidding. The parent blunders and the child pays; so it was, so it is, and so it ever must be.

"He said he was going to murder her."

But it is doubtful whether Mrs. Crewe realised that she had not done well for her daughter in advising her to marry Mr. Beeston. She would have been bitterly disappointed if Alice had not gone forth from her house as a bride. She seemed to

consider the world a vale of tears, in which it is better to have a drunken son-in-law than none at all, and more satisfactory to bury grandchildren than never to possess them. She still had the pleasure of alluding to him as "my son-in-law," but this was soon the only pleasure left to her in connection with Mr. Beeston.

There are some unhappy women in the world who can imagine what his wife and children suffered at his hands: what the years brought them of want and bodily terror. Once, in a drunken fit, he half killed his eldest boy; another time he set a dog at his wife and brought on a serious illness. Over and over again the children were saved from starvation by Mrs. Crewe and various friends. And every year Alice carried a child beneath her breaking heart, a child born to a father's curses and a mother's tears. At last, one winter evening Mr. Beeston went into his wife's room with a hatchet and said he was going to murder her. He had done this before, but Alice had never got used to it. Her nerves were weak. She managed to escape to a back room and lock the door against him; but as he followed her with the hatchet and began very coolly and resolutely to cut out a panel of the door, and as the children were in the room with her, she felt driven to open the window and call for help. Otherwise, she reflected, he would come in and kill them all, and their fate would be described in one of those little newspaper paragraphs that you find under the heading of "The Provinces," and do not read because they are so disagreeable.

Luckily for Alice their doctor heard her calling, and he happened to be a man with his wits about him. He came into the house armed with a bottle of brandy and invited Mr. Beeston to share it with him. When the bottle was finished the lawyer could not move. Alice and her children escaped to Mrs. Crewe's house, and the doctor, with the help of a colleague, carried the sot to the nearest lunatic asylum, where the authorities agreed that he had better finish his days. So that was the end of Alice's married life: and the problem that now presented itself to Mrs. Crewe was how to make her income of two hundred pounds support herself, her sickly daughter, and three sickly children. The sale of Mr. Beeston's business would hardly suffice to pay the asylum fees.

When Mrs. Crewe had applied herself to the problem for some time, without much success, business connected with Mr. Beeston's disordered affairs took her up to London. She wrote to Anne beforehand, and received a warmly worded invitation by return of post. Anne said she could put her mother up, and if possible would meet her at the station. But just before Mrs. Crewe started a letter came to say that Anne could not be at the station because she had to go into the country and interview a Russian Anarchist. She told her mother to take a cab from St. Pancras to St. George's Mansions, to ask for the key of Miss Crewe's flat, to instal herself in the blue bedroom, and to make herself tea by the sitting-room fire.

"It sounds quite mysterious," said Alice to Mrs. Crewe; "as if Anne had made a clandestine marriage and set up a home of her own. But if she were married she would not be running about the country interviewing Anarchists."

"It seems an odd thing for a young lady, and my daughter, to do," said Mrs. Crewe. "Poor, dear Anne! I suppose she will have lost all her good looks."

"I don't know," said Alice gloomily. "She has not had so hard a life as I have."

"Not so hard a life!" repeated Mrs. Crewe in amazement; "but she has earned her own living for years, and you have been supported by your husband."

Alice looked in the glass at her grey hair, her sunken cheeks, and at a scar on her forehead, but she said nothing. It was time for Mrs. Crewe to go.

Her train arrived at St. Pancras a little late, and she did not get to St. George's Mansions until five o'clock. She was taken up to her daughter's flat in the lift and then left to herself, and as she peeped in at each room she felt like the girl in the story of the Three Bears. It was really a very small place, and the furniture had not cost much; but you must remember that Mrs. Crewe knew nothing about the ways of the modern bachelor girl. She spoke of every single woman as an "old maid," and expected her to be either soured or silly. She sat down in her daughter's sitting-room and wondered what the world was coming to, and how much Burnside would believe of what she told them when she got back.

Anne had taken great pains with the room, but her friends saw nothing very wonderful about it. Perhaps they envied her the oriel window with two little steps up to it. She had found the pretty fireplace ready for her, and the green tiles and the white paint and a delicate wall-paper. Her one extravagance had been a Persian carpet.

The chairs and tables were plain, cheap ones; books and pots and pictures collect themselves. She had bought daffodils in honour of her mother's visit, and the sun always shone in of an afternoon when he shone on London at all. So the room looked pleasant and spring-like, and, in Mrs. Crewe's opinion, quite luxurious. Presently Anne arrived, and she looked pleasant and spring-like, too.

"My dear!" exclaimed her mother, "you seem younger than Alice, and prettier than ever."

"I have not had the trouble poor Alice has," said Anne, and she kissed her mother affectionately.

"Poor Alice," she said again, half to herself, as she made the tea.

Somehow it had never occurred to Mrs. Crewe to think of her married daughter as "poor Alice"; but to her Burnside friends she had often spoken of "poor Anne."

"You must work very hard to earn all this," she said, looking round the room. She could not give up her old point of view without striking a blow for it.

"Yes, I work hard," said Anne.

"But you look very well."

"I am very well."

Mrs. Crewe sighed.

"Poor Alice," she said after a pause, and she felt that since she arrived in London she had travelled far.

They talked chiefly of Alice all the evening; and it was only as Anne bade her mother good-night that she lingered a little and said something of her own affairs.

"They have just made me sub-editor," she explained; "that means an increase of salary. Then I write for some of the Colonial papers. I shall be able to help you and Alice. I had no idea things were so bad."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Crewe, "do you never think of marriage yourself?"

Anne blushed.

If it had not been for that blush, Mrs. Crewe would have gone to bed with the pleasant conviction that the worst of her troubles were over. Instead of which she began the very next day to look out anxiously for its cause. She soon observed that in Anne's talk and Anne's plans the name of Mr. Zagadin occurred more often than any other; and she wished her daughter would mention his age and prospects, or, better still, present him, so that Mrs. Crewe could judge whether Anne's establishment in life as Mrs. Zagadin would be a satisfactory step in her career. If she married, she would probably be unable to help her mother and sister much. A matron has more claims on her purse than a spinster, and less control of her money. Nevertheless, Mrs. Crewe hoped that Mr. Zagadin was a fine fellow, and would press his suit. Even though she had to pinch and scrape to the end of her days in consequence, she wished to see Anne married—that is, she wished it if Mr. Zagadin passed muster. Formerly, she would have wished it in any case.

"She wondered what the world was coming to."

Before she had been twenty-four hours in town the opportunity she desired presented itself. Anne came home earlier than usual, and said that Mr. Zagadin had wired to ask whether he might come to dinner there that night. She had arranged already for extra supplies, and she had brought in fresh flowers for the table. She set it herself with mimosa and green glasses, and then she went away

and put on her best blouse. Mrs. Crewe, who had spent a depressing afternoon over her son-in-law's affairs, hoped that the sight of Mr. Zagadin would raise her spirits. She sighed a little over his name, and wished it was a Mr. Smith or Brown for whom Anne brought home mimosa sprays.

"What is he, my dear?" she asked, as her daughter and she sat over the fire awaiting their guest.

"An Anarchist," said Anne; "a Russian Anarchist."

"Dear me! Not the one you interviewed yesterday?"

"That was his cousin, who is a great inventive genius, they say. He told me he had nearly found out how to make bombs as small as peppercorns, and so powerful that if you dropped one from the top of St. Paul's, it would wreck London."

"How terrible! But your Mr. Zagadin isn't that kind of Anarchist, I hope?"

"He isn't inventive. He is in very bad health, poor fellow, ever since he was tortured."

"Tortured!"

"Yes; he will show you the marks on his hands. And then he worked in the salt mines for years, and his eyes are weak. So are his lungs, because he escaped in winter, and nearly died of exposure."

"But, my dear, how does he earn his living? Being an Anarchist won't pay his weekly bills, I suppose."

"I don't know about that. Of course, mother, you mustn't expect him to look and talk like a Burnside young man."

"A Burnside young man wouldn't ask himself to dine with a young unmarried lady," said Mrs. Crewe at once, for this had been on her mind.

"Oh, he wouldn't think anything of that," said Anne.

"But, my dear, Anarchists are such wicked people."

"Poor Mr. Zagadin isn't wicked."

"But they want to kill everybody."

"This one wouldn't hurt a fly—at least, not an English fly."

"I suppose he won't have any dynamite *with* him?" said Mrs. Crewe nervously.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Crewe looked at the Anarchist and the Anarchist looked at her, and neither of them guessed how little two people so wide apart could see of each other. The Anarchist's dreadful doctrines were not written on his face or presaged by his body. Mrs. Crewe thought she had never seen a man so mild and fair and small; and when she heard him cough, she wished she could put him to bed with a mustard plaster and a hot drink. He had, however, eaten an excellent dinner, and now, with the permission of his hostess, he was smoking a cigarette. Anne had warned her mother that he would wish to do so, and Mrs. Crewe had said that of course you could not expect an Anarchist to observe conventional rules and refrain from tobacco in the presence of ladies. Probably he associated with ladies who smoked themselves. Anne said that it was quite likely, and determined not to get out her own cigarette case this evening.

Mr. Zagadin talked good, fluent English, and he told his stories with little dramatic gestures that gave them point, and convinced Mrs. Crewe of his honesty. He could not describe the horrors of the knout so vividly if he had not seen it administered—felt it on his own back. His eyes had a scared look, and his smile came with a nervous twitch that made you miserable, and all the evening his cough tore him in pieces. Yet he went on talking, and the two women listened, fascinated. All he had to tell them stirred their deep compassion, and the poor little man himself did likewise. A child would have seen that he was half-starved and too thinly clad. When he said good-night, Mrs. Crewe wished it was possible to wrap the roast beef in brown paper and put it in his pocket, but she felt sure that even an Anarchist would consider such behaviour a breach of etiquette.

"Poor little man!" she said, when Anne came back to the fire. Anne looked at her mother gratefully.

"Yes, I know," she said; "one longs to be the sun and shine on him."

There is no ignorance so dark and obstinate as the ignorance of near relationship may be. Strangers will not belittle or exalt you as unfairly as your kith and kin will when they are inclined either way. Mrs. Crewe had never taken the trouble to readjust her ideas of Anne, whose early youth had vexed and puzzled her. But to-night scales fell from her eyes, and for an amazing moment she saw her child as others saw her—a bright, sweet-tempered woman with brains and energy, able to help a creature weaker than herself; willing, perhaps, to give herself unwisely away.

"What a pretty blouse that is!" she said;

and Anne thought the observation rather silly and ill-timed. She did not know what wise, appropriate reflections had preceded it.

Nothing more was said about Mr. Zagadin that night, but Mrs. Crewe lay awake for hours thinking of him. Self-sacrifice is presumably a virtue, but it is not the one a mother wishes her child to practise when she chooses a husband. At least, most mothers would prefer more cheerful reasons for a wedding. Of course, Mrs. Crewe still desired a wedding, and she was sure, after one evening's acquaintance, that Mr. Zagadin did not resemble Mr. Beeston. He was evidently amiable, though a little dazed in his mind. It was most unfortunate that his physique should be so feeble and his opinions so wicked and inconvenient. How can a woman settle down comfortably with a man who may be "wanted" any moment under the Dangerous Explosives Act? True, it was his cousin who was on the track of the peppercorns, but Mr. Zagadin knew all about them. True, also, that Mr. Zagadin said neither he nor his cousin wished to drop them from St. Paul's, because they felt most grateful to the English people for allowing them to pursue their researches unmolested. But Mrs. Crewe supposed that, when they were manufactured, the two gentlemen would drop them somewhere—probably on the homesteads of their own people. She thought that if the Russian Government caught him again, it would go very hard with him. In fact, he had said as much, and yet spoken as if his return might be ordered at a moment's notice any time. Moreover, the poor fellow was in bad health. Even if he knew how to earn a living, or wished to do so, he would not be well enough. Apparently he sat indoors all day translating abstruse German philosophy into Russian. It was a fine employment, no doubt, but not one by which a man can support a wife and family. Mrs. Crewe did not know much about the ins and outs of Grub Street, but she knew that.

During the next few days Mrs. Crewe tried hard to find out Anne's point of view, because, after all these years of semi-estrangement, she could not expect to have much voice in her daughter's affairs. But on this subject Anne was not communicative, and when her mother had been a week in London she still did not know whether the Anarchist would ever be her son-in-law. It was an uneasy position, because by the end of the week she had quite made up her mind that she did not wish him to be. Whenever she could she engaged Anne in conversation about Anarchists—their tenets, ways, and prospects in life. She also read one or two numbers of a little newspaper in which Mr. Zagadin and his friends expressed their opinions. She also saw Mr. Zagadin nearly every day, and heard him cough and watched him smile. By the end of the fourth day her nerves were not what they had been, and when she went to sleep she had bad dreams of plots and explosions. In the daytime, as she travelled about London by train and omnibus, she wondered whether the apparent peace and safety everywhere would soon be exchanged for the most awful scenes of bloodshed and violence. If the little newspaper were a true prophet, this great city, these busy, prosperous citizens, would soon be scattered and destroyed by a handful of Mr. Zagadin's friends. Mrs. Crewe felt that when this happened it would be most unpleasant to admit that Anne was Mrs. Zagadin, especially in Burnside, where no one had ever appreciated Anne. It would spoil entirely the impression Mrs. Crewe meant to make when she got back by describing Anne's success and Anne's clothes and furniture. Burnside had openly pitied both Alice and her mother for all they endured at the hands of the lawyer. It is in human nature to wish a taste of change. Mrs. Crewe had drunk of pity to the dregs, and since her arrival in London she had looked forward to stirring a little harmless envy by her pictures of Anne's flat.

Mr. Zagadin usually paid his visits in the evening or on a Sunday afternoon. Twice a week he came as a matter of course to give Anne a lesson in Russian. The other evenings some excuse or accident accounted for his coming; but, unless Anne meant to go out, he always came. Mrs. Crewe and he were excellent friends, and she had sent to Burnside for a bottle of home-made cough mixture that her grandchildren took every winter. She advised Mr. Zagadin to try a double dose at bedtime, since he suffered from sleeplessness, and she had been so distressed by the holes in his coat that she persuaded him to let her borrow it for twenty-four hours and thoroughly mend it. He did not appear until he had it back again, and she felt sure that he possessed no other. She could not help liking him, and sometimes, when Anne was away for a little while, they had animated discussions about the vast questions in which he was interested. They were such very big, difficult questions, that hitherto they had not come in Mrs. Crewe's

way either for discussion or consideration. But so long as Mr. Zagadin could talk he did not seem to mind much who listened, and Mrs. Crewe did her best to wrestle with his erring spirit. Her experience as a Sunday-school teacher stood her in stead. But every word he spoke convinced her more firmly that he was not the man for Anne.

One afternoon she was sitting by herself and trying to make up her mind that she must soon go back to Burnside and leave her daughter to manage her own affairs. Anne may be almost as useful to her family as a man, and when she saw that, she had made fair progress for a woman of her age and superstitions. Nevertheless, she would not have grudged her daughter to a steady-going Mr. Smith. She did grudge her to Mr. Zagadin.

Mrs. Crewe had just put the little brass kettle on for tea when the door-bell rang. She had to answer it, and she never liked doing so because she always expected a tramp or a burglar. It relieved her greatly to hear

"He drank two cups of tea and huddled over the fire."

She felt happier than usual about Alice, because her sister had just sent her a cheque for fifty pounds, and she would have felt happy about Anne if it had not been for Mr. Zagadin. She had enjoyed her visit to London. Anne had taken her to several theatres, and bought her a new bonnet and cloak, and invited people to meet her—respectable people who possessed more than one coat and did not want to blow up their fellow-creatures—not even those who possessed twenty coats to their one. Mrs. Crewe saw that a capable, generous woman like

Mr. Zagadin cough as she crossed the hall. She knew his cough quite well, and she hurried to let him in.

"You ought not to be out in this weather," she said, for it had poured with rain all day, and she saw that he looked grey and cold. The rain stood in drops on his thin beard and dripped from his umbrella. He could not speak for coughing.

"My daughter is not at home," continued Mrs. Crewe, "but you had better come in and get dry, and let me give you a cup of tea. You'll catch your—— "

She smothered the end of her phrase in active care of his hat and umbrella. He looked so like death from cold that she felt a delicacy about reminding him of it.

"I must see your daughter," said Mr. Zagadin. "When will she be home?"

"Oh! any time. I don't quite know," said Mrs. Crewe.

Mr. Zagadin followed her into the sitting-room, sat down in an easy-chair close to the fire, and shivered. Mrs. Crewe looked at his face, and then she looked at his feet. She was an elderly lady and he was a very young man, and he was sick unto death and he had a hole in his boot.

"Take off your boots directly!" she commanded. "We'll dry them. If you're afraid of Anne coming back I'll lock the door; but I don't think she'll be here yet!"

The Anarchist did as she told him with the utmost docility. He drank two cups of tea and huddled over the fire and coughed his dreadful graveyard cough. In time the warmth and Mrs. Crewe's ministrations revived him a little. Presently the door-bell rang, and Mr. Zagadin got into a fluster and put on his boots, though they were not dry, and in spite of Mrs. Crewe's assurance that Anne always let herself in with a latchkey.

It was a telegram from Anne to say she had been detained and would not be back till seven. When Mrs. Crewe read this message aloud Mr. Zagadin turned as white as a sheet.

"But I must see her—I must!" he said wildly. "Where is she? I will go to her!" and he staggered to his feet.

Mrs. Crewe thought he had gone mad—more mad than usual. "I have no idea where she is," she replied; "her editor sends her here and there at a moment's notice. You know how it is."

He sank back in his chair and looked at Mrs. Crewe. "Then I must trust to you," he said.

"Yes—do," said Mrs. Crewe. She thought she understood. He had come to his last penny and wanted to borrow. Perhaps Anne owed him money for the Russian lessons. Anyhow, Mrs. Crewe was quite prepared to give him one of the two sovereigns then in her purse. He looked as if he had been starving for days.

But when he spoke again he did not ask for money.

"It has come!" he said in a deep, tragic voice.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Crewe inadequately. She still felt puzzled, but the sadness of his eyes began to affect the kind, dense old lady. They seemed to draw her with them to see what they saw—a ghastly, real thing that waited for him.

"I go back to-night," he continued, in the same deep, hopeless voice. "I leave Liverpool Street at half-past eight. Don't forget—Liverpool Street at half-past eight!"

"I won't forget," said Mrs. Crewe. "Is that what you want me to tell Anne?"

"'If we succeed, the world will tremble.'"

"Yes, I hope she will be in time. I hope she will come."

Mrs. Crewe started.

"What?" she cried.

"I want your daughter to go with me!"

"Go—with—you? To Russia?"

"Yes, tell her so. I think she will come. The danger is great—I do not hide it—but the glory is great, too. If we succeed, the world will tremble. If we fail—we die." And he shrugged his shoulders.

"But I don't want Anne to die," said Mrs. Crewe. "Besides, I can't spare her!"

"Well—perhaps we should not die. It is never certain. Perhaps we should go to Siberia or Saghalien. There, too, there is a great work to do. How can you grudge one

life when it may sow the seeds of freedom in a thousand minds? Your daughter has great gifts. I will lead her where she can employ them."

"I think she employs them very well in London," said Mrs. Crewe. "I am quite satisfied, and I believe she is."

"How can you be satisfied when millions of your fellow-creatures are miserable slaves? I want to give your daughter to Russia. Do you grudge one woman's life to a whole country?"

Mrs. Crewe did, most decidedly, but she thought it was useless to say so. She felt a little afraid of Mr. Zagadin this afternoon. The shadow of his sinister creed had fallen on his face; his eyes were restless and terror-stricken.

"Even if Anne wished to marry you——" she began, but he interrupted her quite fiercely.

"Who speaks of marriage?" he asked.

Mrs. Crewe stared at him uncomprehendingly. "You don't suppose my daughter could travel about with you unless she was your wife," she said; "it is not the English custom."

The nervous twitch that came with his smile was worse than ever to-day, and Mrs. Crewe looked past him in order not to see it.

"I speak of martyrdom and you speak of English custom," he said. "Give me a pen and paper. I will write to your daughter."

He sat down and wrote at great speed for about five minutes.

"Shall you start to-night — in any case?" asked Mrs. Crewe when he got up; because, of course, she had been making up her mind to withhold the letter for a few hours and wondering at his simplicity in expecting her to deliver it.

"If the world were tottering to its end I should start," he answered.

Mrs. Crewe felt very glad to hear it, and then she began to wonder what the poor man's fate would be and even whether he would ever reach his journey's end.

"Do take care of yourself," she said. "Have you a warm wrap for the journey?"

"I have not. Tell your daughter to bring some. What is mine is hers."

"But really," urged Mrs. Crewe, "you must not expect my daughter. It is preposterous."

"I do expect her," said Mr. Zagadin. "She is a noble woman—formed for heroic deeds—not for the petty, comfortable life in which you would enslave her. She shall be a Charlotte Corday and kill tyrants. man may face anything, even what I fac with her by his side. My body is wea even my spirit fails me. I look to her f courage."

His cough suddenly shook him and could say no more. When the fit abated offered Mrs. Crewe his hand, but he did n offer her the letter.

"Good-bye," he said.

She went with him to the door.

"Perhaps you will soon come back England," she said, with a wish to cheer hi up a little.

"I go to a work from which no man com back," he answered.

"But it is horrible," she exclaimed, "a you so ill, too. Can't you throw the whc thing up and stay here and let your frien look after you? Who forces you to go?"

He shook his head mournfully and walk towards the head of the stairs.

"You have not left the letter," Mrs. Crev called after him.

"I shall leave it with the hall-porter," said

Mrs. Crewe returned to the sitting-roor It was nearly half-past six now, and An might return at any moment. What wou she do? Would she say the danger w visionary and Mr. Zagadin's need of h real? Would she say she could keep hers out of danger, and him, too? Mrs. Crev could not feel sure. There is no delusi too silly for a woman inclined to throw he self away. The deeper the precipice t more irresistible the fascination.

Mrs. Crewe put on her outdoor things a went downstairs. She peeped into t porter's office and saw Mr. Zagadin's lett lying on the table. The porter was r there. If he had been she could have eas given him a sixpence and asked him to upstairs and make sure that she had shut t door of the flat. But fortune favoured h and she was not driven to practise th deception. She stepped across the thresh and snatched the letter and fled into t street. Her heart beat and her kn trembled, and she knew what it means to suspicion in every eye and to hear pursuit every footstep. But she was quite resolv to wander about for two hours. When y have nowhere to go, and nothing to do, a are not inclined to look about you, two ho in the London streets will pass like time prison. It seemed to Mrs. Crewe that the clocks had stopped and that every re had shrunk in length. She spent a quar

of an hour in a baker's shop eating buns she did not want; she went a little journey by the Underground; she tried the inside of a bus, and the outside of a tram. London had certainly dwindled that night. She could not get far enough away. But she would not go back to St. George's Mansions until half-past eight.

As she slowly mounted the four flights of steps to Anne's flat she took the letter out of her pocket and held it ready in her hand. Anne opened the door.

"Mother!" she exclaimed. "I have been very uneasy about you. Where have you been? And Tompkins is in a state about a letter he says Mr. Zagadin left with him for me. Is that it in your hand? How did you get it?"

"I stole it," said Mrs. Crewe, giving it to her daughter.

Anne looked anxiously at her mother, who was haggard with fatigue and anxiety. She led her into the sitting-room, and then opened Mr. Zagadin's letter.

"Liverpool Street at half-past eight," she said, and Mrs. Crewe saw her glance at the clock; "and he wants me to go with him to Russia. But it is half-past eight now! Oh, mother, what have you done?"

"He wanted you to be a martyr, Anne," said Mrs. Crewe, almost tearfully. "I really could not allow it. Besides, he doesn't even ask you to marry him, does he?"

"It comes to the same thing," said Anne, glancing distractedly at the clock again. "Of course, a man of Mr. Zagadin's opinions doesn't think anything of a church ceremony."

"Then we certainly cannot think of him as a member of the family," said Mrs. Crewe.

"She snatched the letter and fled into the street."

Anne sat down and read her letter again.

"No one needs me as he does," she said, with both indecision and anguish in her tone. "Poor fellow!"

"Oh, Anne," exclaimed her mother, "surely you would not have gone! It would have broken my heart."

"But I might have wished him good-bye—might have taken him things for the journey. He is as unpractical and as unfit to take care of himself as a child. You ought not to have withheld his letter, mother. Where have you been all this time?"

"I really don't know where I have been," said Mrs. Crewe; "all over London, I think. I can't understand you, Anne. Surely you don't want to turn your back on your work and your people to go and blow up poor harmless Russians with dynamite! He calls it martyrdom; but you haven't been to Siberia and lost your senses."

"Oh! I never think of that side of him,"

interrupted Anne rather impatiently. "I think of his cleverness—and his cough. I daresay I could have kept myself out of harm's way, and him, too."

"But in his own country he is considered a criminal. If they catch him they'll put him in prison. No doubt if he had a wife they'd imprison her, too, and send her to Siberia. They're not very particular out there."

"Well—it is all over," said Anne after a long pause.

"But if he writes—if he asks you to join him?"

"He says in his letter he won't do that."

"But if he did—you would not go?"

"I suppose not," said Anne; "but I wish I had bidden him good-bye."

For a long time neither mother nor child spoke again, and they both thought of Mr. Zagadin speeding towards Harwich, ill and disappointed, and very poor.

"I wish I had given him my railway rug," said Mrs. Crewe.

"I shall have to write and tell him I didn't get his letter till it was too late," said Anne. "I needn't say how it happened."

"I've no doubt he thinks us very unkind," said Mrs. Crewe, whose eyes looked tearful. "I hope it isn't wrong to be so fond of an Anarchist."

But Mrs. Crewe never repented the theft of the letter; and when she told Alice about it, the latter seemed to think her mother had acted as rightly as anyone does who saves a fellow-creature from unnecessary suicide.

"There is no knowing," she said; "Anne might have gone out of sheer pity."

A month later Mrs. Crewe heard from Anne that poor Mr. Zagadin had neither done the awful deeds nor suffered the awful vengeance he expected, because he had been arrested the moment he had set foot on Russian soil. In prison, he fell ill of pneumonia and died within the week. The news made Mrs. Crewe feel quite conscience stricken. If she had given him her railway rug perhaps he could have taken it to prison with him and kept warm. Even his death did not make her wish for a moment that she had given him Anne.

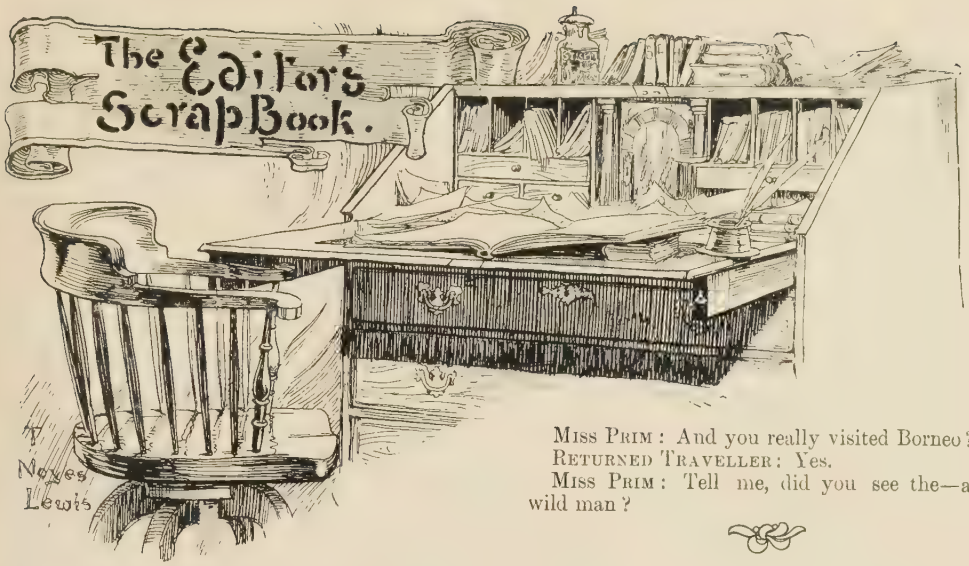
Later still she told the story to one or two of her Burnside friends, and they also said she had acted wisely, though they added that it seemed a pity Anne should die an old maid. Mrs. Crewe replied that she used to be of the same opinion, but that since her visit to London she considered her elder daughter's single life a greater success in every way than her younger daughter's married one.

Nevertheless, it gave her great pleasure to tell them, about a year after Mr. Zagadin's death, that Anne was going to marry her editor, and would give up her flat for a house in Chelsea Square.

"I hope he is a Conservative editor," said Burnside, "then we will try to forget that Anne nearly ran off with an Anarchist."

From a photo by] [*R. K. Jowett, Aylesbury.*

RIVER VIEW IN PERAK.



THE policeman looked after the man on the bicycle and shook his head doubtfully. He watched him wobble up the street and then wobble back again, and he was sorely troubled.

"Hi, there!" he yelled at last. "Git off that wheel whilst I see whether you've been drinking."

A SMALL boy, nine years of age, the host's son, who had a certain bishop for a neighbour at luncheon, badly wanted some mustard, but was in great trepidation as to how he ought to address his lordship. After rejecting many modes in his mind, he decided he must speak religiously, at the least, and the bishop was startled and convulsed at the same time by a small treble voice saying, "For Heaven's sake pass the mustard!"

The bishop, on recovering, passed it.

Two men were holding a heated argument as to the correct pronunciation of the word "either." After much discussion they agreed to seek the opinion of an Irishman who was present.

"I say that it should be pronounced ee-ther," said the first.

"And I contend that it should be i-ther," argued the second. "Now, Pat, which is it?"

"It's nay-ther," was Pat's bland reply.

MISS PRIM: And you really visited Borneo?

RETURNED TRAVELLER: Yes.

MISS PRIM: Tell me, did you see the—ah—wild man?

A GENTLEMAN was complaining on 'Change that he had invested a large sum of money on the Stock Exchange and lost it all. A sympathising friend asked him whether he had been a "bull" or a "bear"; to which he replied "Neither; I was just a silly jackass."

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Brown; and of course you will remember that everything I have told you is entirely *couleur de rose*."

"Oh—er—yes—er, pardon me, *sub rosa*, is it not?"

"Oh, of course. Yes, how stupid of me! That's what you call a *lapis lazuli*, isn't it?"

JUDGE: Did the prisoner offer any resistance?
OFFICER: Only five dollars, yer honour.

WIFE: Now, I hope, dear, you will get a new tie before we go away this summer. I want you to be in keeping with me.
HUSBAND: Why, what are you going to get?
WIFE: A new hat, jacket, and dress, of course, and a nice parasol and several pretty blouses.

HE: Her hair is like sunshine!
SHE: Ye-es; it's brighter some days than others.

"I SAY, old chap, you might pretend to hit me. I want to see if this dog of mine would take my part if I got into a scrape." (The friend doesn't see it.)

A SCOTCH professor was advocating the advantages of athletic exercise. "The Roman youths," he declared, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast." Observing a smile on the face of one of his students, the professor demanded, "Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement."

"I was just thinking, sir," the student replied, "that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim."

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "What! late again, after being reprimanded only last week?"
SARAH JANE: "Well, lydy I never 'ave no luck. Not a bit of it comes my way. Last week I lost my mother, and to-day I lost my umberella!"

A SHORT time ago a lawyer died who was a most popular man in the little village where he resided. The inhabitants, determined to show some mark of their esteem for the late man of the law, subscribed together and erected a tombstone upon which was inscribed, among other virtues, "A lawyer and an honest man."

Some years later two farmers visited the village, and one, having nothing else to beguile the time, strolled through the churchyard and was suddenly arrested by the inscription, "A lawyer and an honest man."

Fixedly he gazed at the stone. Presently his friend came along and, noticing his abstraction, inquired if he had found the grave of a dearly beloved relative.

"No," retorted the farmer; "I am only wondering why they buried those two fellows in the same grave."

HE: I am told that your admirers' name is legion.

SHE (blushing): Oh, no; his name is Harry!

FRIEND: Has your son learned much since he went to college?

FATHER: No; but I have.

SHE: Oh, John! Baby has swallowed that piece of worsted.

HE: That's nothing. She'll have to swallow more yarns than that if she grows up.

HOUSEHOLDER: Do you pretend to say that this meter measures the amount of gas we burn?

INSPECTOR: I will enter into no controversy, sir, but I will say that the meter measures the amount of gas you have to pay for.

MR. BOREM: I am opposed to intoxicating liquors as a beverage, yet I believe that liquor rightly used is a benefit to humanity. I am fully convinced that whisky was once the means of saving my life.

MISS CUTTING: Granted that it did so, I still fail to see how that proves it a benefit to humanity.

AT HER FAVOURITE HOLIDAY HAUNT, TOO!

JACK: "I hear that Miss Rainbow thinks it is quite dull here this year."
TOM: "No wonder! I understand that five girls at the hotel report fourteen engagements last week as against twenty-two for the corresponding week of last year."

THE only son of the family was rather refractory, and his mother, finding gentle words of no avail, sought to reprove him by means of sterner measures. A lively chase ensued between the mother and the son, and the latter as a last resource darted under the bed, where he was safe from pursuit. When the father arrived home and had listened to his wife's complaints he set off to punish the young hopeful. He went down upon his knees, and directly he lifted the valance of the bed he was greeted with the excited query, "Hullo, dad, is she after you, too?"

"SOME countries pension their literary men and women."

"Does that make them stop writing?"

"No."

"Then what's the good of it?"

HERE is a true story of Rev. Mather Byles, a noted humorist of the early days of Boston, who had long petitioned the City Council to fill up a mud-hole on the common before his house. One evening a lusty cry for help was made. Mr. Byles, seizing a lantern, peered out into the darkness, to find three of the procrastinating Councillors struggling in the mud-hole. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "I am glad to see you stirring in this matter at last." And he went into his house and closed the door.

"ARE you well up in the game laws?"

"Yes; never, under any conditions, trump your partner's best card."

Jack Spratt said he preferred one flat,
His wife preferred another;
They couldn't agree which one to take,
So she went home to her mother.

SOLICITOR: Yes, madam, we shall have to put down your correct age in the deed.

CLIENT: Put forty-five, then, if you must have it, but for goodness sake write it as illegibly as possible.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"WHAT do you think of it?" asked the artist, as he exhibited his latest bit of work.

"Do you really want to know?" asked the critic, as if anxious to avoid giving pain.

"Yes," replied the artist resolutely.

"You will not be offended if I speak frankly?"

"I will not."

"Then," said the critic, "I do not hesitate to say that it is the most diabolical, hideous nightmare that I ever saw."

"Is that your honest opinion?" asked the artist, as if loth to believe it.

"It is," replied the critic. "And what makes it worse is that you are capable of really good work."

"I know it is out of my usual line and methods," admitted the artist, "but I thought—I thought——"

"Well?"

"Why, I thought I'd just try my hand at posters, in view of the fad that——"

"Posters!" exclaimed the critic. "Let me look at that again." Then, after a critical examination, "My boy, it is sublime—superb! Your reputation is as good as made now. Why didn't you say 'posters' in the first place?"

LAWYER: Then I understand you to swear, witness, that the parties came to high words?

WITNESS: No, sir; what I say is, the words was particularly low.

CALLER (to child, whose mother has left the room for a moment): Come here to me, my dear.

ENFANT TERRIBLE: No, I mustn't do that. Mamma told me I must stay sitting in the chair, because there's a hole in the cushion.

CLARA: Isn't there some way by which they say you can see the face of your future husband on Hallowe'en?

IDA: If you have selected the party you might ask him to call.

MORE ENGLISH AS SHE IS PRONOUNCED.

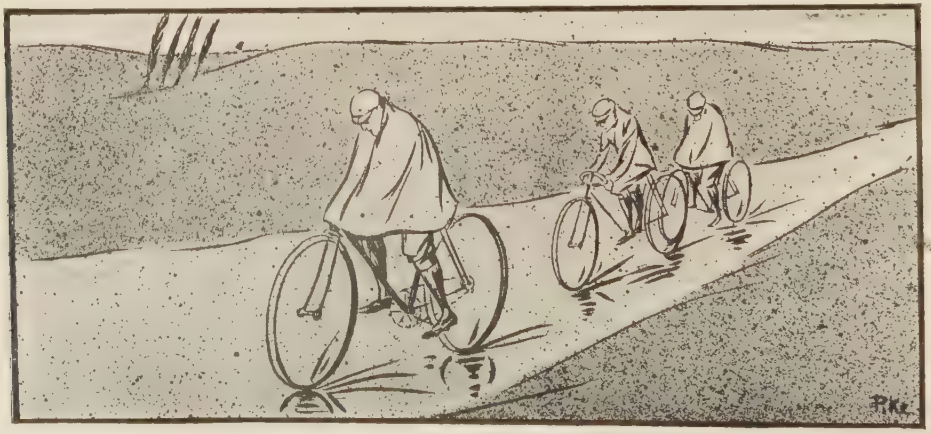
There was an old party name Cholmondeley,
Whose life was passed hopelessly glolmondeley,
He once didn't speak
For more than a week,
During which his replies were made dolmondeley.

AN Irishman was one day fishing in a river when it began to rain heavily. Pat, not desiring to get soaked through, sought shelter under a railway bridge spanning the river, and here he plied his rod with true Waltonic zeal, utterly regardless of the trains that incessantly thundered to and fro overhead. Presently another individual appeared on the scene and politely asked Pat what he was doing.

"Fishing," was the laconic retort.

The stranger laughed. "Pray, what is the use of your fishing under the bridge, while such an infernal noise continues?"

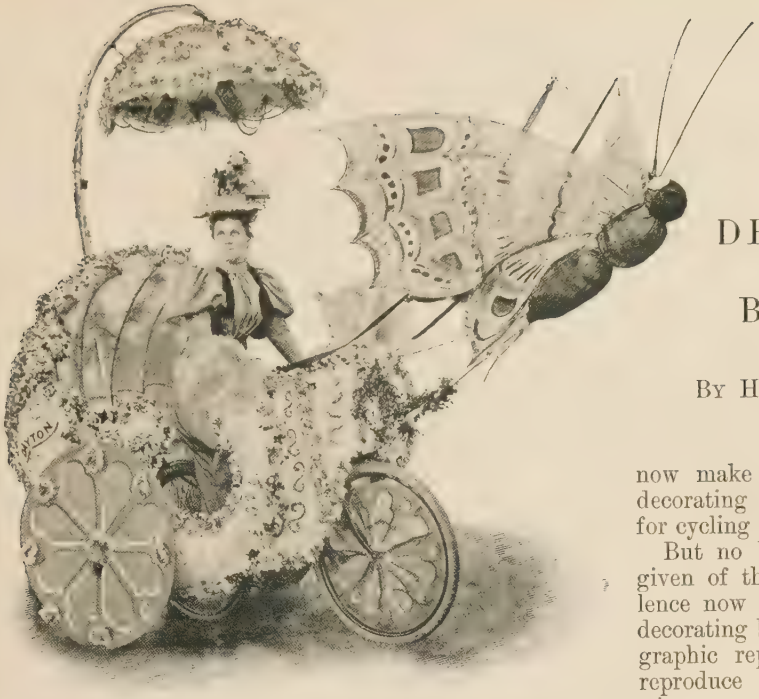
"Oh, shut up, man," replied Pat indignantly. "You don't know the fish; they will come under here to get out of the wet."



"ONE SUMMER'S DAY."

"Homeward Bound!"

From the Picture by W. Rainey



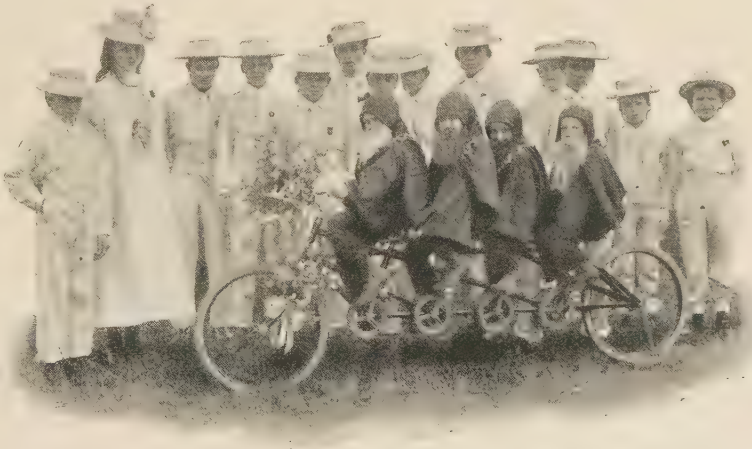
DESIGN WITH WHICH MRS. P. L. HUSSEY WON THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE DAYTON CARNIVAL, OHIO.

DECORATED BICYCLES.

By Harold J. Shepstone.

DECORATED bicycles have now become such a common feature at cycling carnivals and club anniversary outings, that one might be inclined to regard such a subject as the ornamention of a bicycle as an accomplishment hardly meriting particular attention. It is true that one gets almost tired of the conventional bunch of flowers, both real and artificial, attached or dropping from the handle-bar, which are to be seen at nearly every cycling festival. At the same time, however, the decoration of bicycles has now become an art, and as such can claim the attention of those who admire artistic taste and skill, as well as of those who appreciate the combination of colour and effect. It is also a well-known fact, especially in Paris and other Continental cities, that florists now make a special feature of decorating their clients' machines for cycling carnivals.

But no better evidence can be given of the high pitch of excellence now attained in the art of decorating bicycles than the photographic representations which we reproduce of machines of prize-winners, and those who have gained special distinction at various cycling functions. For this purpose the writer has collected photographs of the most striking designs that have appeared at carnivals and other festivals during the past season, both from the Continent as well as from America, and a glance at the result cannot fail to convince the most sceptical that the decoration of one's bicycle is no ordinary undertaking, but one that calls for a considerable amount of ingenuity and skill should the designer



THE YOUNGEST "QUAD" IN HOLLAND.

wish to gain a prize, or even merit special distinction.

Where flowers are expressly concerned prettiness should be the aim of the designer rather than novelty. One of our most striking photographs, a quadruplet, ridden by four children, belongs to the latter category. The riders are dressed to represent gnomes, and very quaint they look in their cloaks and hoods, while their beard appendages add much to the novelty of the effect. These four young cyclists took part in a cycling festival held last September by Dutch cyclists in honour of the accession of Queen Wilhelmina, and claim the distinction of being the youngest "quad" in Holland.

Wheels that supply some of the prettiest decorations, so far as children's bicycles are concerned, are the machines of Miss Dalma Rona and Masters Reiter and Augenfeld. These young people took part in the pageant held at Temesvar, in Hungary, in connection with the Red Cross Society. Little Miss Rona, whose machine is most artistically decorated with artificial flowers, ribbons, and bows, was dressed in blue, and rode under a triumphal arch, supported by Masters Reiter and Augenfeld, who were uniformly dressed as pages. All three rode exceedingly well and attracted much attention at Scudia Park, where the festival took place.

YOUTHFUL CYCLISTS AT THE RED CROSS SOCIETY PAGEANT, TEMESVAR, HUNGARY.

In our next photograph we have three machines, but four riders, the central one being a tandem. All three machines were firmly lashed together by wooden bars, on which the frame of the design was built. The gentleman on the rear seat of the tandem is Mr. J. C. H. Duyl, of Rotterdam, the three young ladies being his daughters. Orange blossoms are the predominating feature of the decorations.

TANDEM FLANKED BY SINGLES: MR. DUYL AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS AT ROTTERDAM.

In events where prizes are awarded to the most striking machines, the bicycles of prize-winners should represent a high excellence in the art of bicycle decoration. That this has been attained everyone must admit after a glance at our photograph of the ordinary lady's safety bicycle with which Mrs. P. L. Hussey won the first prize for the hand-

somest decorated bicycle in the Merchants' Carnival Bicycle Parade, at Dayton, Ohio. This is a chariot representation, marvellously and tastefully executed. The wheels on either side of the machine did not, of course, touch the ground, escaping it by about an inch. They are made of cardboard, covered with pink tissue paper. The general frame of the chariot was covered with white cotton batting, trimmed with pink and white tissue paper, the effect being pink and white. The edges of the chariot were covered with white chrysanthemums. The parasol was also trimmed with chrysanthemums and smilax. The butterfly, too, was very striking, and was made of gauze, properly painted and in proportion to the size of the chariot. Another prize-winner worthy of mention is Mrs. Rona, whose tastefully decorated machine excited general admiration at the Red Cross Society's Festival already referred to. Wild-briar roses are the predominating feature of the decorations, but the beautiful floral arch fitted on to the frame of the rear wheel helped not a little to produce the pretty effect.

MISS BRODERSEN AND MR. HERDEJOST, OF THE HERMANN CYCLING CLUB.

BARON AND BARONESS VAN REEDE TE PARKELER AT AMSTERDAM.

It must not be thought, however, from the foregoing views that the wheelwomen of our own country are behind their sisters on the Continent or their cousins in America in displaying taste in the decoration of their bicycles, for our own cycling carnivals have shown us many examples of exquisite skill in this direction. The photograph we reproduce of the "Floral Queen" goes to prove this statement, for the decorations are both tasteful and pretty. The rider is Miss Clara E. Finch, who has carried off many prizes in the Midlands for her skill in decorating her wheel, and everyone must admit that her efforts are decidedly praiseworthy. Quite a variety of flowers are included — smilax, dahlias, asters, scarlet geraniums, chrysanthemums, and marguerites.

Gentlemen as well as ladies, however, have shown remarkable skill in the decoration of their machines, and what is unquestionably one of the boldest designs we have seen was the machine of Mr. Koppl, captain of the Franzensbad Cycling Club. But the photograph will speak for itself. When we state that Mr. Koppl rode

MRS. RONA'S WILD-ROSE MACHINE AT TEMESVAR.

his machine with all the decorations seen in the picture, it not only testifies to his skill as an able cyclist, but also to the perfect arrangement and secure erection of the various decorations fixed to the machine. The iron framework on which the crown on the top rests was cleverly and neatly fitted to the frame of the machine, and was in itself no little weight. The drapery, palm leaves, and flowers show exquisite taste. It was a conspicuous figure in the Floral Corso, held at Franzensbad on

MR. ARTHUR THOMAS'S "SUNFLOWER" DESIGN AT THE PORTMADOC CYCLING CARNIVAL.

It often happens, however, that a less crowded machine will be equally as effective as one that is simply a mass of decorations, as is evidenced in the "Sunflower" design. The rider of this machine, Mr. Arthur Thomas, to whom the writer is indebted for the loan of his photograph, was awarded the first prize in the Portmadoc Cycling Carnival. A great amount of taste is shown in the arrangement of the flowers, and the little bicycle lamp in the centre of sunflower leaves is very novel, likewise the two flowers arranged

TANDEM RIDDEN THROUGH POTSDAM BY MR. STEPPIN AT THE GERMANIA CYCLING CLUB'S FESTIVAL.

the 3rd of July last, under the patronage of the Archduchess Maria Josepha of Austria. Altogether the carnival was a pretty sight, the machines presenting quite a picture, and well befitting the high rank taken by Franzensbad as a health resort of the *élite*. Many ladies of title took part in the proceedings, the Countess of Wurmbrand carrying off the first prize for the best decorated lady's bicycle.

MR. KOPPL AT THE FRANZENSBAD FLORAL CORSO LAST SUMMER.

A SALFORD WHEELER.

in an upright position on the handle-bar. Little sunflowers, too, may be seen shooting out from the pedals, while Mr. Thomas has not forgotten to trim his hat with the leaves of the same flower that decorates his machine. The design of the Salford wheeler, and also that of the cyclist dressed in velvet and wearing a sword, are novel and striking.

Those who have made it a practice to visit cycling carnivals must have often been struck with the fact that decorated tandem bicycles are exceedingly rare. It must be admitted at once that tandems are scarcer than singles, but considering their number, which may be said to be daily increasing, one could reasonably expect to see more of these double machines at cycling festivals than is at present the case. The only explanation we can offer for the absence of this machine at these gatherings is because it is more difficult to make a really effective picture of a tandem bicycle than is the case with single machines. One of the most striking tandem designs we have seen was the splendidly decorated machine shown in the accompanying illustration. It was ridden through the streets of Potsdam, in Germany, by Mr. Steppin, last year, on the anniversary of the Germania Cycling Club, and was applauded by thousands of spectators. The framework consists of wooden bars secured to the frame of the machine. This framework is 5 ft. high and 22 ins. wide. The decorations consisted chiefly of thin blue and white material, such as tulle, etc., tastefully relieved by trails of creepers and dahlias. Very pretty also is the floral decorated tandem of Baron van Reede te Parkeler and his wife, of Amsterdam. Much pains and time were spent over the decoration of this machine, many varieties of flowers being called into requisition, while the canopy, which is also crowded with flowers, may be referred to as its crowning glory.

It is only occasionally that one can meet with such enthusiastic wheelmen who will endeavour to add to the novelty of decoration by combining more than one bicycle in such a way that both machines move harmoniously together. By some ingenious device Miss Brodersen and Mr. Herdejost coupled their machines together, thus giving the riders the opportunity of indulging in a larger canopy than would otherwise have been the case. They are members of the Hermann Cycling Club, a well-known cycling institution on the Continent, and their white canopy, with its floral trimmings, caused much comment.

There is always something interesting about groups, and the five ladies of the First Dutch Ladies' Cycling Association, who were awarded the first prize in connection with the cycling carnival held in

MISS CLARA FINCH AS "THE FLORAL QUEEN."

A SALFORD WHEELER.

honour of the accession of Queen Wilhelmina, presented a very pretty picture. The group was composed of five riders, whose machines were charmingly decorated with violets and other flowers. On the centre machine was fixed a kind of pole, with a flag at the top, while directly underneath appeared a shield bearing the memorable motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Four strings of flowers attached to the top of the pole acted as reins to the four different riders, who endeavoured to keep that length from the centre machine. All five machines kept at their proper distance, and no doubt their faultless riding had a great deal to do with influencing the decision of the jury in awarding them the first prize, a valuable gold medal. Mention has been made in this article of the Franzensbad Cycling Club's carnival, and of the elegance of the machines that took part in it, but perhaps we could not do better than reproduce a photograph showing some of the members with their machines, which has been kindly lent by the secretary of the Club. After a careful view of this picture it will hardly be necessary for the reader to be informed that the members of the Franzensbad Cycling Club are all enthusiastic cyclists, and look forward with pleasure to cycling carnivals, when they vie with one another in the decoration of their machines.

THE WINNERS OF THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE CYCLING CARNIVAL HELD IN CONNECTION WITH THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.

All the foregoing bicycles have been either decorated with flowers or drapery, or by some novel design attached to certain parts of the frame. Our last photograph, however, is a lady's bicycle of the ordinary height and pattern, and, like our other illustrations, claims attention on account of its unique decorations. In this case, however, it is not flowers, but precious stones! Now, it is somewhat difficult to show to the full advantage such costly ornaments as precious stones, but on the handle-bar of the machine mentioned there are no less than four hundred and twenty-two real precious stones. This fancy lady's bicycle was brought out by an Austrian firm, and caused quite a sensation at the Vienna Exposition of 1897, where it was exhibited, and also more recently at Turin. The whole machine is decorated in the most delicate colours, ivory white and blue, while all the plated parts, instead of being nickel-plated in the usual way, are heavily ruddy-gilt, whereby the elegant impression given to the machine is still further enhanced. The gear-case, which is shown so clearly in the photograph, is adorned with most artistic hand-paintings of Cupids on bicycles, deco-

AT THE FRANZENSBAD CYCLING CLUB'S CARNIVAL.

rated with roses. The frame as well as the rims are also delicately painted, while the saddle cover is of blue plush lined with silk and ornamented with beautiful real gold embroidery. It is difficult to judge the value of such a machine, for in addition to the four hundred and twenty-two precious stones set on the handle-bar there are other costly additions such as the mother-of-pearl handles with gold clips set with wonderful turquoises. According to the particulars the writer has received through the kindness of the British Consul at Vienna, Mr. Feldscharck, and to whom he is indebted for the accompanying photograph, the construction of the machine alone cost £300.

LADY'S BICYCLE, DECORATED THROUGHOUT WITH PRECIOUS STONES.

A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

BY IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by HAROLD COPPING.

No. III.—NESTIE.

IT was understood that Nestie's mother was dead and that his father was the Baptist minister of Muirtown—a denomination whose adherents were few and whose practices were vaguely associated with the mill lade—and for two years before he appeared at school Nestie and his father were quite familiar to the boys. Nestie began his education at a ladies' school, not far from the Seminary, where he was much petted by the big girls, and his father could be seen waiting for him every afternoon at dismissal time. A gentle, timid little man, apt to blush on being spoken to, with a hesitating speech and a suggestion of lasting sorrow in his eyes, Mr. Molyneux would sooner have faced a cannon than Miss Letitia MacMuldrow's bevy of young women, and it was a simple fact that when, meditating his sermon one day in the North Meadow, he flopped into their midst, and his son insisted on introducing him to the boarders and to Miss Letitia, the poor man went home to bed and left the pulpit next Sunday to an amateur exhorter. His plan of campaign was to arrive on the opposite side of the terrace about a quarter to three, and, as the hour drew near, reconnoitre the door from behind a clump of bushes at the foot of the garden. Nestie usually made his appearance with a bodyguard of maidens, who kissed him shamelessly, and then, catching sight of the anxious face peeping through the laburnums, he would dash down the walk and, giving his slaves a last wave, disappear round the corner. The minister used to take a hasty survey lest they should become a sport to the barbarians in a land where for a father to kiss his boy was synonymous with mental incapacity, and then—it was a cat of a girl who oversaw the meeting—they hugged one another for the space of a whole minute, in which time it is wonderful what can be done if your heart is in it and your hat is allowed to go without care. Had a Seminary boy seen the sight—but the savages were caged at that hour—his feet would have been glued to the ground with amazement, and he had gone away full of silent gratitude that his lot had been cast north of the Tweed; but of course he had not reckoned that the father and son had been separated for, say, six whole hours—or almost—and it was necessary to re-establish relations. When this had been done satisfactorily the two crossed a wooden bridge into the meadow arm-in-arm—Mr. Molyneux unconsciously wearing his hat with a rakish air on the side of his head. Between this hour and sunset was their pleasure in the summer-time, and the things they did were varied and remarkable. Sometimes they would disappear into the woods above Muirtown, and return home very dirty, very tired, very happy, laden with wild flowers and dank, earthy roots, which they planted in their tiny garden and watered together with tender solicitude. Other times they played what was supposed to be golf over a course of their own selection and creation at the top of the meadow, and if by any chance the minister got a ball into a hole, then Nestie danced for a space and the minister apologised for his insolent success. Times there were—warm, summer days—when the minister would bring a book with him and read to Nestie as they lay in a grassy hollow together. And on these days they would fall a-talking, and it would end in a photograph being taken from a case, and after they had studied it together, both would kiss the face, which was as if Nestie had kissed himself. Regular frequenters of the North Meadow began to take an interest in the pair, so that the golfers would cry "Fore" in quite a kindly tone when they got in the way of the balls, and one day old Peter Peebles, the chief of the salmon fishers

* Copyright, 1899, by John Watson, in the United States of America.

"It would end in a photograph being taken from a case."

and a man of rosy countenance, rowed them up to Woody Island, and then allowed the boat to drop down with the tide past the North Meadow and beneath the two bridges, and landed them at the South Meadow, refusing all recompense with fierce words. Motherly old ladies whose families were off their hands, and who took in the situation at a glance, used to engage Mr. Molyneux in conversation in order to warn him about Nestie's flannels and the necessity of avoiding damp at nightfall. And many who never spoke to them, and would have repudiated the idea of sentiment with scorn, had a tender heart and a sense of the tears of things as the pair, strange and lonely, yet contented and happy, passed them in the evening.

When the time came that Nestie had to leave Miss Letitia's, his father began to hang round the Seminary taking observations, and his heart was heavy within him. After he

had watched a scrimmage at football—a dozen of the aboriginal savages fighting together in a heap, a mass of legs, arms, heads—and been hustled across the terrace in a rush of Russians and English, from which he emerged without his hat, umbrella, or book, and after he had been eye-witness of an encounter between Jock Howieson and Bauldie over a misunderstanding in marbles, he offered to teach Nestie at home.

"Those Scotch boys are very . . . . h-healthy, Nestie, and I am not sure whether you are quite . . . . fit for their . . . habits. There is a master, too, called . . . Bulldog, and I am afraid——" and Mr. Molyneux looked wistfully at his boy.

"Why, pater, you are very n-naughty, and don't d-deserve two lumps of sugar," for ever since they were alone he had taken her place and poured out the tea. "Do you think I'm a coward? A boy must learn to play games, you know, and they won't be hard on a little chap at first. I'll soon learn f-football and . . . the other things. I can play golf a little now. Didn't you tell me, pater, that mother was as bwave as . . . a s-soldier?"

"Of course she was, Nestie," and Mr. Molyneux fell into the innocent little snare. "If you had only seen the pony your mother used to ride on her father's farm in Essex, where I saw her first! Do you know, nobody could ride 'Gypsy' except its mistress. It r-reared and . . . k-kicked, Nestie"—the little man spoke with awe—"and once ran away; but your mother could always manage it. She looked so handsome on 'Gypsy'; and you have her spirit. I'm very . . . t-timid."

"No, you aren't, not one little bit, pater, if there's real d-danger." Nestie was now on his father's knee, with a hand round his neck. "Who faced the cow on the meadows when she was charging, and the nurse had left the child, eh? Now, pater, tell the truth."

"That was because . . . the poor little man would have been killed . . . anyone would have d-done that, and . . . I d-did not think what I was d-doing. . . ."

"Yes, I know," and Nestie mocked his father shamefully, even unto his face; "and everybody read in the paper how the child wasn't near the cow, and the cow was quite nice and well-behaved, and you . . . ran away; for shame, now!

"Did you go to the people that had the dip . . . dip . . . in the throat, or not?—that's a word I can't manage yet, but I heard Miss Leti-titia and the girls say you were like the soldiers 'at got the Vic—Victoria Cwoss."

"That's d-different, Nestie; that's my d-duty."

"Well, it's my d-duty to go to the S-Seminary, pater;" and so he went.

"What's your name?" Nestie was standing in the centre of the large entrance-hall where his father had left him, a neat, slim little figure in an Eton suit and straw hat, and the walls were lined by big lads in kilts, knickers, tweed suits, and tailless Highland bonnets in various stages of roughness and decay.

"Ernest Molyneux, and for short, Nestie," and he looked round with a bright little smile, although inwardly very nervous.

"Moly-havers," retorted Cosh, who had a vague sense that Nestie, with his finished little manner, his English accent, his unusual dress, and his high-sounding name, was an offence to the Seminary. "Get yir hat oot o' there," and Cosh sent Ernest's straw skimming into the forbidden "well."

Molyneux's face turned crimson, for he had inherited the temper which mistressed "Gypsy," and boys who remembered Spiug's first exploit expected to see the newcomer spring at Cosh's face.

"You mean that for f-fun, I s'pose," he said an instant later, and he recovered his hat very neatly. "I can leap a little, you know, not m-much yet," and again he smiled round the ring.

Nothing quite like this had happened before in the Seminary, and there was a pause in the proceedings, which was the salvation of Nestie, and far more of Peter McGuffie. He had been arrested by the first sight of Nestie and had been considering the whole situation in silence. Peter had an inspiration.

"Did ye say Nestie?" inquired Spiug, with an almost kindly accent, moving a little forward as for purposes of identification.

"My pater calls me that, and . . . others did, but perhaps you would like to say Molyneux. What is your name?"

"We 'ill call ye 'Nestie'; it's no an ill word, an' it runs on the tongue. Ma name is Peter McGuffie, or Spiug, an' gin anybody meddle wi' ye gie's a cry." And to show the celerity of his assistance Peter sent the remains of Cosh's bonnet into the "well" just as Bulldog came down to his room.

"Bulldog's in," as that estimable man identified the owner of the bonnet and passed on to his class-room. "In aifter him, an' gie yir name, afore the schule comes."

"'What's your name?'"

"Will you not come with me, P-Peter?" and that worthy followed him mechanically, while the school held their breath; "it would be kind of you to intwodoosh—it's a little difficult, that word—me to the master."

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded Bulldog at the sight of the two, for speech was paralysed in Spiug and he was aghast at his own audacity.

"A new laddie . . . ca'ed Molly, Mol . . . a' canna mind it . . . Nestie . . . he didna know the way . . ." And Spiug broke down and cast a despairing look at the cane.

"Peter pwotected me from the other boys, who were making fun of me, and I asked him to bwing me in to you, sir; he was very p-polite."

"Was he?" said Bulldog, regarding Spiug's confusion with unconcealed delight; "that is his public character in this school, and there's nobody better known. My advice"—here Bulldog stopped, and looked from Spiug to Nestie as one about to say something and then changing his mind—"is to . . . be friends with Peter."

So when the school took their places Nestie was seated next to Spiug, and it was understood in a week that Nestie was ready to take his fair share in any honest fun that was going, but that if one of the baser sort tried to play the blackguard with Nestie, he had to balance accounts with Spiug, and that the last farthing would be faithfully exacted.

As Nestie had at once settled in his mind that Spiug was a young gentleman of high conduct and excellent manners—and Nestie, with all his sweetness, was as obstinate as a mule—nothing remained for Spiug but to act up to his new character. With this example of diligence by his side, he was roused to such exertion that he emerged from the rule of three and plunged into vulgar fractions, while Nestie marvelled at his accomplishments—"for I'm not a clever chap like you, P-Peter." Spiug had also accumulated a considerable collection of pencil sketches, mostly his own, in which life at Muirtown Seminary was treated very broadly indeed, and as he judged this portfolio unlikely to be appreciated by Nestie, and began himself to have some scruple in having his own name connected with it, it was consigned to the flames, and any offer of an addition, which boys made to Spiug as a connoisseur in Rabelaisean art, was taken as a ground of offence. His personal habits had been negligent to a fault, and Nestie was absurdly careful about his hands, so Peter was reduced to many little observances he had overlooked, and would indeed have exposed himself to scathing criticism had it not been that his sense of humour was limited

"'You are an ill-bred c-cad.'"

and, so far as it went, of a markedly practical turn.

As Nestie never ceased to exalt this paladin of chivalry and all the virtues which he had discovered at school, Mr. Molyneux hungered to see him, and so Spiug was invited to tea on a Saturday evening—an invitation he accepted with secret pride and outward confusion of face. All the time which could be saved that day from the sermons was devoted by Mr. Molyneux and his son to the commissariat, and it was pretty to see the Molyneuxs going from shop to

shop collecting the feast. With much cunning Nestie had drawn from Spiug that fried sausages (pork) with mashed potatoes, followed up by jam tarts and crowned with (raisin) cake, was a meal to live for, and all this they had, with shortbread and marmalade thrown in as relishes. When Nestie was not watching at the upper window for Peter's coming he was gloating over the table, and pater, putting last touches to his exposure of Infant Baptism, ran out and in to see that nothing had been forgotten, for they did not give many feasts, and this was one of gratitude. Peter was late, because he had gathered his whole establishment to dress him, including the old groom, who wished him to go in corduroy breeches and top boots, and Spiug was polished to the extent of shining. He was also so modest that he would not speak, nor even look, and when Nestie began to discourse on his goodness he cast glances at the door and perspired visibly, on which occasions he wiped his forehead with a large red handkerchief. Amid all his experiences on land and water, on horseback and among boys—*i.e.*, savages—he had never yet been exalted as a hero and a philanthropist, and he felt uncomfortable in his clothes. He was induced, however, to trifle with the tea, and in the end did very fairly, regaining his native composure so far as to describe a new horse his father had bought, and the diabolical wickedness of the tame fox at the stables. Afterwards Nestie took Spiug to his room and showed him his various treasures—a writing-desk with a secret drawer ; "The Sandalwood Traders," by Ballantyne; a box of real tools, with nails and tacks complete ; and then he uncovered something hidden in a case, whereat Spiug was utterly astonished.

"Yes, it's a watch ; my mother left it to me, and some day I'll wear it, you know ; your mother's g-gone, too, Peter, isn't she ? "

"Aye," replied Peter, "but a' dinna mind o' her." And then, anxious to change the subject, he produced a new knife with six blades. Before leaving he promised to give Nestie a pair of rabbits, and to guide him in their upbringing after a proper fashion. Without having ventured into the field of sentiment, there is no doubt Peter had carried himself in a way to satisfy Mr. Molyneux, and he himself gave such an account of the tea to Mr. McGuffie senior, that night, that the horsedealer, although not given to Pharisaical observance of the Sabbath, attended the little Baptist chapel next day in state, sleeping through the sermon, but putting five shillings in the plate, while Peter, sitting most demurely at his father's side, identified two of his enemies of McIntyre's Academy and turned various things over in his mind.

If anyone, however, supposed that the spirit had gone out of Peter through his friendship with Nestie, he erred greatly, and this Robert Cosh learned to his cost. What possessed him no one could guess, and very likely he did not know himself, but he must needs waylay Nestie in Breadalbane Street one day after schooltime and speak opprobriously to him, finishing up—

"Awa' wi' ye ; yir father's a meeserable yammering (stammering) dookie (Baptist) minister."

"My father's one of the best men living" —Nestie was in an honourable temper— "and you are an ill-bred c-cad."

Poor Nestie would have been half killed before Cosh had done with him had not Spiug arrived on the scene, having been in the gundy (candy) shop not far off, and then there were circumstances. Cosh had no chance at any time with Peter, but now that worthy's arm was nerved with fierce indignation, and Nestie had to beg for mercy for Cosh, whose appearance on arriving home was remarkable. His story was even more so, and was indeed so affecting, not to say picturesque, that Bailie Cosh came into Bulldog's room with his son two days afterwards to settle matters.

"A' called, Maister MacKinnon," he said, in tones charged with dignity, "to explain the cause of ma son Robert's absence ; he was in bed with a poultice on his face twenty-four hours, an' he'll no be himself for days."

"He is no in a condeetion to lose time wi' his lessons, a' can tell ye, Bailie ; ye're richt to bring his back as sune as ye could ; was't toothache ? "

"No, it wasna toothache, but the ill-usage o' one of your scholars, the maist impudent, ill-doing, aggravating little scoondrel in Muirtown."

"Peter McGuffie, come out here," which showed Bulldog's practical acquaintance with affairs. "Did you give Robert Cosh a licking ? "

No answer from Spiug, but a look of satisfaction that was beyond all evidence.

"Was that just your natural iniquity, Peter, or had you a justification ? "

Dogged silence of Spiug, whose code of honour had one article at least—never to tell on a fellow.

"He took the minister's hand in his."

"Please, sir, may I speak?" cried Nestie, as he saw the preparations for Peter's punishment and could not contain himself.

"Were you in this job, too, Nestie? You didn't tell me that there were two at puir Robert, Bailie; if Nestie got his hand on your son, he's sic a vecciously inclined character that it's a wonder Robert's leevin'.

"Now, Bailie, we'll conduct a judeecial investigation. Robert Cosh, what have you to say? Speak up like a man, and I'll see justice done ye, be sure o' that; but mind you, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Robert Cosh declined to contribute even the smallest morsel of truth in any shape or form, and, in spite of strong encouragement from the magistrate, preserved an impenetrable silence.

"This," said Bulldog, with a shrewd glance, "is mair than ordinary modesty; we 'ill take another witness. Ernest Molyneux, what have you got to say?"

"Cosh called my father names, and . . . I lost my t-temper, and . . . and . . . I said things . . . the pater's ill, sir, so I . . . and Cosh stwuck me once or twice—but I don't mind that; only Peter, you see, sir, wanted to help me. I'm afraid he h-hurtit Cosh, but that was how it happened."

"Stand beside Nestie, Cosh . . . so; half a head taller and much broader and four years older. You called his father names, and then cut his lip when he answered. Just so. There are some pretty little scratches on your own face. That would be Peter. Well, Bailie, the case is pretty plain, and we 'ill go to judgment.

"Ernest Molyneux, your father's a good man, and it does not matter two brass peens what Robert Cosh says about him, and ye're no an ill-disposed laddie yersel'. Ye may go to your seat.

"Peter McGuffie, ye're aye meddlin' wi' what doesna concern ye, and ye seem to think that Providence gave Nestie into your

chairge. One day ye pull him oot o' the river, and anither ye take him oot o' the hands o' Robert Cosh. But ye've done your wark sae neatly this time that I havena the heart to thrash you. Ye may go to your seat, too; and, Peter, ma man, just one word of advice. Your head is thick, but your heart is richt; see that you always use your fists as well as ye did that day.

"Robert Cosh, ye've had a fair trial, and you have been convicted of three heinous sins. First, you miscalled a good man—for that three strokes with the cane; next, you ill-used the quietest laddie in the whole school—for that three strokes; and lastly, being moved of the devil, ye went home and told lies to a magistrate—for that six strokes. Three on each hand to-day and to-morrow will just settle the count. Right hand first."

"Mr. MacKinnon, I protest. . . ."

"What?" and Bulldog turned on the magistrate; "would ye interfere with the course o' justice in another man's jurees-diction, and you a magistrate?" And Bulldog's eyes began to rotate in a fearsome manner.

The Bailie allowed it to be understood that he had changed his mind, and Robert, who had expected great things from the magistrate's protection, abandoned himself to despair and walked humbly for many days to come.

Next day Nestie was not in his place, and Bulldog, growing uneasy, called on his way home.

"Aye, aye," and the landlady's voice sank into the minor key of Scots sympathy, "Maister Mollynoox (for such an outlandish name was ever a trial) is far through wi't; the doctor says he never had much to come an' go on, and noo this whup o' inflammation is the feenish.

"The doctor doesna expect him to see mornin', an' he's verra sober (weak); but his head's clear, an' the laddie's wi' him. Ma hert is wae (sorry) for him, for the twa hev been that bund up thegither that a'm dootin' Nestie 'ill never get ower the pairtin'."

The gentle little minister was not far from his end, and Nestie was nursing him as best he could. He sponged his father's face—threatening to let the soap get into his eyes if he were not obedient—and dried it with a soft towel; then he brushed the soft, thin brown hair slowly and caressingly, as he had often done on Sundays when his father was weary. Turning round, he saw Bulldog, and, instead of being afraid, Nestie smiled a pathetic welcome, which showed either what a poor actor the master was, with all his canings, or that his English scholar was a very shrewd little man.

"Th-thank you f-for coming to see father, sir; he was n-naughty and got cold, and he has been so ill; but he must get better, for you know there are . . . just the two of us, and . . . I would be . . . lonely without the pater."

"Nestie does not wish to part with me,

"Weeping and clinging to the schoolmaster."

Mr. MacKinnon, for we h-have been . . . dear friends, that's how it was, and we loved . . . mother; but he is a . . . brave little man, as you know, and mother and I will not forget him . . . you came to ask for Nestie, and it was God's will, for I h-have a f-favour to ask of you."

Bulldog went over and sat down by the bed, but said nothing. Only he took the minister's hand in his and waited. He also put his other arm round Nestie, and never did he look fiercer.

T

"I have no relatives, and his m-mother's family are all dead; there is nobody to be g-guardian to Nestie, and he cannot live alone. C-could you get some family who would be . . . where he might be at . . . h-home?

"You know we are not rich, but we've s-saved a little, for Nestie is a famous little house-k-keeper; and maybe there's enough to keep him . . . till he grows big; and I'll give you the receipt at the bank, and you'll . . . manage for him, won't you?"

Bulldog cleared his throat to speak, but could not find his voice—for a wonder, but his hand tightened on the minister's, and he drew Nestie nearer to him.

"Of course, Mr. MacKinnon, I know that we have no c-claim on you, for we are strangers in Muirtown, and you . . . have many boys. But you've been kind to Nestie, and he . . . loves you."

The minister stopped, breathless, and closed his eyes.

"Mr. Molyneux," began Bulldog in a stern voice, "I'm willing to manage Nestie's estate, big or small, and I'll give an account of all intromissions to the Court, but I must decline to look out a home for Nestie.

"Nestie and me" (bad grammar has its uses, and some of them are very comforting) are good freends. My house has just an auld schoolmaster and a housekeeper in it, and whiles we would like to hear a young voice."

Bulldog paused and then went on, his voice sterner than ever—in sound.

"Now Bell's bark is worse than her bite, and maybe so is mine (Nestie nodded), so if the wee man wouldna be feared to live wi' . . . Bulldog—oh, I know fine what the rascals call me—he 'ill have a heart welcome, and . . . I'll answer to you baith, father and mother, for your laddie at the Day o' Judgment."

"'What shall I render . . . unto the Lord . . . for all His benefits?' I cannot thank you . . . (the minister was now very weak); but you will not . . . miss your reward. May the God of the orphan . . . Kiss me, Nestie."

For a short while he slept, and they watched for any sign of consciousness.

"It was too soon"—he was speaking, but not to them—"for Nestie . . . to come, Maud; he must stay . . . at school. He is a good boy, and . . . his master will . . . . take care of him. . . . Nestie will grow to be a man, dear."

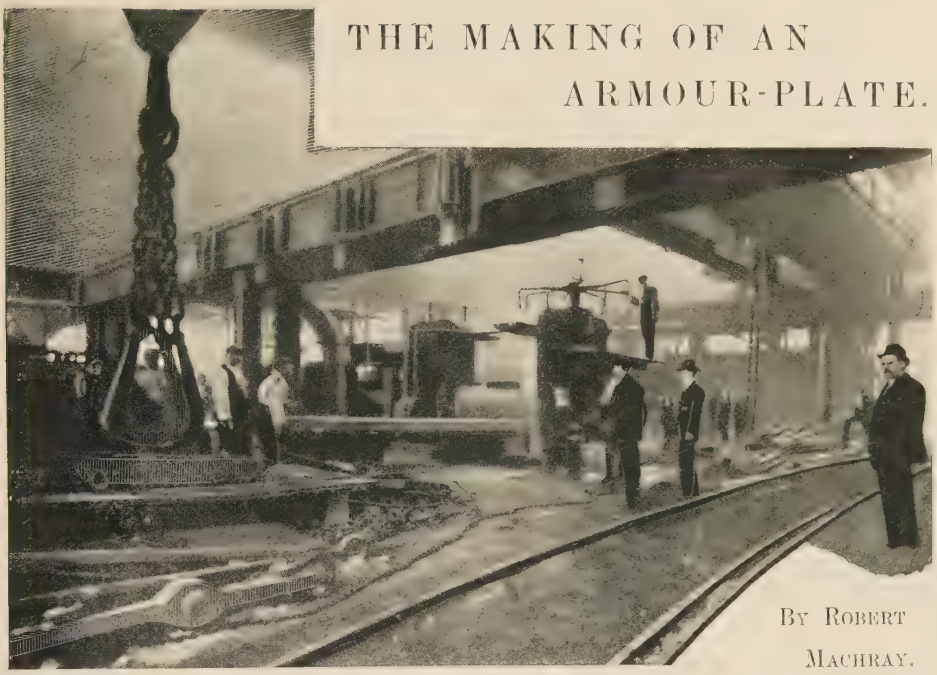
The minister was nearing the other side, and seeing the face he loved and had lost awhile.

"It's mother," whispered Nestie, and a minute later he was weeping bitterly and clinging with all his might to the schoolmaster, who came perilously near to tears himself.

"They're together now, and . . . I'll be father and mother to you, Nestie," said Mr. Dugald MacKinnon, master of mathematics in Muirtown Seminary, and known as Bulldog to three generations of Muirtown lads.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MAKING OF AN ARMOUR-PLATE.



By Robert Machray.

Illustrated from Photographs by C. Pilkington.

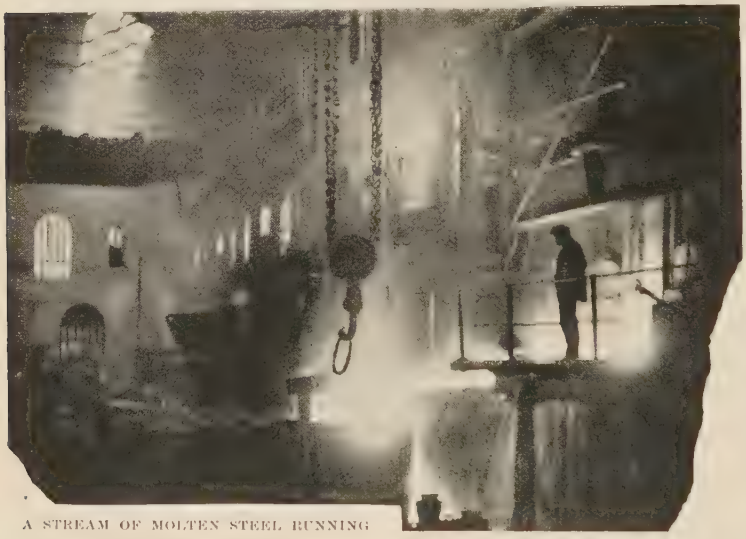
ONCE upon a time, and that not so long ago, the "wooden walls of Old England" were alike the safeguard and the glory of the Empire. The great man-of-war, with its tall masts, its gallant spread of canvas, and its many guns, lives no more save in song and story. Its place has been taken by the armour-clad, which has no masts to speak of, nor sails, and but few guns—a thing which, according to our unromantic Premier, is very like a whale with two sticks standing out of it. And in very truth there is not much poetry about a modern battleship, although all that the skill of man can compass goes to the making of it. But it is built for business, and nothing else.

A battleship is not only a first class fighting machine built to attack and destroy, it is also a floating castle built to resist and defeat assault. For the former purpose it is armed with the terrible six-inch and twelve-inch guns, for the latter it is practically made impregnable by being clad with steel armour, against which the most powerful projectiles will be hurled in vain. And that the armour shall be "efficient" is quite as important as that the guns shall be. This is a point on which the nation can afford to take no chances. Hence the Admiralty imposes the severest tests, and its inspectors are constantly going in and out of the vast works where this armour is manufactured, watching every stage of the process with sleepless vigilance.

The question of the capability of iron as a material for building and protecting ships was raised as far back as 1834 by Admiral Sir George Cockburn. One or two vessels were "ironed" to some extent—amongst them the *Birkenhead*, of immortal memory—but the idea was lost sight of until 1855, when, thanks to the late Mr. Samuel Beale, M.P. for Derby, of the Parkgate Iron Works, Rotherham, the making of iron-plates was begun with some approach to system. However, little more was done in this direction for several years. It was in 1860 that a seemingly fortuitous circumstance—the visit of a Sheffield steel-maker to France—brought about that complete revolution in naval shipbuilding which has led to the universal use of armour in the construction of fleets.

This gentleman was Sir John Brown. Happening to be in Toulon that year he saw a French ship, *La Gloire*, come into the harbour. This vessel was a timber-built 90-gun three-decker, which had been cut down into a sort of corvette, with forty big guns. It had the further peculiarity of

being protected by hammered-plate armour, 4½ inches thick, 5 feet long, and 2 feet wide. Sir John asked permission to go on board, but was not allowed. He had to content himself with a close inspection of the sides of *La Gloire*, but he did so to very excellent purpose, for on his return to England he informed the authorities, who were a little bit nervous about the French ship, that he could make much better armour than that it had. His plan was to roll, not to hammer the iron-plate. He maintained that a rolled plate would be more reliable, tenacious, and uniform in quality than the other. He so succeeded in impressing his views upon the Admiralty that by 1863 they had decided to clothe in mail fully three-fourths of the British Navy.



A STREAM OF MOLTEN STEEL RUNNING OUT OF THE FURNACE.

The first English ironclad was the *Warrior*, whose plates were 4½ inches thick. As the years went on, and the power and force of the big guns were increased, armour-plates were made thicker and thicker, until the *Inflexible* was coated, or rather great-coated, with 22 inches of iron. But it was, of course, impossible to go on increasing this thickening indefinitely — the weight of the armour threatened to be more than the ship could carry. In 1877 a forward step was made by the invention of compound armour by Mr. (now Sir) Alexander Wilson, the present head of the firm of Charles Cammell and Company, the largest armour-making establishment in the world. The new material consisted of a facing of hard steel, with a backing of tough wrought-iron. This kind of armour was developed and improved until the introduction of the "Harvey" process, which, with further improvements, is that in use at the present time.

The making of armour is a very important industry, and so far as the heavier plates are concerned is a monopoly of Sheffield, where the three great firms of Messrs. Cammell, Messrs. Vickers, and Messrs. Brown are engaged in it. Messrs. Beardmore, of Glasgow, also make armour, but, I understand, the plates rolled there are lighter than those manufactured in Sheffield.

When I requested permission on behalf of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE to go over the works of Messrs. Cammell and Company, with a view to an article on "The Making of Armour," a courteous reply in the affirmative was immediately received. And here, perhaps, I may be allowed to express my grateful acknowledgments for the kindness with which I was treated by all those with whom I came in contact in the course of my journeyings through the Cyclops Works, as they are very appropriately named. This firm has, as I have already said, the largest output of armour in the world, and employs in one way or another an army of 12,000 men—enough to "furnish forth" a considerable town did they all live in one place. But only a portion of the workmen are in the armour-making departments, the rest being occupied in making steel rails, locomotive and other heavy tyres, marine shafting, and so on. Messrs. Cammell have also their own coal and iron mines. A gigantic, truly imperial enterprise this, conducted, if large and increasing dividends be a test, with conspicuous success. A still better criterion may be found in the fact that over two hundred ships of war of all kinds afloat to-day have been armoured from these works. This record is unique.

The first operations in this firm's armour-making are not conducted at the Cyclops Works, but at Grimesthorpe, in the suburbs of Sheffield. Here in vast buildings, through

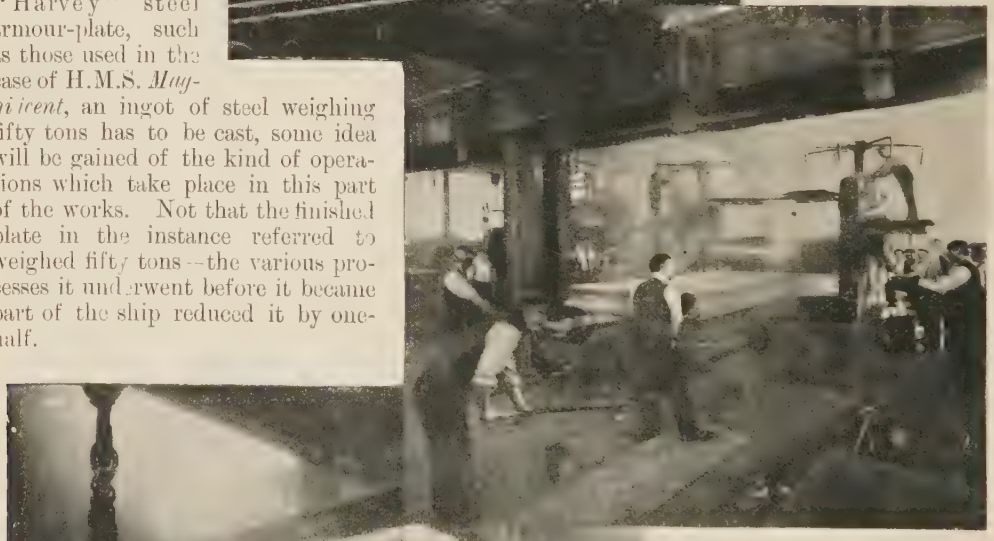
A INGOT OF RED-HOT STEEL BEING PRESSED INTO SHAPE IN THE "CATHEDRAL."

which one walks warily, are the "melting shop," with its "open-hearth" furnaces, in which the steel is made and cast, and the "press shop," to which, from its magnificent distances, has been given the name of the "cathedral." The "melting shop!" Well, if you get too near one of these huge furnaces you will understand without any words one sense in which the term might be used; the furnace from which I got away most expeditiously had a temperature of 2,300 degrees of heat! From a safe distance, my eyes protected by blue spectacles, I gazed fearfully at the back of it, from which issued, when the door was opened, an almost intolerable splendour of golden flame. Presently we walked round to the other side of it and witnessed the casting of the molten steel. As the metal poured itself in a curving stream of fire of ineffable radiance into the receiver--

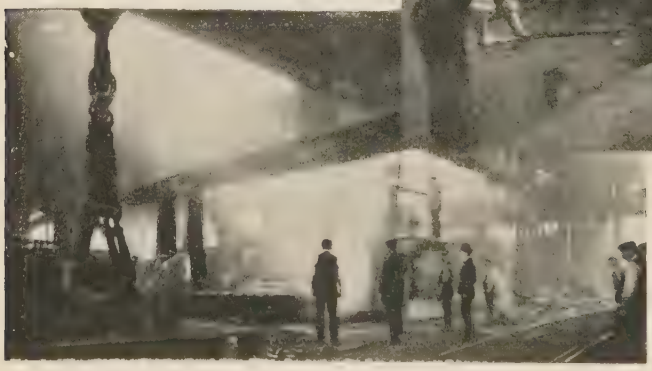
FIRST STAGE OF ROLLING AFTER THE "SLAB" HAS JUST LEFT THE FURNACE.

or "ladle," as it is called—there shot up from it showers upon showers of sparks, bright, sparkling, flashing, falling—a gorgeous display, which I am sure would cause the Crystal Palace pyrotechnic man, clever as he is, to curl up and die of sheer envy.

At one end of the melting shop there are a number of these furnaces, each of them being capable of dealing with a charge of forty tons, and they are so arranged that when required all can be tapped into one enormous central casting pit. When it is remembered that for the manufacture of a 14-inch "Harvey" steel armour-plate, such as those used in the case of H.M.S. *Magnificent*, an ingot of steel weighing fifty tons has to be cast, some idea will be gained of the kind of operations which take place in this part of the works. Not that the finished plate in the instance referred to weighed fifty tons—the various processes it underwent before it became part of the ship reduced it by one-half.



ROLLING AN ARMOUR-PLATE.



POURING WATER ON THE ROLLERS TO KEEP THEM COOL.

The steel used in the making of armour is of the highest quality. "You may rest assured," I was told, "that there is no better steel in the world than that which is put into armour-plates." The best Swedish iron is the foundation of the metal. Certain alloys are added to the iron, and the whole is converted by the Siemens-Martin process into steel. Coal-gas, which gives a more even temperature than coal, is brought into requisition for heating (the word seems rather inadequate) the furnaces to the necessary degree. That it is possible to take two views of the capabilities of the furnaces is indicated by the following little story which was told me by a foreman. A facetious American, who was being shown over the works, remarked on being told that the temperature of one of these furnaces was over two thousand degrees, "I should say that was hot enough for Old Harry himself!" "Oh, no," was the reply, delivered no doubt with a shrewd twinkle of the speaker's eye, "oh, no! I'm afraid he would catch cold up here!"

When the steel is "made," it is run into a mould, in which it solidifies and becomes an "ingot." It is next taken out of the mould, and conveyed by means of a tramway to the press shop, an exceptionally fine building, 60 feet high and 63½ feet wide, while its length is 260 feet. Here the ingot is first subjected to about twenty-four hours in a furnace, when it is ready for treatment by the press—a name which in

this particular case stands for one of the most powerful forging implements in existence. A "tool" they call it in Sheffield, and a nice little tool it is. It exerts a pressure of two-and-a-half tons to the square inch, and has a total pressure of 6,000 tons! The ingot having been heated to the proper temperature, it has now to receive the "tender embraces" of this mechanical monster. The door of the furnace is opened wide, and great tongues of smoke and flame in glorious tones of colour issue forth, as the ingot, balanced upon a colossal "porter-bar" (the name explains itself), is swung out by an enormous travelling crane capable of lifting 150 tons. As the crane moves there is a thunder of machinery. Swiftly enough the mass of glowing metal is placed between the rams, the jaws of the press which manipulates it silently, irresistibly—as a baker might handle a piece of dough or a potter a bit of clay—until it is reduced to the requisite thickness—"squeezed into a slab," they word it in Sheffield, with admirable economy of phrase,

It is an interesting and a wonderful sight. It is a magnificent illustration of what man can do by the aid of the machines he has made, but as a spectacle it is not so striking as that which is seen when the "slab" is rolled into a "plate"—the succeeding stage in the making of armour.

The slab is now taken to the rolling mill which is in the Cyclops Works. First of all it is heated again in another furnace—and it may be noted that each of these furnacings is toughening the fibre of the material—and rendered sufficiently ductile. When the time is come the slide of the furnace is gradually raised amid smoke and flame, and a pair of gigantic pincers grip the white-hot metal. The pincers are attached to a ponderous chain passing round the rolls, which act as a windlass to draw the slab from the furnace. While this is being done the workman who stands nearest the mouth of the furnace wears a garment made of asbestos, in appearance not unlike the cowl and hood of a monk, to protect him from the awful heat; in his hands he holds a long,

MACHINE FOR BENDING ARMOUR-PLATES TO REQUIRED SHAPE.
The "shape" is at the top, and the plates are pushed up from below.

wide piece of iron for the purpose of shielding the man who seems to guide the pincers, and when the slab is drawn on to the bogie, which is in front of the furnace to receive it, liberates the pincers from the chain to which they are attached. To show the ponderosity of the pincers I may say that a couple of horses are required to draw them out of the way, so as to permit the bogie, which moves on rails, to pass down an incline to the rolls, which anon get to work on the great golden mass of steel amid the jar and tumult of the big-wheeled engine which drives the mill.

A ROW OF FURNACES.

There is something strangely fascinating in watching this part of the process, and the eye follows with extraordinary interest the lengthening of the plate as it moves forwards and backwards between the rollers. What makes it more striking as a spectacle is that as the operation continues bundles of wet broom are thrown upon the plate, and as the roller passes over them they appear to explode with a noise like that of a volley of musketry, while bright, orange-coloured flames wrap the massy mill with unearthly fires. The wet broom is used in order to remove a sort of scale which forms on the surface of the plate, but it makes a splendid show in doing it.

The plate is rolled to the specified thickness—or thinness, I should perhaps say—in a few minutes. Thereafter it is pressed flat and, generally, "surfaced"—that is, the top is planed smooth. Next, it is put into the carburising furnace for the Harvey treatment.

At this point it may be observed that the average thickness of most armour-plates—at any rate, for belt armour—is about six inches, although plates of as much as twelve-inch thickness are made for special positions. This is a very different state of things from that which obtained in the days of the old ironclads, with their 22-inch armour. Recent improvements have all tended to making armour thinner, while, at the same time, a much higher degree of impenetrability to projectiles has been secured. But, for all that, the weight of a ship's armour is still very great, that of a first class battleship being not much less than 3,000 tons.

The "Harvey" process (I was told that the process was in essence an ancient Sheffield method, but that Sheffield had forgotten to patent it, and so pays toll for it to America with something of a grudge) is one by which the planed face of an

THE "SPRINKLER."

armour-plate acquires the most intense hardness and toughness. The plate is placed in a special furnace with the planed surface upwards and covered with a layer of charcoal; another similar plate, with its planed surface downwards, is laid on the charcoal. Heat from coal-gas is then applied and maintained at a uniform temperature for a considerable time, during which the carbon in the charcoal is gradually drawn from it and absorbed by the steel surfaces to a certain depth of the plates, the rest still remaining what is technically styled

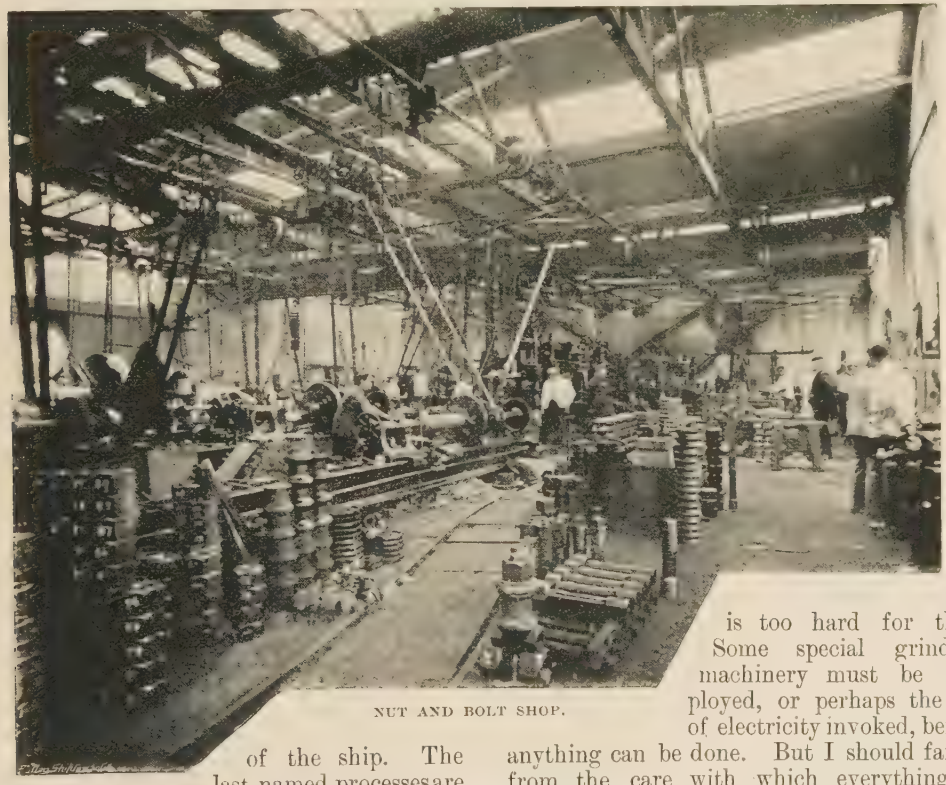
"ductile," though it seems to me a good deal less ductile than one of the Pyramids. The combined result of Harveying the plates is that the surface presents a practically impenetrable front to any projectile, while the ductile or soft steel of the balance acts as a kind of cushion, or buffer, if you like.

The armour-plates are now bent by an hydraulic press, nearly as powerful as the monster we saw in the "cathedral," into whatever shape may be necessary for the particular vessel they have been ordered for, and then planed, slotted, and drilled for the bolts which hold them to the framework of the ship. The last-named processes are extremely interesting, and involve the use of a large number of expensive and elaborate machines, to describe which at all adequately would take up too much space. Suffice it to say that nothing is left to chance. Moulds, or "templates," taken from the given ship are supplied to the armour-makers in order that there shall be no mistakes, and naval architects are exceedingly exacting—as, indeed, one can well imagine they would be—in requiring that all their specifications are fully complied with.

But it is only after the carburised plates have been thoroughly chilled in an enormous sort of shower-bath, called a "sprinkler," that the process is complete. The sudden chill, I understand, does the business.

In addition to being carburised the plates are further subjected to various treatments, including what is known as the Krupp treatment, all of which are kept a close secret, so that no information can be given about them. But their sole purpose is to give increased density, and therefore greater resistance to the shells of an enemy.

Should any change be necessary on the finished plate, the alteration cannot be effected by the use of any tool the plate is too hard for that. Some special grinding machinery must be employed, or perhaps the aid of electricity invoked, before anything can be done. But I should fancy, from the care with which everything is thought and worked out, both by the designers and the makers of the armour, that this is seldom necessary.



NUT AND BOLT SHOP.

The plates are fixed into position on the ships by means of big, thick bolts—some of them I saw were two feet long—in the making of which special care is taken. At one end of the bolt is the screw which fits into the hole drilled in the ductile part of the plate; next to the screw is a length of polished steel, which goes through the wood or other framework of the vessel's side; and then come the washer, nut, and rubber packing and other devices for holding it immovably in its place.

An Unexpected Visitor.

By Ernest Vickers,

GERMAINE AND THE GHOST

By Alfred Slade.

Illustrated by Adolf Thiede.

I WAS sure something had happened the moment I saw Cameron turn the corner. For he was wearing a silk hat, and it was a new one. This was doubly portentous. I feared the worst.

A silk hat, in a decent state betraying recent youth, was a rare exotic in the Latin Quarter, except in official guise connected with funeral mutes and brokers' men. When any of us had astonished himself and his friends by sprouting out into such luxury, it was invariably a luxury acquired second-hand, gratuitously as a gift, or cheaply as a bargain. Yet here was a sober fact. Cameron, before noon, calmly walking about in lustrous headgear, with a brim that curled painfully brand new, and evidently an article of price from the grand boulevards.

My first emotion of astonishment over, I was not displeased. I was looking for a man of prosperity like Cameron. And so I boldly approached him and took his hand; and he did not seek to evade me, as was his usual (and necessary) custom.

"All hail!" I cried facetiously, to put him in a good humour.

"Have a drink?" he said, quite unembarrassed.

"A cheap drink?" I inquired, suspicious of a joke.

"Any sort you like," he answered. "The budget imposes no harassing restrictions whatever."

Further conversation on this point was thus rendered needless. We walked down into the *café*.

Yet, in walking, I did not take his arm, as was my wont. He took mine instead, and I found it strangely irksome. For in him I no longer recognised the man I had known and worked with these three years. He had undergone an awesome metamorphosis. A tailor, a serious tailor had been let loose on him, and invested him with such dignity of apparel as made me timid and ashamed.

There was a delicious blue pea-jacket he used to wear, both in carnival time and out of it, for the palpable reason that if he had chosen not to wear it he would have been obliged to take the air in his shirt-sleeves. At present he was majestic and uncomfortable in a black frock coat. There was also a pair of peg-top trousers that used to afford much amusement to his friends. Now he was wearing something quite different, so obviously made to order that he only sat down with much difficulty and risk.

And his boots! That was the most amazing change of all. Ever since I had known him he had complained vehemently of corns, chronic corns, that necessitated especially easy boots with slits all over them, corns that he put forward as his reason for never changing these deplorable boots, even though he had danced the soles right off them. We had at length got used to associating Cameron with these boots; we could never have imagined him and them disconnected. Yet to-day he must have undergone a marvellous cure, and was wearing apparently without pain a pair of pointed "patents" that were distinctly an *article de luxe*. I resolved to double the sum I had originally thought of, and to try and borrow *ten* francs.

Meanwhile we were in the *café*, and the waiter was before us. The proprietor had come, too, fascinated, I should say, by the brilliancy of my comrade's personal appearance.

We nodded. We knew each other—indeed, so well that on more than one occasion he had besought us to honour another *café* than his with our scarcely esteemed patronage. But we liked him too well, and the credit he gave us, to ever even think of forsaking his establishment.

Then Cameron turned to the waiter and ordered such expensive consummations that I at once grew frantically thirsty in advance. The waiter was going dazedly away, when his employer intervened.

"There is first, Monsieur Cameron," he said firmly, "a small account to be liquidated. Oh! a so small matter—merely a bagatelle. Thirty-seven francs for articles supplied; twelve francs twenty for articles broken."

I commenced, from sheer force of habit, of course, to urge him to postpone these disagreeable recollections. I was cut short and flabbergasted by Cameron's behaviour. He had produced a stiff paper sack. He had turned it upside on the counter. All the gold in the Indies and Peru was pouring out, and Cameron was looking at it motionless.

Boniface grew red and apoplectic. "I did not know," he stammered out in excuse, "or I would not have worried monsieur with such a trifle. We will let it stand over—it is of no importance whatever."

But Cameron was grimly firm. "No," he protested; "no. We pay our *addition—boissons*, breakages and all. And the change," he declared magnanimously, tossing over a little heap of fifty francs, "the change is for Gustave."

Gustave murmured his gratitude; the proprietor wiped the table down obsequiously; even his wife at the desk beamed down upon us, a thing that had not occurred since our second appearance there. She was a woman of business, and reserved her smiles for the customers with banking accounts.

The drinks arrived. I was glad of it. I drank and found inspiration at the bottom.

"Of course," I cried; "how silly of me not to have thought of it! You have been painting Old Masters, and sold them to an American as such."

"Guess again, dear boy," said Cameron, "for that guess leaves you freezing."

I was helpless. So I gave it up, and told Cameron so.

"Then I will tell you," he said; "and mark attentively, for therein lies a tale."

"Does it end happily?"

"The end has not yet come—for me. You have never heard, of course, of the Barons d'Auxerre. Yet theirs was a famous name under the Monarchy; but even the Monarchy is forgotten now.

"Now the Camerons were always staunch to the Stuarts, even after it had become a lost cause. Whenever Prince Charlie showed himself in Scotland, there was invariably a Cameron at his heel; when he fled to France a Cameron followed him into exile; and so a Cameron and a d'Auxerre met at the Court of Louis, and becoming acquainted speedily fought a duel, and were consequently firm friends ever afterwards.

"The families remained friends, and the d'Auxerres, in another generation, often paid the Camerons a visit in Scotland, whenever political affairs, such as slight matters like revolutions, prompted.

"The last Baron d'Auxerre left France for ever after the proclamation of the Republic of '70 and the final abandonment of Royalist hopes. He came, of course, to Scotland and was received as an honoured guest at my grandfather's house.

"He was a young man then, and so was my father, and they both fell in love with a young lady of a neighbouring clan. My father won her, and wedded her, and that lady became my mother; and the Baron left Scotland broken-hearted, and went away no one knew where.

"Now, yesterday I received a letter from some London lawyers: they write on the occasion of my twenty-first birthday to communicate to me the will of the late Baron d'Auxerre, which he had desired to be kept secret until I had attained my majority. And the will is, briefly, that he leaves me,

'the son of the dead woman he hopelessly loved,' all his possessions, a large sum in personal property, and his ancestral *château* at Auxerre.

"In the letter was a draft for present emergencies. The clothes are thus accounted for; and that, I think, is all."

"What a strange story!" I could not help exclaiming. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, I will tell you," answered Cameron. "I don't know! But, we will go and see this *château*, and decide afterwards. So, if you like, we will get ready to start at once."

There was nothing to detain us in Paris, once we had sufficient funds to get out of it, and the next morning we were in the train. We were to be painters on a sketching tour; that was quite a sufficient pretext for spending a day or two at Auxerre.

Right through the sweet heart of Brittany the slow train crawled. At a wayside station we descended, to take the *diligence*, and rumbling on through the long afternoon came at last to the village of Auxerre and caught sight of the sea.

There were, perhaps, half a hundred cottages nestling in a nook of the shore. The beach of pure white sand crept up into a wooded gorge; and here on the eastern headland loomed large the granite pile that was the Castle.

That was all we had time to see; for the *diligence* was drawn up at the one inn of the place, the inevitable "Cadran Bleu," and the landlord was on the step waiting to help us descend. So we got down, and he took our baggage, and we bade him be very careful of our ostentatious easels. That was to impress upon him that we were painters of importance.

Then we had dinner in the open, plying our landlord the while with questions as to the scenery.

"Is there not," Cameron was inquiring casually, "is there not a picturesque Castle here, that one ought to look over?"

"Ah, monsieur," answered our host, a little disconcerted, I thought, "'picturesque' is scarcely the word. There is a Castle, monsieur, it is true; but one does not go over it, for it is haunted."

At that he stood back to watch the effect. Cameron broke himself off another piece of bread.

"How interesting!" he said at last. "That is much better than I expected. And the ghosts—have they a history?"

"Hush, monsieur, I entreat," was the landlord's interruption; "one does not speak of such things so lightly. For these, monsieur, are serious ghosts!"

"Then we will receive their history in a serious spirit. Commence, our friend, commence."

"There is no history, sir; only this. That in the cursed Revolution the troops came and invaded our little land. We fought for our King; and *they*, Heaven knows what for! And the Loyalists that they called Chouans were besieged in the Castle, and starved first, and butchered afterwards. And there was one man there who was a hero. He stood in the doorway alone against an army; and he held the rabble at bay till the Baron, his lord, escaped by the sea; and he killed twenty-three men before they could walk over his dead body. He is the ghost, monsieur, and he walks the Castle now."

"That is the sort of ghost I should like to meet," said Cameron.

"Why, monsieur, why?" inquired our innkeeper, again, I thought, confused.

"Because, monsieur, I would like to take him by the hand and slap him on the back and say, 'Well done, brave fellow!' Now, dear host, our coffee."

"Thank you, sir; his name was Jean Cotterel, as mine, and he was my ancestor."

The coffee was brought, and we rolled our cigarettes and found we had no matches. We asked for them; the landlord went into the house and seemed to have a discussion with his wife about it. At last, but after a long while, he brought some out. They were not the ordinary sulphur matches you have to endure in France. They were wax vestas, and even then I thought the fact curious. And we continued to smoke.

By and by we were conscious of a small procession approaching us—to wit, a large child in a blouse, evidently unwilling to advance, and a large woman at the back propelling him. As we looked up the woman made a curtsy and came forward, and the boy was only too glad to hide himself in her skirts.

"Gentlemen," she said, after a million pardons, "you are painters, is it not so? *Bon.* Then a model becomes necessary. And so I have brought my son. Here he is, gentlemen, a veritable Infant Love."

I burst out laughing. "He is a nice young man," I said; "but he is no infant, and even less a love. So he is useless to us."

A moment afterwards I was sorry for the words, for the woman at that stepped back

in anger, caught her child to her breast, and burst out weeping. And the child, by no means backward at that, began to cry also; and the noise was thereby increased tenfold.

"Pardon, dear madam," interposed Cameron, "my friend is quite wrong. On the contrary, I find your little one an angel, and I appoint him our model-in-chief on the spot."

The woman turned radiant and thanked him; she would bring him again in the morning, for of course we were then tired and did not wish to discuss affairs this evening; and "Thank you" again, and at last "Good-night," and she and her son departed.

And a little distance away, under the eaves of a bigger house than the others, was watching us a girl; and by and by I looked again and she was still watching, not me then, I saw, but Cameron.

The evening was closing in. From the little church came tolling the Angelus. All the villagers came out of doors and stood bareheaded to pray. Through their midst passed the Curé, blessing them with outstretched hands. We were standing, too, and bowed to him, but the huge innkeeper at our side kneeled down and kissed his hand; the good clergyman patted his head as he would a child, and said once more, "Pax Dei Vobiscum," then turned back and went into the house from which the girl was watching. And she went after him. The dark had come, and the sea was sighing, and the village went to sleep.

I did not sleep that night. I only dreamed, and my dreams were all of *her*.

The morning broke, and the sea was singing, and all the village woke. From my window I could see the Castle well. In the morning sunshine it looked less grim, even began to take on a look not altogether repellent. I felt that we should be good friends hereafter.

Turning from the Castle to the sea I fancied I could espy a tiny schooner working away round the Head, but I looked again and it was not there—either it had never existed or it had already gone.

Then Cameron came in. From his eyes I could see he had not slept either. Perhaps he had been dreaming, too, like me, perhaps likewise of *her*.

And so we rolled downstairs to take our breakfast; but there at the door was already the inevitable mother and her child. But our host was nowhere to be seen, and it was his wife who served us.

After breakfast we posed our model for pencil sketches. We had him as the Infant Love (his mother insisted), we had him as a Beggar Boy (although his mother protested), we had him full face, and profile, and three-quarters. And from the window of the Curé's house peered forth the face of the girl; and my hand shook and blurred the drawing—and so, I saw, did Cameron's.

Presently the Curé himself came out and walked in our direction.

"Good morning," said he, and his large, ruddy face beamed with good nature and affection.

In our turn we saluted.

"Artists, I see," he said, coming nearer. "It is a profession to be proud of. Ah young man, when I was younger I also—— Madame Michel, it is impolite to nudge your neighbour—there is no scandal to be listened to whatever."

This with a laugh that precluded offence; and Madame Michel laughed, too, and withdrew herself and her Infant Love, and our hostess went away, too, about her work. But there was someone else approaching.

"It is a lovely village, this, of yours, Monsieur le Curé," I cried.

"Lovely? Yes," he answered; "and peaceful. Yet it was not always so."

"And your Castle," interrupted Cameron—"how picturesque! We want to know it better.

"To paint?" answered the Curé, with the same tone of anxiety I had noticed in the innkeeper.

"To paint, if you will. But other things as well. We want to sleep in it."

A little scream interrupted him, and at the Curé's elbow was the girl.

"My niece," explained the Curé. "Germaine, run back at once."

"Grant us an indulgence, Monsieur le Curé," cried Cameron. "Let Mademoiselle Germaine remain. She is so beautiful."

"You were talking, sir, of the Castle," said Germaine, in a voice as sweet as music. "Do you not know it is haunted?"

"Yes," laughed Cameron, "that is why we want to go there—to see the ghosts."

"Oh! sir; you would not dare?"

"Ask my friend if we are cowards?"

And I shook my head.

"Gentlemen," here interrupted the Curé, "do I understand that you seriously wish to pass a night in the Castle?"

"No, my uncle, no!" cried Germaine, "do not listen to him, I pray; he was only jesting."

"He," she said, meaning not me, but

Cameron. He caught the glance of her eyes and answered quickly.

"Indeed, sir, but we were in earnest."

"Will you do me the honour to enter my house?" he said; then, "We can talk there in quietness."

Germaine followed us to the door; the Curé had passed in, and I and Cameron were the last. I saw her touch his arm. "Sir," she cried, "do not attempt such a foolish enterprise. There is danger!"

"Dear mademoiselle," he answered, "that is just the reason that retreat is now impossible."

We went into the Curé's study. There were, perhaps, a dozen books there, and all dusty; but

"'It is a lovely village,' I cried."

the fishing-rod showed signs of recent and habitual use. I liked the Curé.

"The question of ghosts, my dear young friends," he began, "can for the moment be left on my side. There are good spirits, I am sure; that there are evil spirits, also, I dare not doubt. The good come back to earth to protect those they love; the evil—who shall deny it?—may be sent back to oppress the wicked, or perhaps to warn them from their ungodly lives.

"The villagers here say the Castle is haunted. In the sunlight one can laugh and call it superstition; but in the dark things have a different face, and even brave men may fear.

"But it is not for that I asked you here," he went on. "The lord of the Castle was my brother—*was*, I say, for we have heard only yesterday that he is dead (the saints rest his soul!); and we have heard also that the Castle is by his will given to a stranger, a young man," he said impressively, "who may doubtless come down before long to claim his inheritance.

"You have seen Germaine," continued the good Curé, looking steadfastly at Cameron. "She is the daughter of my other brother, dead, too, a long while since. I am the last of the family. The Lord in his wisdom has spared me, perhaps to guard Germaine. But when I am gone she will be left penniless, poor child, and the estate will pass to a stranger."

He paused in emotion; then with an effort continued—"Do you think," again addressing Cameron, "do you think it fair that this young man should take all and leave my poor child nothing? Do you not think he ought to know of this, and of her, before it is too late?"

"Sir," replied Cameron seriously, "I do. And I think, further, that in the case you have been good enough to explain to me, I think the young man has no right on the estate whatever, notwithstanding the will that bequeathed it him. And I think that did the young man know what you have told me, he would forego his unnatural heritage and let it devolve, as it rightly should, on Mademoiselle Germaine."

And Cameron rose to go, and the good Curé shook him by the hand and said nothing, yet thanked him all the more. And for a moment they stood thus in silence, until Cameron laughed.

"And the spirits?" he said—"you will let us see them now, will you not?"

"Why should you wish to?" asked the Curé in his turn.

"I do not know," answered Cameron, "Mere curiosity, I suppose." Was there nothing of Germaine in his reason?

"In that case do not try to satisfy it; it is not worth while," protested the Curé.

"Monsieur le Curé," said Cameron, "let me put it, then, as a personal favour. Will you allow us to spend to-night in your haunted *château?*"

For a few moments the Curé hesitated. At last he said—

"Young man, you have a right to ask a favour of me. Meet me at the Castle gate itself an hour after dark, and I will bring you the key."

And at that we departed and went back to the inn.

"Cameron," I said to him, "do you mean what you have promised? Have you thought what it will cost? Can you go back to your poverty with a light heart? The sordid attic, the shabby clothes, the eternal hunger! Ah! it is well to laugh at Bohemia—afterwards; but Bohemia is too real and too tragic for anything but tears while it lasts. Do you know what you are doing, Cameron? Are you going to give up this fortune and return to the horror of poverty?"

Cameron said, "Yes."

And I took him by the shoulders and looked into his eyes, and I said, "Cameron, you are a better man than I. And you deserve her, Cameron, and will win her."

The afternoon we spent exploring the Castle headland. The entrance from the side of the land was protected, almost hidden, by a plantation that time had made a forest; we climbed up by what had been a carriage drive, now grown with grass and clover.

Then we came to a moat dried up, and across was a rotting drawbridge that led to the iron-studded door with a knocker on it grim as eternal irony.

We went round on this side the moat, but the rock ended sheer in a precipice to the beach. We stayed a moment, until, half hidden by the undergrowth of brambles, we espied rough steps cut out, and so descended as if by a ladder and reached the sand. There was a tiny bay here, and a schooner was at anchor, and it was the same schooner I had seen before. And on the beach were marks of a boat, and there were footprints between there and the Castle.

We commenced to return to the village by way of the shore. As we passed the Castle I happened to look back. My eye went across a bullseye window right at its base, and I thought I saw peer out the face of our landlord. But I said nothing.

We stayed in our room till dinner-time, and unconsciously both commenced sketching. When we looked up at each other we reddened—we had both been drawing Germaine.

We laughed and went outside, and Germaine was passing, in her arms a great bundle of daisies and sweet yellow buttercups, in her eyes the sun of the summer on the meadows. She saw us and bowed, and would have gone on, but Cameron stopped her and begged a flower. She gave him one and more, and then she saw my look and the pain there I could not hide, and she gave me one, too—but *that* was not for love.

The darkness had come a long while since when Cameron and I set out. I took my revolver with me, in case, but Cameron had only a flask of Cognac.

The village was silent and asleep, even the waves of the sea had sunk to rest, and the world that the moon looked down upon seemed to wear a ghostly and uncanny look. I shivered as we turned into the wood.

The Castle door was already open. "You are late," explained the Curé, "and we have been waiting some time."

We entered into a vast hall, from which two staircases mounted and descended; there were chairs there that the Curé had sent up, and rugs, and a lantern. And we saw someone sitting who rose as we went in, and it was Germaine.

"She wished to come," said the Curé, "and when a woman wishes, she will."

"You will pardon me, I hope, gentlemen," said Germaine herself, "but it is so romantic. Also, if there should be danger, even a woman can be of help."

"Do you want to see over the Castle first?" asked the Curé. "No," I hastened to reply. "Oh, no," echoed Germaine, and at that Cameron said, "Yes."

And he took the lantern and mounted the stairs, and Germaine quickly followed him, and her uncle with her; and I had no option but to come after.

It was a gruesome place—long galleries, and immense rooms that smelt dank as tombs; and everything in ruins and dilapidation, and covered with *débris* and dust.

"Men have fought here," said the Curé, "and men have died. Look here upon the ground, at this huge dark circle—that is blood; the blood of our brave Chouans that the Paris rabble sacrificed."

We were in what had been the portrait

gallery; but the canvases were stabbed and hacked to pieces, as if they, too, had been living men. All save one at the far end, where the moonlight streamed upon it—a fair lady, of the time of the Roi-Soleil, when the Court danced at Versailles and the Faubourg St. Antoine were grinding their pikes. And Germaine stood and looked at it, and the two might have been sisters.

She uttered a cry at that, and would have fainted to the ground had not Cameron caught her; so we turned to go back, the Curé muttering the prayer for the dead.

I was the last. As I stumbled forward my feet caught in a curtain. At a touch it had fallen, and there was something white behind. Dear Lord! It was a grinning skeleton; in its long, bony fingers a sword that still showed purple, on its death's-head a rusty helmet, and in its eyes the nothingness of what-has-been.

I ran forward to rejoin the others. The light of the lantern twinkled on the staircase. I gained the top and fainted and rolled down.

We were all in the hall when I regained consciousness. I was propped up in a chair, with a rug round me; the others were sitting, too.

I apologised for my accident. I said I had tripped and in falling struck my head, and I took a good pull at Cameron's flask and felt better.

"Perhaps we ought to go now," suggested the Curé.

"Yes, let us go," cried Germaine; "your friend is hurt." I protested I was not, and for very shame, lest she should think me a coward, begged we might stay.

"You hear, mademoiselle," said Cameron. "We must stay, we two, to see the ghost. But you, Monsieur le Curé, will you not leave us now?"

I think the Curé would have liked to, but Germaine answered too quickly.

"Oh, no, sir; if you stay, we stay, too, whatever happens."

"Then, at least," said Cameron, "we must try to make you comfortable. Thus. And now you must sleep." He piled the rugs round her, and placed a cushion under her head, and seated himself next to her, as if in protection.

So we remained in silence. The others seemed to sleep, but, for myself, my nerves were too unstrung. I listened to every sound, and the house seemed full of them. But at last I must have closed my eyes. In the flicker of the lantern I remember seeing Germaine's face turned to Cameron, then I remembered nothing more for a time.

Suddenly I was conscious of *something* near me. I shivered and was awake. There was a little creak, and the door, which we had carefully closed, stood open; there was a tread as of someone advancing, and then—the lantern went out.

Something brushed the rug of my chair; something moved from the shadows into the line of moonlight from the window, and then I saw a bulk that to my bewildered senses resolved itself into the form of a spectre-giant. Its back was towards me. I drew my revolver, pulled the trigger. The catch clicked sharply, but there was no report; six times I tried to fire, and every time

"Cameron caught her."

failed; and the figure turned and its rude ruddy face was grinning at me.

I felt my head throbbing where I had struck the ground in falling. I let the revolver slip and put up my hand. There was blood on my hair, the blood was wetting my eyes.

From the darkness that drew round me loomed the red face, still grinning. I heard Cameron sleeping and snoring, I heard next the priest crying, "Exauco! exauco!" and then I swooned again.

I was awakened to life by the sound of silver laughter, and Germaine ran in and threw her arms round her uncle's neck. He let his missal fall to the ground and rose to kiss her; then cried, "Why, where have you been, my little one? I thought you were here all the while."

Cameron gave a final snore and woke up,

and at that Germaine burst into laughing again.

"Did you see the thing?" she cried.

"Why, no," said Cameron; "I saw nothing."

"Oh, these English!" she answered. "Of course not. You were asleep."

Cameron protested, but in vain, and she went on.

"It was a dreadful apparition, an absolutely authentic ghost, and it stood and gibbered in the moonlight, then moved away *down* the stairs. And I got up and followed it."

"You, Germaine?" interrupted Cameron. "Were you not, then, afraid?"

"Of course I was, horribly afraid; but I was curious also, and, being a woman, I went.

"Down, down the great granite staircase, down into the cave. I trembled still more at that, and nearly cried out, and then the ghost sat down on a box, and lit a lantern at his side and began to drink from a bottle of wine. And so I came back to be able to laugh and not disturb him."

Cameron got up.

"Where are you going?" she cried.

"To see your ghost."

And we followed, but none too quickly; and when we got to the cellar or the cave, we found Cameron had got the ghost by the throat and was kneeling on him.

The Curé uttered a cry. "It is Jean Cotterel," he said. And I brought the lantern close and saw that it was indeed our innkeeper.

"Your reverence is, as always, right," gurgled the captive; "and that being so, will your reverence beg the young gentleman to release me before I am completely strangled and it is too late."

Cameron let him get up. The innkeeper looked at him in undisguised admiration. "I wish I were twenty years younger," he said; "there would have been much honour for one of us in wrestling."

Cameron meanwhile was going round the huge cellar. It was filled with wooden boxes, quite new.

"What are they?" he asked.

"Contraband," answered our innkeeper quite frankly.

"And you?"

"The contrabander."

"And you, then, are the ghost that haunts the Castle?"

"One of them. Secrecy is necessary for our trade. Intruders must be scared off, and thus we do it."

"It was you, also, then," I asked, "who drew the cartridges from my revolver?"

"My wife," he answered; "but, truly, at my orders."

"What is your contraband?" asked Cameron in his turn.

"Matches from Belgium. They come by ship, and we take them inland in carts covered with vegetables. See, I am frank with you. A man who could fell me like that is worthy of confidence. Come, I will show you all."

He groped a passage through the boxes, pushed away a panel, and disclosed an opening half hidden by shrubs. It was cut through the solid rock that formed the foundations of the Castle, and from it led a zigzag path right down to the beach.

"It was by this passage," said Jean Cotterel, "that the Baron of the Vendée managed to escape."

We looked through. The schooner I had seen the previous evening was fast disappearing from the offing, scudding away under full sail that the rising sun tipped with gold.

"She has unloaded," said Jean Cotterel, "and has gone to fetch more."

"It is a curious trade, lucifer matches," I said. "I should not have thought there was much profit in it."

"If you want to buy wax vestas in France," answered Jean Cotterel, "the Government gives you twenty-five for a penny. We make more profit out of matches than we would out of spirits, and," he added, smiling, "we have tried both.

"Do you know," said Cameron at this point, "that we ought to have you imprisoned?"

The Curé intervened. "It was here," he said, "that my ancestor escaped. He owed his life and escape to Jean Cotterel, the ancestor of this man. At least we will remember that."

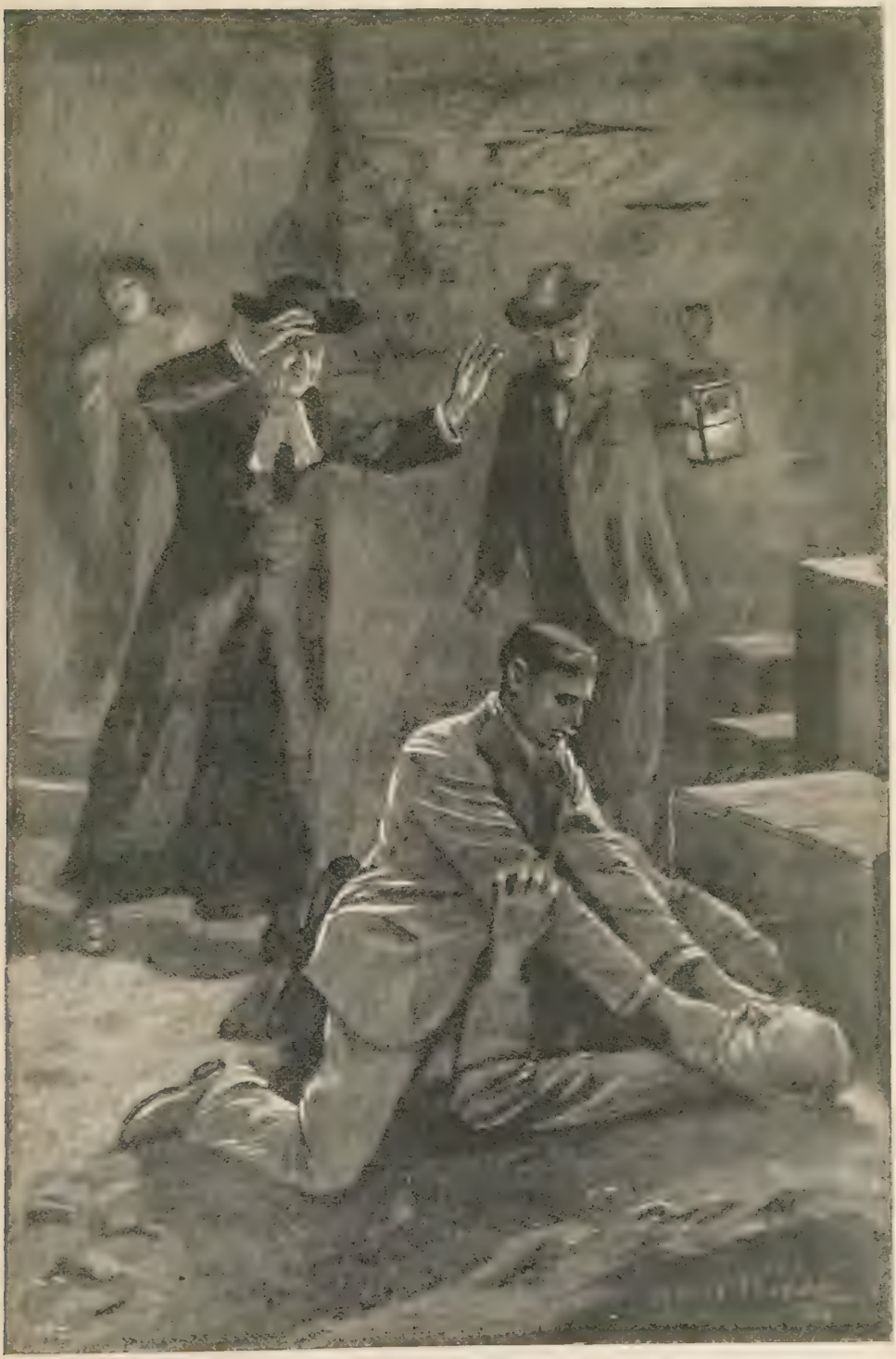
"You see," cried Germaine, "we forgive you."

And that, of course, settled it.

There was nothing more to be said. Cameron had pushed his way through the shrubs that cumbered the opening, and was holding out his hand to assist Germaine. She took it and passed out.

I turned in the other direction and went up into the Castle; and, with my nerves awry and my heart aching, wandered on to a terrace where the sun shone.

Below was the sea, but right underneath me was a little copse, and there stood



"Cameron had got the ghost by the throat.

Germaine and Cameron, hand in hand. I could not move; I stood and overheard.

He was saying, "I meant to go away, and never speak; but I cannot, dear Germaine, I love you too much."

Beneath, on the left, the Curé and the smuggler were walking arm-in-arm towards the village.

"Oh, sir," whispered Germaine, "you should not. I am but a village girl, poor, and of no station; and you, my uncle tells me, you are rich."

"Indeed, and that is not so," he cried out. "And that is another reason why I should have remained silent. I am a poverty-stricken artist, perhaps not even an artist; and it is you who are rich, and the heiress to this vast estate."

"Is it true?" she asked in a voice grown tenderer still. "Yet you would not lie. Am I rich, and are you poor? Tell me, yes?"

"Yes," he answered, and his eyes turned up to her in anxious searching.

"Then, my dear, my dear, I love you," she simply said.

And he took her in his arms, and bent down, and their lips met and rested.

From the church swelled up the chime of the morning Angelus. The blessing of God was on the breeze. I bent my knee and prayed.

* * * * *

Her uncle married them. The village was *en fête*, and Jean Cotterel was the master of the ceremonies. The Castle has put on a new life, purged and purified, and its rooms echo with happy laughter and the patter of tiny footsteps. The schooner has sought a fresh harbour. The landlord of the "Cadran Bleu" is quite prosperous enough to give up selling matches. He keeps open house; and when the village gossips gather round his fire when the nights are long and the sea is howling, he passes round the cider and tells them tales—tales of the Vendée and the Chouans—to freeze their blood; but the tale he tells last and the tale they love best is of the wooing and winning of Germaine.

We others, in Paris, have gained fame and fortune since then, but Cameron is ever the happiest of us all.

ON THE OUSE, NEAR OLNEY.

RECENT CRICKET MATCHES IN FICTION.

By Edmund B. V. Christian.

Illustrated by Lucien Davis, R.I.

ALMOST within the memory of boys now living it was said that the literature of cricket was inadequate. The game had made no mark in the world of books proportionate to its importance in the world of men. There were the annuals, and "Box," and Mr. Pycroft's "Cricket Field," and a few manuals for the young player; but that was all. The "Scores and Biographies" were for rich men only; Nyren and the other classics were hardly procurable, and recent publications were rare. But a few years have changed all that. A library of cricket books has appeared in a decade; Dr. Grace has told us how to play and how *he* played; we have had also the reminiscences of Richard Daft and George Giffen; Messrs. Steel and Lyttelton have given the most excellent advice to the players; even the latest hero, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, has furnished his admirers with two books. Mr. Norman Gale has sung songs worthy of the glorious game; the chronicles have been reprinted; volumes of all sorts have multiplied. The enthusiast can spend his winter evenings over cricket books as easily as his summer days in the field.

The change is not less notable in fiction. A few years ago that picture of the national life was strangely imperfect in its representation of the national game. The mirror was held aslant to Nature, and failed to reflect the pitch. There was, of course, Dickens's famous farce, "Muggleton *v.* Dingley Dell," in "Pickwick," a source of perennial joy. Mr. Meredith had shown himself in the right tradition by occasional allusions and a most excellent summary of the virtues of the game. The lesser masters occasionally wandered on to the field. Among these, however, knowledge of the game was not always great; it was not difficult for the critical to detect flagrant errors in their descriptions. But

DIMSDALE BATTING IN THE LITTLE CLUMPTON *v.* HICKORY MATCH.

now all the young novelists are full of the true faith of an Englishman; they are all zealous for the game; their knowledge is above suspicion. Mr. Barrie and Dr. Conan Doyle, if they have not yet been persuaded to write of the sport, are known to engage in it. Mr. Cochrane, a Blue, has given us verse and prose equally charming in its honour. Mr. Pett Ridge has made Lord's the scene of a good story; and another of his heroes, Mr. Staplehurst, is sent to St. John's Wood to report a game, and notes "the modest manner" in which it is usual to applaud there. Mr. Phillipps-Wortley introduces his hero "Snap" as a bowler who plied the batsman with fast ones and slow ones, and "tried to seduce him from the paths of virtue with the luscious lob, to storm him with *the Eboracian pilule, or ball from York*." Mr. Anthony Hope, it is true, has not yet done justice to cricket. In "Father Stafford" he leads us to expect a good match; we hear of it as the talk of the county for weeks. A shooting baronet undertakes to field even at long-leg in order to earn his shooting. In fact, we learn, he was tried in every place on the field, and did equally badly everywhere. Yet the match is dismissed in a mere paragraph, when we should have had a chapter; we are fobbed off with some bald statement that the game was successful. But Mr. Eden Philpotts, Mr Pugh, Mr. Shan Bullock, and Mrs. Murray Hickson have all written with the right enthusiasm and intimate knowledge. And, more than this, we have had of late, in addition to Mr. Hornung's "Amateur Cracksman," two novels, delightful in themselves, made additionally delightful to cricketers by their breathing throughout the atmosphere of the game — Mr. Horace Hutchinson's "Peter Steele the Cricketer," and Mr. J. C. Snaith's "Willow the King."

Mr. Hutchinson had, indeed, already made the cricket enthusiast his debtor by that capital book, "Creatures of Circumstance," with its pictures of the game in the villages and at Lord's, and a hero capable of routing

"She proceeded to criticise the players freely and to offer excellent advice."

the Players and saving England from defeat by the Australians. But Peter Steele is even better than Robert Burscough; the hero of Swivel-Pipkin outdoes his cousin the champion of Little Pipkin, where they reckoned the years that were dead by the result of the matches against White Cross. The heroes of fiction, like other heroes, learn

their cricket in the villages ; the novelist is not yet born daring enough to make his hero learn how to play a straight bat and keep his right foot firm at Peckham or Nunhead, at Willesden or Hornsey. So it was at Swivel-Pipkin, coached by Uncle Bunny, that Peter Steele learned the elements of the game, improving at school, and going to Oxford with a reputation made. It was Peter's good fortune to grow up among lovers of the game. Lord Tankerdine represented the old school, and thought batting had ceased to be a science since wickets had become so good. Any man, he said, could score on a bowling-green. "The sad fact remains, however," as Mr. Hutchinson remarks with manly pathos, "that many men do not." Lord Tankerdine "was sorry, too, that single-wicket had gone out. . . If a man insulted your cricket, two courses were open to you : you could call him out, or you could challenge him at single-wicket ! " It must have been a difficult choice, if the insulter bowled very fast, on those rough wickets ; probably pistols were safer. Peter was a batsman of the sort the crowd loves ; he was full of "antics" and unorthodox strokes. But when he went in for Oxford, at Lord's, his responsibility as captain sobered him, and he played carefully ; and "that mournful catastrophe, which is the ultimate fate of ten men out of every eleven, had not yet overtaken Peter when the luncheon bell rang."

After the luncheon interval Cambridge began afresh with its original bowlers, the fast and the famous slow. The latter had bowled almost unchanged in the morning. He had only taken one wicket, but no one except Peter had scored off him heavily. The fast bowler had been rested twice. Maurice Crobyn had been tried as one of the changes, but his immaculate bowling was not suited to the immaculate wicket. Both Peter and the other batsman had dealt with it most severely.

For a while the post-prandial cricket was steady. Peter took fewer liberties than ever as his score approached the century. A late cut off the fast bowler brought it to ninety-three. He added a single, then a magnificent on-drive, all along the ground, raised it to ninety-eight, and a smartly stolen short run brought him within one point of his century. Excitement by this time was at fever point all round the ground. Interest in the match was merged for the moment in the individual interest of seeing whether he would make the coveted three figures. Keenest of all that excitement beat beneath the pink sunshade which trembled in Lady Emily's hand.

The very first ball of the slow man's over was fairly far up on Peter's legs. Hitherto, since luncheon, he had not lifted a ball an inch from the "carpet." This one he might with ease have played away for the safest of singles and so have made the century secure. But the interval of waiting so near the goal had been a little trying. With an impulse of impatience he opened his shoulders and swung at the ball on the half-volley, caught it, for the first time, as it seemed, in his innings, not dead-centre on the driving spot of the bat. Up and away it went, and for a moment a burst of applause rent the air, then suddenly ominously died. Straight away flew the ball—straight, as it seemed, for the Tankerdine carriage and the pink parasol ; but would it get there ? For there, awaiting the ball, immaculately motionless, in exactly the right place, with safest, coolest pair of hands that never were known to drop a fair catch, stood Maurice Crobyn—expectant. Right into his hands it seemed to be falling, Lady Emily, in an agony of suspense, watching round-eyed. Suddenly, just as the ball came to him, she called out—declared afterwards, when it was too late, that the exclamation came from her involuntarily, unconsciously, without her knowledge that she had spoken—"Oh, Mr. Crobyn ! "

In the painful hush of expectancy all near her heard it, called in her clear, young, girlish voice. Most clearly of all, Maurice Crobyn, standing not five yards from her, heard it, half turned his head involuntarily for a tenth of a second only, but that tenth of a second was too much. When he turned again, scarcely aware that his attention had wandered, he failed to "sight" the ball, saw it only as a blurred mass when it was right on him, struck it with his hands impotently—anyhow, so that it bounded off and went beneath the ropes.

It was all the affair of less than a moment, and the next instant Lady Emily had sunk back on the cushions again, half-laughing, overwhelmed by the reproaches of her father and her sister.

Perhaps, if a sufficient number of ladies could be gathered all round the ropes, even the duffer, who has never reached his hundred, with such assistance might attain that haven of unspeakable delight ; one likes to think so, but doubts invade. Peter Steele, at least, profited by the incident, hit out freely, and sent the ball to the boundary time after time ; and his uncle, who had promised him a five-pound note for every run he made over a hundred, was for a short time living at the rate of £2,564,000 per annum ! Of course Oxford won ; Peter's side generally did. But once he scored three consecutive duck's eggs, and the reader feels more kindly towards him. Peter, indeed, is of a heroism sufficiently moderated, he is humanised enough to win anyone's liking ; except at cricket he was no genius, and his uncle often told him he was an ass. It was he who put right an overdraft at his banker's by a cheque on the overdrawn account ; perhaps it was he (though Mr. Hutchinson does not record this) who argued that he could not have exhausted the sum paid in to his account because there were several blank cheques left in his cheque-book. Even at cricket his genius was narrowed ; his bowling was not great, and his uncle declined to field short-leg to him unless there was a very good long-leg behind him. Peter played for the Gentlemen at the Oval ("'it was no place for ladies,' Lord Tankerdine declared "), and there on the ground—"again as hard as a road—a trifle less turnpiky, perhaps, than the wicket at Lord's, but that was due entirely to the kindlier nature of the soil at Kennington "—hurt his shoulder, and could

play no more cricket that year. The account of how the doctor—*the* doctor who has for many years been in the Gentlemen's team—examined the injury and declared, "I don't know what it is, but it's something pretty bad"; and how other doctors, eminent surgeons, differed from one another, and the great bone-setter from them, and the general practitioner agreed with them all, and the shoulder got well unaided except by time, is full of humour. There are many more games in the book, all good; and there is some charming love-making, with the proper inequalities in the stream, and a wedding, at which Peter receives so many presents in the guise of cricket bats and balls, inkstands, pencil-cases, "and altogether such a plethora of toy cricket apparatus" that Lady Emily, the bride, "actually declared, at last, between laughter and earnest, that she wished to goodness she had never heard of a bat or a cricket ball." But so good a novel could not end upon so treasonable a note, and the reader leaves Peter blessed, like most men, with a better wife than he deserves, and captain of the County Eleven.

Mr. Hornung introduces the reader to a very different hero. That Mr. Hornung could write well of cricket, "Kenyon's Innings" had shown us. But a hero who makes a duck at Lord's against the Players, a hero who cares little for the game, is a novel hero indeed. Yet A. J. Raffles, so his friend declared, as a cricketer was unique.

> Himself a dangerous bat, a brilliant field, and perhaps the very finest slow bowler of his decade, he took incredibly little interest in the game at large. He never went up to Lord's without his cricket bag, or showed the slightest interest in the result of a match in which he was not himself engaged. . . . .
>
> Nevertheless, when he did play there was no keener performer on the field, nor one more anxious to do well for his side. I remember how he went to the nets, before the first match of the season, with his pockets full of sovereigns, which he put on the stumps instead of bails. It was a sight to see the professionals bowling like demons for the hard cash, for whenever a stump was hit a pound was tossed to the bowler and another balanced in its stead, while one man took £3 with a ball that spread-eagled the wicket. Raffles' practice cost him either eight or nine sovereigns; but he had absolutely first class bowling all the time, and he made fifty-seven runs next day.

Seen from the top of the pavilion Raffles' bowling was an intellectual treat. He was "the Buttress of the period," bowling "his peculiar twisters," of whom Calverley sang, and something more. The spectator could not fail to admire "his perfect command of pitch and break, his beautifully easy action, which never varied with the varying pace, his great ball on the leg stump—his dropping head ball—in a word, the infinite ingenuity of that versatile attack. . . . It was not that Raffles took many wickets for a few runs; he was too fine a bowler to mind being hit." In the short time we are allowed to see his play he took three of the four Players' wickets that fell. And yet—this great cricketer was a burglar, the amateur cracksman of the title. His cricket, indeed, was merely the requisite semblance of a different occupation. "To follow crime with reasonable impunity," said the astute criminal, "you simply *must* have a parallel ostensible career—the more public the better. Fill the bill in some prominent part, and you'll never be suspected of doubling it with another of equal prominence."

This is a daring conception; but ought our feelings to be thus shocked? We have prided ourselves so long on the moral and educational qualities of cricket, that the possibility of a criminous athlete is too painful for belief. The restraint, the discipline, the patient and assiduous toil essential to success in cricket, we have always been told by our pastors and masters, must make for righteousness. To ascribe all the undiscovered crimes of the century to men high up in the averages, to conceive a champion slinking down coal-hole gratings to rob a till, is impossibly blasphemous. Bold as is the invention, this is not the hero for cricketers. "What," asks the amateur cracksman, "is the satisfaction of taking a man's wicket when you want his spoons?" Let us abjure the heresy that a cricketer could ask such a question; let us get back quickly to "Peter Steele" and the honest creed of Uncle Bunny—"A boy who can stand up to a yorker on the leg stump will never tell a lie!"

Yet Mr. Snaith has a greater surprise for us than Mr. Hornung. His book is full of cricket; in "Willow the King" the game is presented in its true light as the principal—nay, the sole—business, solace, and delight of life. Yet the chief character of the book is a woman. Grace Trentham—she was christened Laura Mary, but they called her Grace, because she kept five portraits of that hero on her bedroom mantelpiece, and was believed to treasure in secret "strands of his beard"—was the centre and mainspring of cricket's vitality in the parishes of Hickory and Little Clumpton. With two brothers playing for their county, and a third, captain of the Harrow eleven, with a father who had been one of the finest amateur bowlers of his day, and a circle of curates and other admirers all fit to play for the Gentlemen,

"Grace personated 'W. G.' in the county matches on the lawn."

she yet possessed more knowledge of the game's history and science, more appreciation of its rare excellence, more zest in its practice, than them all. A single passage will prove what a queen among women Grace Trentham was. It was at the tremendous struggle between the neighbouring parishes which gloried in her near presence—a match, success in which made a man "a classic in his lifetime"—that the incident occurred.

As Miss Grace came along the confines of the boundary to rejoin us, swinging her gloves as she walked, an act of self-denial denoted that here was no ordinary girl. The bowler was in the act of delivering, and she was compelled to cross the screen at his end. The ordinary girl would have been quite unable to resist the fascination of passing behind the bowler's arms, and thereby delaying the game until she had gone on her way rejoicing in her crime. Miss Grace, however impossible it may actually seem, waited while the bowler delivered the ball, and afterwards ran across the screen as hard as she could in order to be well clear of his arm by the time he was ready to send down the next. The Optimist saw this also, and is prepared, I understand, to affirm it on oath in the presence of witnesses. And the pair of us will no doubt one day persuade the authorities at Newnham to recognise the pious character of her act by erecting a stained glass window to her honourable memory, even at the risk of causing that home of the higher learning to build a chapel in which to put it.

Having regained her seat on the drag she proceeded to criticise the players freely and to offer excellent advice to her brother, the captain of the fielding side. Her knowledge of the game was complete and her opinion decided. To public schoolboys' batting she objected that "their style consists in jolly well going forward to every jolly thing"; even 'Varsity bats she said were only "lions on lawns." The curate's bowling, she said, was quite proper for a clergyman, because it had no devil in it. Her own style, when she played at home on the rectory lawn, was not orthodox; and her father declared that the way in which she pulled everything blindly to leg was "a reproach, a disgrace to her family." To this the young lady replied, with much force, that it was all very well to complain, "but if I was Ranjy, or Clem Hill, or Archie Trentham, or one of those big pots, people 'ud say it was a marvellous hook stroke, and the fruit of my wonderful original method." But her fielding was above reproach, and for a missed catch she had no mercy. "'I don't care about the spin,' said the inexorable Miss Grace, 'or the height, or the flight, or the light, or the sight, or anything—Toddles ought to have had that catch. Jimmy Douglas 'ud have had it in his mouth.'" She was, moreover, a great commander. "In addition to her other gifts she possessed that rare but invaluable quality in a captain of practically dictating the decisions of an umpire. There was no doubt that the Gloucestershire captain"—Miss Grace personated "W. G." in the county matches on the lawn—"was invariably conscientious in her appeals, and the umpire equally so in their decisions. But their common faith in one another was beautiful."

The matches played upon that lawn ought to have been included in "Scores and Biographies." When Mr. Dimsdale, who tells the story of "Willow the King," first visited the rectory a game was in progress. Complaints were heard:—

"Grace, if you will keep covering the sticks every time with your confounded skirt, you'll be out petticoat before."

"Oh, shall I?" said the audacious person thus addressed. "If you can't bowl me, you'd better bowl for catches and get me caught. Put Toddles on. He might get me collared in the long field like anything." . . . .

It was a single-wicket match. Grace herself was batting. A. H. was bowling slow breaks; Captain George was keeping wicket; Elphinstone was in the country; T. S. M., H. C., and Carteret were all disposed on the leg-side; whilst an old, foxey-looking individual was acting in the responsible capacity of umpire. I had not been there a minute ere Miss Grace, in attempting a tremendous blind swipe right off her middle over the cucumber frame at deep square leg, was saved by her skirt from being clean bowled.

"How's that?" cried A. H., lustily.

"Not hout!" cried the umpire, in a tone that plainly told A. H. what he, the umpire, thought of him as a man and a gentleman.

"Very good decision, Biffin," said Miss Grace, calmly patting down the turf to show that the ball had turned a bit. However, Nemesis waited on Miss Grace next ball. With another mighty swipe she fetched a real good one round like lightning, and the youthful T. S. M., fielding short-leg, jumping up, effected a wonderful one-handed catch.

"Well, what a fluke!" cried Miss Grace; "that would have been the winning hit."

"But isn't," said Elphinstone, alias Toddles, cheerfully, "and Surrey have beaten Middlesex by two runs. First defeat of the champion county. Oh, Stoddy, why weren't you steadier?"

"Yes, why weren't you steadier, Stoddy?" said Carteret.

"'Cause I didn't think there was anybody in this parish who could catch anything after yesterday's exhibition," said the famous Middlesex batsman dejectedly.

"What's the next fixture in the Middlesex list?" asked Captain George.

"Middlesex *v.* Gloucestershire at Chelt nham," said Miss Grace. "Same sides. Let's toss for innings."

"You've got a man more than we, though," said T. S. M.

"As you play for Harrow, Tommy, you count two, you know," said Miss Grace.

"Hullo, there's Dimsdale here," cried H. C., as his eyes lit on me. "He's just the man we want for Gloucester. Go round, Dimsdale, to the gate."

A minute later I was on the rectory lawn and preparing to engage in my first county match.

"As it's Gloucestershire," said George the kindly, "somebody'll have to represent the Old Man. Now Grace herself is the only one with any pretensions to do that. Suppose Middlesex swaps her for me?"

"Ripping good idea!" said that celebrated person eagerly. "That's stunning! Biffin, just go and fetch me that red and yellow cap, while I go out and toss with Mr. Stoddart."

Middlesex won the toss and elected to go in. Archie

put on his pads and went in first, on a distinctly creditable wicket. Grace captained Gloucestershire, of course.

"As Roberts is suffering from a strain," said she, "and Charlie Townsend's lost his length, and Jessop's a bit on the short side at present, I think I'd better try myself to start with. Besides, I can get old Archie out."

She began with very slow, high-tossed, half-volleys. Considering that Archie was one of the most powerful hitters in England, this proceeding on the part of W. G. savoured of cool cheek.

"These are no use, you know," said the batsman, driving one terrifically hard along the ground for a big single.

"You hit 'em and see," said the wily bowler. "If you do, Archie, sure as a gun you'll put 'em through the library windows."

Grace had shown her hand with a vengeance.

"Read out its contents in a voice thrilling with excitement."

The bird entered the trap, the batsman broke the window (and under "Rectory Rules" was out), the rector protested, and the game suffered an interruption. But the rector was so good a cricketer that he withdrew his veto. It was yet to be a memorable day for the rectory party, for before the tea interval was over—

A maid-servant issued from the house with a pink slip in her hand. She delivered it into the care of the Harrow captain.

"The boy's waiting, sir," said she.

Tom tore off the wrapper. Thereon he was seen to grow noticeably pale, while he allowed the telegram to flutter from his fingers.

"By Jove!" he gasped.

Miss Grace pounced on the pink paper like a hawk, and read out its contents in a voice thrilling with excitement: "'You are selected for Kent match, Monday, Tonbridge. Reply paid, Webbe.' Hooray! Hooray! Isn't A. J. just a darling?"

The exuberant young person waved the telegram about in such a frantic manner that she overturned the teapot into the lap of Carteret.

"Terribly sorry, James," she said breathlessly; "terribly sorry. But lend me a pencil, somebody, and, Jane, just see as that boy don't go."

A pencil being promptly forthcoming, Miss Grace wrote in a hasty but firm hand on the slip attached: "Shall be very glad to play, Tonbridge, Monday.—T. Trentham."

"There you are, Jane," said she; "give that to the boy," and fishing half-a-crown from her purse, added, "and this is for him, too."

"Laura, what unwarrantable extravagance!" said the rector, looking so happy that he could scarcely sit still.

"It 'ud be five shillings, father," said Miss Grace, "only I want some new gloves for Tonbridge on Monday. But isn't it glorious? Isn't it tremendous of A. J.? Tommy, I'm *so* delighted! And didn't I say from the first that they wouldn't pass you over? And you will take me to Tonbridge, won't you, father?"

"I think you are more likely to take me," said that indulgent man.

They were all good cricketers at Little Clumpton as well as at Hickory. The captain of Little Clumpton (who smoked a corn-cob, which seems an infringement of the Humourist's rights) was a remarkable man:—

His mien had the wholly classic calm of those who have their biographies in Wisden. His language in its robustest passages was as fragile as Mrs. Meynell's prose. If a small boy danced behind the bowler's arm, it was claimed for the captain that he actually employed "Please" and "Thank you." Even in the throes of a

run-out his talk retained its purity to a remarkable degree. His strongest expletive was a pained expression.

The secretary, it seems, suffered from no such restraint; he had views on golf—"billiards gone to grass"—not fit for print; "he could be as persuasive as tobacco, he could unloose the wrath of Jove." Lawson was another valuable member. "When a rot set in, before going in to stop it, he would tell them to send him a cup of tea at five o'clock." Then there was the Humourist, whose conception of Paradise was a place of short boundaries and unlimited lob-bowling. The Humourist would ask, "Why is Bobby Abel batting like Lawson's small-talk? Because to look at 'em you'd wonder how they could." The talk of the pavilion, even of first class pavilions, Mr. Snaith hints, loses half its charm in print.

The book is full of good things and keen observation. The satisfied superiority of Lord's is recorded. "It should be noted," says Mr. Snaith, "that at the Oval it is invariably 'a crowd.' At Lord's it is correct to say 'a company.'" Very happy is the division of bowlers into "change" and "small change." There is a capital picture of Mr. Dimsdale practising batting with a chalk-line on his bedroom carpet, and trying "that blind hit of Gunn's between point and cover" to the destruction of the mirror. The innings that we all play, in fancy, before the match, approaching our century in a five minutes' walk, is well described; and nothing could be finer than the author's analysis of the batsman's fit of nerves when, "marching out to that wicket, before that crowd, to face that bowling," the hero "began to desire a gentle death and quiet funeral."

Mr. Snaith has not, perhaps, constructed his fable so carefully as the author of "Peter Steele," and it has to be admitted that his heroine has one defect; she is most reprehensibly "slangy." With a family of brothers like hers, who talk of living cricketers with such complete freedom, and speculate on their sister's marriage in her presence, and always in slang, this is not surprising. Doubtless the mirror is here held true. Cricketers, as a race, are not "litery and that"; their well of English is not free from trace of some admixture. Probably most readers will consider the resultant beverage more piquant; and to Miss Trentham's friends the slang seems to have been but an added charm. Proposals poured upon her. To one noble lord who sought Grace's hand, "and sank so low as to tell her what his income was," she had a crushing reply. "'Now, look here, Dick,' said she, 'I don't care a straw about your income; what's your batting average?'" The story of Mr. Dimsdale's stormy wooing, and of the tremendous single-wicket match he played with Grace for her hand, is told with much spirit. How true love and a straight bat almost failed, but, despite bad bowling, keen fielding won some ray of pity from that Amazonian breast, the reader will learn with pleasure ere he closes the book, and opens it again to read once more so delightful a criticism of life and the game.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has lately deprecated the mixture of love with the national sport. "Girls," he says, "should not be allowed to meddle with the game. Above all things love-making should be avoided in a cricketing story. The rapture of love and of cricket are distinct and not to be confused." It is pleasant to find such deep devotion to the game, and one differs with hesitation from so very able a critic. But have not the novelists the facts of life on their side? Cricket is—unhappily; it is one of life's tragedies—for the young; and in the spring a young man's fancy turns not only to thoughts of the game. "Cupid puts on his pads," as Mr. Snaith says, and sometimes he takes the ball, too, and shows he has not lost his old skill. Few cricketers play all their lives for the Single against the Married, and there are intervals between the innings when love and the lesser concerns of life are remembered. May not the reader be made to feel both raptures? Mr. W. P. James, in his essay on "Romantic Professions," has pointed out that the bailiff and beadle and butcher are outside the list of possible heroes, and he defends the popular prejudice, "insisting on the undiminished need for physical prowess and the barbaric virtues in advanced and refined stages of civilisation." "A woman," he adds, "is right in demanding in a hero a stout heart and a strong arm—strength, courage, and loyalty, the soldier's virtues." But these are the cricketer's virtues, too. Why should he be sent with solicitors and stokers and stockbrokers into the limbo of the ineligible? Do his cricket feats detract from the interest which the reader feels in him, any more than Pendennis's books or Esmond's campaigns? For my part, I confess myself unconvinced. The cricket hero seems to me a capital fellow, and when we elect the teams for test matches by plebiscite I shall record my vote for Robert Burscough and Peter Steele and Grace Dimsdale, *née* Trentham.

"CHURCHFIELD," MR. NAPIER HEMY'S HOME AT FALMOUTH.

A SEA-PAINTER AT WORK:

MR. C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A. AND HIS PICTURES.

BY

WILFRID KLICKMANN.

TO paint a masterpiece worth a thousand pounds one needs an outfit consisting of a paint box, a brush or two, and genius. Standing at Mr. Hemy's elbow in his enviable studio at Churchfield, Falmouth, in the artistic county of Cornwall, I watched while a piece of canvas was transformed with the above materials into waves—living, moving waves, a part and parcel of the ocean. For he is master of that rare gift, the art of painting *salt* waves. An optical delusion, of course, but very real. It all seemed so easy, too. Genius invariably disguises itself with attributes of ease, seeming to deprecate or deny its very existence. And in this way Mr. Hemy went on painting.

The public, with that ready facility it possesses for cataloguing its favourites, labels Mr. Hemy as a marine painter, and this title is amply justified. Yet on entering his house one is struck not so much with this fact, as that he is intensely devoted to decorative art. One feels that here is a man with a public reputation as a marine painter (albeit far removed from the school of Clarkson Stanfield and E. W. Cooke), yet he is keenly interested in forms of art other than the painting of the sea. It would be invidious to particularise regarding the artistic interior of Churchfield. Wherever one looks the eye rests on something calculated to charm, be it wall coverings, faithful replicas of Oriental patterns, quaintly wrought tables, or cabinets elegant in design and choice in the figuring of the wood or inlay. In Mr. Hemy's travels he frequently came across good things, and, what is more, knew them when he found them. His collection of old blue china, obtained piece by piece in the Netherlands, carefully preserved and brought over to England, is quite an acquisition. In short, Churchfield is the home of an artist.

This love of decorative art already alluded to, which brought Mr. Hemy into close and valued friendship with Burne-Jones, and induced him to spend some time as a worker in

MR. HEMY AT WORK ON "SMUGGLERS," HIS CHIEF ACADEMY PICTURE FOR 1899.

MORNING AT SEA.

From the picture by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

William Morris's factory, appears to have been with Mr. Hemy as much a matter of temperament as his passion for the sea and ships. The gradual and life-long development of these separate branches of art is curious. It is traceable quite easily when the main outlines of the subject's life are remembered. He was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1841, and the British boy's natural taste for the sea was whetted during a voyage to Australia. At the age of ten young Hemy could have satisfied the most critical examiner concerning the design, build, rig, and component parts of a sailing-ship. Three years later, on returning to England, he attended the School of Art at Newcastle, and soon afterwards commenced to train for the Dominican priesthood. The see-saw of temperament again asserted itself, and the boy ran away to sea. Parental authority fetched him back, and for a year or two the Church of Rome had a pupil more or less promising. The battle between the cloister and the sea continued, and at seventeen years of age he shipped on board a trader, but was invalided home. He abandoned the idea of joining the priesthood only in his twenty-second year, and then vigorously pursued his hobby of painting.

Very few years sufficed to show him that to utilise properly a natural gift for painting, long and careful study, with lessons learned and perseveringly assimilated under the guidance of a recognised master in the art, was absolutely necessary. Mr. Hemy decided to go to Antwerp. The artistic treasures of this and other Continental cities were well known to him, for in his roving days, when his vessel put into any port, he would slip away to museum or picture gallery to satisfy his longings for art. Mr. Hemy placed himself in Antwerp under Baron Leys, "the greatest painter of the century, because he is the most original," to quote Dante Gabriel's Rossetti's eulogy. Baron Leys' works are not familiar to the stay-at-home Britisher, but are well known on the Continent, particularly the series of frescoes in the Town Hall at Antwerp, and his large picture in the Museum of Modern Painters in Brussels. He was an exclusively aristocratic painter, and his paintings are chiefly in the hands of emperors, kings, and nobles. He was a Gothic Michael Angelo, with an exceedingly strong and vigorous style, a man with none of the sweetness or softness, charm and beauty of Burne-Jones, none of the so-called "sensuous poetry" of Rossetti; he had not the honest, fresh, "homely" realism of Millais, but he was a greater artist than all of them.

A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA.
From the picture by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

SPEARING FISH.
From the picture by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

No master was ever more slavishly copied than Baron Leys was imitated by Hemy. Gothic and religious paintings were regarded by the latter as the chief desideratum of art, and the secret influence of the cloister over the sea was all but triumphant. But only for a time. Sea pictures were not wholly neglected. When, in 1870, Mr. Hemy returned to England, the same sound, unbiassed judgment with which he had condemned his own early futile efforts at Newcastle, and had betaken himself to serious study, now made him realise that he could never approach within measurable distance of Baron Leys as a painter. His critical faculty of self-examination (a relic of his Dominican student days) further told him that if he should ever achieve success, it would be as a marine painter.

It is a singular thing how many artists have studied life with the idea of entering the Church and the Catholic priesthood. Probably Mr. Hemy had no more vocation for painting these romantic pictures in imitation of Baron Leys than he had for becoming a monk. His real, natural temperament (though it took him a long time to discover it) was in favour of the sea. But the years of artistic conflict have not been wasted. He now paints the sea, yet every picture shows by its composition, masterly treatment, rich colouring, decorative detail, and harmony, that Mr. Hemy is an artist as well as a painter. Witness that little gem, "The Millpond," in this year's Academy. Then looking from this to his *magnum opus* for 1899, "Smugglers" (a canvas seven feet long, by the way), we have a work of a wholly different character: boldly conceived and carried out with strength and breadth, yet with scrupulous attention to necessary detail. Possibly a critic whose knowledge of seamanship is limited to the handling of a boat on the Serpentine might question the correctness of the position of the near vessel; but the practised eye can appreciate the difficult piece of steering necessary to preserve the mainsail until the damaged rigging can be renewed. For correctness of detail in pictures one must copy direct from Nature, and few painters of the present day can claim credit for greater diligence and perseverance in this respect than Mr. Hemy. Like Turner, who had himself lashed to the mast of a ship, in order to witness a storm at sea, and who profited thereby, Mr. Hemy practically lives on the

water all through the summer. His floating studio, the *Vandermeer*, is in reality a well-built and sumptuously furnished yacht. It measures fifty-seven feet long over all, and has a spacious teak-built cabin-studio amidships, lighted with large windows, from which the owner successfully studies his subject, be it sea, sky, ships, atmosphere, light, shade, or effects generally. A well known and oft told tale in this connection is worth repeating. One day, when sketching in Falmouth Harbour, he ordered the men on board his model (boat) to perform certain evolutions in sailing, and at the end of half an hour to anchor near by, hoist sails, for further studies to be made, and await orders. This was beyond the understanding of a gentleman with an inquiring turn of mind on a neighbouring yacht. He punted across to the *Vandermeer* and said to Mr. Hemy, "Do you think those men are in their right minds? I've seen them sail round and round your boat a dozen times; and now the idiots have put out four anchors, one on each bow, and one over each quarter, and they've hoisted every stitch of canvas they can carry. I thought you'd like to know, for they *must* be mad."

Before Mr. Hemy designed and built the *Vandermeer* he used for the same purpose an old and somewhat clumsy boat (formerly a seine-boat), the *Vandervelde*, but she was one day blown from her moorings and wrecked off St. Mawes. She was recovered, but being now unseaworthy, was brought up to Churchfield. Here in the grounds, fixed on a solid foundation, she still serves her owner as a studio, while the lawn is frequently requisitioned and covered with boats, masts, sails, and models human or inanimate. It was the influence of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" which made Mr. Hemy adhere so conscientiously to direct work from Nature. In 1880, for the first time in his life, he painted a picture from studies, and this was the one which first brought him prominently before the public both in England and France. The picture was called "Saved!" and was bought by Albert Sandeman, Governor of the Bank of England. The artist, however, was not so satisfied as were the public, for he returned again to painting direct from Nature. Two years ago, however, he produced from studies his famous "Pilchards," now public property, hanging in the Tate Gallery, London, and bought with Chantrey Bequest Funds for £1,200. For many years previously Mr. Hemy had been accumulating studies of a well known incident of the Cornish coast: the "tucking" of a school of pilchards. Needless to say, he more than once accompanied the seine-boats out to sea. When his

A RUN HOME.
From the picture by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

THE "VANDERVELDE," NOW USED AS A STUDIO IN THE GARDEN AT "CHURCHFIELD."

their happy family of ten, not only lived on pilchards and biscuits, but flourished.

The pictures reproduced in these pages, and selected as typical of Mr. Hemy's varied potentialities of style, have been specially chosen to show variety rather than to illustrate well known works by Mr. Hemy. "A Bit of Old Limehouse" is a water colour study, showing remarkable patience and skill in detail—a souvenir of years spent in and around some of Dickens' old riverside haunts. "The Old Poppy Garden" would hardly be ascribed to the same brush that painted "A Bit of Old Limehouse," did not one know the artist to be as versatile as he is original.

studies were completed he painted "Pilchards," a picture which has perhaps brought him more fame than any other. During the same year Mr. Palmer, of Reading biscuit repute, bought for a substantial sum Mr. Hemy's "Off for the Night." Figuratively speaking, therefore, in 1897, Mr. and Mrs. Hemy, and

Another picture painted from studies was "Lost," hung in the 1897 Academy near

A BIT OF OLD LIMEHOUSE.
From the picture by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

THE SMELT NET.

From the picture by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

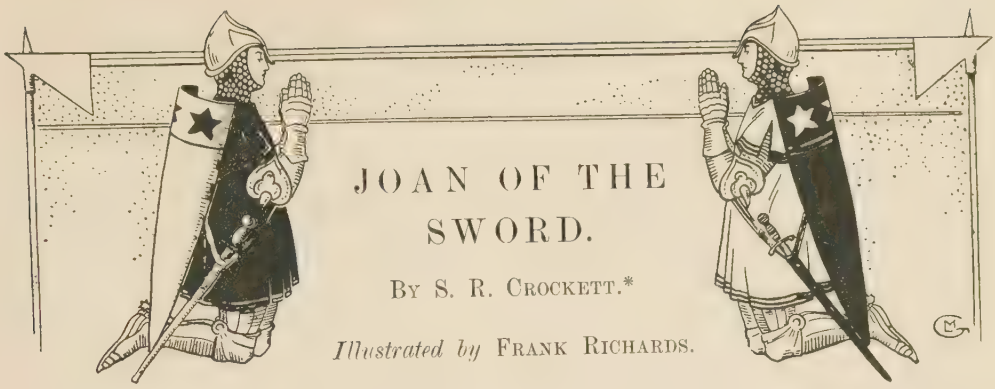
"Pilchards." It is interesting to know that "Lost" narrowly escaped being sent to the Tate Gallery, instead of "Pilchards." The votes of the Royal Academicians for the Chantrey Bequest purchase were divided equally between the two, and the President's casting vote decided on the fishy subject as being the more popular of the two with the general public.

All the summer and the greater part of the winter Mr. Hemy spends face to face with Nature, and it is only when every detail has been thoroughly thought out, and many more studies made than are absolutely necessary, that he starts a picture. It would lead into a discussion on art beyond the purview of this sketch were one to weigh the relative merits and disadvantages of painting from studies. But the example of all who have succeeded in art show that the study from Nature *must* be done in some way, and that there is no easy road or short cut to success in painting.

For years Mr. Hemy followed faithfully, with infinite patience, in the manner of the Pre-Raphaelite School, painting direct from Nature, studying every detail in this way, and without the popular but deplorable aid of mere studio inspiration. It is due to this, and this alone, that the Master to-day works with a free and unfettered hand on his pictures, portraying subjects of exciting interest and romantic story.

THE FISHERMAN'S LASSIE.

From the picture by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.



JOAN OF THE SWORD.

By S. R. Crockett.*

Illustrated by Frank Richards.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

In the preceding chapters we are introduced to the Duchess Joan of Hohenstein, in Castle Kernsberg, who is twenty one years old and is a keen and accomplished swordswoman. She is bound by her father, either to marry Prince Louis of Courtland or to forfeit her dominion. In order to see her affianced husband unknown to him, Joan, who is very impetuous, dons masculine dress and pays an incognito visit to Courtland, disguised as a secretary. Here she makes the acquaintance of Princess Margaret of Courtland, who introduces the secretary to her brother, and is herself greatly fascinated by the young man's looks and ingenuousness, though she subsequently mistakes Maurice von Lynar (an officer in the Duchess Joan's household), for "the secretary," and they fall in love with one another, Joan and Maurice being almost identical in features. Joan is most favourably impressed with the glimpse she has of the man whom she regards as her future husband. Ultimately she proceeds to Courtland as a bride, where, to her dismay, she finds that the Prince whose memory she has been cherishing so happily is but Prince Conrad, the younger brother and the bishop who is to marry her, while the bridegroom is a man as repellent and ill-favoured as his brother is attractive. Joan at first refuses to marry him, but eventually yields to Princess Margaret's persuasion. On the steps of the cathedral, however, she suddenly withdraws from her husband, telling him she has fulfilled the letter of the contract, but will have no more to do with him. Hastily springing to her horse, she rides out of the city, and, followed by her horsemen, makes straight for Kernsberg. The flouted bridegroom then resorts to force, and besieges Kernsberg with a powerful army of his own and Muscovite men. In order to prevent the Duchess being captured, in the event of the castle being taken, her officers convey her, much against her will, to a place of safety on an island in the Baltic, where she may stay with the mother of Maurice von Lynar till the war ends. Here Joan learns that her hostess is the unacknowledged wife of the late Duke, her father, and the mother of his son Maurice, who should have been his heir. While on this island Joan revives her acquaintance with Prince Conrad, who is shipwrecked on its shores. Maurice von Lynar, in the meanwhile, is impersonating Joan, as the castle can hold out no longer, having returned to Courtland as a conquered bride, where she is welcomed enthusiastically by the unsuspecting Princess Margaret.

CHAPTER XXX.

LOVE'S CLEAR EYE.

"And now," cried the Princess Margaret, clapping her hands together impulsively, "now at last I shall hear everything. Why you went away, and who gave you up, and about the fighting. Ugh! the traitors, to betray you after all! I would have their heads off—and all to save their wretched town and the lives of some score of fat burghers!"

So far the Princess Margaret had never once looked at the Sparhawk, in his borrowed plumage, as he stood uneasily enough by the fireplace of the Summer Palace, leaning an elbow on the mantelshelf. But now she turned quickly to her guest.

"Oh, I love you!" she cried, running to Maurice and throwing her arms about her false sister-in-law in an impulsive little hug. "I think you are so brave. Is my hair sadly tangled? Tell me truly. The wind hath tumbled it about mine eyes. Not that it matters—with you!"

She said the last words with a little sigh.

Then the Princess Margaret tripped across the polished floor to a dressing-table which had been set out in the angle between the two windows. She turned the combs and brushes over with a contumelious hand.

"Where is your hand-glass?" she cried. "Do not tell me that you have never looked in it since you came to Courtland, or that you can put up with that squinting falsifier up there." She pointed to the oval-framed Venetian mirror which was hung opposite her. "It twists your face all awry, this way and that, like a monkey cracking a nut. 'Twas well enough for our good Conrad, but the Princess Joan is another matter."

"I have never even looked in either!" said the Sparhawk.

Some subtile difference in tone of voice caused the Princess to stop her work of patting into docility her fair clustering ringlets, winding them about her fingers and rearranging to greater advantage the little golden combs which held her rebellious tresses in place. She looked keenly at the Sparhawk, standing with both her shapely arms at the back of her head and holding a

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long ivory pin with a head of bright green malachite between her small white teeth.

"Your voice is hoarse—somehow you are different," she said, taking the pin from her lips and slipping it through the rebellious plaits with a swift, vindictive motion.

"I have caught a cold riding into the city," quoth the Sparhawk hastily, blushing uneasily under her eyes. But for the time being his disguise was safe. Already Margaret of Courtland was thinking of something else.

"Tell me," she began, going to the window and gazing pensively out upon the green, white-flecked pour of the Alla, swirling under the beams of the Summer Palace, "how many of your suite have followed you hither?"

"Only Alt Pikker, my second captain!" said the Sparhawk.

Again the tones of his voice seemed to touch her woman's ear with some subtile perplexity even in the midst of her abstraction. Margaret turned her eyes again upon Maurice, till he shivered in the flowing, golden-belted dress of velvet which sat so handsomely enough upon his slender figure.

"And your chief captain, Von Orseln?" The Princess seemed to be meditating again, her thoughts far from the rush of the Alla beneath and from the throat voice of the false Princess before her.

"Von Orseln has gone to the Baltic Edge to raise on my behalf the folk of the marshes!" answered the Sparhawk warily.

"Then there was——" the Princess hesitated, and her own voice grew a trifle lower —"the young man who came hither as Dessauer's secretary—what of him? The Count von Löen, if I mistake not—that was his name?"

"He is a traitor!"

The Princess turned quickly.

"Nay," she said, "you do not think so. Your voice is kind when you speak of him. Besides, I am sure he is no traitor. Where is he?"

"He is in the place where he most wishes to be—with the woman he loves!"

The light died out of the bright face of the Princess Margaret at the answer, even as a snow-cloud wipes the sunshine off a landscape.

"The woman he loves?" she stammered, as if she could not have heard aright.

"Aye," said the false bride, loosening her cloak and casting it behind her. "I swear it. He is with the woman he loves."

But in his heart the Sparhawk was saying, "Steady, Master Maurice von Lynar—or all will be out in five minutes."

The Princess Margaret walked determinedly from the window to the fireplace. She was not so tall by half a head as her guest, but to the eyes of the Sparhawk she towered above him like a young poplar tree. He shrank from her searching glance.

The Princess laid her hand upon the sleeve of the velvet gown. A flush of anger crimsoned her fair face.

"Ah!" she cried, "I see it all now, madam the Princess. You love the Count and you think to blind me. This is the reason of your riding off with him on your wedding day. I saw you go by his side. You sent Count Maurice to bring to you the four hundred lances of Kernsberg. It was for his sake that you left my brother Prince Louis at the church door. Like draws to like, they say, and your eyes are as like as peas to those of the Count von Löen."

And this, indeed, could the Sparhawk in no wise deny. The Princess went her angry way.

"There have been many lies told," she cried, raising the pitch of her voice, "but I am not blind. I can see through them. I am a woman and can gauge a woman's pretext. You yourself are in love with the Count von Löen, and yet you tell me that he is with the woman he loves. Bah! he loves you—you, his mistress—next, that is, to his selfish, self-seeking self. If he is with the woman he loves, as you say, tell me her name!"

There came a knocking at the door.

"Who is there?" demanded imperiously the Princess Margaret.

"The Prince of Muscovy, to present his duty to the Princess of Courtland!"

"I do not wish to see him—I will not see him!" said the Sparhawk hastily, who felt that one inquisitor at a time was as much as he could hope to deal with.

"Enter!" said the Princess Margaret haughtily.

The Prince opened the door and stood on the threshold bowing low to the ladies.

"Well?" queried Margaret of Courtland, without further acknowledgment of his salutation than the slightest and chillest nod.

"My service to both, noble Princesses," the answer came with suave deference. "The Prince Louis sent me to beg of his noble spouse, the Princess Joan, that she would deign to receive him."

"Tell Louis that the Princess will receive him at her own time. He ought to have

better manners than to trouble a lady yet weary from a long journey. And you, Prince Ivan, you have our leave to go!"

Whilst Margaret was speaking the Prince had fixed his piercing eyes upon the Sparhawk, as if already he had penetrated his secret. But because he was a man Maurice sustained the searching gaze with haughty indifference. The Prince of Muscovy turned upon the Princess Margaret with a bright smile.

"All this makes an ill lesson for you, my fair betrothed," he said, bowing to her; "but—there will be no riding home once we have you in Moscow!"

"True, I shall not need to return, for I shall never ride thither!" retorted the Princess. "Moreover, I would have you remember that I am not your betrothed. The Prince Louis is your betrothed, if you have any in Courtland. You can carry him to Moscow an you will, and comfort each other there."

"That also I may do some day, madam!" said the Prince Wasp, stirred to quick irritation. "But in the meantime, Princess Joan, does it please you to signify when you will receive your husband?"

"No! no! no!" whispered the Sparhawk in great perturbation.

The Princess Margaret pointed to the door.

"Go!" she said. "I myself will signify to my brother when he can wait upon the Princess."

"My Lady Margaret," the Muscovite purred in answer, "think you is it wise thus to encourage rebellion in the most sacred relations of life?"

The Princess Margaret trilled into merriest laughter and reached back a hand to take Joan's fingers in hers protectingly.

"The homily of the most reverend churchman, Prince Ivan of Muscovy, upon matrimony; Judas condemning treachery, Satan rebuking sin, were nothing to this!"

With all his faults the Prince had humour, the humour of a torture scene in some painted monkish Inferno.

"Agreed," he said, smiling; "and what does the Princess Margaret protecting that shrinking flower, Joan of the Sword Hand, remind you of?"

"That the room of Prince Ivan is more welcome to ladies than his company!" retorted Margaret of Courtland, still holding the Sparhawk's hand between both of hers, and keeping her angry eyes and petulant flower face indignantly upon the intruder.

Had Prince Ivan been looking at her companion at that moment he might have penetrated the disguise, so tender and devoted a light of love dwelt on the Sparhawk's countenance and beaconed from his eyes. But he only bowed deferentially and withdrew. Margaret and the Sparhawk were left once more alone.

The two stood thus while the brisk footsteps of Prince Wasp thinned out down the corridor. Then Margaret turned swiftly upon her tall companion and, still keeping her hand, she pulled Maurice over to the window. There in the fuller light she scanned the Sparhawk's features with a kindling eye and paling lips.

"God in heaven!" she palpitated, holding him at a greater distance, "you are not the Lady Joan; you are—you are——"

"The man who loves you!" said the Sparhawk, who was very pale.

"The Count von Löen. Oh! why did you risk it?" she gasped. "They will kill you, tear you to pieces without remorse, when they find out. And it is a thing that cannot be kept secret. Why did you do it?"

"For your sake, beloved," said the Sparhawk, coming nearer to her; "to look once more on your face—to behold once, if no more, the lips that kissed me in the dark by the river brink!"

"But—but—you may forfeit your life!"

"And a thousand lives!" cried the Sparhawk, nervously pulling at his woman's dress as if ashamed that he must wear it at such a time. "Life without you is naught to Maurice von Lynar!"

A glow of conscious happiness rose warm and pink upon the cheeks of the Princess Margaret.

"Besides," added Maurice, "the captains of Kernsberg considered that thus alone could their mistress be saved."

The glow paled a little.

"What! by sacrificing you? But perhaps you did it for her sake, and not wholly, as you say, for mine!"

There was no such thought in her heart, but she wished to hear him deny it.

"Nay, my lady," he answered; "I was, indeed, more than ready to come to Courtland, but it was because of the hope that surged through my heart, as flame leaps through tow, that I should see you and hear your voice!"

The Princess held out her hands impulsively and then retracted them suddenly.

"Now, we must not waste time," she said: "I must save you. They would slay you on

"Circled about the Sparhawk in a light-tripping dance."

the least suspicion. But I will match them. Would to God that Conrad were here. To him I could speak. I could trust him. He would help us. Let me see! Let me see!"

She bent her head and walked slowly to the window. Like every Courtlander she thought best when she could watch the swirl of the green Alla against its banks. The Sparhawk took a step as if to follow, but instead stood still where he was, drinking in her proud and girlish beauty. To the eye of any spy they were no more than two noble ladies who had quarrelled, the smaller and slighter of whom had turned her back upon the taller!

They were in the same position still, and the white foam-fleck which Margaret was following with her eyes had not vanished from her sight, when the door of the Summer Palace was rudely thrown open and an officer announced in a loud, strident tone, "The Prince Louis to visit his Princess!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ROYAL MINX.

PRINCE LOUIS entered, flushed and excited. His eyes had lost their furtive meanness and blazed with a kind of reckless fury quite foreign to the man, for anger affected him as wine might another man.

He spoke first to the Princess Margaret.

"And so, my fair sister," he said, "you would foment rebellion even in my own palace and concoct conspiracy with my own married wife. Make ready, madam, for to-morrow you shall find your master. I will marry you to the Prince Ivan of Muscovy. He will carry you to Moscow, where ladies of your breed are taught to obey. And if they will not—why, their delicate skins may chance to be caressed with instruments less tender than lovers' fingers. Go—make you ready. You shall be wed and that immediately. And leave me alone with my wife."

"I will not marry the Prince of Muscovy," his sister answered calmly. "I would rather die by the axe of your public executioner. I would wed with the vilest scullion that squabbles with the swine for gobbets in the gutters of Courtland, rather than sit on a throne with such a man!"

The Prince nodded sagely.

"A pretty spirit—a true Courtland spirit," he said mockingly. "I had the same within my heart when I was young. Conrad hath it now—priest though he be. Nevertheless, he is off to Rome to kiss the Pope's toe. By my faith, Gretchen, you show a very pretty spirit!"

He wheeled about and looked towards the false Joan, who was standing gripping his nails into his palms by the chimney-mantel.

"And you, my lady," he said, "you have had your turn of rebellion. But once is enough. You are conquered now. You are a wedded wife. Your place is with your husband. You sleep in my palace to-night!"

"If I do," muttered the Sparhawk, "I know who will wake in hell to-morrow!"

"My brother Louis," cried the Princess Margaret, running up to him and taking his arm coaxingly, "do not be so hasty with two poor women. Neither of us desire aught but to do your will. But give us time. Spare us, for you are strong. 'A woman's way is the cloud's way'—you know our Courtland proverb. You cannot harness the Northern Lights to your chariot-wheels. Woo us—coax us—aye, even deceive us; but do not force us. Louis, Louis, I thought you were wise, and yet I see that you know not the alphabet of love. Here is your lady. Have you ever said a loving word to her, bent the knee, kissed her hand—which, being persisted in, is the true way to kiss the mouth?"

("If he does either," growled the Sparhawk, "my sword will kiss his midriff!")

Prince Louis smiled. He was not used to women's flatteries, and in his present state of exaltation the cajoleries of the Princess suited his mood. He swelled with self-importance, puffing his cheeks and twirling his moustache upwards with the finger and thumb of his left hand.

"I know more of women than you think, sister," he made answer. "I have had experiences—in my youth, that is; I am no puppet princeling. By Saint Mark! once on a day I had strutted it with the boldest; and to-day, well, now that I have humbled this proud madam and brought her to my own city, why, I will show you that I am no Wendish boor. I can sue a lady's favour as courteously as any man, and, Margaret, if you will promise me to be a good girl and get you ready to be married to-morrow, I promise you that Louis of Courtland will solicit his lady's favour with all grace and observance."

"Gladly will I be married to-morrow," said the Princess, caressing her brother's sleeve—"that is, if I cannot be married to-day!" she added under her breath.

But she paused a few moments as if embarrassed. Then she went on.

"Brother Louis, I have spoken with my sister here—your wife, the Lady Joan. She hath a scruple concerning matrimony. She would have it resolved before she had speech with you again. Permit our good Father Clement to advise with her."

"Father Clement—our Conrad's tutor, why he more than another?"

"Well, do you not understand? He is old," pleaded Margaret, "and there are things one can say but to an old man. You understand, brother Louis."

The Prince nodded, well pleased. This was pleasant. His mentor, Prince Wasp, did not usually flatter him. Rather he made him chafe on a tight rein.

"And if I send Father Clement to you, chit," he said, patting his sister's softly rounded cheek, "will he both persuade you and ease the scruples of my Lady Joan? I am as delicate and understanding as any man. I will not drive a woman when she desires to be led. But led or driven she

must be. For to my will she must come at last."

"I knew it, I knew it!" she cried joyously. "Again you are mine own Louis, my dear, sweet brother! When will Father Clement come?"

"As soon as he can be sent for," the Prince answered. "He will come directly here to the Summer Palace. And till then you two fair maids can abide together. Princess, my wife, I kiss your noble hand. Margaret, your cheek. Till to-morrow—till to-morrow!"

He went out with an attempt at airy grace curiously grafted on his usually saturnine manners. The door closed behind him. Margaret of Courtland listened a moment with bated breath and finger on lip. A shouted order reached her ear from beneath. Then came a tramp of disciplined feet, and again they heard the swirl of the Alla fretting about the piles of the Summer Palace.

Then, quickly dropping her lover's finger, Margaret took hold of her dress at either side daintily and circled about the Sparhawk in a light-tripping dance.

"Ah, Louis—we will be good and bidable—to-morrow. To-morrow you will see me a loving and obedient wife. To-morrow I will wed Prince Wasp. Meantime—to-day you and I, Maurice, will consult Father Clement, mine ancient confessor, who will do anything I ask him. To-day we will dance—put your arm about my waist—firmly—so! There, we will dance at a wedding to-day, you and I. For in that brave velvet robe you shall be married!"

"What?" cried the Sparhawk, stopping suddenly. His impulsive sweetheart caught him again into the dance as she swept about in her impetuous career.

"Yes," she nodded, minueting before him. "It is as I say—you are to be married all over again. And when you ride off I will ride with you—no slipping your marriage engagements this time, good sir. I know your Kernsberg manners now. You will not find me so slack as my brother!"

"Margaret!" cried the Sparhawk. And with one bound he had her against his breast.

"Oh!" she cried, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, as she submitted to his embrace, "I don't love you half as much in that dress. Why, it is like kissing another girl at the convent. Ugh, the cats!"

She was not permitted to say any more. The Alla was heard very clearly in the Summer Palace as it swept the swift moments with it away towards the sea which is oblivion. Then after a time, and a time and half a time, the Princess Margaret slowly emerged.

"No," she said retrospectively, "it is not like the convent, after all—not a bit."

* * * * *

"Affection is ever seemly, especially between great ladies—also unusual!" said a bass voice, speaking grave and kindly behind them.

The Sparhawk turned quickly round, the crimson rushing instantly to his cheek.

"Father—dear Father Clement!" cried Margaret, running to the noble old man who stood by the door and kneeling down for his blessing. He gave it simply and benignantly, and then laid his hand a moment on the rippling masses of her fair hair. Then he turned his eyes upon the Sparhawk.

Then the confusion of his beautiful penitent, the flush which mounted to her neck even as she kneeled, added to a certain level defiance in the glance of her taller companion, told him almost at a glance that which had been so carefully concealed. For the Father was a man of much experience. A man who hears a dozen confessions every day of his life through a wicket in a box grows accustomed to distinguishing the finer differences of sex. His glance travelled back and forth, from the Sparhawk to Margaret, and from Margaret to the Sparhawk.

"Ah!" he said at last, for all comment.

The Princess rose to her feet and approached the priest.

"My Father," she said swiftly, "this is not the Lady Joan, my brother's wife, but a youth marvellously like her, who hath offered himself in her place that she might escape——"

"Nay," said the Sparhawk, "it was to see you once again, Lady Margaret, that I came to Courtland!"

"Hush! you must not interrupt," she went on, putting him aside with her hand. "He is the Count von Löen, a lord of Kernsberg. And I love him. We want you to marry us now, dear Father—now, without a moment's delay; for if you do not, they will kill him, and I shall have to marry Prince Wasp!"

She clasped her hands about his arm.

"Will you?" she said, looking up beseechingly at him.

The Princess Margaret was a lady who knew her mind and bent other minds to her own.

The Father stood smiling a little down upon her, more with his eyes than with his lips.

"They will kill him and marry you, if I do. And, moreover, pray tell me, little one, what will they do to me?" he said.

"Father, they would not dare to meddle with you. Your office—your sanctity—Holy Mother Church herself would protect you. If Conrad were here, he would do it for me. I am sure he would marry us. I could tell him everything. But he is far, far away, on his knees at the shrine of Holy Saint Peter, most like."

"And you, young masquerader," said Father Clement, turning to the Sparhawk, "what say you to all this? Is this your wish, as well as that of the Princess Margaret? I must know all before I consent to put my neck into the halter!"

"I will do whatever the Princess wishes. Her will is mine."

"'Will you?' she said, looking up beseechingly at him."

"Do not make a virtue of that, young man," said the priest, smiling; "the will of the Princess is also that of most people with whom she comes in contact. Submission is no distinction where our Lady Margaret is concerned. Why, ever since she was so high" (he indicated with his hand), "I declare the minx hath set her own penances and dictated her own absolutions."

"You have indeed been a sweet confessor," murmured Margaret of Courtland, still clasping the Father's arm and looking up fondly into his face. "And you will do as I ask you this once. I will not ask for such a long time again."

The priest laughed a short laugh.

"Nay, if I do marry you to this gentleman, I hope it will serve for a while. I cannot marry Princesses of the Empire to carnival mummers more than once a week!"

A quick frown formed on the brow of Maurice von Lynar. He took a step nearer. The priest put up his hand, with the palm outspread in a sort of counterfeit alarm.

"Nay, I know not if it will last even a week if bride and groom are both of the same temper. Gently, good sir, gently and softly. I must go carefully myself. I am bringing my grey hairs very near the gallows. I must consider my duty, and you must respect my office."

The Sparhawk dropped on one knee and bent his head.

"Ah, that is better," said the priest, making the sign of benediction above the clustered raven locks. "Rise, sir, I would speak with you a moment apart. My Lady Margaret, will you please to walk on the terrace there while I confer with—the Lady Joan, according to the commandment of the Prince."

As he spoke the last words he made a little movement towards the corridor with his hand, at the same moment elevating his voice. The Princess caught his meaning and, before either of her companions could stop her, she tiptoed to the door, set her hand softly to the latch, and suddenly flung it open. Prince Louis stood without, with head bowed to listen.

The Princess shrilled into a little peal of laughter.

"Brother Louis!" she cried, clapping her hands, "we have caught you. You must restrain your youthful, ardent affections. Your bride is about to confess. This is no time for mandolins and serenades. You should have tried those beneath her windows in Kernsberg. They might have wooed her better than arbalist and mangonel."

The Prince glared at his *débonnaire* sister as if he could have slain her on the spot.

"I returned," he said formally, speaking to the disguised Maurice, "to inform the Princess that her rooms in the main palace were ready for her whenever she deigns to occupy them."

"I thank you, Prince Louis," returned the false Princess, bowing. In his character of a woman betrayed and led prisoner the Sparhawk was sparing of his words, and for other reasons as well.

"Come, brother, your arm," said the Princess. "You and I must not intrude. We will leave the good Father and his fair penitent. Will you walk with me on the terrace? I, on my part, will listen to your lover's confession and give you absolution—even for listening at keyholes. Come, dear brother, come!"

And with one gay glance shot backward at the Sparhawk, half over her shoulder, the Lady Margaret took the unwilling arm of her brother and swept out. Verily, as Father Clement had said, she was a royal minx.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PRINCESS MARGARET IS IN A HURRY.

THE priest waited till their footsteps died away down the corridor before going to the door to shut it. Then he turned and faced the Sparhawk with a very different countenance to that which he had bent upon the Princess Margaret.

Generally, when women leave a room the thermometer drops suddenly many degrees nearer the zero of verity. There is all the difference between velvet sheath and bare blade, between the courtesies of seconds and the first clash of the steel in the hands of principals. There are, let us say, two men and one woman. The woman is in the midst. Smile answers smile. Masks are up. The sun shines in. She goes, and before the smile of parting has fluttered from her lips, lo! iron answers iron on the faces of the men. Off, ye lendings! Salute! Engage! To the death!

There was nothing, however, deadly in the encounter of the Sparhawk and Father Clement. It was only as if a couple of carnival maskers had stepped aside out of the whirl of a dance to talk a little business in some quiet alcove. The Father foresaw the

difficulty of his task. The Sparhawk was conscious of the awkwardness of maintaining a manly dignity in a woman's gown. He felt, as it were, choked about the legs in another man's presence.

"And now, sir," said the priest abruptly, "who may you be?"

"Father, I am a servant to the Duchess Joan of Hohenstein and Kernsberg. Maurice von Lynar is my name!"

"And pray, how came you so like the Duchess that you can pass muster for her?"

"That I know not. It is an affair upon which I was not consulted. But, indeed, I do it out poorly, and succeed only with those who know her but little and who are in addition men without observation. Both the Princess and yourself saw through me easily enough, and I am in fear every moment I am near Prince Ivan."

"How came the Princess to love you?"

"Well, for one thing, I loved her. For another, I told her so!"

"The points are well taken, but of themselves insufficient," smiled the priest. "So also have others better equipped by fortune to win her favour than you. What else?"

Then, with a certain shamefaced and sulky pride, the Sparhawk told Father Clement all the tale of the mission of the Duchess Joan of Courtland, of the liking the Princess had taken to her in her secretary's attire, of the kiss upon the dark river's bank, the fragrant memory of which had drawn him back to Courtland against his will. And the priest listened like a man of many counsels who knows that the strangest things are the truest, and that the naked truth is always incredible.

"It is a pretty tangle you have made between you," said Father Clement when Maurice finished. "I know not how you could more completely have twisted the skein. Everyone is somebody else, and the devil is hard upon the hindmost—or Prince Ivan, which is the same thing."

The priest now withdrew in his turn to where he could watch the Alla curving its back a little in mid-stream as the summer floods rushed seaward from the hills. To true Courtland folk its very bubbles brought counsel as they floated down towards the Baltic.

"Let me see! Let me see!" he murmured, stroking his chin.

Then after a long pause he turned again to the Sparhawk.

"You are of sufficient fortune to maintain the Princess as becomes her rank?"

"I am not a rich man," answered Von Lynar, "but by the grace of the Duchess Joan neither am I a poor one. She hath bestowed on me one of her father's titles, with lands to match."

"So," said the priest; "but will Prince Louis and the Muscovites give you leave to enjoy them?"

"The estates are on the borders of Plassen-

"Prince Louis stood without, with head bowed to listen."

burg," said Maurice, "and I think the Prince of Plassenburg for his own security will provide against any Muscovite invasion."

"Princes are but princes, though I grant the Executioner's Son is a good one," answered the priest. "Well, better to marry than to burn, sayeth Holy Writ. It is touch and go, in any event. I will marry you and there-

after betake me to the Abbey of Wolgast, where dwells my very good friend the Abbot Tobias. For old sake's sake he will keep me safe there till this thing blows over."

"With my heart I thank you, my Father," said the Sparhawk, kneeling.

"Nay, do not thank me. Rather thank the pretty insistency of your mistress. Yet it is only bringing you both one step nearer destruction. Walking upon egg-shells is child's play to this. But I never could refuse your sweetheart either a comfit or an absolution all my days. To my shame as a servant of God I say it. I will go and call her in."

He went to the door with a curious smile on his face. He opened it, and there, close by the threshold, was the Princess Margaret, her eyes full of a bright mischief.

"Yes, I was listening," she cried, shaking her head defiantly. "I do not care. So would you, Father, if you had been a woman and in love——"

"God forbid!" said Father Clement, crossing himself.

"You may well make sure of heavenly happiness, my Father, for you will never know what the happiness of earth is!" cried Margaret. "I would rather be a woman and in love, than—than the Pope himself and sit in the chair of St. Peter."

"My daughter, do not be irreverent."

"Father Clement, were you ever in love? No, of course you cannot tell me; but I think you have been. Your eyes are kind when you look at us. You are going to do what we wish—I know you are. I heard you say so to Maurice. Now begin."

"You speak as if the Holy Sacrament were no more than saying 'Abracadabra' over a toadstool to cure warts," said the priest, smiling. "Consider your danger, the evil case in which you will put me when the thing is discovered——"

"I will consider anything, dear Father, if you will only make haste," said the Princess, with a smiling natural vivacity that killed any verbal disrespect.

"Nay, madcap, be patient. We must have a witness whose head sits on his shoulders beyond the risk of Prince Louis's halter or Prince Ivan's Muscovite dagger. What say you to the High Councillor of Plassenburg, Von Dessauer? He is here on an embassy."

The Princess clapped her hands.

"Yes, yes. He will do it. He will keep our secret. He also likes pretty girls."

"Also?" queried Father Clement, with a grave and demure countenance.

"Yes, Father, you know you do——"

"It is a thing most strictly forbidden by Holy Church that in sacred office one should be swayed by any merely human considerations," began the priest, the wrinkles puckering about his eyes, though his lips continued grave.

"Oh, please, save the homily till after sacrament, dear Father!" cried the Princess. "You know you like me and that you cannot help it."

The priest lifted up his hand and glanced upward, as if deprecating the anger of Heaven.

"Alas, it is too true!" he said, and dropped his hand again swiftly to his side.

"I will go and summon Dessauer myself," she went on. "I will run so quick. I cannot bear to wait."

"Abide ye—abide ye, my daughter," said Father Clement; "let us do even this folly decently and in order. The day is far spent. Let us wait till darkness comes. Then when you are rested—and" (he looked towards the Sparhawk) "the Lady Joan also—I will return with High Councillor Dessauer, who, without observance or suspicion, may pay his respects to the Princesses upon his arrival."

"But, Father, I cannot wait," cried the impetuous bride. "Something might happen long before then. My brother might come. Prince Wasp might find out. The Palace itself might fall, and then I should never be married at all!"

And the very impulsive and high-strung daughter of the reigning house of Courtland put a kerchief to her eye and tapped the floor with the silken point of her slipper.

The holy Father looked at her a moment and turned his eyes to Maurice von Lynar. Then he shook his head gravely at that proximate bridegroom as one who would say, "If you be neither hanged nor yet burnt here in Courtland—if you get safely out of this with your bride—why, then, Heaven have mercy on your soul!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A WEDDING WITHOUT A BRIDEGROOM.

It was very quiet in the river parlour of the Summer Palace. A shaded lamp burned in its niche over the desk of Prince Conrad. Another swung from the ceiling and filled the whole room with dim, rich light. The window was a little open and the Alla murmured beneath with a soothing sound, like a mother hushing a child to sleep.

There was no one in the great room save the youth whose masquerading was now well nigh over. The Sparhawk listened intently. Footsteps were approaching. Quick as thought he threw himself upon a couch, and drew about him a light cloak or woollen cloth lined with silk. The footsteps stopped at his door. A hand knocked lightly. The Sparhawk did not answer. There was a long pause and then footsteps retreated as they had come. The Sparhawk remained motionless. Again the Alla, outside in the mild autumnal gloaming, said, "Hush!"

Tired with anxiety and the strain of the day, the youth passed from musing to real sleep and the stream of unconsciousness, with a long, soothing swirl like that of the green water outside among the piles of the Summer Palace, bore him away. He took longer breaths, sighing in his slumbers like a happy, tired child.

Again there came footsteps, quicker and lighter this time; then the crisp rustle of silken skirts, a warm breath of scented air, and the door was closed again. No knocking this time. It was someone who entered as of right.

Then the Princess Margaret, with clasped hands and parted lips, stood still and watched the slumber of the man she loved. Though she knew it not, it was one of the crucial moments in the chronicle of love. If a woman's heart melts from friendship to a kind of motherhood at the sight of a man asleep; if something draws tight about her heart like the strings of an old-fashioned purse; if there is a pulse beating where no pulse should be, a pleasurable lump in the throat, then it is come—the not-to-be-denied, the long-expected, the inevitable. It is a simple test and one not always to be applied (as it were) without a doctor's prescription; but, when fairly tried, it is infallible. If a woman is happier listening to a man's quiet breathing than she has ever been to hearken to any other's flattery, it is no longer an affair, it is a passion.

The Princess Margaret sat down by the couch of Maurice von Lynar and, after this manner of which I have told, her heart was moved within her. As she bent a little over the youth and looked into his sleeping face, the likeness to Joan the Duchess came out more strongly than ever, emerging almost startlingly, as a race stamp stands out on the features of the dead. She bent her head still nearer the slightly parted lips. Then she drew back.

"No," she murmured, smiling at her intent, "I will not—at least, not now. I will wait till I hear them coming."

She stole her hand under the cloak which covered the sleeper till her cool fingers rested on Maurice's hand. He stirred a little and his lips moved. Then his eyelids quivered to the lifting. But they did not rise. The ear of the Princess was very near them now.

"Margaret!" she heard him say, and as the low whisper reached her ear she sat erect in her chair with a happy sigh. So wonderful is love and so utterly indifferent to time or place, to circumstance or reason.

The Alla sighed a sigh also to think that their hour would pass so swiftly. So Margaret of Courtland, princess and lover, sat contentedly by the pillow of him who had once been a prisoner in the dungeon of Castle Kernsberg.

But in the Palace of the Prince of Courtland time ran even more swiftly than the Alla beneath its walls.

Margaret caught a faint sound far away—footsteps, firm footfalls of men who paced slowly together. And as these came nearer she could distinguish, mixed with them, the sharp tapping of one who leans upon a staff. She did not hesitate a moment now. She bent down upon the sleeper. Her arm glided under his neck. Her lips met his.

"Maurice," she whispered, "wake, dearest. They are coming."

"Margaret!" he would have answered—but could not.

* * * * *

The greetings were soon over. The tale had already been told to Von Dessauer by Father Clement. The pair stood up under the golden glow of the swinging silver lamps. It was a strange scene. For surely never was marriage more wonderfully celebrated on earth than this of two fair maidens (for so they still appeared) taking hands at the bidding of God's priest and vowing the solemn vows, in the presence of a prince's chancellor, to live only for each other in all the world.

Maurice, tall and dark, a red mantle falling back from his shoulders, confined at the waist and falling again to the feet, stood holding Margaret's hand, while she, younger and slighter, her skin creamily white, her cheek rose-flushed, her eyes brilliant as with fever, watched Father Clement as if she feared he would omit some essential of the service.

Von Dessauer, High Councillor of Plassenburg, stood leaning on the head of his staff and watching with a certain gravity of

sympathy, mixed with apprehension, the simple ceremonial.

Presently the solemn "Let no man put asunder" was said, the blessing pronounced, and Leopold von Dessauer came forward with his usual courtly grace to salute the newly made Countess von Löen.

He would have kissed her hand, but with a swift gesture she offered her cheek.

"Not hands to-day, good friend," she said. I am no more a princess, but my husband's wife. They cannot part us now, can they, High Chancellor? I have gotten my wish!"

"Dear lady," the Chancellor of Plassenburg answered gently. "I am an old man, and I have observed that Hymen is the most tricksome of the divinities. His omens go mostly by contraries. Where much is expected, little is obtained. When all men speak well of a wedding and all the prophets prophesy smooth things—my fear is great. But be of good cheer. Though you have chosen the rough road, the perilous venture, the dark night, the deep and untried ford, you will yet come out on a plain of gladness, into a day of sunshine, and at the eventide reach a home of content."

"So good a fortune from so wise a soothsayer deserves this!"

And she kissed the Chancellor frankly on the mouth.

"Father Clement," she said, turning about to the priest with a provocative look on her face, "have you a prophecy for us worthy a like guerdon?"

"Avaunt, witch! Get thee behind me, pretty impling! Tempt not an old man to forget his office, or I will set thee such a penance as will take months to perform."

Nevertheless his face softened as he spoke. He saw too plainly the perils which encompassed Maurice von Lynar and his wife. Yet he held out his hand benignantly and they sank on their knees.

"God bring you through, beloveds!" he said. "May He send His angels to succour the faithful and punish the guilty!"

"I bid you fair good-night!" said Leopold von Dessauer at the threshold. But he added in his heart, "But alas for the to-morrow that must come to you twain!"

"I care for nothing now—I have gotten my will!" said the Princess Margaret, nodding her head to the Father as he went out.

She was standing on the threshold with her husband's hand in hers and her eyes were full of that which no words can express.

"May that which is sweet in the mouth now never prove bitter in the belly!"

That was the Father's last prayer for them.

But neither Margaret nor Maurice von Lynar so much as heard him, for they had turned to one another.

For the golden lamp was burning itself out, and without in the dark the Alla said, "Hush!" like a mother who soothes her children to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LITTLE JOHANNES RODE.

"But this one day, beloved," the Sparhawk was saying. "What is one day among our enemies? Be brave, and then we will ride away together under cloud of night. Von Dessauer will help us. For love and pity Prince Hugo of Plassenburg will give us an asylum. And if he will not, by my faith! Helene the Princess will—or her kind heart is sore belied! Fear not!"

"I am not afraid—I have never feared anything in my life," answered the Princess Margaret. "But now I fear for you. I would give all I possess a hundred times over—nay, ten years of my life—if only you were safe out of this Courtland!"

"It will not be long," said the Sparhawk soothingly. "To-morrow Von Dessauer goes with all his train. He cannot, indeed, give us his protection till we are past the boundaries of the State. But at the Fords of the Alla we must await him. Then, after that, it is but a short and a safe journey. A few days will bring us to the borderlands of Plassenburg and the Mark, where we are safe alike from prince brother and prince wooer."

"Maurice—I would it were so, indeed. Do you know I think being married makes one's soul frightened. The one you love grows so terrifyingly precious. It seems such a long time since I was a wild and reckless girl, flouting those who spoke of love, and boasting (oh, so vainly!) that love would never touch me. I used to, not so long ago, though you would not think it now, knowing how weak and foolish I am."

The Sparhawk laughed a little and glanced fondly at his wife. It was a strange look, full of the peculiar joy of man—and that, where the essence of love dwells in him, is his sense of possession.

"Do keep still," said the Princess suddenly,

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE COUNT VON LÖEN.

stamping her foot. "How can I finish the arraying of your locks, if you twist about thus in your seat? It is fortunate for you, sir, that the Duchess Joan wears her hair short, like a Northman or a bantling troubadour. Otherwise you could not have gone masquerading till yours had grown to be something of this length."

And, with the innocent vanity of a woman preferred, she shook her head backward till the rich golden tresses, each hair distinct and crisp as a golden wire of infinite thinness, fell over her back and hung down as low as the hollows of her knees.

"Joan could not do that," she said triumphantly.

"You are the most beautiful woman in the world," said the Sparhawk, with appreciative reverence, trying to rise from the low stool in front of the Venice mirror upon which he was submitting to having his toilet superintended — for the first time, by a thoroughly competent person.

The Princess Margaret bit her lip vixenishly in a pretty way she had when making a pretext of being vexed, at the same time sticking the little curved golden comb she was using upon his raven locks viciously into his head.

"Oh, you hurt!" he cried, making a grimace and pretending in his turn.

"And so I will, and much worse," she retorted, "if you do not be still and do as I bid you. How can a self-respecting tirewoman attend to her business under such circumstances? I warn you that you may engage a new maid."

"Wickedest one!" he murmured, gazing fondly up at Margaret, "there is no one like you!"

"Well," she drolled, "I am glad of your opinion, though sorry for your taste. For me, I prefer the Lady Joan."

"And why?"

"Because she is like you, of course!"

* * * * *

So, on the verge perilous, lightly and foolishly they jested as all those who love each other do (which is the only wisdom), while the green Alla sped swiftly on to the sea, and the city in which Death waited for Maurice von Lynar began to hum about them.

As yet, however, there fell no suspicion. For Margaret had warned her bowermaidens that the Princess Joan would need no assistance from them. Her own waiting-women were on their way from Castle Kernsberg. In any case she, Margaret of Courtland, would help her sister in person, as well for love as because such service was the guest's right.

And the Courtland maidens, accustomed to the whims and sudden likings of their impetuous mistress, glad also to escape extra duty, hastened their task of arraying Margaret. Never had she been so restless and exacting. Her toilet was not half finished when she rose from her ebony stool, told her favourite Thora of Bornholm that she was too ignorant to be trusted to array so much as the tow-head of a Swedish puppet, endued herself without assistance with a long, loose gown of velvet lined with pale blue silk, and flashed out again to revisit her sister-in-law.

"And do you, Thora, and the others, wait my pleasure in the anteroom," she commanded her handmaidens as she swept through the doorway. "Barter love-compliments with the men-at-arms. It is all such fumblers are good for!"

Behind her back the tiring maids shrugged shoulders and glanced at each other secretly with lifted eyebrow, as they put gowns and broidered slippers back in their places, to signify that if it began thus they were in for a day of it. Nevertheless they obeyed, and, finding certain young gentlemen of Prince Louis's guard waiting for just such an opportunity without, Thora and the others proceeded to carry out to the letter the second part of the instructions of their mistress.

"How now, sweet Thora of the Flaxen Locks?" cried Justus of Gratz, a slender young man who carried the Prince's bannerstaff on saints' days, and practised fencing and the art of love professionally at other times; "has the Princess boxed all your ears this morning, that you come forth, pell-mell, like a flock of geese out of a barn when the farmer's dog is after them?"

There were three under-officers of the guard in the little courtyard. Slim Justus of Gratz, his friend and boon companion Seydelmann, a man of fine presence and empty head, who on wet days could curl the wings of his moustaches round his ears, and, sitting a little apart from these, little Johannes Rode, the only very brave man of the three, a swordsman and a poet, yet one who passed for a ninny and a greenhorn because he chose mostly to be silent. Nevertheless, Thora of Bornholm preferred him to all others in the palace. For the eyes of a woman are quick to discern manhood—so long, that is, as she is not in love. After that, God wot, there is no eyeless fish so blind in all the caverns of the Hartz.

With the Northwoman Thora in her tendance of the Princess there were joined Anna and Martha Pappenheim, two maids quicker of speech and more restless in demeanour—Franconians, like all their name, of their person little and lithe and gay. The Princess had brought them back with her when at the last Diet she visited Ratisbon with her brother.

"Ah, Thora, fairest of maids! Hath an east wind made you sulky this morning, that you will not answer?" languished Justus. "Then I warrant so are not Anna and Martha. My service to you, noble dames!"

"Noble 'dames,' indeed—and to us!" they answered in alternate jets of speech. "As if we were applewomen or the fat housefrows of Courtlandish burghers. Get away—you have no manners! You sop your wits in beer. You eat frogs-meat out of your Baltic marshes. A dozen dozen of you were not worth one lively lad out of sweet Franconia!"

"Swe-e-et Franconia!" mocked Justus; "why, then, did you not stop there? Of a verity no lover carried you off to Courtland across his saddle-bow, that I warrant! He had repented his pains and killed his horse long ere he smelled the Baltic brine."

"The most that such louts as you Courtlanders could carry off would be a screeching pullet from a farmyard, when the goodman is from home. There is no spirit in the North—save, I grant, among the women. There is our Princess and her new sister the Lady Joan of the Sword Hand. Where will you see their match? Small wonder they will have nothing to say to such men as they can find hereabouts! But how they love each other! 'Tis as good as a love tale to see them——"

"Aye, and a very miracle to boot!" interjected Thora of Bornholm.

The Pappenheims, as before, went on antiphonally, each answering and anticipating the other.

"The Princesses need not any man to make them happy! Their affection for each other is past telling," said Martha.

"How their eyes shine when they look at each other!" sighed Anna, while Thora said nothing for a little, but watched Johannes Rode keenly. She saw he had something on his mind. The Northwoman was not of the mind which Anna Pappenheim attributed to the Princesses. For the fair-skinned daughters of the Goth, being wise, hold that there is but one kind of love, as there is but one kind of gold. Also they believe that they carry with them the philosopher's stone wherewith to procure that fine ore. After a while Thora spoke.

"This morning it was 'The Princess needs not your help—I myself will be her tirewoman!' I wot Margaret is as jealous of any other serving the Lady Joan——"

"As you would be if we made love to Johannes Rode there!" laughed Martha Pappenheim, getting behind a pillar and peeping roguishly round in order that the poet might have an opportunity of seeing the pretty turn of her ankle.

But little Johannes, who with a nail was scratching a line or two of a catch on a stone, hardly even smiled. He minded maids of honour, their gabble and their ankles, no more than jackdaws crying in the crevices of the gable—that is, all except Thora, who was so large and fair and white that he could not get her out of his mind. But even with Thora of Bornholm he did his best.

"That is all very well *now*," put in vain Fritz Seydelmann, stroking his handsome beard and smiling vacantly; "but wait till these same Princesses have had husbands of their own for a year. Then they will spit at each other and scratch — like cats. All women are cats, and maids of honour the worst of all!"

"How so, Sir Wiseman—because they do not like puppies? You have found out that?" Anna Pappenheim struck back demurely.

"You ask me why maids of honour are like cats," returned Seydelmann complacently (he had been making up this speech all night). "Do they not arch their backs when they are stroked? Do they not purr? Have you not seen them lie about the house all day, doing nothing and looking as saintly as so many abbots at high Mass? But at night and on the tiles—phew! 'tis another matter then."

And the vain, moustached Seydelmann, who plumed himself upon his wit, dragged at his moustache horns and simpered bovinely down upon the girls.

Anna Pappenheim turned to Thora, who was looking steadily through the self-satisfied Fritz, much as if she could see a spider crawling on the wall behind him.

"Do they let things like that run about loose here in Courtland?" she asked, with some anxiety on her face. "We have sties built for them at home in Franconia!"

But Thora was in no mood for the rough jesting of officers-in-waiting and princesses

tirewomen. She continued to watch the spider.

Then little Johannes Rode spoke for the first time.

"I wager," he said slowly, "that the Princesses will be less inseparable by this time to-morrow."

"What do you mean, Johannes Rode?" said Thora, with instant challenge in her voice, turning the wide-eyed directness of her gaze full upon him.

The young man did not look at her. He merely continued the carving of his couplet upon the lower stone of the sundial, whistling the air as he did so.

"Well," he answered slowly, "the Muscovite guard of the Prince Ivan have packed their own baggage (together with a good deal that is not their own), and the minster priests are warned to hold themselves at the Prince's bidding all day. That means a wedding, and I warrant our noble Louis does not mean to marry his Princess all over again in the Dom-Kirch of Courtland. They are going to marry the Russ to our Princess Margaret!"

Blonde Fritz laughed loud and long and tugged at his moustache.

"Out, you fool!" he cried; "this is a saint's day! I saw it in the chaplain's Breviary. The Prince goes to shrive himself, and right wisely he judges. I would not only confess, but receive extreme unction as well, before I attempted to come nigh Joan of the Sword Hand in the way of love! What say you, Justus?"

But before his companion could reply Thora of Bornholm had risen and stolen quietly within.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A PERILOUS HONEYMOON.

Never was day so largely and gloriously blue since Courtland was a city as the first morning of the married life of Maurice and Margaret von Lynar, Count and Countess von Löen. The summer floods had subsided, and the tawny dye had clean gone out of the Alla, which was now as clear as aquamarine, and laved rather than fretted the dark green piles of the Summer Palace.

The Princesses (so they said without) were more than ever inseparable. They were constantly talking confidentially together, for all the world like schoolgirls with a secret. Doubtless Prince Louis's fair sister was persuading the unruly wife to return to her duty. Doubtless it was so—ah, yes, doubtless!

"Better Prince Louis should do his own embassage in such a matter in his proper person," said the goodwives of Thorn. "For me, I would not listen to any sister if my man came not to my feet himself. The Lady Joan is in the right of it—a feckless lover, no true man!"

"Aye," said the men, agreeing for once, "a paper-backed princeling! God wot, were it our Conrad we should soon hear other of it! There would be none of this shilly-shallying back-and-forth work then! We would give half a year's income in golden gulden for lusty heir to the Principalities—with that foul Muscovite Ivan yearning to lay the knout across our backs!"

"There is something toward to-day," said a decent widow woman who lived in the Königstrasse to her neighbour. "My son, who as you know is a chorister, is gone to practice the Wedding Hymn at the cathedral. I am going thither to get a good place. I will not miss it, whatever it is. Perhaps they are going to make the Princess Joan do penance for her fault, in a white sheet with a candle in her hand a yard long! That would be rare sport. I would not miss it for so much as four farthings!"

And the chorister's mother hobbled off, telling everybody she met the same story. And so in half an hour the news had spread all over the city, and there began to be the makings of quite a respectable crowd in the Dom Platz of Courtland.

It was half past eleven when the archers of the guard appeared at the entrance of the square which leads from the palace. Behind them, rank upon rank, could be seen the lances of the wild Cossacks of Prince Ivan's escort who had remained behind when the Muscovite army went back to the Russian plains. Their dusky goats-hair tents, which had long covered the banks of the Alla, had now been struck and were laded upon baggage-horses and sumpter mules.

"The Prince of Muscovy delays only for the ceremony, whatever it may be!" the people said, admiring at their own prevision.

And the better sort added privately, "We shall be well rid of him!" But the baser grieved for the loss of the largesse which he scattered abroad in good Muscovite silver, unclipped and unalloyed, with the mint-master's hammer-stroke clean and clear to the margin. For with such Prince Ivan knew how to make himself beloved, holding man's honour and woman's love at the price

of so few and of so many gold pieces, and thinking well or ill of them according to their own valuation. The rabble of Courtland, whose price was only silver, he counted as no better than the trodden dirt of the highway.

Meanwhile, in the river parlour of the Summer Palace, the two Princesses were talking together even as the people had said. The Princess Margaret sat on a low stool, leaning her elbow on her companion's knee. And though she sometimes looked away, it was not for long, and Maurice, meeting her ever-recurrent gaze, found that a new thing had come into her eyes.

Presently a low tapping was heard at the inner door, from which a passage communicated with the rooms of the Princess Margaret. The Sparhawk would have risen, for the moment forgetful of his disguise, but with a slight pressure of her arm upon his knee the Princess restrained him.

"Enter!" she called aloud in her clear, imperious voice.

Thora entered hurriedly and, closing the door behind her, she stood with the latch in her hand. "My Princess," she said in a voice that was little more than a whisper, "I have heard ill news. They are making the cathedral ready for a wedding. The Cossacks have struck their tents. I think a plot is on foot to marry you this day to Prince Ivan, and to carry you off with him to Moscow."

"The two Princesses were talking together."

The Sparhawk sprang to his feet and laid his hand on the place where his sword-hilt should have been.

"Never," he cried; "it is impossible! The Princess is——"

He was about to add, "She is married already," but with a quick gesture of warning Margaret stopped him.

"Who told you this?" she queried, turning again to Thora of Bornholm.

"Johannes Rode of the Prince's guard told me a moment ago," she answered. "He has just returned from the Muscovite camp."

"I thank you, Thora—I shall not forget this faithfulness," said Margaret. "Now, you have my leave to go!" The Princess spoke calmly, and to the ear even a little coldly.

The door closed upon the Swedish maiden. Margaret and Maurice turned to each other with one pregnant instinct and took hands.

"Already!" said Margaret faintly, going back into the woman; "they might have left us alone a little longer. How shall we meet this? What shall we do? I had counted on this one day."

"Margaret," answered the Sparhawk impulsively, "this shall not daunt us. We would have told your brother Louis one day. We will tell him now. Duchess Joan is safe out of his reach, Kernsberg is revictualled, the Muscovite army returned. There is no need to keep up the masquerade any longer. Whatever may come of it, let us go to your brother. That will end it swiftly, at all events."

The Princess put away his restraining clasp and came closer to him.

"No—no," she cried; "you must not. You do not know my brother. He is wholly under the influence of Ivan of Muscovy. Louis would slay you for having cheated him of his bride—Ivan for having forestalled him with me."

"But you cannot marry Ivan. That were an outrage against the laws of God and man!"

"Marry Ivan!" she cried, to the full as impulsively as her lover; "not though they set ravens to pick the live flesh off my bones! But yet the thought of torture and death for you—that I cannot abide. We must continue to deceive them. Let me think!—let me think!"

"Stood with the latch in her hand."

Hastily she barred the door which led out upon the corridor. Then taking Maurice's hand once more she led him over to the window, from which she could see the green Alla cutting its way through the city bounds and presently escaping into the yet greener corn lands on its way to the sea.

"It is for this one day's delay that we must plan. To-night we will certainly escape. I can trust certain of those of my household. I have tried them before. . . . I have it. Maurice, you must be taken ill—lie down on this couch away from the light. There is a rumour of the Black Death in the city—we must build on that. They say an Astrakhan trader is dead of it already. For one day we may stave it off with this. It is the poor best we can do. Lie down, I will call Thora. She is staunch and fully to be trusted."

The Princess Margaret went to the inner door and clapped her hands sharply.

The fair-haired Swedish maiden came running to her. She had been waiting for such a signal.

"Thora," said her mistress in a quick whisper, "we must put off this marriage. I would sooner die than marry Ivan. You have that drug you spoke of—that which gives the appearance of sickness unto death without the reality. The Lady Joan must be ill, very ill. You understand, we must deceive even the Prince's physicians."

The girl nodded with quick understanding, and, turning, she sped away up the inner stair to her own sleeping-chamber, the key of which (as was the custom in Courtland) she carried in her pocket.

"This will also keep you from being suspected—as in public places you would have been," whispered Margaret to her young husband. "What Thora thinks or knows does not

matter. I can trust Thora with my life—nay, with what is far more, with yours."

A light tap and the girl re-entered, a tall phial in her hand. With a swift look at her mistress to obtain permission, she went up to the couch upon which the Sparhawk had lain down. Then with deft hand she opened the bottle, and pouring a little of a colourless liquid into a cup she gave it him to drink. In a few minutes a sickly pallor slowly overspread Maurice von Lynar's brow. His eyes appeared injected, the lips paled to a grey white, beads of perspiration stood on the forehead, and his whole countenance took on the hue and expression of mortal sickness.

"Now," said Thora, when she had finished, "will the noble lady deign to swallow one of these pellicles, and in ten minutes not a leech in the country will be able to pronounce that she is not suffering from a dangerous disease."

"You are sure, Thora," said the Princess Margaret almost fiercely, laying her hand on her tirewoman's wrist, "that there is no harm in all this? Remember, on your life be it!"

The placid, flaxen-haired woman turned with the little silver box in her hand.

"Danger there is, dear mistress," she said softly, "but not, I think, so great danger as we are already in. But I will prove my honesty——"

She took first a little of the liquid, and immediately after swallowed one of the white pellicles she had given Maurice.

"It will be as well," she said, "when the Prince's wiseacre physicians come, that they should find another sickening of the same disease."

Thora of Bornholm passed about the couch and took up a waiting-maid's station some way behind.

"All is ready," she said softly.

"We will forestall them," answered the Princess. "Thora, send and bid Prince Louis come hither quickly."

"And shall I also ask him to send hither his most skilled doctors of healing?" added the girl. "I will despatch Johannes Rode. He will go quickly and answer as I bid him with discretion and without asking questions."

And with the noiseless tread peculiar to most blonde women of large physique, Thora disappeared through the private door by which she had entered.

The Princess Margaret kneeled down by the couch and looked into the face of the Sparhawk. Even she who had seen the wonder was amazed and almost frightened by the ghastly effect the drug had wrought in such short space.

"You are sure that you do not feel any ill effects—you are perfectly well?" she said, with tremulous anxiety in her voice.

The Sparhawk smiled and nodded reassuringly up at her.

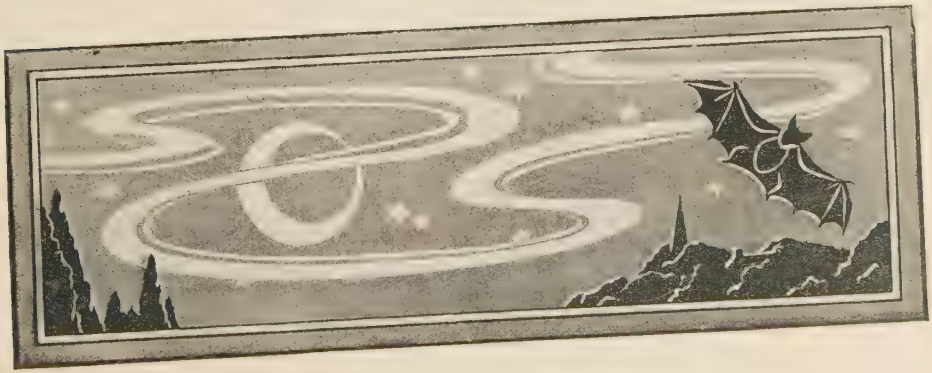
"Never better," he said. "My nerves are iron, my muscles steel. I feel as if, for my Margaret's sake, I could vanquish an army single-hand!"

The Princess rose from her place and unlocked the main door.

"We will be ready for them," she said. "All must appear as though we had no motive for concealment."

And, having drawn the curtains somewhat closer, she kneeled down again by the couch. There was no sound in the room as the youthful husband and wife thus waited their fate hand in hand, save only the soft continuous sibilance of their whispered converse, and from without the deeper note of the Alla sapping the Palace walls.

(To be continued.)



"Cupboard Love."

From a Photograph by the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Co.

Photo by] [Smartt & Son, Leamington.

THE LOWER PARADE, LEAMINGTON.

THE CENTRE OF ENGLAND:

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS SPA.

By Harry Golding.

IT is one of the cherished superstitions of the average Englishman that the only health resorts worth talking about are at the seaside. Without in the least degree calling in question the medicinal value of cocoanut shies at Great Yarmouth, or an ascent of the big wheel at Blackpool, it is permissible to point out that this fair island of ours has a centre as well as a circumference, and that though life at the hub may have little in common with the giddy whirl of gaiety at the outer edge of the wheel, the number of turns, after all, is the same. To drop the difficult language of metaphor, and come to plain speaking—why should not the change-seeking citizen, perplexed by the eternal question, "Where shall I go?" try a change that shall be a change indeed, and *go inland?* The suggestion savours of the reckless, and is hardly likely to be accepted without grave questionings, but, really, why not?

OAK TREE IN THE LILLINGTON ROAD, MARKING THE "CENTRE OF ENGLAND."

Let us tell the story of a pretty Midland town that is better worth going to than one-half the pretentious and crowded resorts on our coast, and that is almost without a peer as a place for autumn and winter residence.

Rather more than a hundred years ago, when public opinion respecting health resorts was at the exactly opposite pole, and learned doctors were gravely warning their patients against "the noxious fumes of the sea," there chanced to be walking in a field in one of the loveliest

parts of Warwickshire two undistinguished individuals, one of whom was undistinguished simply because he was a poet, and at odd times only a shoemaker, and the other because he sold beer by the pint at the "Dog" public-house. Around these two worthies clings a halo of romance similar to that associated with Romulus and Remus in the first days of Rome. While "earnestly conversing," according to the legend, Ben Satchwell, the poet, experienced what is by the vulgar of to-day known as a "thirst." His friend Abbotts, the publican, was at hand, but the more important part of him, his beer tap, was not. Ben therefore resolved to make practical acquaintance with the "babbling brook," the good qualities of which he had doubtless, like so many poets before and since, more frequently applauded than tested. Near the then tiny thatched church of Leamington Priors was a pool, into which Satchwell dipped his palm and secured a copious draught. Abbotts, an interested spectator, observed with delight that the poet's acquaintance with spring water was not likely to be of long continuance, for never did man pull a more rueful face. Satchwell knew enough of the bountiful fluid of Nature to be aware that this was not the ordinary article, and his forceful exclamations aroused a curiosity in Abbotts to see, or rather to taste, for himself what the matter was. A moment later they were the happiest men in Warwickshire. They had discovered a mineral spring—and could anyone deny that Bath and Cheltenham and Harrogate, and other places too numerous to mention, all dated their prosperity from similar discoveries? With commendable business acumen Abbotts immediately started "bottling," despatching one of the first samples to a famous Northampton physician for analysis. The report being highly favourable, the enterprising publican set to work to convert his humble hostelry into a comfortable hotel for the accommodation of drinkers and visitors; while Satchwell invoked his muse to higher flights and scattered poems by the score in praise of the water.

THE OLD WELL HOUSE.

THE PUMP ROOM AND BATHS.

ENTRANCE TO JEPHSON GARDENS.

Photos by Smartt & Son, Leamington.

Many years before Abbotts' discovery, however, Leamington was known to possess a spring of salt water, "whereof," in the words of Dugdale, "the inhabitants make much use

for seasoning their meats." But by common consent Abbotts is credited with having been the first to see the enormous value of the water and its bearing on the future of the hitherto insignificant village.

A small beginning! Yes, but what of the end, or rather of the present, for the end is not yet by a very long way. The patrons of publican Abbotts and his water grew yearly more numerous, until it occurred to other enterprising people that they might find medicinal waters cooped up somewhere beneath their cabbages, and no less than ten such springs were discovered in a period of twenty years. Leamington now began to enjoy all the benefits, and some of the disadvantages, of notoriety.

It is difficult to know under which head to place the visit, in 1819, of the much abused Prince Regent. The fourth George Princess Augusta, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and other long-forgotten notabilities came to taste the magic waters. Other more important visitors were the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the Princess Victoria, now and for more than

LISTENING TO THE BAND IN THE PUMP ROOM GROUNDS.

THE TOWN HALL.

Photo by W. Harvey Barton, Bristol.

THE UPPER PARADE.

Photos by Smartt & Son, Leamington.

had at least the merit of assisting by his patronage two of our chief present-day health resorts, Brighton and Leamington.

The Regent's example was quickly followed by other members of his family, and the sixty years past the gracious Sovereign of this realm. In honour of the Queen's visit the title, "Royal Leamington Spa," was conferred upon the town in 1838.

Thus, in the words of Hawthorne, who wrote

most lovingly of Leamington in "Our Old Home": "The original nucleus, the plausible excuse for the town's coming into prosperous existence, lies in the fiction of a chalybeate well, which, indeed, is so far a reality that out of its magical depths have gushed streets, gardens, mansions, shops, and churches, and spread themselves along the banks of the little river Leam. The miracle accomplished, the beneficent fountain has retired beneath a pump room."

The beneficent fountain has not "retired" in the sense of having finished business, for it enjoys to-day a greater vogue than ever, and the attendant nymphs, who dispense the water from a beautiful shell-shaped basin of pure white marble, are generally kept busy. The Corporation of Leamington — one of the most enterprising public bodies in the Kingdom — has spent enormous sums in endeavouring to meet the wants of those who visit the town in quest of health and pleasure. It is still one of the great unexplained mysteries why people flock abroad to Kissengen and Homburg, and endure the fatigue, discomfort, and expense of a long journey, when here at home, in the very heart of England, is a spa with virtues every whit as great, and accommodation in all respects equal and in some far superior. The cost of the handsome Pump Room, with its fine Doric colonnade, amounted to upwards of £20,000. The bathing establishment includes baths and balneological appliances of every imaginable kind, of the most up-to-date pattern, and adapted to all sorts and conditions of sufferers. There are even lifts, cranes, and chairs for cripples and invalids who cannot walk. According to the *British Medical Journal*: "Waters of this kind are capable of very varied application, and the list of the diseases finding relief here is a very long one; but perhaps the chief of them, and those which were the main subject of Dr. Jephson's successful practice, were dyspepsia or indigestion, sluggish liver, and affections of the digestive apparatus generally."

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

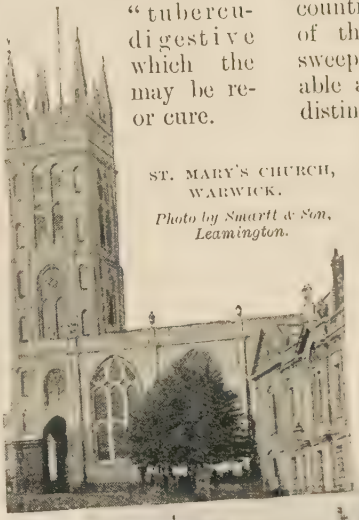
HOLLY WALK.

THE NEW RIVER WALK.

Photos by W. Harvey Barton, Bristol.

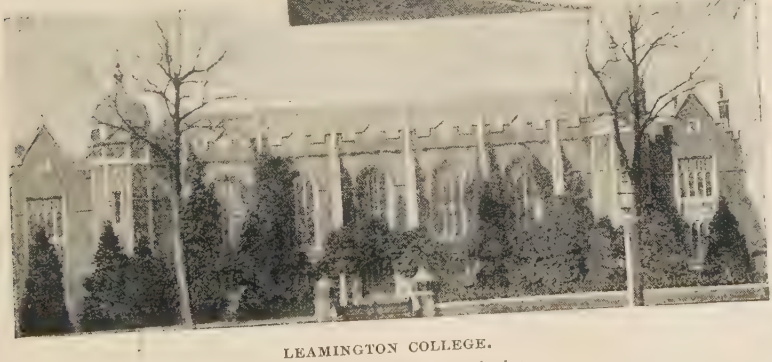
Those whose ailments are not included under this fairly comprehensive statement may obtain, on application at the Pump Room, a little pamphlet in which is considerately set forth a fearful list of diseases, ranging from simple "tubercular disease of the digestive apparatus," all of which the Leamington waters may be relied upon to relieve or cure.

So far so good. But the healthy patron of the grill, who knows nothing of "tubercular disease of the digestive apparatus," and little of any other trouble, organic or mental, may say, "What has this to do with me? Leamington may be the best of all possible places for invalids, so by all means let them have it to themselves." No greater mistake could be made. If an earthquake caused the water to disappear to-morrow, Leamington would still have attractions enough and to spare. Well has it been called "Leafy Leamington." There is hardly a town in England that is so little like a town and so much like a garden. Foliage meets the eye on every side: there are trees in the streets, trees in the gardens, trees in the parks and by the riverside, trees wherever roots can find soil to nourish them. Almost every thoroughfare in the fashionable part of the town is shaded by elms, planes, and sweet-scented limes, and in many cases banked by well-kept grass-plats. The Parade is a kind of countrified Regent Street, alike in the contents of the shops and in the curving upward sweep of the road. It has, too, the indefinable air of cleanliness which is one of the distinguishing features of the famous London thoroughfare. Indeed, the town generally is about the best groomed in the Kingdom, the new red sandstone soil on which it is built greatly facilitating the efforts of the zealous authorities. A journalist who ought to have known better once went so far as to declare that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to eat an *al fresco* lunch off the pavement—as if Leamington would allow its spotless footways to be degraded by any such vulgarity!



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WARWICK.
Photo by Smartt & Son, Leamington.

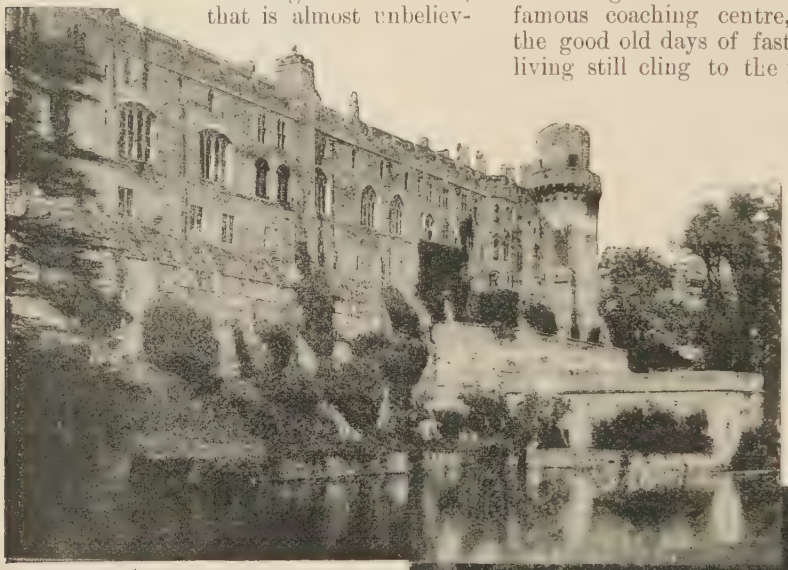
LORD LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK.
Photo by W. Harvey Barton, Bristol.



LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.
Photo by Smartt & Son, Leamington.

Right in the heart of the town is a little Paradise. It is called the Jephson Gardens, after a distinguished doctor who by his persistent advocacy of the waters did much to make the town famous, but its rightful name is, as we have said, Little Paradise. Anyone

may go in free on certain days of the week, and on other days the charge for admission is no more than a penny. Here are broad lawns and gaily decked flower-beds, tortuous riverside paths, a pretty lily-dotted lake, and numbers of magnificent trees. Above all, here is peace—an intense quiet, save for the songs of the birds, that is almost unbelievable in the centre of a busy, go-ahead town.



WARWICK CASTLE: RIVER FRONT.
Photo by W. Harvey Barton, Bristol.

On the other side of the Parade is another delightful open space attached to the Pump Room; and a short walk brings one again to what Drayton calls "the high-complexioned Leam," by the banks of which is a short and pretty walk to the recently opened Victoria Park, a memorial of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

A pretty stroll to the north of the town leads to the village of Lillington, now practically absorbed in its larger neighbour. By the side of the road, securely guarded by an iron railing, is a gigantic oak tree, said to mark the "Centre of England." The authorities of the Ordnance Survey would probably decline to set the seal of official sanction to this statement, but its approximate accuracy can hardly be disputed.

The Town Improvement Association sees to it that visitors shall not be dull. There are daily band performances and concerts, and occasionally a grand gala day is held at the Jephson Gardens, when the trees and the lake are decked with fairy lamps and lanterns, and King Carnival holds sovereign sway.

The rambler, the cyclist, the golfer, the tennis player, the cricketer, the huntsman, will all find ample provision for their wants at this delightful Midland spa.

During the thirties Leamington was a famous coaching centre, and memories of the good old days of fast driving and faster living still cling to the place. It was here that Jack Mytton made and won his famous wager that he would ride his mare into the hotel dining-room, make her jump over the table and the heads of the assembled guests, and then out of the balcony into the street below. There were gay times, too, under the old *régime*, in the assembly rooms, when the belles and dandies of the period danced and talked scandal at inordinate hours under the direction of a Master of the Ceremonies well nigh as autocratic as Beau Nash of Bath.

THE GREAT HALL, WARWICK CASTLE.
Photo by Smartt & Son, Leamington.

Aunt Gilchrist, in William Black's "In Far Lochaber," would certainly have described

THE BANQUETING HALL, KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Photo by Smartt & Son, Leamington.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Photo by Harvey Barton, Bristol.

Leamington as "a grand place for being in the middle of things." It *is* in the middle—in the very middle—and, what is more, the things around it are well worth being in the middle of. But two miles away is the dear old town of Warwick—sleepy, old-fashioned, quaint, but possessing objects of the greatest interest in its magnificent Castle, the beautiful Beauchamp Chapel, and Lord Leicester's ancient Hospital. Less than six miles away is the crumbling ruin of Kenilworth Castle, with its memories of Elizabeth and Leicester, and poor, heart-broken Amy Robsart. A few miles beyond is Coventry, the city of the cycle and of the three spires; and northward again is Nuneaton and the George Eliot country. Eastward is Rugby, with its famous foundation; westward the great city of Birmingham; and southward, eight or nine miles only by road, the picturesque town on the Avon which gave Shakespeare to the world.

How many coast towns can offer attractions to equal these?

SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT IN TRINITY CHURCH.

Photo by Smartt & Son, Leamington.

Photo by] CHARLECOTE HALL. [*D. McNeille, Stratford-on-Avon.*

THE BANNER-MAKER AND HIS ART.

By Leonard W. Lillingston.

Photographs by C. Pilkington.

THERE were £20,000 worth of banners from Tutill's, of the City Road, at one year's May Day demonstration alone. Mr. Tutill is Universal Provider to the friendly societies and trade unions. He is, however, a banner-painter first and the rest afterwards.

Now, the actual painting of the banner is merely an incident in its production. You must begin at the beginning, with the hank of raw silk. It must be dyed, then wound, then warped. Next it is woven into pieces four yards wide. If the banner were not all of one piece a high wind would soon find it out. This unusual width of silk requires looms of unusual size. The Jacquard looms of the City Road are probably the largest in the world. The weavers are descended in an unbroken line from the little colony of Huguenots who made their home in Spitalfields upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The craft has been handed down from generation to generation. It requires marvellous accuracy of hand and eye, for a single broken thread would show in the piece. There are objections to the ordinary twilled silk of commerce, even if it could be procured of the right width. Every pound of raw silk contains about a quarter of a pound of curd soap, added in the throwing. This must be boiled out. Twilled silk, again, is "weighted" with dye and adulterated with cotton. For banners, pure silk, and nothing but pure silk, is suitable.

THE STUDIO, WITH THE ARTISTS AT WORK.

The strength of these banners is astonishing, if you consider how light they are. The largest banners made, measuring twelve feet by ten, weigh only about two pounds. Mr. Tutill told me an amusing anecdote, illustrating the tremendous powers of resistance a banner of pure silk possesses. He was explaining it to a visitor. There was a square of silk stretched upon a frame near them, awaiting the artist. "You might throw yourself bodily against it," said Mr. Tutill, "it would not break." The visitor, without more ado, took him at his word. He was painfully surprised, a moment later, to find himself lying upon his back, in the middle of the floor, six feet from the banner!

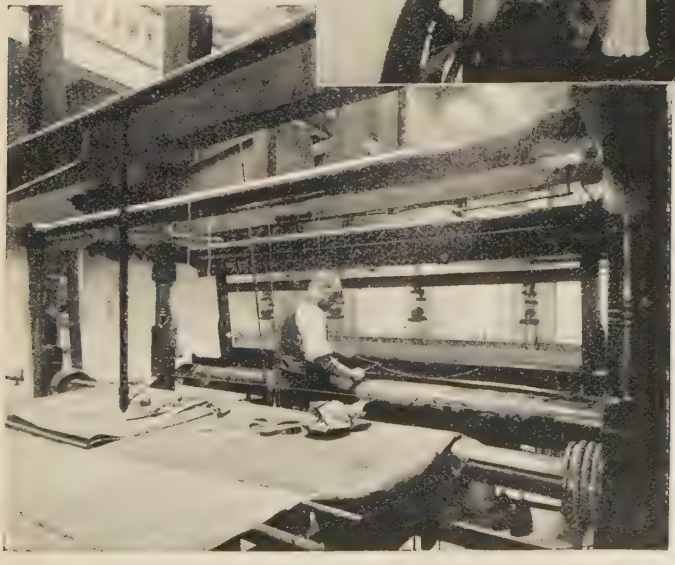
The chief buyers are the friendly, trade, and temperance societies and religious bodies of the United Kingdom; and there are a good many of these, though not all are known to fame. Everyone has heard of the Foresters, the Oddfellows, the Druids, the Ancient Britons, the Shepherds, the Buffaloes

SMALL HANDLOOMS.

customers of the banner-maker. There are friendly societies all over the world, as far north as Iceland, as far south as the Cape, and they are all addicted to banners. It has been observed that societies are a weakness of the race. The first thing that two or three Britishers in a foreign land do is to call a meeting and form themselves into a society of some sort. Their example sometimes infects the natives. Tutill's

the Good Templars, the Sons of Phœnix, and the Rechabites. But the Ancient Order of Comical Fellows, the Free Gardeners, the True Ivorites, the Romans, the Anglo-Saxons, the Caledonian Corks, and the Modern Masons will be new to some of us. They are, however, all good

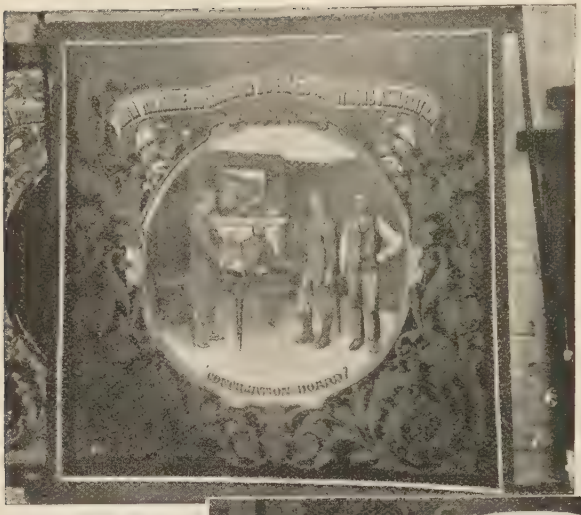
WINDING THE SILK.



WEAVING A BANNER. ONE OF TWO LOOMS WHICH ARE PROBABLY THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

received an order for a banner from an Ashantee prince who had founded a lodge. Money was not yet the universal medium of exchange in his country; so he paid his bill in cocoanuts and palm oil. There are hundreds of lodges in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa. Germany, France, and Holland have also their friendly societies.

Some banners are of plain silk, others have woven ornamental borders.



There is invariably a broad band or scroll left at the top, for the name of the Society or for a motto or text. The mottoes may be somewhat hackneyed, but they are good sense and sound philosophy to boot—as: "Unity is Strength," "Labor Omnia Vincit," "United We Stand, Divided We Fall," "As the Tree is Bent the Twig's Inclined," "The Labourer is Worthy of His Hire." With the religious and temperance organisations a text of Scripture generally takes the place of the motto.

In painting trade union banners a considerable amount of technical knowledge is required. The engineers, for example, may want a picture showing the forging of the crank of a man-of-war; the railway man, the latest type of locomotive; the cooper, the making of a cask. Flax dressers, printers, farriers, boot clickers, miners, paviors, iron-founders, platelayers, weavers, brickmakers, costermongers—these are a few of the callings with which the artist must have a working acquaintance.

The trade unionist is a shrewd judge of the value of the law of contrast. Look on this picture, and on that! A journeyman baker is coming out of a shop with a tray of loaves on his head. His form is thin and wasted, his face cadaverous. He works sixteen hours a day! See the sprucely dressed young "feller" who is passing. He works eight hours a day. "Not done yet, Bill?" he says. "No, I've eight hours more to put in," replies his friend. Or the miner — "After Twelve Hours' Work; After Eight Hours' Work." On one side of the picture he is seen sitting at the table, his head in his hands, regardless of the meal that is spread before him, of his wife and the little one brought from her bed to wish him good-night. On the other side he is dancing the child on his knee, the good wife smiling happily down upon them

THREE TYPICAL CLUB BANNERS.

both. Or a contribution on the question of child labour. Two little boys, one in the pink of condition, the other wan and woe-begone. "I go to school," says the first. "*I* go to the mine," says the second.

Sometimes, however, the trade societies affect the allegorical. Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, after they had "sewed fig leaves together to make themselves aprons," is a design greatly favoured by the tailors. What a vista in the evolution of dress is opened up to the mind's eye! But symbolism is on the wane. Actuality is becoming popular. The banner of the Portsmouth costermongers represents High Street, Portsmouth, lined with the costers and their barrows, and business at its best. On the other side a picture of Portsmouth Town Hall. The coster seems to be a thorough realist. In a banner painted for another society he is seen arguing the point — no doubt with studied moderation—with a stony-hearted policeman, who has an eye to obstruction.

ANOTHER WELL-KNOWN DEVICE.

The banners of the friendly societies are somewhat stereotyped; the design is regulated by the rules of the order. No two banners, however, are exactly alike. It is usual to have the emblematic device of the society on one side, and a second picture, illustrating its works and aims, on the other. For example, the society may affect a design which represents a member of the order visiting a sick brother and giving relief to the wife and children. He is generally clothed in a loose tunic, and very little besides. This is, no doubt, a little fanciful; we may safely assume that the almoner does not pay his calls so dressed.

The banners of the religious bodies generally illustrate some well-known incident of Scripture—the Good Shepherd; the Infant Samuel; Daniel in the Lions' Den; the Baptism in the Jordan; Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee. The temperance societies are inveterate symbolists. We have, for example, the Giant of Intemperance slain by the Sword of Total Abstinence; Want, Crime, and Misery are fleeing away, Joy, Love, and Plenty are taking their place. Or again, in the centre of the picture a sheaf of barley. On one side of it a British workman with his wife and family, the apotheosis of happiness and contentment. A female figure—probably the Goddess of Plenty again—is handing him a loaf. There is a mill in the background. The moral is obvious—here is barley put to its proper use. On the other side of the sheaf another British workman with his family. He is lying drunk upon the ground, his wife and children lost in sad reflection. Instead of the Goddess, we have the Skeleton of Want and Despair looking down upon them with ill-concealed satisfaction. The whisky-still at the back drives the moral home once more—barley put to an improper use.

Portraits of their public men are highly popular with all the societies. The trade

society will have a well known labour leader ; the friendly society the founder of the lodge ; the Sunday-school a portrait of the pastor or superintendent.

Probably the most elaborate and expensive banners go to Ireland. A number were specially painted for last year's celebration of the Centenary of '98. There were portraits of Robert Emmett, Wolfe Tone, James Hope, and other Irish patriots, and a stirring presentment of the battle of Castlebar—at which place the rebels gained a temporary victory over the English forces. The Orangeman's pictorial favourites, on the other hand, are the battle of the Boyne, or a portrait of William the Third of "Glorious and Immortal Memory."

Tutill's made a notable banner of silk and gold for the last Jubilee. It was flown by the railway company from the train which brought the Queen to London. The design was of an heraldic character. Her Majesty is very particular in such matters ; it probably had to pass under her critical eye before it was hoisted. There was very little of it left when the Jubilee was over. The banner has yet to be made which will survive several successive railway journeys, even at a moderate rate of speed.

The Marquis of Bute made a remarkable display when the Prince of Wales visited Cardiff. The walls of Cardiff Castle were covered with banners bearing the arms of the noble families to which he is allied by birth or marriage.

A banner is by no means complete when the painter has finished with it. A silk border must be attached to the edge, a fringe at the bottom. The cross-pole from which the banner is suspended is covered with silver leaf. The polished carrying-poles have spearheads fixed at the top by way of a finish. Then there are the broad leather straps—with brass sockets to take the poles—to go round the shoulders of the bearers. On the top of these carrying-poles are the guy-lines, the ends of which are held by two men other than the bearers, to steady the banner should a breeze spring up. Finally, ornamental tassels are hung from the cross-pole, so as to fall one on each side.

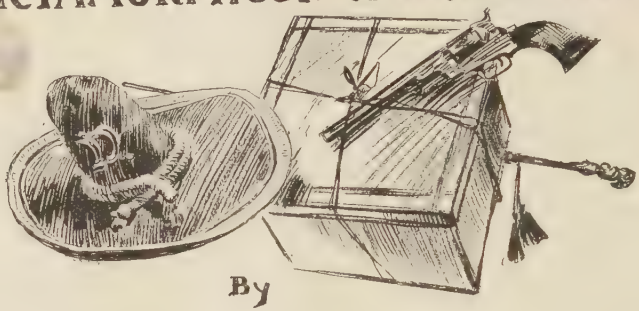
The cost of the processional banner fluctuates between £50 and £80. With good usage they sometimes last as long as thirty years. The dock labourers bought and wore out many hundreds of pounds' worth during their historic struggle. Banners may even be hired, at a charge of a guinea a day ; for what would a procession be like without them? Suppose for a moment that a sumptuary law were passed forbidding their use, it would very soon fall out, I fear, that there would be no processions. You must have a flag to march under, as well as a tune to keep time to.

TRIMMING THE BANNERS.

"All in a Garden Fair."

By Marcella Walker.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF CORPUS DELICTI



By J. H. CRANSON

HERR SMITHSON, manager of the prima donna Madame Del Sarto, was returning East with his star from a somewhat unprofitable tour on the Pacific Slope. They gave concerts at various places along the route, but Fortune remained coy. At last, at Sagetown, the manager hatched a scheme for raising the wind of Bismarckian size and audacity. Its nature may be guessed from the concluding passages of a conversation that occurred between the manager and a dark-skinned, long-haired citizen in a big sombrero and wearing a belt in which was stuck a revolver and a long knife. This ominously equipped individual was tall of stature, long-limbed, gaunt, and strong. His eyes were dark and sullen, with drooping lids. His long moustache was also dark and drooping, and his voice was of a pitch so subterranean that it seemed to come from at least half a mile under ground, and of such a quality and tone that its faintest breathings would bring any stage team to a dead halt and elevate the hands of all the passengers. Anyone familiar with Western mythology will understand at once that this brief description can apply to but one person, the noted Bill Deathburrow, the promoter of cemeteries and patron saint of undertakers, popularly known as "Corpus," and sometimes as "Corpus Delicti."

"That's your lay-out, is it?" said Delicti, speaking in a kind of pianissimo double bass; "I'm to hold up the stage this side of Hogsnout, unload the lady, and take her over to the cross-road by the Dogbranch; and you will come out there and recapture her?"

"That's it," said Smithson.

"And the stuff?"

"That's all right. I'll pay you the money when I get the lady—fifty dollars."

"Fifty won't do; the ante will have to be a hundred."

"A hundred! Why, we've been talking fifty. The job won't take over half a day, and fifty for half a day is good business."

"Ordinarily, maybe; but there's things to be considered. There's my character. I've got a reputation, and it won't sound well that Corpus Delicti surrendered to a tenderfoot. Then there's expenses. I'll have to hire a burro for the lady, and my helper will have to see coin. I'll take the Kiote with me; he hasn't sand to shoot a hen, but he can hold a gun on the driver while I work the passengers." Here he beckoned to a red-haired, wizened little fellow with bandy legs, one shorter than the other, who came see-sawing across the room and was introduced as the "Lame Kiote," or "Limpy," and who embraced with enthusiasm the manager's proposition to take a drink.

"That's the terms," said Corpus, after the refreshments had been absorbed. "We couldn't do this job for less, could we, Limpy?"

"No," promptly answered the Kiote, who knew nothing about either the job or the proposed terms.

"All right," said Smithson, who found himself outvoted. "A hundred is it, then. And now understand. It is the first stage that goes over the road to-morrow—the Sagetown stage. The one from Violet comes over, and passes through Sagetown, and goes on the Hogsnout about two hours

later; but our stage is the first one in the morning."

"That's all clear," said Delicti; "the particulars are comprehended."

"There may be a little delay," added Smithson, "in my getting to the rescue. The people at Hogsnout may turn out to assist me; but if they do, I'll lead the crowd off and dodge away from them."

"Don't let that thought disturb your mind," answered Corpus. "I know the crowd over there; and when they hear that Corpus Delicti is at the other end of the trail, you won't be incommoded by no volunteers."

Bidding his confederates good-bye until the morrow, the manager sought the hotel, to hold counsel with Madame Del Sarto.

"I say, Sally, I've got a big scheme," said he, bustling into the parlour where she was sitting alone; "something to wake the dead and set them scrambling to get to the box-office."

"What do you mean?" asked the lady, in a tone somewhat of contempt.

"Listen!" replied Smithson eagerly. "You take the stage in the morning. Somewhere between here and Hogsnout, Delicti, the man you saw me talking with just now, will hold up the whole business and take you out. He will be accompanied by a citizen of this place, a very fine man, and they will escort you to a place we have agreed on. Delicti is a perfect gentleman, and you will be treated with the greatest politeness. I will go to Hogsnout to-night, so as to meet the stage when it reaches there with the news of your abduction. Then I'll rip and tear around like mad, borrow a revolver, and dash out to the rescue. In an hour or two I shall bring you back to Hogsnout in triumph, and we'll go right on to Golden Desire, where the story will have preceded us. There the whole population will turn out to get a sight of you, the opera house will be jammed, and the pecuniary results enormous. And that is only the beginning. The story of the abduction of the great prima donna by the famous desperado Corpus Delicti, and of her rescue singlehanded, after a desperate battle with knives and revolvers, by her plucky manager, Herr Smithson, will be telegraphed all over the world; and when we get East, there will be no theatres large enough to hold the crowds, and men will fight like bull-dogs for standing room in the lobby."

Madame Del Sarto saw the point. The few details to be settled between them were soon disposed of, and with a parting "*Au revoir*" the manager went away to take his place for the coming drama and to wait for his cue at Hogsnout.

Everybody knows that the best-laid schemes often go wrong. On the morrow, at the hour scheduled for the departure of the first stage, there was an unexpected delay. The passengers, including Madame Del Sarto, were all aboard and their fares paid, but "six-

"'I say, Sally, I've got a big scheme.'"

fingered" Joe, the driver, was missing. After half-an-hour's waiting it was learned that he had gone into a saloon, presumably to take a drink, but had got into an argument with the bar-tender, and had had a 44-slug blown into his stomach instead. To find a substitute and get him ready to start took time, and, in the meanwhile, the stage from Violet came along, and halting only long enough to give drink to the thirsty horses and driver went on ahead. And so it happened that, instead of being the first over the road, the vehicle that carried the prima donna stood idle at Sagetown, while its Violet rival was jogging merrily along the road toward the point of vantage where Corpus Delicti and the Lame Kiote awaited the coming of their victim.

There were four passengers in the Violet stage—three men and a woman. The men were a Presbyterian minister, a Pinkerton detective, and a "traveller" from a Chicago shoe house. Anyone would have written down the woman as "spinster" at first sight, and we here introduce her as Miss Lorena June, of Currency, Kansas, and we hope the reader will take a good look at her, for she is well worth it.

Miss June's age was, of course, uncertain, but she must have been quite a slip of a girl when Lee surrendered. She was tall and rather lean, not very angular, but large-boned and strong looking. Her hair was black, coarse, and brushed well back; her face long and narrow; her mouth wide, with thin lips that shut close together. She used spectacles with very large glasses and wore a plain, dark-coloured dress and a brown straw hat with pink ribbons. She was sitting—and had sat all day—erect, motionless, and silent, holding in her lap a large bandbox across the top of which was an umbrella, all kept in place by her brown, ungloved hands.

Conversation had been slack in the stage. The lady had kept her eyes fixed on the faces of her fellow-travellers with an expression that implied disapproval, and they all thought they could read in those steadfast orbs a suspicion that they were confidence men and had designs on the bandbox. Once the detective started to tell a story, but Miss June levelled her spectacles at his face with a persistent certainty of aim that was disconcerting, and the story dwindled, and became innocuous and meagre of detail, and finally finished without coming to anything.

The horses were going at a brisk trot, when suddenly the vehicle stopped with an abruptness that made the passengers lurch forward on their seats—all but Miss June, the rigidity of whose position was not easily disturbed. Simultaneously there was a vibration, a shuddering of the air, and then the ventral tones of Corpus Delicti, "*Hands up!*"

This invitation was addressed to the driver, but the men inside waited no second call; their three pairs of hands went into the air with a celerity and force of action that jerked their shirt collars up against their ears. Miss June looked surprised, but said nothing and clutched her bandbox with a firmer grip. Then the door was opened and the muzzle of a revolver appeared, backed by a face the aspect of which sent the three men into a frantic struggle to get their hands through the top of the stage. Slowly the ominous eyes passed over the group and rested on Miss June.

"A fine day, lady and gents," said the deep voice.

"See here, mister," said the lady, "you can't come in here. I won't have tramps ridin' with me. There's suspicious-lookin' characters enough in here now, and I won't have no more of 'em. Make him git on outside, driver."

"You're dead right, miss," said Corpus; "they are a bad-looking lot, and we'll shake their company. Just shunt yourself this way and I'll help you out."

"Help me out? I ain't goin' to git out; and if I was, I could do it without your help. Go away, you nasty-lookin' villain. Driver, why don't you go on?"

"The lady doesn't understand the situation, Colonel," said the detective. "You see, miss, this is a hold-up; and you see——"

"Yes, I see a fool. I'm lookin' at him now. If it's a hold-up, you'd better keep your mouth shet, and you can hold up your hands all the easier. You're a purty-lookin' specimen. You look gay, settin' there all humped up and your paws in the air. You'd better tell another funny story, hadn't you?"

"Bully for you, me lady," said Delicti. "You're as good as a circus with a bull-fight attachment; but business is business, and time is flowing, so have the kindness to step this way. Never mind the bandbox; leave it right there; it'll be safe; the company is responsible."

"I tell you I ain't goin' to git out! I've said it twice now and that's enough; and if I was, I wouldn't leave my bandbox. Where I go that goes, and where I stay that stays. And I can tell you something else: if you p'int that pistol at me, I'll—I'll swat ye."

She gripped the handle of her umbrella with both hands, braced herself, and awaited developments.

"Madam," said the clergyman, in a quavering voice, "I do not believe this good gentleman has any evil intentions toward you; and I think that under the circumstances, and to avoid the possible effusion of blood, it would be advisable for you to alight."

"What do you know about it, you bald-headed old poke? He's about as much a gentleman as you are a man, I reckon. Why don't you git out and go along with him yourself, if you think so much of him? I declare, if it ain't enough to forever disgust everybody with the whole sex. Three great lumuxes afraid of one mean-lookin' old vaga-

bond! Why don't you pitch at him and make him go away? Put that down."

This last remark was caused by an adroit movement on the part of Delicti. Taking advantage of a movement when her attention was on the clergyman, he had slily reached his disengaged hand inside and got possession of the bandbox. "Put it down, I say. You won't, eh?" She rose to her feet and the light of battle was in her eyes as she made for the door, through which her property was disappearing. "Git out of my way, Smarty. Let me out, then. I'll show him. I think you'd all better git petticoats the first thing after you git home."

"I concur in the resolution of the House," shouted the Kiote, who was shaking with laughter to a degree that rendered the aim of the gun he was holding on the driver very uncertain.

"What are you laffin' about, you little red-headed monkey?" said Miss June, as she bounded from the stage.

"All clear, drive on," said Delicti.

"Go ahead, driver, you are discharged," yelled the Kiote.

"Don't you dare stir a step till I git my bandbox and git back into the wagon," said Miss June.

These conflicting instructions confused the driver and he remained stationary. Then ensued a battle royal. Delicti with the bandbox, like a lion bearing off his prey, with eye alert, backed slowly away from his approaching foe. She, like a lioness springing to the rescue of her cub, went at him with a rush, and delivered a sweeping blow with her umbrella, which he avoided by ducking, but which sent his sombrero into the sand. Then followed, in quick succession, upper cut, under cut, jab, and side swing—he dodging, ducking, parrying, and still backing

"'A fine day, ladies and gents.'"

off, she cutting and thrusting and pressing him hotly in front. The Kiote was now in the sand, rolling about and howling, and the three men in the stage, their hands still up, were looking out with staring eyes upon the combat.

"Drive ahead there, you lump-jawed son of a jack rabbit!" roared Corpus, who, sore pressed, was doing his best to make his hands keep his head. This order galvanised the driver into life and he brought his heavy whip across the horses with a crack that sent them off at a gallop.

As the stage moved away Miss June turned and ran a few steps as if to overtake it; but quickly realising that it was too late, she abandoned the chase, and going to the side of the road stood for a full minute silently looking after the disappearing vehicle. Then she came back and went to her bandbox, which Delicti had carefully placed upon the ground, right side up. Her hat was awry and turned half around, and some locks of her long black hair were hanging loose; but neither in her face nor manner was there any sign of passion or disappointment. She picked up her bandbox and seemed pleased as she examined it. "It ain't hurt a bit," said she; "it's queer, but I don't believe I hit it once."

Then she put it down and walked slowly to where Delicti was standing, and going close to him looked him over with deliberate scrutiny. Slowly her eyes passed down from his head to his feet, and from his feet back to his head; and as they came up to the level of his own there was a shade of softening in them. Perhaps she felt some womanish admiration for his stalwart proportions and virile strength, or was touched by the rude chivalry he had manifested, even in his direst extremity, in guarding her bandbox against her blows, as if it were a part of his own person.

"Well," said she, "you ain't quite as bad a lookin' man as you might be, though there's plenty room for improvement. But I guess we're both of us a sight to behold."

She took off her hat and held it between her teeth while she gathered her loose hair, twisted it up, and tucked it in behind. Then she put on her hat, balanced and adjusted it, and after giving her skirts a vigorous shake turned again to Delicti. "Well, you've got me; and now what are you goin' to do with me?"

"Bless me if I know," he answered; "but the intentions was that the gent that wants you would meet us over on the other road by the Dog branch."

"The gent that wants me? A man?"

"Yes'm, a sort of a man—a tenderfoot."

"Who under the canopy can it be? What's his name?"

"I've disremembered his exact name, but it sounds something like Smith."

"Smith? I know Smiths enough, goodness knows, but I can't think of any of 'em this would be likely to be. What kind of a lookin' man is he?"

"Smartish looking, but no beauty."

"How is he complected?"

"Lightish, with an incline to pinkish about the nose."

"I don't want no pink-nosed man round me; but I can't think who it can be. Say, what's your name? I think we'd better be introduced."

"H'm—well—I'm of opinion that my name originally was William Deathburrow."

"Dear me! That's a thrillin'-soundin' name, ain't it? My name is Miss Lorena June. Now, you say I was to be took over to—what's the name of the place?"

"Yes, Miss June, that was my orders."

"Humph! A heap I care for your orders if I don't want to go."

"I'm soundly convinced on that point, Miss June; you needn't argue it a minute."

"Well, Mr. Deathburrow, it's just this way: from your descriptions of the man, I don't think I should like him, nor from his actions; but I've great curiosity to see who it is. If it wa'n't for that I'd make you send Red Head after a horse and buggy to take me to Rockerville, where I'm goin' on a visit to Fluorella Pease, and keep you here with me as bail till he got back. But as things are I'll go, and the sooner we start the sooner we'll git there. What's that Red Head doin' now?"

She had caught sight of the Kiote, just as he had fastened his mouth to the neck of a quart flask and was about to elevate it into the air.

"What are you drinkin' out of that bottle? Liquor?"

"Yes'm," he answered meekly; "not drinkin' exactly, but just a-goin' to. Would you like some of it?"

"Yes, I'd like all of it. Bring it here. Bring it here!" she repeated with emphasis as he hesitated.

Thus adjured, he advanced with halting steps and surrendered the bottle.

"I don't approve of drinkin'," said she. "I've seen the evil effects, and won't have

it. I ought by good rights to empty it out, but it's sometimes useful in sickness, and so I won't; but I'll see that it don't tempt you any more right off. And I've got a word in season for you, young man, and that is, you laff too much for your own good. I like laffin' in its place; but if I catch you makin' any more fun of me, I'll straighten them legs of yours in such a way that they'll come out even."

She then put the bottle into the bandbox and declared herself ready to start.

"How are we goin'?"

"Here's your burro," answered Delicti, "Tote him up, Kiote."

"What, that little jackass? Me ride on him? I'm better able to carry him than he is me."

"You'll find his strength all right, Miss June."

She went up to the animal and put her hands on his back.

"How'm I going to git on? I can git on to any horse, but this thing ain't high enought to jump on to, and he's a little too high to set down on."

"Let me help you, Miss June," said Delicti, and then he took her in his strong arms and, lifting her up as he would a baby, placed her securely in her seat. It was the first masculine embrace she had ever experienced, and there was an unmistakable smile on her plain brown face as she looked down approvingly at her late antagonist.

"She delivered a sweeping blow with her umbrella."

"Well, I declare, Mr. Deathburrow, if you ain't strong! I always did admire a good, sizable, stout man. I hate a runt."

The cavalcade now moved off, Delicti leading the burro with one hand and carrying the bandbox with the other. The Kiote brought up the rear and seemed to be pondering something.

"Have you lived very long about here,

Mr. Deathburrow?" said Miss June, after they had gone some distance in silence.

"Well—no, Miss June—not exactly—not very long, just lately. As a fact, I haven't stopped very long anywhere for some period back."

"That's bad," said she; "a roamin' stone gathers no moss. Are you a married man?"

"No, Miss June! not in the least."

"You'd ought to be. You'd be more respected if you was settled down and had a capable wife to look after you, cut your hair, and make you look decent. But I wouldn't advise anybody to settle on sech land as this. I wouldn't give a cent an acre for it. I've got a quarter section in Kansas, as good land as ever lay outdoors. No incumbrance—eighty acres improved—timber and water—a good house—plenty of stock, and money ahead. There's everything that heart could wish. I've carried it on alone for fifteen years, and probably always shall. But it's botherin' sometimes. I have to depend on hired men, and they want overseein'. I can do that, but I have to oversee in the house, too; and sometimes I wish I could be in two places at once, or find some capable man to take one of the places. I used to formerly think, sometimes, that I might in the future git married; but, oh, calamities of Jeremiah! how is anybody goin' to find the suitable kind of a man? The men now'days are mostly all fools and uncompetents, like them coots in the stage." At this recollection Miss June indulged in a grim chuckle.

Delicti gave her a sly look of intelligence, and when their eyes met his face wore a smile that matched hers. Then there was silence for a time. As they went along Miss June's eyes rested on her escort with an expression that indicated strong interest, not unmixed with speculation as to possibilities; and as he walked at her side he had the air of a man trying to make up his mind on a difficult question. As for the Kiote, his humour had vanished. He was superstitious and had grown horribly afraid of this masterful woman who so coolly assumed authority over him and seemed to dominate even the terrible Corpus Delicti himself.

The *rendezvous* was soon reached, but Herr Smithson had not yet appeared. Delicti showed no signs of impatience at this, but the Kiote was disappointed and anxious. Miss June remarked that, while they were waiting, she would take a stitch in her dress, which had been torn in the scuffle; and she was soon busy among the contents of the bandbox. Under cover of this diversion the Kiote held a whispered conversation with Delicti.

"Say, Corpus, I'm for skinnin' out."

"Why for? What's the matter with ye?"

"I'm hoodooed. She's a thirty-two degree witch; and if we don't vamose while we can, she'll ride us for a couple of broomsticks for all eternity."

"She ain't a bad one, Simpy. I rather like her; and if the tenderfoot comes and she goes away with him, I rather incline to think I shall lick him."

"Oh, Corpus, she's jumped your claim sure! But there comes the tenderfoot. Now's our chance. I say scoot!"

The sound of wheels grinding in the sand was heard, and Herr Smithson appeared, driving a horse and buckboard. He alighted and came briskly forward; but his enthusiasm went down to zero when, instead of meeting Madame Del Sarto, he was confronted by the threatening figure of Miss June, whose face had a look in it that boded trouble, but quickly changed to one of grim amusement.

"So you're the man that wants me, are you?" said she. "Confound your impudence, to s'pose I'd take up with a pussy little squab of a thing like you! Oh, my! Good-bye, Johnny!" She shut her eyes with a grimace, snapped her fingers, and went back to her bandbox.

By this time the resourceful manager had got his second wind. "A fine day, Mr.—Corpus. Well, here we are, but where's the lady?"

"It appears to me she's visible to the naked eye," answered Delicti, motioning with his head in the direction of Miss June, but looking very steadily at Smithson.

"Why, my dear sir, you are joking."

"Why for? She's the only lady I know of in these parts."

"But, my esteemed friend, there's a mistake. That—ah—party over there is not the lady."

"What's that you say?" roared Delicti. "What did you call her? Her no lady? Take that back, you sucker, or——" He reached his hand behind him, drew his revolver half out of his belt, and made a stride forward.

"Stop it!" cried Miss June. "Stop it right off! I won't have no fightin' over me!" She came up on a run, and with a dexterous movement hooked the crooked handle of her umbrella into Delicti's belt and jerked him backward. There was a sharp report, and Delicti, suddenly lifting one of his feet,

grasped it with both hands. A chamber of his revolver had been discharged, and the bullet, passing downward, had gone through his foot.

There was a quick shifting of characters in the scene. At the report of the pistol Herr Smithson bounded into the air like a rubber ball and sprinted down the road at a pace that would take him out of the State by the next morning, while the Kiote, giving a yell of dismay, took to his heels, and, working his unequal legs to their full capacity, made off through the sage brush in the opposite direction. But, prompt as were these movements, they were not quicker than those of Miss June. Before the manager had made a dozen jumps she was into her bandbox, and had out of it a heavy shawl, the bottle of whisky, some phials, pieces of cloth, and a pair of scissors. She spread the shawl on the ground, then flew to the buckboard, and was back in a flash with the seat cushion, which she put down on the shawl. Then she went to Delicti and put her shoulder under his arm. He, in the meantime, had been hopping about on one foot and bellowing forth his wrath and anguish in roarings that added fresh vigour to the terror-inspired legs of Herr Smithson and sent the alarmed burro galloping off after the Kiote.

"Come right along with me now—right along. You may holler all you want to; it's good for relievin' pain, but swearin' won't better it none."

She helped him to sit down on the shawl and gave him some of the whisky. "It's good for these occasions," said she, "and it's lucky I took it, or that Red Head would have drinked it all up by this time. Now let me have that butcher-knife." She unhooked his belt, took out the knife, and then made him lie down with his head on the cushion. In a minute she had cut away his boot and exposed the injured foot. She examined it carefully and not unskilfully with eye and hand, and soon declared her opinion that it wasn't much of a wound, after all. "The bullet's gone clean through," said she, "and it must have hurt awful at first, for it went right in among the cords; but there ain't no arteries busted nor bones broke."

She took bits of cloth, saturated them with the contents of her phials, and put them on the wound. "I use arnica," said she. "Some prefers carbolic oil; but I like arnica, specially for the first application."

"She cut away his boot."

Delicti meanwhile had ceased his complainings and was lying quiet, attentively observing her movements. He looked at her homely, resolute, and yet womanly face, and watched the swift motions of the hands that were so heavy in strife, but so light and deft in their present ministrations.

"Now, Mr. Deathburrow, put your finger on the bandage—right there—and hold it tight, while I git a long piece to bind round the whole and sew it on."

The long piece was soon found, and as she

secured it in place she proceeded to administer some wholesome counsel to her patient. "This accident all comes from your carryin' round a loaded pistol. It's a very careless habit, for it may go off any time and hit somebody. And I sometimes think, William —there, I've said it. Well, I might as well say it as think it, and I think short names is best between friends, anyway. You may call me Lorena for all I care. But as I was goin' to say, William, I sometimes think you're quick-tempered, and that makes it all the more danger. Think how awful it would be if you had shot the man."

"I warn't a-playing it to hurt the fool," said Delicti. "I wanted to scare him away. I was afraid he'd coax you off with him, and I wouldn't had you slope with him for twice the stakes he was to cough up."

"Oh, William, what a joker you are! Me go off with him? I should have thought you'd know me better. But you scairt him bad enough to pay him well for his impudence to me. He's run the fat all off from him by this time; and at the rate he was goin' his friends'll never see him agin. There, I think that'll be comfortable; but when we git to the village, we'll have a doctor look at it for safety, though I don't think he can improve it much."

She got him into the buckboard, wrapped her shawl about his foot, and then climbed up herself and took the reins.

"It's lucky that man left his rig behind him," said she. "It looks like a purty good horse for this country, but I guess he's got a touch of the springhalt."

What passed between them on their drive back to Sagetown is a part of their family history and concerns no one outside the family; but as they drove into town, soon after dark, she was saying, "Yes, William, on all accounts it's best for us to go straight home. I can put off the visit to Fluorella Pease — and I don't know as it's very necessary to be made, anyway—and duty calls me back."

They stopped once to make an inquiry of a passer-by, and then drove to a house known to be the residence of the Baptist minister. Here they stopped, and she assisted him into the house, and half an hour later Mr. and Mrs. William Deathburrow came out and went to the doctor's office.

That night when the express went through, among those who boarded the train was a lame man, who supported himself on one side with an umbrella and was supported on the other by a woman who carried in her free hand a large bandbox. She helped him into the car, made a man give up one of the two seats he was monopolising, put him into it, and tucked him up. Then the bell rang, the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" the wheels went round, and the train rushed eastward.

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AMONG THE KENTISH FRUIT PICKERS.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

"THE BAILIFF."

THE county of Kent, with its hop gardens, corn and hay fields, and cob-nut plantations, uncontaminated by the vitiating smoke that frequently blights and lays bare the countryside around our great manufacturing centres, has been appropriately called "The Garden of England." Yet this poetic name might with even stricter accuracy be phrased anew as "The Orchard of England," for although the most generally known product of the county is the hop, Kent is also a stronghold of another agricultural industry, annually increasing in proportions, which bids fair seriously to rival the product so long and so intimately associated with the district. This is the extensive cultivation of cherries, strawberries, raspberries, and currants.

Properly speaking, there are two great fruit-growing districts—one in the north of the county around Swanley, where the largest orchards in the country are to be found, and the other in mid-Kent, round the old county town of Maidstone. The former district is almost entirely devoted to the cultivation of strawberries, raspberries, and currants, or, to adopt the parlance of the fruit-grower, "bottom fruit," while the cherries and plums are chiefly grown around Maidstone.

The annual consumption of fruit of all sorts in this country is enormous, and these particular fruits, owing to their perishable nature, have to be produced as near home as possible. Our markets absorb a vast quantity of the production merely in the supplying of the ephemeral demands of the table; but by far the largest consumption of fruit is that carried on through the medium of the several large jam and preserved fruit factories.

Contracts are arranged between the fruit grower and the jam manufacturer by which the former agrees to supply so much fruit every season. If the crop is a plentiful one, then the grower is able more than sufficiently to meet the demands of the manufacturer and is able to dispose of the fruit over and above this contract quantity at Covent Garden or other markets in various parts of the country. If, on the other hand, there should be a scarcity of fruit, then the grower may have the greatest difficulty in supplying his contracts, and the result is that the jam manufacturers, by buying up all the available fruit, leave scarcely any for marketable purposes; consequently fruit rises in price. There is a

A HEAP OF FRUIT BASKETS.

great deal of uncertainty in the cultivation of fruit. In the spring, when the fields are one mass of bloom, there is every promise of an abundant crop; then Jack Frost pays a visit one night, later than he is wont, and plays sad havoc with the blossom, ruthlessly dashing to the ground all the farmer's bright prospects of a successful season.

The fruit gardens near Swanley extend in all directions. Acre after acre of undulating ground is covered with the dark green foliage of the currant bushes and raspberry canes, or carpeted with strawberry plants all planted in regular longitudinal rows. On

WEIGHING THE FRUIT.

some farms space is economised by planting the strawberries in rows between the currant bushes, but in the majority of cases fields are set aside for the sole cultivation of the different classes of fruit.

The plants require but little attention in their culture. After the pickers have completed their task the raspberry canes and currant bushes are pruned and the strawberries trimmed. Ploughing performs the dual objects of loosening the earth around the roots and clearing away the weeds. The raspberry canes are pruned to a height of about three feet. If this were not done they would grow to six or eight feet in height, and would only bear fruit at the ends, but by keeping them cut back they grow very bushy, and the fruit, in addition to being stronger, better, and richer, is much more abundant. Probably the strawberries require the greatest amount of attention, for, in the spring, straw has to be distributed among the plants to preserve the fruit.

Towards the end of May there is a general exodus from London and other towns of that nomadic population which finds employment in the harvesting of various country products. Many of these summer labourers journey from farm to farm in their caravans searching for employment, while vast numbers have to be content with "Shanks' pony," spending the nights in barns, out-houses, or under the wayside hedge. The majority of the farmers, however, prefer to employ the hands living upon their estates, assisted by the wives and children, as the lawlessness of this vagabond contingent has become intolerable. Yet they are obliged to utilise the services of a large number of gipsies, for the fruit season is short—it lasts about six weeks in all—and work has to be maintained at high pressure during that period in order to gather the crops in. On the farm I visited, which comprised some 400 acres, about 500

RASPBERRY PICKERS AT WORK.

pickers were employed, most of them gipsies in this case.

The daily round of toil commences about half past five in the morning—that is, of course, provided the weather is at all propitious. By this time the summer sun has evaporated all the dew that settled upon the fruit overnight. It is most essential that the fruit should not be at all wet when picked, or it will perish within a very few hours. Work is then continued, with one or two slight intervals, right through the day until six or seven o'clock in the evening. True, the task does not entail much physical exertion, but at the same time it is very fatiguing, especially in the heat of the day, when the sun's rays pour down relentlessly upon the backs of the stooping labourers.

The pickers are armed with small baskets, each capable of holding about six pounds of fruit. Operations are commenced upon the first row of strawberries, raspberries, or currants, whichever the case may be, and continued until all the ripe fruit has been plucked, when the pickers attack the next row, and so on, working systematically across the field. There is no possibility of the work being indifferently performed, as hands are specially detailed off to see that the bushes or plants are duly stripped of all ripe fruit. When the baskets have been filled the fruit is weighed with an exactitude worthy of Shylock prior to its despatch to the market. The scale of remuneration to the pickers is one halfpenny a pound. On the face of it this seems a very "sweating" remuneration, but it must be remembered that in the height of the season, when the fruit is very plentiful, it takes a very short time to fill a basket, and many of the pickers by remaining steadfastly at their work are able to earn so much as ten shillings per day. Of course, as the end of the season approaches the fruit is not so abundant, and consequently it takes longer to fill the baskets, with the result that the daily earnings decrease. Then it is that the inconstancy and unreliability of the nomadic tribe of pickers

A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

assert themselves, for when the daily wage only amounts to about three shillings, and this after long and incessant toil, the gipsies suddenly cease work and seek for pastures new.

The fruit that is intended for jam manufacture is transferred to large, cone-shaped tubs, each holding about half a hundredweight of fruit. These are sent to the Metropolis by road, for Swanley is only seventeen miles distant from town; so that, in addition to rapid delivery, the expense of the railway carriage is saved—a by no means small consideration. Some idea of the magnitude of the demands for fruit for the jam trade may be gathered from the fact that last season Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, the well known jam and preserve manufacturers, purchased no less than 40,000 lbs. of one day's picking upon this farm. The largest quantity of fruit ever sent to market in one week was 220,000 lbs. The fruit intended for dessert or other domestic purposes is sent to market in the ordinary large circular baskets.

The cherry picking in the neighbourhood of Maidstone is very similar. When the cherries have, to use the agricultural vernacular, "stoned," advertisements may be seen in the press offering the orchards of fruit—not the fruit trees themselves—for sale. When the purchaser completes his transaction he has to take all future risks. Nearly the whole of this fruit, however, is consumed upon the table, very little indeed being utilised by the jam manufacturer.

Upon some barren waste or wood in close proximity to the farm will be found the gipsy encampment, where the wandering pickers, whose gregarious instinct is proverbial, live, move, and have their being. It is a motley colony. Those that are in an improved position can afford the luxury of a caravan, in which all the various domestic offices and residential apartments of the ordinary householder are cramped into one narrow, oppressive, and odoriferous compartment a few feet square. Others in less flourishing circumstances erect makeshift tents of pieces of canvas, sackcloth, or anything that is available, stretched over an arched skeleton of wood. Such rudely constructed wigwams, although a tolerable habitation under conditions of fine weather, are veritable dens of misery when it rains, for the imperfect and weather-beaten canvas covering offers but little shelter, and the consequence is that the interior scanty household effects are soddened with water, and the unfortunate inmates half drowned. The owners of the farms provide long, narrow sheds, partitioned off into narrow compartments like cattle pens, about five or six feet in width and from eight to nine feet in length, for the benefit of those who possess neither a caravan nor the wherewithal for erecting a tent.

When the fruit-picking season has finished, the wanderers turn towards Maidstone and its environs along the banks of the Medway, and once more set to work in September picking the hops. With their deft fingers this employment affords them much more remuneration than may be earned in the orchards. As a few weeks elapse after the fruit season has ended before the hop-picking begins, some of the more industrious nomads occupy the interval in the cornfields, though reaping is by no means compatible with the average gipsy's idea of work.

CARRYING THE FRUIT TO MARKET.

A Pastoral.

By W. H. Margetson.

On the Eve of San Marco

By Rowland Grey

Illustrated by Warwick Goble.

CALLE SAN GIORGIO is dark, dirty, and crowded. Not a cheerful home to any but a true-born Venetian. Strangers know the *calle* very well, for it is a short cut to the great Hotel Verona. The more observant of these might have noticed a pale face, framed in glorious Titian hair, at one of the windows, and might have thought it like a beautiful Bellini for purity of outline. They could not guess that "La Principessa," as her girl companions called her, was a deformed dwarf, with this lovely head set incongruously between crooked shoulders hidden by the rippling glory of hair. Up there, in the humble dressmaker's little dingy room, the Princess sewed all day, and told the wonderful stories by which she had won her name.

For this little Venetian maiden of seventeen, whose hold on her maimed life was so fragile, lived in a world of her own, peopled with kings and queens, and, above all, princes. She believed nearly as devoutly in magic as in the saints, and said her prayers more particularly to San Giorgio, who flamed gorgeous in curling hair and glittering armour in a certain stained-glass window that threw a transparent treasure of precious stones on the floor of her favourite church.

For a long time past La Principessa had been too ill to go to that church. In the winter she had coughed all night, and put her slender hands to her side to try to ease the dull pain. But she had told her stories in her poor, husky voice, because the others so entreated her, till the workers had forgotten their cold and hunger, as she took them away into enchanted gardens "full of

great roses and tall, holy, white lilies," though poverty is very cruel in Venice.

At last the cold vanished and spring came back. Spring steals into Venice in some subtle, sweet disguise, like a high-born beauty in a mask. There are no primroses to unlock her delights with their keys of heaven, no orchestra of birds, no pageant of tender unfolding leaves. What an English poet called "a green sky's minor thirds," a something sweet as first love in the gentle air — these are the only signs that wake Venice from the weary lethargy of the winter for which she is all unfitted, into the triumph of her days of molten gold and nights of silver.

La Principessa ceased to cough, but the languid warmth made her very tired. She lay awake at night, hearing San Marco toll the hours away in its rich, full voice, and sometimes she crossed herself and prayed for pardon because she did not tell her beads, but was always walking with the Prince in that wonderful garden of her fancies.

She lived in Dreamland, and the girls would listen in wonder when she told of the strange visions that came with the night. April was sweet and balmy that year, but La Principessa could not go out to stroll in the *calle*, far less in the Piazza, where the lights, the music, and all the joy and splendour are as much for the poorest beggar as for the richest of the *forestieri*. St. Mark's Eve came at last, and that morning, of all the girls in Calle San Giorgio, La Principessa was the only one whose heart did not beat at the thought.

"She believed nearly as devoutly in magic as in the saints."

She alone was sure; she had no doubts. For every Venetian knows that on this night all true lovers go abroad and fling a rosebud, as a sign, up to the window of the chosen. Many a girl, full of hopes and fears, waits for San Marco with a longing that is half fear.

"Poverina, for you there can never be a lover," said handsome Giulia to the Principessa.

The child's eyes grew dreamy. "I have my Prince. Surely, surely he will come to me. Then we shall go to the green, sweet garden, and rest always."

"She is mad," whispered another; but Giulia, who was very sad, said softly, "Hush! Let her take comfort, and let us pray the holy saints to keep her happy. I myself offered a candle to San Giorgio in her intention. He is a fine saint, and I think he heard."

"Pray for yourself, rather. There is a Biondina in Calle San Moïsé. They say Giovanni is under that balcony each night."

Giulia sighed, but the little Principessa went on with her story—how the high-born ladies danced in their silks and satins, and how the Prince passed by them all to go away into the city to choose the simple, lowly maiden in her white robe. "It was the Eve of San Marco, and when night fell the Prince stood under her window and sang a heavenly song, and he flung the red rosebud at the maiden's feet, and afterwards he would have put the crown on her golden hair, but she would have none of it; only the red rosebud blazed there as a trophy." The voice of the Principessa grew very weak. She stopped short at this point and fell back fainting.

They laid her on the bed, and the room seemed very quiet for awhile. The *padrona*, who was aunt to La Principessa, grumbled, because she wanted to go out in the Piazza that night.

"Someone must see to this sick dreamer," she said sourly. "As for you girls, on San Marco your foolish heads are too full of lovers and roses to remember Christian charity."

Then Giulia stepped forward. "Let me watch with her."

The others laughed. "What, Giulia? There will be buds in plenty on your balcony. Let Giovanni go his stupid ways. There are half-a-dozen *gondolieri* ready to take his place."

But Giulia was firm, and when the evening came she knelt, weeping passionate tears, beside La Principessa, who smiled in her sleep as if sweet visions kept her company. "Holy Mother of pity, let me die instead of her. She is happy with her fairy Prince. I cannot live without Giovanni."

Meanwhile, in a great, bare room in an old *palazzo*, an English artist, very young, tall, and fair, sat at supper with an Italian friend.

"If you have any fancy for a pretty model or a pretty signorina, *amico*, now is your time," said the Italian. "To-night is the Eve of San Marco. Every girl in Venice is on her balcony, waiting for her lovers to throw rosebuds at her feet. It is allowed. How else should they know we love them. As for me, I shall sing, 'La donna é mobile,' so false is mine to me."

L'Estrange had been in Venice three months—long enough to want to be there for ever. He was only two-and-twenty, and the magic had wrought strongly on a temperament naturally very plastic. He had not painted much, but he had thought and ripened in the wonder of it all. And now spring was coming, and it beat in every pulse.

"I am only in love with Venice herself. I would throw my rose into the Adriatic, as the Doge did his ring, and marry her, if it were possible."

"With such a voice as yours, I would find something more human, more tender, than stony Venice. Well, good-night. I am going. She may be fickle—they say so—but she is certainly fair. *A rivederla.*"

Hubert L'Estrange had thought himself heartbroken when he came to Venice. In three months she had healed him with her still beauty, her silence. The fret and fever of noisy life was but a mere jarring memory here, among the exquisite pictured Madonnas who seem in their spiritual loveliness to surpass all living realities.

To-night a faint, far-off touch of the old pain came back. He would have none of it. He would force it aside. It was late now, almost midnight, but he would go out, and see if Fate had any sweet surprises left.

Boyishly theatrical, he put on a cloak and wide hat. "The mandolin, too, to make it complete." He took no gondola, though the moon lay full on the Grand Canal, and all the Riva was a wide coast of shimmering silver. He loitered from street to street, always with lighted windows and dark forms beneath them, often with music. Always the same words: "Butite sul balcon e da me un segno."

It was so late that when he reached Calle San Giorgio most of the happy girls had answered their signallers and gone out to the Piazza, where the great band was giving the "Faust" music significantly. One window, with a narrow, rickety balcony, was curtained and closed. Hubert L'Estrange could not

"He was there—her Prince."

have explained why it interested him; but he paused under it.

Within, La Principessa was awake, yet wandering in her dream world, only with so changed a face that Giulia prayed beside her, "Holy San Giorgio, succour us both. Make her pathway to Paradise easy, and give me back Giovanni *mio*."

He wanted to know why the window was closed, and then it struck him as worth while to try to open it. He did not know any Italian songs that suited, so, with enough of the past in his soft tenor voice to give it tenderness, he sang a little song that had brought no fame to either poet or musician, but might have fluttered from the book of Heine:—

My love like a flower grew,
And my heart waxed bold.
Love died, as the flowers do,
And my heart waned old.

I buried my hope one day
In bitter pride.
There is only a song to say
Love lived and died.

The Principessa heard, and heard with no wonder.

"Listen, Giulia. You must help me to the balcony. It is he; it is the Prince. He has brought me my red rosebud. He sings in a strange language; but I knew he would not fail. My love, my Prince!"

With a strength that to Giulia seemed miraculous the dying girl walked feebly to the window. Giulia flung a shawl over her, but she was all unconscious. When she looked down he was there—her Prince, tall and fair and noble. L'Estrange only saw the wild, pale face, the great eyes, the glory of hair.

Kind San Giorgio had pity. He had given the deformed child this hour of

transport, of a happiness beyond reality. Giulia, hidden behind the curtain, in her youth and beauty, sorrowed. This miserable daughter of poverty and pain was crowned indeed a princess in this supreme moment.

For L'Estrange, struck by the expression of the great, deep eyes, liquid in the moonlight, threw up a rosebud. "Bella mia, butite sul balcon e da me un segno."

Round her neck hung a tiny, trumpery heart of glass and gilding. She tore it off, and he caught it as it fell. Then suddenly the window was shut, and he stood alone in the moonlight, with a little tawdry toy in his hand.

"What a face! What eyes! I swear she loved me. No woman can look like that without loving. Yet, after all, she must have mistaken me for someone else. Happy someone." L'Estrange sang again, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." But there was no answer.

"A white rose, not red," murmured La Principessa from her bed. "For heaven, not for earth. What matters? My Prince came; he will come again in the gardens of Paradise, where the holy white lilies are tall as trees, and the roses never fade. I shall sleep now, Giulia. Wake me to-morrow."

But when to-morrow came she lay there, cold and smiling, with the rosebud on her heart, and did not heed their voices.

L'Estrange never knew the truth. When San Marco dawned, for him it brought a peremptory summons to England. Fortune had come to fetch him, and yet he was scarcely glad.

A year later there was a murmur among the few people who, strolling about the crowded rooms of Burlington House at the Private View, look for, but rarely find, a real picture. "A new man—L'Estrange. 'On the Eve of San Marco.' Oh, a serenade. But what a face! what eyes! what hair! One would like the address of that model." "There's a future for this young L'Estrange," said the greatest critic of all. "There's a poem in the picture for me," said a poet to himself. Both were right.

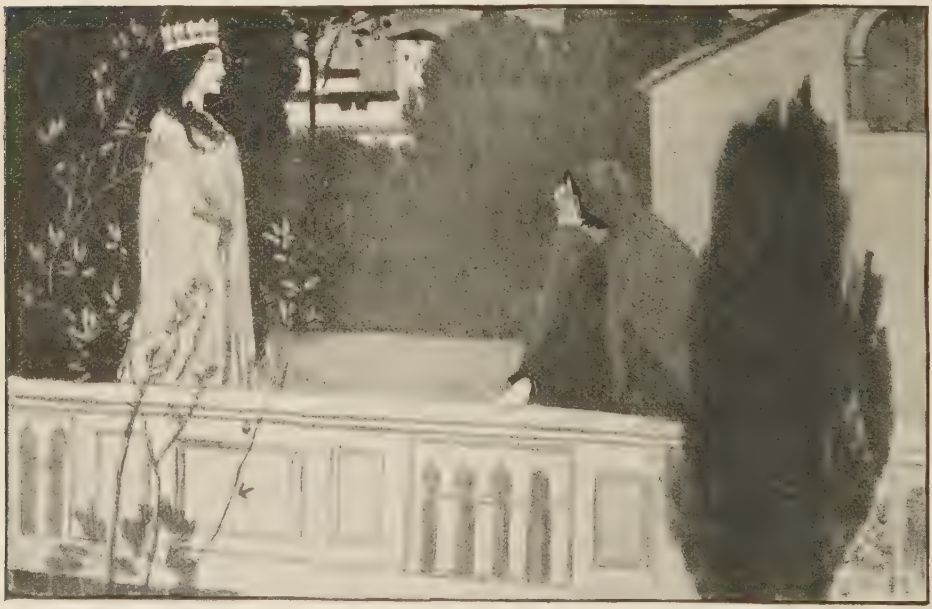

Photo by] [*Willis, Chatham.*

COASTGUARDS AT DRILL.

THE POLICE OF THE COAST.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

COASTGUARDS are not what they seem to many persons. They are not merely sailors who seldom go to sea and who have elevated the use of a marine telescope to a fine art. It does not necessarily follow that because most of them are adepts at spinning yarns, and can foretell the weather more accurately than many barometers, that they are all ready to "shiver their timbers" or "dash their starry toplights" at the slightest provocation. Owing to the pernicious influence of certain novelists, many persons think that these amphibious sailors do little work and are fit butts for any joke, and they suffer accordingly.

A well-authenticated story is told of three men of this force who borrowed a donkey and cart to fetch some potatoes from a neighbouring village. Having procured the potatoes, they adjourned to the village inn for refreshments, leaving the donkey standing by an ordinary five-barred gate. No sooner were they out of sight than some of the villagers seized the opportunity of playing a joke upon their visitors. Taking the donkey out of the cart, they led him through the gate, then, closing it, they put the shafts of the cart through and harnessed the donkey again; thus the donkey was on one side of the gate and the cart on the other.

By the time the coastguards came out of the inn they were unable to reason clearly, and they could not understand how the donkey had got into such a position. Try as they would they could not force him back through the bars, and the owner would not let them saw the wood away. Only one way out of the dilemma suggested itself: that was to take the gate off its hinges and let the donkey take it home as it hung on the shafts. This was quickly accomplished. Judge of the enjoyment of the villagers as they watched these three Jack Tars walking beside the heavily burdened donkey cart, discussing the mysterious manner in which their beast of burden had got himself so inextricably mixed with the gate.

Now that there is little or no smuggling there is an impression that coastguards have very easy lives. During the summer months, when the nights are short, the sea calm as a millpond, and the wind soft and balmy, we come across coastguards at some popular holiday resort and are inclined to envy them; the remark of townsmen may often be heard, "Oh, those men have a pleasant and easy life: nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in." Let these summer visitors to Scarborough or Lowestoft, Newquay or Bude, or some out-of-the-way part of the coast, return to these seaside resorts in the depth of winter, when the equinoctial gales are filling the newspapers

with tales of disaster and shipwreck, and they will understand that there are two sides to a coastguard's life.

Who envies him his lonely patrol in the long, windy, winter nights along the cliffs, battling with the wind, keen and cutting? Maybe he has to make his way by some narrow cliff track in face of a lashing storm of rain, hail, or snow, knowing full well that a false step means a terrible fall and perhaps death. The coastguards have little credit for all they do. During the rough winter days and nights, when they are most busy, even those who in the summer claim that they are never so happy as when "by the sad sea waves," wisely retire to some sheltered inland town. Thus coastguards have no audience and seldom any praise.

There are 4,200 coastguards stationed round the shores of Great Britain and Ireland, and they form the finest and most highly trained reserve force for the Navy in case of war. When the ranks of our Jack Tars are thinned by the enemy's shots in the next great naval war, it is the coastguards who will be called upon to fill their places.

Every coastguard is a naval seaman of at least nine years' standing, who knows pretty well all that there is to be known about navigation, gunnery, and torpedoes, before he has the option of retiring from the roving life of the sailor and settling down ashore with his wife and family. The drill of these land sailors is kept efficient by continual exercise, so that when the news of war flashes through the land we may safely place confidence in this first reserve line of naval defence—"the backbone of the Navy," as they were once called by Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and the plucky captain of the *Condor* knows a real sailor when he sees one.

Under certain conditions the coastguard and his family have little of which to complain. There are several hundred stations in England where there are many compensations for all the hardships of the life. At seacoast towns and villages which are thronged with visitors from far-off counties until summer trips upon the heels of autumn, the life of a coastguard has many pleasures, and even in the winter months he has the villagers for companions, and is no longer their sworn enemy as in the old smuggling days. Who cannot call to mind some little village by the very margin of the sea, where the gleaming whiteness of the coastguard cottages, spick

Photo by] [*W. M. Crockett, Plymouth.*

THE MOUNT BATTERY (PLYMOUTH) COASTGUARD CREW AND THEIR DIVISIONAL OFFICER.

and span in their frequent new coats of whitewash, and high pitched on the edge of the cliff, sets off in relief the quaintness of the cottage homes beneath? Under such circumstances one is almost inclined to envy the station crew. But a man in this force cannot always enjoy even such a modified paradise. Any day he may receive directions from Whitehall to pack up his *lares et penates* and be ready to embark on one of the obsolete little cruisers by which men and their families are moved from station to station, with little or no consideration for comfort or health.

THE NEW TYPE OF COAST-GUARDS' COTTAGES IN COURSE OF ERECTION.
Photo by Crockett, Plymouth.

It may be that after living at some such bright station his orders are to go to what is called by the force a "backward station" — backwood station would be more appropriate. There are many of these "backward stations" (particularly in Ireland) where it is difficult to live decently, much less with any degree of comfort. Many causes have contributed to the depopulation of Ireland, and in some parts there never have been many residents.

It is unfortunate for the coastguard service that in the most benighted, isolated spots on the shore of the Emerald Isle members of the force are most required, for the fact that a piece of coast is so barren that no man will voluntarily live there is the strongest argument in the eyes of the Admiralty for dotting the barrenness with whitewashed coastguard cottages. There are places in Ireland, far from the haunts of civilians, which would not do credit to the West Coast of Africa. At such stations as the World's End in the north, and Bullsmouth and Doohooma in Blacksod Bay in the west, the coastguards are landed, and there, in the midst of scenes of absolute desolation, they have to make their homes. Blacksod Bay—the very name is repulsive, and closer acquaintance with its shores does not dispel first impressions.

As a picture of a scene of desolation in a civilised country, what can equal this description of Bullsmouth culled from the letter of a coastguard?—"In front is a stretch of Blacksod Bay, bounded in the distance by a range of barren mountains, not unpicturesque in summer time, but most dreary in winter. In the rear stretches for miles the surging bog, the monotony only broken by the stacks of turf which are piled here and there, and a few huts in the distance, with small patches of cultivated ground around them. Our post office is four miles away, and approached by a mere track across the bog, for it cannot be called a road. The telegraph office was thirty miles from us during more than five years of my stay there, when it was brought within ten miles. Our nearest shop is ten miles away by the road, but something nearer by water, and even there we can only obtain the bare necessaries of life; anything beyond has to be obtained from our nearest town, a distance of forty miles, and is conveyed by small smacks. Our church is five miles away, also approached by a track across the bog impassable during the winter; another and better road has now made the distance nine miles. We are fortunate in having a butcher who (to use his own words) kills a "beef" once a year, at Christmas, which is the only time that we get any beef; for six months, July to January, we generally manage to get some mutton; the remainder of the year the sheep are too poor to kill, so we have to live on bacon, with an occasional dinner of fresh pork when someone in the station kills a pig."

A cheerful place, this, in which to live for five or six years! It has not even the distinction of being unique. Overlooking the same quiet bay, though many miles from Bullsmouth, is the coastguard station at Doohooma. It is situated in the middle of a bog with an area of about fifty miles—forty-five miles from the nearest railway

station, seventeen miles from the nearest market town, from the church, and the doctor, and six miles from a post office, a little mud cabin from which letters can be fetched three times a week. It is needless to say the Admiralty do not provide coastguards with broughams or spring carts or even the ordinary Irish jaunting (or jolting) cars. It is to such places that a large number of these seacoast policemen are sent, and there they live, week after week, until the weeks stretch into months and months into years—excommunicated from the world of men, human islands in a desert of bog.

There is more tragedy than comedy in the work of a coastguard. Even on the most barren parts of the coast the routine of their duties is often broken by the sight of the ghostly lights of some storm-tossed vessel drifting aimlessly amid hidden rocks until she strikes: and then the darkness of the night is lighted by the lurid flash of a rocket, her signal of distress. Once such a signal is seen, all thoughts of the long months of lonely night patrols and service grievances are thrown to the winds, the lifeboat is promptly manned, and the rocket apparatus is prepared. In a short time the boat has put off in the raging waves, or a rocket with a rope attached has been fired over the doomed ship, and in a few momentous minutes a basket-like contrivance is being pulled backwards and forwards, bearing its human freight in safety across the boiling sea to the shore.

There are over 300 rocket appliances round our shores, and who can calculate the number of lives which have been saved by this agency alone? They are constantly being used, but the coastguards have no gallery to play to. In oilskins and sou'-westers they do their work, whether it be night or day, risking their lives to save those in peril on the sea, thinking neither of fame nor reward. There is often not even a six-line paragraph in the daily newspapers, but in a corner of the *Shipping Gazette* the bare fact of the rescue of some crew may be mentioned.

Photo by] [*W. M. Crockett, Plymouth.*

ON THE LOOK OUT.

The general public know little of this continual fight with the sea for human lives which is being waged by these men of our first line of reserve, and the gallant crews of the boats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. No poet sings their praises. They are out of sight and out of the mind of all except the mariner in distress.

Coastguards often look death in the face in the course of their daily round and common tasks. Not many months ago the north-west gale which had been blowing for many days on the wild coast of North Cornwall culminated in a perfect hurricane. The coastguards in the solitariness of their lonely patrol knew that many lives probably depended on their vigilance, and they were not wrong. Suddenly through the clouds of spray one of these coast policemen descried a sailless, waterlogged schooner, being driven ashore. When first sighted, the wind was irresistibly conveying her ashore under the towering heights of Gurnard's Head, a bluff as famous for the number of vessels which have been wrecked at its base as for the many delightful memories of picnics which are cherished by holiday-makers from all parts of the world. As quickly as his legs could carry him the

Photo by] [*W. M. Crockett, Plymouth.*

OFF TO THE RESCUE.

coastguard returned to the station, and in a few minutes a telephone message had been despatched to the neighbouring station of Pandeen for the rocket apparatus. Meanwhile the fury of the sea increased, and it was soon evident that if the crew of the doomed ship were to be rescued, somebody must do something at once. Without any thought of the danger or of reward, the coastguards caught up some surf lines and in the teeth of the gale climbed down the narrow ledge in the side of the cliff. It was a hazardous task even for men who are complete strangers to fear, to cling in the face of that fierce wind and icy rain to the sheer, featureless rock, with the champing and churning sea many feet below. When the schooner at length grounded, these brave men were at the margin of the sea, ready to help the distressed crew. Then commenced a fierce struggle with the waves, which washed right over the vessel, the coastguards themselves working on undaunted, though they were at times up to their necks in the boiling, surf-covered water. But victory was theirs, and, one after another, the crew, wet and bruised and exhausted, were safely brought ashore.

This is only a chance incident in the life of one coastguard station; there are hundreds of scenes such as these enacted every year round our coasts. We praise the sailors and soldiers who brave the terrors of war, but who thinks of these police of the coast who are ever braving dangers to save some shipwrecked crew from certain death?

Right round our shores from John o' Groats to Land's End, and from Land's End

Photo by] [*W. M. Crockett, Plymouth.*

THROWING A LIFELINE.

to John o' Groats again, stretches this human chain of trained seamen, with telegraph or telephone, signal rockets and lifeboats, ready to render help when the storm is fiercest and landsmen have shut themselves in their homes in self-complacent satisfaction that it is not their fate to stir abroad in such weather.

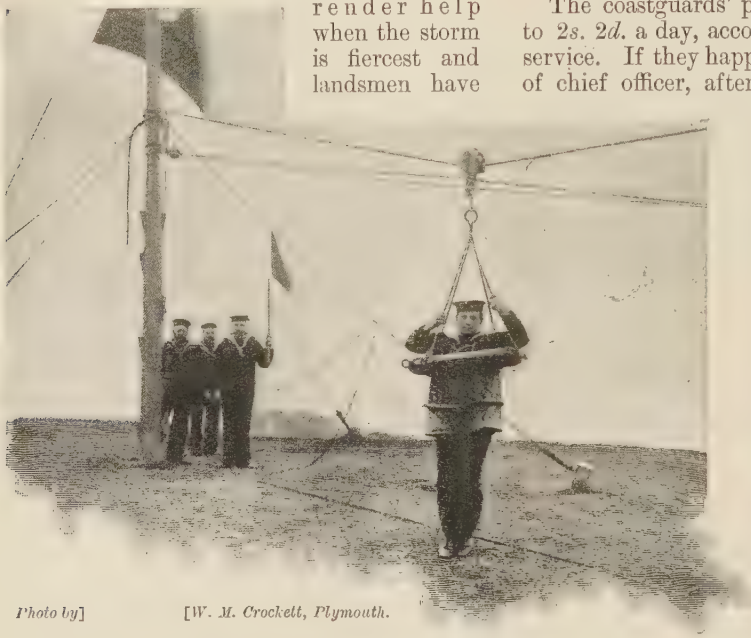

Photo by] [*W. M. Crockett, Plymouth.*

THE ROCKET LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS AT WORK.

In order to impress the public, apparently, but primarily to remind the coastguards of their varied calling, the Admiralty recently issued a list of their duties, arranged under no less than twenty-seven heads; so it will be understood that these policemen of our coasts have other work besides watching the coast for shipwrecks and smugglers and saving life. They have to assist in enforcing the fishery laws, act as naval recruiting-officers, drill the men of the Royal Naval Reserve, stop illicit distillation, prevent the introduction of arms or dynamite into the country, protect the shore ends of marine telegraphs, act as signallers for Lloyd's, and, among other duties, must care for the dead as well as the living.

The coastguards' pay ranges from 1*s.* 7*d.* to 2*s.* 2*d.* a day, according to their length of service. If they happen to rise to the dignity of chief officer, after serving in the Navy and the coastguard for a period of twenty-five years, they will receive as much as 6*s.* per day; but these appointments are scarce as blackberries in June.

It must be admitted that the pay of these guardians of our rock-bound coasts is not excessive, even when the fact that they have no rent to pay is taken into account. Everyone who knows anything of these 4,200 officers and men admits that they form the cheapest and best naval force we have, for they only cost the country just over £150,000 a year; and in return the Admiralty are able to provide a linked chain of trained seamen, who patrol by day and by night a coastline of 4,000 miles, and are available to fight at sea in place of comrades who have fallen before the foe.

Photo by] [*W. M. Crockett, Plymouth.*

COASTGUARD, WITH LIFEBELT, ABOUT TO WADE INTO THE SURF.

"Gee-up!"

By P. Tarrant.

Illustrated by A. H. Buckland.

THE letter was rolled round a brass knob that seemed to have belonged to a bedstead, and secured with a narrow ribbon of white silk, soiled and frayed. It was printed rather than written—that is to say, the letters were of the shape which printers use, and they seemed to be formed by some blunt instrument dipped in a curious reddish-brown ink.

It fell at my feet as I walked in my garden between the white-blossomed espaliers. I looked up to see who had thrown it, but in all the circle of blossoming gardens and red roofs that surrounded me nothing moved. It was Easter Sunday, and all the good people were at church. Though I am but forty-five, I have just enough of gout to keep me from walking a mile to church, and I paced slowly with my stick in the green and white garden. The letter ran—

"Whoever finds this is implored to help me. I am shut up in the attic of the White House. If you ask for me at the door she will kill me, but anyone could climb to the window along the roofs. My window looks over the laundry. I can see no window from it. For God's sake come and help a wretched girl who trusts you."

It was written on a piece of wall paper where faded roses straggled over blue and white stripes.

Now, I am forty-five, as I said, and have no mind for adventures, and as for climbing along roofs, my gout settled that question—though twenty-five years before I had had good reason to know that one could indeed climb to that window of the White House which overlooked the laundry. Many a time I had done it, lured by the dear face that I knew would be waiting me there. Well, it was all over long ago; her shrewish elder sister had scolded her into marrying someone else—and I also had married. Yet the thought that it was from *that* window that this letter had been tossed across the roofs worried me a little. I told myself that I ought to be sure that it was a hoax, but I was not sure. The owner of the White House, that same shrewish sister, was more than a little eccentric. What if she were frightening some poor maidservant into submission as she had frightened my poor Valeria five and twenty years ago?

I walked among the pear trees pondering till my boy came home from church. Then I showed him the letter.

"Here's an adventure for you, dad," said he. "Who says the days of romance are over?"

"Do you think it's a hoax?" I asked.

"Probably; but the excuse for trespassing on the roof of Miss Rowsley's laundry is too good to throw away."

He carved the Easter lamb with brisk exactness and passed me my plate as he said—

"You'll go, of course?"

"Don't mock my gout and my grey hairs.

Do you know, lad, that letter gives me the heartache?"

And I told him about the window, and how I had climbed to it twenty-five years before. When I had finished the story he merely said, "Good old dad," and helped himself to more lamb; but I saw that he meant in his turn to climb to that window. He spent most of the day with that piece of wall-paper in his hand, and once he said, "This ink is a very curious colour."

I let him alone. My boy John is one to think a matter out thoroughly. I knew I could trust him to do the best thing possible. If it had not been for him I think I should have been tempted to disregard the injunction of the letter, and, going boldly up the High Street, to knock at the green door of the White House, demanding, in plain terms, whether Miss Rowsley had a wretched girl imprisoned in the attics. But John was of another mind.

"Either take it as a hoax and let it alone, or take it seriously," said he. "If we take it seriously we must do exactly as she says. Miss Rowsley is mad enough for anything—with her tracts and her Wesleyan missions, and her home for distressed cats." This last, a neat building just outside the town, was indeed Miss Rowsley's latest eccentricity.

Towards evening John grew more talkative, and I knew that now everything was settled in his mind, for my boy never could talk when he was thinking.

When eleven o'clock came, and the maids had gone to bed, John said, "Come, father," and we went out together. I should have felt a quarter of a century younger but for the ache in my heart that was always there, but John has told me since that for his part he felt like a burglar's apprentice.

Our little town is nine miles from a railway, and folk keep primitive hours there, Not a window blinked light at us from the dark gables round about as we went down our garden and through our stable-yard and into the stable. At the back of the stable is a window closed by a wooden shutter. It was nailed up securely many a long year ago.

"Then up the baking-house door."

I found that John had drawn the nails during the day. Now he opened the wooden shutter a very little way and we peeped through into the flagged yard that lies at the side of the White House.

"There is only one window on this side of the house," I whispered, "the pear tree on the wall has grown very much. You could almost climb up by that. I remember planting that pear tree."

My John climbed on to our chicken-house

by means of the water-butt, and thence on to the roof of our stable. He had taken off his boots, and the curled tiles gave a foothold secure enough, as I knew. I had always thought that, barefooted, you could walk on tiles without making a sound. It seems so when you are doing it yourself. But now, as I stood holding my breath in the stable below, it seemed to me that the cracking and clattering John made would presently bring the whole town out to listen and wonder. I went back to the wooden window, and presently the stable roof gave one last loud crack and the beam of it groaned. Then I saw John creeping along the roof of Miss Rowsley's bakehouse, and then he got his knee on the wall—just as I used to do—and so climbed to the laundry roof. I could just see him under the window holding on to the window-ledge and rustling at the panes with a bit of the blossoming pear-tree that he had broken off.

Then I saw the window open. There was something white there. I strained my ears, but I could not hear even a whisper.

Then John came back along the laundry roof. He dropped into the yard and came under the wooden window.

"Will you go back and get a file—two files?" he whispered. "We must get her out. Either the old lady's mad, or *she's* mad, or *I* am. Anyway, we must get her out. Do get that file. There are bars to that confounded window."

"Yes, I remember that there are bars," I said, and I went to fetch the files. I brought two.

John was waiting for me below the wooden window. He climbed up again by the baking-house door. And now I could hear a whisper in the silence of the scented April night—the whisper of the file and the iron bars.

No one who has not crouched in a manger watching through a wooden window the filing of iron bars can form any idea of the tediousness of the operation. I longed to climb after John, to snatch the file from him and to show him how the thing ought to be done. But I controlled my impatience. Forty-five is not a very ripe age, but gout and trouble age one. I was not sure that I could manage the baking-house door. It is difficult to climb a door that swings about, and may, at the least false touch, clatter reverberating bolts and latch against the wall behind it. Strange that twenty-five years should make one so old. But I lost my first love, and my wife, dear, gentle woman, only lived the year of our marriage out; if she had lived she might have taught me to forget and so kept me young.

I listened to the whisper of the file, and presently I saw that John's position had changed—he was filing the second bar.

Then suddenly the darkness and the silence were shattered by a bright light and the high voice of an angry woman. I knew that voice, and I remembered the words in the letter, "She will kill me!" and before I was conscious of my own purpose I had turned and dropped from the wooden window on to the paving-flags of the yard below—dropped with all my weight on my gouty foot, and I swear I never felt so much as a twinge. Then up the baking-house door—never mind how the bolts rattled now—and clattering in my boots over the tiled roof to where my boy John crouched, filing at the second bar. I caught up the second file from the window-ledge—the first had not yet worn blunt—and filed at the top of the bar; and inside the room the angry voice rose and fell. As I got the file into its groove I turned my eyes towards the room within. In a corner behind an old chest and a pile of sacks crouched a white figure, rags of lace and ribbon I could distinguish, and a dark head, but the face was hidden.

In the middle of the floor stood Miss Rowsley, without her cap—it was long since I had seen her without cap or bonnet—her grey, disordered hair hanging on her shoulders. She wore a grey dressing-gown; in one hand she held a candle and in the other a long carving knife. This sounds a little comic, perhaps—or cheaply melodramatic. It did not seem so to my John and me. We remembered the words of the letter, "She will kill me!" and we saw that white figure crouching before the grey-haired fury. Miss Rowsley's features were swollen and distorted; her lips moved more than was needed for speech. She did not hear, or did not heed, the strong undertone of the busy files.

"So I've caught you at last!" she was saying, holding the candle aslant till the grease dripped in slow drops to the floor. "You *wouldn't* be warned. You *would* encourage your lover. Get up and let me see your wicked face, you shameless baggage. Ah, that I should ever have to say it of a sister of mine!"

"Mad as a hatter," whispered John, filing away furiously.

"You shan't live to disgrace your family," the old woman went on; "John Warburton's

"'So I've caught you at last!'"

no match for you, and I'd sooner see you in your shroud. I'll give you one more chance. Will you marry Edward Neale?"

Then I understood. The woman was indeed mad, and was now going over, in part at least, some scene of twenty-five years ago, in which her sister, my boyhood's love, had played a part. My poor Valeria—my poor, timid Valeria!

The crouching figure moved, took its hands from its face, I saw the face quite unmistakably, quite plainly. And the face was my Valeria's as I remembered it all those years before, only not now lit with the pretty lights of hope and love, but pale and shadowed with the terror of death.

"I will promise anything you like," she whispered breathlessly.

And now the files had done their work, the bar bent in and snapped, and I thank God that I, and not John, got my knee first over the window ledge and was in the room and holding the mad woman by her elbows before she could raise the knife to me. John came after, picked up the candle and lighted it again.

"We got your letter," he said in quite an ordinary tone to the girl, who now leaned against the chest, with eyes wide open and breast heaving with laboured breath.

"What is it all about?" I asked.

"I don't know," said the girl in a whisper, and the grey-haired woman writhed in my grasp. I tightened my fingers on her right arm till she dropped the knife. She did not speak to us—only struggled dumbly like some animal trapped.

"She is my aunt," the girl went on. "My father and mother died two years ago. I was coming to live with her. She wrote such kind letters: and when I came she met me at a station a long drive away, and when I came to this house she brought me up here and asked me to promise to give half my father's fortune to missionaries and distressed cats, and when I would not, she locked me up. It is three days since."

"Why didn't you scream?" asked John.

"She would have come before anyone else could, and she would have killed me—you know she would. The next day she seemed to have forgotten about the cats and things, and began to talk of lovers and all sorts of strange talk; then I knew she was quite mad. Oh, take me away, take me away!" She began to cry helplessly.

John looked at me.

"I suppose I had better fetch the police," he said quietly.

Then the woman I held cried out—

"No, no, you shall marry her, if you will. Oh, John, forgive me, dear! I did it for your sake—because I loved you so—but you never would look at me."

She suddenly turned and laid her faded face against mine.

"Dear John, forgive me," she said. "I'll be a good sister to you both now."

"I shall fetch the police," said John before I could speak.

I suppose the shock of her sudden confession—remember how much it meant, and how it explained the mysteries of so many years!—must have caused me to loosen my grasp, for as John spoke the woman suddenly broke from my hands, sprang to the window—I saw her huddled form a moment on the ledge as I sprang after her—then she fell in a heap from the window—we saw her fall — on to the laundry roof, and thence to the ground. She never moved again. When John did at last fetch the police there was nothing for them to do. She was dead.

* * * * *

I suppose you think that Valeria married my John, and that I spent my life a contented spectator of their happiness. This never seems to have even occurred to either of them. You see, though John did most of the filing, I happened to be the first to enter that room, and Valeria insists that it was I who saved her life. As for me, only one face in the world and one name have ever charmed me. Valeria possesses both. I feel a little hesitation and shyness in stating plainly that it was I, and not my boy John, who married Valeria. She was twenty-three, and I forty-five at the time of our marriage, but I have had no gout since that fateful Easter, and Valeria says I am growing younger. She herself looks older than her years, because the horror of those three days—when she did not know from hour to hour when the madness of killing would seize her gaoler—has left white streaks in the black of her soft hair. Valeria says she could never have loved anyone but me, and to me it seems only that I loved Valeria twenty-five years ago in a dream, now, thank God, fulfilled. I still keep the letter which brought me the only enduring happiness of my life. It is written, as I said, with a curiously blunt instrument in strangely coloured ink. That blunt instrument was a splinter of wood from the old window frame, the brown ink was the blood of my Valeria.

TOMMY (after looking very hard at his mother's guest): Why, you drink all right, after all.

ASTONISHED GUEST: And why not?

TOMMY: Oh, I don't know. Only mother said you drank like a fish.

AN aged lady, getting into a cab in Dublin, said to the driver, "Help me in, my good man, for I am very old."

"Begorra, ma'am," he replied, "no matter what age you are, you don't look it."

"PA!"

"Oh, be quiet!"

"PA!"

"Well, what is it?"

"What did the Dead Sea die of?"

ALICE: Men are so slow. It took him nearly two hours to propose to me last night.

MAUD: How long did it take you to accept him, dear?

ALICE: Just two seconds.

ALGY: So you've been taking Miss Haughtie out boating on the river. Rather stylish girl, but too reserved for me.

REGGIE: Yes, I expect she is; I've just reserved her for life.

"Are there any marks by which the boy can be identified?" asked the police superintendent, making copious notes of the case.

"No," said the father of the missing youth who had run away from home to fight Indians, "but there will be when I get hold of him again."

YOUNG MISTRESS: Now, Sarah, you have broken more china this past quarter than the whole of your wages due can cover. What are we to do?

SARAH: That's more than I can say, ma'am; unless you make ends meet by raising my wages.

JONES: The theory that women have no sense of humour is wrong.

SMITH: How have you arrived at that conclusion?

SMITH: Whenever Aunt Susan comes to make us one of her long visits my wife fairly compels us to live on sponge cake.

HERE are two rather quaintly worded advertisements culled from a contemporary:—

"Wanted, a young person who can cook and dress children."

"A gentleman has a school for sale; contains two schoolrooms, which will accommodate three hundred pupils, one above the other."

"I ASSURE you, all I need is an opening, sir," said the hot-headed poet, with an earnest intensity of feeling.

"Well, what's the matter with the one you just came through?" queried the cold-hearted editor, with no feeling whatever.

DOCTOR'S WIFE: Have you broken it to poor MRS. JENKINS that her baby is deaf and dumb.

DOCTOR: Not exactly; but I have told her that if the little girl grew up and married, her husband would be devoted to her.

DISTINGUISHED EXPLORER (who, while lecturing on the hardships of his African travels, absent-mindedly gesticulates with a toothpick in his hand): This, ladies and gentlemen, *this* was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

MRS. FARMER: Weel, weel, John, that's wonderfu'. I've heard o' that straw a' my life, but little did I ever expect to see it.

THE VILLAGE LOGICIAN.

"It ain't no use these youngsters a-trying to get over *me* with their book-larning. Rare lot o' sense they larns at school! When they tries to make *me* believe as Columbus discovered America, wot I ses is this—'ow could 'e tell it were America if 'e'd never seen it before?"

INQUISITIVE AFTERNOON CALLER: Is Miss Tibbins your aunt on your mother's or your father's side?

JIMMY: Sometimes she's on one side and sometimes on the other. It depends 'pon who's getting the worst of it.

THE bride was requested to sign her name in the register at the sacristy. Excitement caused her fingers to tremble. She took the pen, signed, and made an enormous ink blot. "Must I do it over again?" she blushingly asked her husband. "No, that will do, but——" "Oh, don't scold me; I will pay more attention the next time."

GENT (to cabby): Now, cabby, since you've been smart in getting here, what'll you take—whisky, cigar, or beer?

CABBY: Well, thankin' you kindly, sir, I'll take the cigar after the whisky; 'en, while I'm lightin' me cigar ye can send me out the beer.

"WHAT is your religion, Mr. Wilson?" asked the landlady of her new boarder.

"Meat three times a day," was the prompt reply that sent the good soul into a reverie as to whether the man was a heathen or misunderstood the question.

The Fun that Failed.

HE: It's great fun, sitting and passing remarks on the people who imagine they can golf.
SHE: Yes; but you miss the best of it. You should hear the remarks other people pass on *you* when *you* are playing!

YOUNG WIFE: What birthday present are you going to give to your husband?

OLDER MATRON: A hundred cigars.

YOUNG WIFE: And what did you pay for them?

OLDER MATRON: Oh, nothing. For the last few months I have taken one or two out of Jack's box every day. He hasn't noticed it, and will be so pleased with my little present and the fine quality of the cigars.

INFANT SCHOOL teachers are sometimes slightly nonplussed by their pupils' answers. The following is a true episode:—

INFANT SCHOOL TEACHER (giving an object-lesson on sugar): Now tell me some of the things that sugar is used for.

FIRST YOUNG IDEA: To put in rice puddings.

SECOND Y. I.: To put in tea.

I. S. TEACHER: That's right, but sugar is used for other things.

THIRD Y. I. (knowledge radiating from every pore): Teacher! I know—to put into sugar-basins.

Collapse of I. S. Teacher.

AN itinerant showman had a large bill outside his tent, "Come and see the great sawed fish." A gentleman who was passing read the announcement and told the showman that it ought to be "sword" fish.

"Yer 'ad better cum in and see fer yersel'," replied the owner of the show, "the had-misshun is only tuppence."

The gentleman paid the modest admittance fee, entered the tent, and was considerably astonished to see a large cod fish sawn in half.

"Yer ain't the fust gen'leman wot's tried ter teach me 'ow to spell, but I've 'ad a good eddication, an' I'm a-running this 'ere show ter prove it," remarked the showman, as the gentleman passed out of the tent with a gloomy countenance and went on his way, a sadder but a wiser man.

A HALF-HEARTED DUET: "OH! THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING!"

CLARA: Did the newspapers notice your papa at the great banquet?

JOHNNY: Yes.

CLARA: Well, mamma said she could not see his name in the list.

JOHNNY: No, but the list ends up with "and others." That means papa. They always mention him that way.

"POETS," said the man who writes in verse, "are born, not made."

"Possibly, possibly," returned the weary critic; "but of late I have been inclined to the belief that they are neither born nor made."

CHEMIST'S ASSISTANT: That woman tried to beat me down in the price of castor oil.

CHEMIST: What did she say?

CHEMIST'S ASSISTANT: She persisted that I ought to make it twopence cheaper because she had to pay her little boy to take it.

MARK TWAIN once desired to borrow a book from an old count who was a neighbour of his. He was told, however, that he could only refer to it in the count's library, as the books were never allowed to leave the house, but he was welcome to look at it there whenever he pleased. Not long afterwards the count asked Mark Twain to lend him his lawn mower. He was informed that Mr. Twain never allowed the mower to leave his own garden, but that the count was quite welcome to make use of it, if he liked, on the lawn of the owner.

The Harvest Moon.

From the Picture by P. Tarrant.

LINE OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY THROUGH AFRICA, COMPILED FROM THE LATEST SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

By W. T. Stead.*

LAST year at St. Petersburg, when I was talking to Herr Rothstein, he suddenly surprised me by an observation on the secret forces which appear to dominate the actions of men. Herr Rothstein, although but little heard of outside Russia, is one of the dozen notable personalities who influence the policy of that great Empire. He is a Jew, and a German Jew. But he is M. Witte's Jew; and as the financial adviser of the Imperial Finance Minister he is a man of mark as well as a man of wealth, a man of influence, and a man of power. But although knowing and respecting him as financier and as statesman, I was hardly prepared for the philosophical observation which fell from his lips on the subject of the great transcontinental line which Russia is building across northern Asia.

"This railway," said Herr Rothstein, "like many others of the same nature, is being built under the compulsion of an impulse or an instinct which it is impossible to justify on financial, political, or military grounds. The sacrifices which their construction entails will never be repaid, at least, to the men who make them. From a financial point of view I could name a score of other methods of investing money within the

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"CAPE TOWN TO CAIRO": THE PRESENT METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION.

naturally expect to hear the Oracles of God. But the men of Israel have for thousands of years been a prophet-race, and not even the roar of the Bourse can silence the echoes from the silences of the other world, which, like the murmur of the sea in the shell, are ever reverberating in the ear of the Jew. It must be admitted that Herr Rothstein had reason for his theory of the Universe. If the affairs of men are presided over by an Invisible Deity, benevolently disposed to the welfare of mortals, anxious to bring the ends of the earth together, and to link into one family all the world-scattered children of men, what more efficacious means could be adopted than a kind of demoniac possession impelling them to make sacrifices which are real and immediate, while the benefit is remote and universal.

Empire that would pay handsomely, pay far better than this transcontinental railway can ever hope to do. But nations appear to be sometimes possessed by an uncontrollable passion to bring together the uttermost ends of a continent, quite irrespective of rational motives. It is a kind of demon which drives them; and I can only suppose that the impulsion is intended to promote the general good of mankind. Certainly, in our case, the sacrifices are much more obvious than the gain to Russia."

It was surprising indeed to come upon such a theory from such a source. A materialistic German Jew, whose life is spent in the direction of a banking business, is not exactly the man from whom one would

If this be the case with the Siberian railway, what can be said of the Cape to Cairo line, but that it is a still more striking illustration of Herr Rothstein's doctrine? From a political point of view the British Empire will profit even more than Russia by the building of the Asiatic through-railway, over which in a few years will pass all the mails between England and her colonies and dependencies in the Pacific. From every point of view the construction of the line across Siberia is more important to the English-speaking world than the Cape to Cairo railway. To shorten the time in which one can travel round the planet from sixty-five to thirty-three days is an achieve-

ment of supreme value to the only race that has planted its families all round the world. When the Siberian line is built, Shanghai, which is now thirty-five days distant from London, will only be divided by a fortnight from the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. The effect upon the British Empire of the opening of the Siberian railway in all matters of literary, domestic, commercial, and political communication will be as if some gigantic convulsion of Nature had swung the Australian continent thousands of miles nearer to the Mother Country. But no British money is being spent in accomplishing this enormous undertaking so fraught with advantage for the Empire. The task is accepted joyfully by the Russians, who out of their poverty are producing millions to be expended in this work of destiny. £40,000,000 will be spent on the Siberian line before it is completed. In seven years they have hurried on the work of construction at both ends, building 785 versts or 520 miles per annum, nearly double the rate at which the Canadian-Pacific was built; and for five years more must they continue their building before the great task is ended.

The Cape to Cairo railway offers few of the advantages to the British Empire that the Russians are securing for it by building their line across Siberia. According to the most sanguine estimate ten years will elapse before the first train will steam from the Cape to Cairo. When it does arrive it will not materially shorten the distance between London and the Cape. At present no one can reach Cairo in less than four or five days from London. And London is to the modern Englishman what the Forum was to the men of old Rome. It is the centre from which all distances are measured. But in the old world distances were marked by mileposts. To-day we have substituted almost universally

"THE PIONEER OF THE RAILWAY": A TRACTION ENGINE LEAVING MACEQUECE, ON THE LINE OF CONSTRUCTION OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

the hourglass for the milestone. Places are so many hours or so many days distant from London. Nothing has been so remarkable a phenomenon of recent years as the continual shrinkage of the world. But the Cape to Cairo railway will not materially diminish the dimensions of the planet. After it is built no express will traverse the Continent in less than eleven days. Add to this the four or five days between London and Cairo, and we have fifteen or sixteen days for the overland route as against seventeen or eighteen days by sea.

If England and Russia would but agree to build a short connecting line of 500 miles across Afghanistan, the effective distance between London and Bombay would be diminished by more than one-half. The Merv-Quetta junction railway would enable Englishmen to reach Bombay in ten days after leaving Charing Cross, whereas now by the quickest route they cannot arrive in less than three weeks. But the construction of that line is barred by international jealousy, which for the moment is an obstacle far more insuperable than mountain ranges.

CLEARING THE ROUTE.

If the Cape to Cairo line is not urgently wanted in order to expedite communication between London and the extremities of Africa for Imperial or military reasons, it is still less wanted from the point of view of a dividend-earning investment. There is at this moment no through traffic of any kind between the Cape and Cairo. The two ends of the African continent have absolutely nothing in common, except that they are both African, and that both are at present under the shelter of the British flag. There is no interchange of commodities between British South Africa and the dominions of the Khedive. The two extremities of the line have no more points of contact beyond the stretch of uninterrupted land which divides them than if they were in different planets. If there were any trade the goods would go by sea. As for the mails, the gain of a day or two would not counterbalance the wear and tear and risk of transhipping and of other drawbacks of the land route.

To build the line would cost £10,000,000 at least—possibly twice as much. It is extremely doubtful whether it would earn a dividend, or could even be worked except at a loss. And yet, notwithstanding all these obvious and indisputable considerations, it is by no means impossible that the Cape to Cairo line may be in working order in 1909.

Why it should be so, why the keenly practical and stolidly unimaginative Briton should be bending his energies and lavishing his resources in order to construct a line from the Cape to Cairo, it is difficult to explain, except on the theory of Herr Rothstein—that the Providence that rules mankind has willed that the ends of the world should be linked together and that the continents should be bridged by the iron rail: and so, obedient to the invisible Power behind the veil, mortal men hasten to carry out their appointed task. That may be—perhaps is—the occult source from which such activities spring, but the outer and visible reasons why the Cape to Cairo line is coming into being are simple and obvious enough. The first and dominating cause is the fact that the idea has fascinated the imagination of Mr. Rhodes, and the second

Photo by] [*W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.*

C. J. Rhodes

and hardly less potent reason is the fact that the Cape and Cairo both begin with the letter C. Possibly this second reason ought to have precedence over the first, for who knows how much of the fascination which has caught Mr. Rhodes's fancy was due to "apt alliteration's artful aid"? If the Cape and Cairo had possessed different initials, the suggestion of a through continental line might never have suggested itself to Mr. Rhodes. But the notion of linking the two places, each of which commenced with the same capital letter, "caught on," and the gigantic enterprise is already making progress from the realm of the imagination into the domain of accomplished fact.

A TYPICAL KAFFIR KRAAL, OR STOCKADED VILLAGE.

Drawn from a photograph taken near Buluwayo, the present Northern Terminus of the Cape to Cairo Line.

After these two leading motives there must be mentioned, as a potent third cause, the jealousy of the nations, and especially the anxiety of many Englishmen for the security of their somewhat precarious position in Egypt and the Nile Valley. He "who maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him" finds no passion more potent for the promotion of His ends than the suspicion and distrust of the Powers. The opening up of Africa and China would have been postponed for a generation had the natural instincts of adventure, commercial enterprise, and humanitarian zeal not been stimulated by the dread of foreign rivalry. The mere proclamation of the determination to build a railway from the Cape to Cairo reassured public opinion as to the permanence of British tenure in the Nile valley. It is true the railway, even when constructed, will not paint the African map British red from the Mediterranean to the Table Mountain; but it undoubtedly tinges the whole intervening region with the ruddy glow that heralds the dawn of Empire. Had the idea taken anything approaching its present shape in the days when the German claims to East Africa were being considered by the British Government, there would have been very stringent provisions made to secure a strip of territory down the side of Lake Tanganyika, along which the Cape to Cairo line would have had undisputed right of way. Unfortunately, the dream of Mr. Rhodes had not then even been dreamed. So it came to pass that a solid block of German territory intervenes between the northern and southern termini of the line, across which Mr. Rhodes must carry his railway as best he can, on terms the deciding factor in which lies not in London,

VIEW FROM THE COAL STAGE, BULUWAYO.
The Main Line of the Cape to Cairo Railway is on the right.

but in Berlin. That, however, only increased the desire of the British Imperialist to provide against any further interruptions of the continuity of British red between the Cape and Cairo.

It would not be easy to say when first the magic formula, "From Cape to Cairo," fell from the lips of Mr. Rhodes. Certain it is that when he first advocated the extension of Cape Colony northward, no idea of carrying the flag beyond the Zambesi had ever flitted across the firmament of his imagination. Possibly the invitation sent him by General Gordon to accompany him to Khartoum in 1884 may have first turned his attention to the Cairo end of the trunk line. Kinglake, in a memorable passage, one of the best instances of successful

"THE TRAVELLERS' REST": AN INN NEAR BULUWAYO, ON THE LINE OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

prophecy in modern literature, foretold that the Englishman leaning forward to protect his beloved Indian Empire would some day plant a firm foot in the valley of the Nile. It is possible that it was during that year of storm and stress, when his heroic friend waged his long battle against the Mahdi behind the ramparts of Khartoum, that Cecil Rhodes, leaning northward, ran in imagination a railway which, of course, could have no other terminus but Cairo. Alexandria would be its real terminus on the Mediterranean, but the Cape to Alexandria railway would have been no magic talisman to stimulate the imagination of man. Cape to Cairo probably suggested itself, and was immediately adopted—one of the unforgetable phrases which make history.

A "TRAIN FORD" ACROSS THE SHASHI RIVER, ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

When steeplejacks wish to ascend a lofty spire they are accustomed to fly a kite so that its string falls across the pinnacle. To this string a stout cord is attached, by the aid of which a rope and ladder are soon securely fixed in position, giving the steeplejack easy access to the summit. When Mr. Rhodes began to plan the construction of his Cape to Cairo railway he flew his kite over the continent. Some five or six years ago—time flies fast when men are building empires—he startled the world with the announcement that he intended to construct an overland telegraph line from the Cape to Cairo. At first men jeered. When he appealed for funds from the public with which to lay down his wires through Central Africa, the Stock Exchange for once was deaf to his appeal. The Mahdist rebellion was then in full possession of Khartoum and the Egyptian Soudan. Ever since Gordon's death the vast belt of territory between the Equatorial lakes and the Nile at Dongola had been hermetically sealed against European civilisation. How could Rhodes hope to get his lines through Mahdidom? "Oh, as to that," replied Rhodes, with boyish confidence, "when the time comes I shall know how to square the Mahdi." People shrugged their shoulders and said that the fanaticism of the Mahdi would be proof even against the wealth of Mr. Rhodes. Then other objectors asked how the telegraph poles were to be protected from the white ants, those scavengers of Central Africa, to whose teeth nothing is sacred that has not within it the principle of

life. "Make them of iron," replied Rhodes. "But against the wandering herds of wild elephants what avail will be your iron poles? These huge pachyderms would use the telegraph poles as scratching-posts." "We shall see," was Mr. Rhodes's reply. "And if you don't subscribe for the Cape to Cairo telegraph stock I will find the money myself and go ahead."

Nine-tenths of the money had to be found by Mr. Rhodes personally. But he is not a man to be baulked in his purpose. He at once began the construction of the line, starting from the northern terminus of the Cape telegraphic system. He has pushed the line northward through Rhodesia to Umtali in Mashonaland, which is 1,800 miles from the Cape, and is pushing it on through Nyassaland to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, another 700 miles further north. The total distance to be covered is 6,600 miles. At the same time the Egyptian Government, under British auspices, was pushing its telegraphic system southward from Wady Halfa. Its advance was intermittent, the erection of the telegraph poles being necessarily dependent upon the pushing back of the outposts of the Dervishes. Last autumn, however, the destruction of the power of the Khalifa at Omdurman enabled the Anglo-Egyptian authorities to reopen the long-closed telegraph office at Khartoum. Khartoum being 1,300 miles from Cairo, this reduces the distance to be spanned by the telegraph wire to 3,500 miles; or, if we reckon Abercorn on Lake Tanganyika as its northern terminus, only 2,800 miles. It is being rapidly eaten into at both ends—more rapidly in the south than in the north. Still, nearly one-half of the continent, and that the most difficult half, remains to be crossed. How difficult it is may be inferred from the fact that, whereas

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry, Baker Steet, W.*

LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM, SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

the line was put up at the cost of £50 a mile in Rhodesia, it is estimated that it may cost from £80 to £100 per mile in the territory between Umtali and the extreme southern limit of the Egyptian Soudan.

From Umtali the telegraph line strikes northward to Tete, where it crosses the Zambesi and joins the telegraphic system of Nyassaland at Blantyre. Thence it skirts the lake on the western coast to Karonga, which was reached last December. From Karonga the route lies through Rhodesia to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. From Abercorn it will enter German territory and skirt Lake Tanganyika on the east. The Germans gave Mr. Rhodes leave to carry his line through German territory on condition that he would, in addition to his own through wire, lay down at his own cost a separate line between Rhodesia and British East Africa, the wire of which is to be used solely for the telegraph traffic of German East Africa, to be the property of the German Government, and to be maintained in repair at Mr. Rhodes's expense. At the end of forty years the German Government may take over the line without paying compensation of any kind. Beggars must not be choosers; and the German Government, having Mr. Rhodes at its mercy, drove this bargain before giving him wayleave through territory which it has neither colonised, civilised, nor occupied. After leaving German territory the telegraph line will make its way to Mengi, in Uganda, and then, avoiding the malarious valley of the Nile between Lake Albert and Khartoum, it will traverse the edge of the plateau that skirts the frontier of Abyssinia and make a junction with the Anglo-Egyptian system

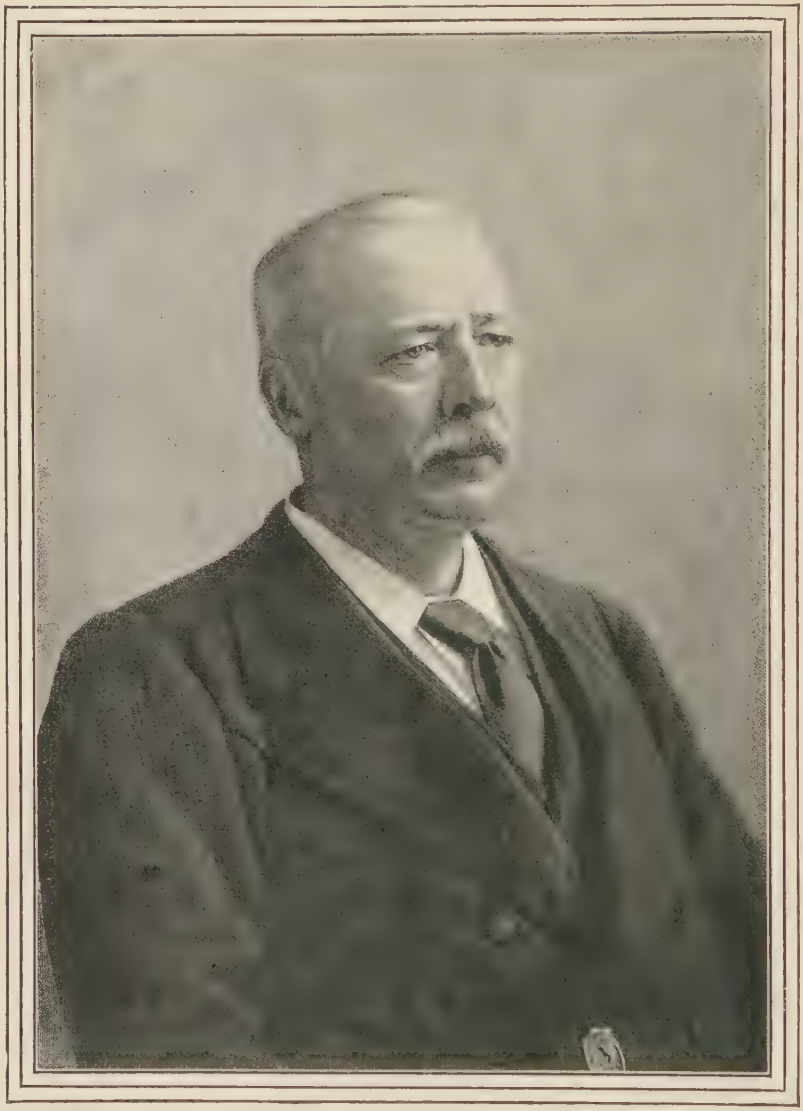


Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.*

LORD CROMER, BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

UNLOADING AMMUNITION AT THE RAILHEAD OF THE SOUDAN MILITARY RAILWAY.

Photo by René Bull, Correspondent of "Black and White" in Egypt and the Soudan during the operations of the Sirdar.

ARAB AND SOUDANESE GANGS AT WORK ON THE SOUDAN MILITARY RAILWAY.

In the distance is seen the train drawing up sleepers and rails, which advances as the rails are bolted together.

Photo by René Bull, Correspondent of "Black and White" in Egypt and the Soudan during the operations of the Sirdar.

on the frontier of the Soudan. With the exception of the 700 miles of German territory, the whole distance from Cape to Cairo is already coloured British red on the African map. That distance may be reduced to 300 miles, if the beginning of German territory is reckoned at the north end of Tanganyika instead of the south. England has a right of free navigation over the whole length of the lake—400 miles; so that in reality, of the 6,600 miles which stretch between Cape and Cairo, the travelling Briton need only for 300 miles stray beyond the protecting shadow of the Union Jack.

The transcontinental telegraph company, unlike the Cape to Cairo railway, can be justified as a financial speculation. The cost of telegraphing to South Africa at present is 5*s.* per word. Communication goes by cables on the east and west coasts of the continent. The capital invested in the African cables is estimated at from three to four millions sterling. To keep the cables in repair six vessels are constantly employed, three on each coast. To build the overland line costs from £50 to £100 per mile. Averaging it at £75, the total cost of putting up the telegraph wire across Africa would be less than £500,000. The cost of upkeep is also much less for the overland line than for the submarine cable. It may, indeed, be calculated that the cost of maintenance will be largely met by local messages, none of which are, of course, at the command of the cable companies. The net result is that when the overland wire is in working order Mr. Rhodes will be able to reduce the cost of telegraphy at once from 5*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* a word, and earn a good dividend besides.

The telegraph poles which carry the Cape to Cairo wire are 18 ft. in length. Eighteen go to the mile. As they weigh complete 113 lb. they are made in two sections, one weighing 55 lb., the other 58 lb., each of these forming a load for a native. The wire is galvanised iron, and so far it has been respected by the natives. Even the Matabele wire, "the white man's wire that talks," was seldom interfered with by the rebels. All the poles are of British manufacture. Those in Rhodesia have been brought up from the Cape. Those in Nyassaland came in *via* Chinde at the mouth of the Zambesi. The northern section will be supplied by the Nile, while for the central portion Mr. Rhodes hopes the Uganda railway will be opened in time for him to avail himself of the transport.

So much for the telegraph line, which it is expected will be in working order in five years' time. It is, however, the Cape to Cairo railway that has most attracted the attention of the world. It is not built yet; hardly half of it is contracted for. But it is following closely on the heels of the telegraph, and Mr. Rhodes recently invited me to be present at the laying of the last rail on January 20th, 1909. In ten years' time the line, it is calculated, will be completed and ready to carry the mails from Cairo to the Cape. The cost of the whole line is estimated at £25,000,000. But as over 3,000 miles are at present constructed the total required for the central section will not exceed £15,000,000. Mr. Rhodes, indeed, put it recently at only £10,000,000. His estimate was 3,229 miles still needed to be built, and that they could be built at a cost of £3,000 per mile. This, however, is a somewhat sanguine estimate. Since it was framed Mr. Rhodes has seen cause to vary the route, in order to avoid the swamps of the Nile Valley—a commendable object, but one which will not diminish the mileage of ironway. The cost of constructing the Cape railway through Bechuanaland was £3,000 per mile; but in Rhodesia, owing to the greater cost of carriage and the increased cost of labour, the railway bill ciphered out at £3,800 per mile. It will be strange if the cost is less than this in the centre of Equatorial Africa.

(To be concluded.)

THE THREE TRAVELLERS.

By Mrs. Clement Shorter.

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

THEY were three travellers sitting in the smoking-room of a country inn, who had come together as strangers and grown companionable over their pipes and wine. Two of them were young, the third was grey-haired and wrinkle-faced. They were discussing women's love.

The youngest argued lightly, because he delighted in debate.

The second bitterly, because he had been jilted and fancied himself in love.

The grey third without emotion, because he had known sorrow.

"For fairy gifts to win the heart of my fair lady," said the youngest, "were we in the magic days of old, I would ask nothing save a light heart and a handsome face with few harsh years stamped upon it."

"Nay," said the second youth; "I would request nothing save a purse of gold that never would grow empty, and were I ugly as sin, and wicked as its originator, I could buy the heart of any damsel I longed for."

"And you," said the first speaker, turning to the silent, grey man, "are you too old to remember women's hearts are worth the winning?"

"Old?" said the grey man; "how many years would you say that I carry?"

"You look old for your days if you be under sixty?"

"Nay, then," said the man, "I am forty-five at cockcrow to-morrow."

"Good Heavens!" said the youth, "what has aged you so?"

"If I," said the grey man, passing the question, "had the goodwill of the fairies, I would claim the old gift women have always loved—more than beauty, wealth, gentleness, or aught else."

"And that?" said the second youth eagerly.

"Courage," said the man—"plain animal courage."

"I don't agree," said the other. "Where would he be with an ugly face, beside the curled, beribboned, and handsome lover, the tender glance from dream-loving eyes, the soft hand? No."

"I don't agree," said the second youth. "What? the courage of the snarling hound, before silken gowns, horses, the envy of one's neighbours? Gold it is, hard, yellow gold, that makes the ring."

"Beauty wins the eyes," said the grey man softly, "and gold is pretty to the touch; both make marriage. But I spoke of *love*—and courage wins the heart."

"You have a story to tell," said one youth, filling his pipe; "I see by your face."

"Go on," said the other, replenishing his glass.

"I have a story," said the grey man hesitatingly, "of a woman—of courage—of a man who was a coward. It happened some ten or twelve years ago, and I knew the man."

* * * * *

This is the story that he told, and as he talked the glasses of the youths were unemptied and their pipes unfilled. But he had forgotten them, for he spoke aloud the story that was seared upon his heart.

"Ten or twelve years ago I knew the man. He lived in my village, but where that is does not matter. He was a coward. No one knew he was a coward, except himself—and a woman. In fact, to-day they speak of him as a hero in my village.

"When he was a child he was full of many terrors—afraid of robbers, afraid of ghosts, afraid of the dark. Perhaps he had been frightened as a baby by some nurse, and the terrors lingered. It sometimes happens thus that a child is ruined. When he grew older he was afraid of pain, afraid of blows. So he had few boyish rows, and joined in no rough games. People thought him a quiet and gentle youth. Later he was afraid of being afraid—of the shame of it.

"Then as his youth passed he grew out of this fear, or there were no longer calls on his

boyish courage. He passed to manhood, and then, when he understood, he became afraid of death. Death was to him no peace and rest, but darkness. He thought of strangers, creatures not made as he was, there in the gloom—horrid faces, clutching hands, shadows half seen. Something of all this death was to him, yet it was a terror that he could not fully explain.

"Once as a boy he fought another, but that was because the other was bearing a story to the boy's father, and he was afraid of his father.

"Once as a man he fought again, and that was because there was no possible escape without deadly shame, and he fought like a child mad with terror. This nobody knew, and he won—his foe was the smaller.

"Then he married the woman.

"For three years they lived together, and nothing happened to try his courage. Such is the calm of life. The much-dreaded possible battles of boyhood were now no more. He was a man.

"But it happened he had to move from his quiet village into a desolate part of the country. Why, does not matter. His was the only house for miles around, and it stood on the edge of a great cattle ranch. Behind it, some distance off, was a railroad, and on one side a strong river, often swollen to twice its natural size by heavy rains. Over it was thrown the railway bridge, too light for it, many thought, but the man laughed at the idea as he looked upon the great supports which stemmed the full flow of the tide.

"So for weeks their uneventful lives went on, nothing more exciting happening in the day than the passing of the great train, tearing by like some screaming soul rushing from damnation. A black snake in the daytime, one of fire by night. To the man and his wife it seemed the one link that bound them to civilisation—which spoke to them of the great world that they might else well forget. Through the windows they got many a lightning glance of that society they had left. Here was the young bride alone in a carriage with her husband, speeding on her honeymoon and regarding the world with a smile. There the weary city man reading in a corner his everlasting papers, there the merry schoolboy waving his hat and shouting his unheard jokes out of the window. There the hopeless woman mentally checking her household affairs. All were there. In each numbered carriage, everyone in his place—first, second, third, the division of the classes according to the purse.

"Now the grim humour of circumstances willed it for the man that he should not be amongst those people who whirled past him from city to city, whose quiet, uneventful lives brought no strain upon their physical courage, who went without danger from place to place protected by civilisation. Who knows but that among the crowd who looked from the flashing windows of the train there might not have been many who chafed the bit of social monotony and pined for this man's freedom?

"Soon he saw in the eyes of his wife, as they bent upon him, looks of unquiet, or was it of fear? Did she suspect his secret? Was she afraid that he was afraid? Why should she suspect him? He had a retrospective five minutes. Yes, once when they were walking across the fields a great bull ran at the man; he had turned and fled, but the woman was beside him. Had he not shown he knew this? Had he not looked to her first and kept between her and the bull? He could not remember. He never could remember after his fits of terror. When he was a child they bore him along in one great gust, blinding, deafening, maddening for the time. Now the years had hardly lessened their strength. Again, he remembered a brawny villain who had leered at and shouldered his wife as they walked through a neighbouring village. He had turned on the fellow with stern anger, but the drunken bravado would have nothing but blows, and before his clenched fist the man had stepped aside. He knew, however, that his voice had changed as he said he would have no brawling before a lady. Once again, when driving across the country the horse had taken fright, and he remembered that he had sat pale and trembling while the woman took the reins from his hands and guided the animal into quiet. She had never reproached him for these things, only her eyes seemed to speak; and then, how she loved courage! Once, when a weakling lamb of hers fell into the swollen and rapid tide, she stood knee-deep in the water weeping and calling to the man. When he reached her she begged him to go in and save the little creature. She could not swim, but *he* was a strong swimmer. Yet when he faced the running water he dared not take the risk for the sake of an animal, and said so. But a herdsman on the ranch had also heard her calling and had noted the bleating of the lamb. Running down the bank he had flung off his coat and leaped into the water. With a few

strokes he had reached the drowning beast. To get back was not an easy matter, and twice the watchers thought the swimmer must fail, hampered as he was by the struggling beast and with the strong tide against him. But he had fought his way bravely, carrying the lamb, as a cat would her kitten, in his mouth. When he at length reached the side the watchers ran to meet him and help him ashore. The woman said little, but thanked him with shining and excited eyes. The herd was shamed by her gratitude. He was a coward the minute he was out of danger—afraid of thanks. He shuffled off, saying something about a flood in the river if the heavy rains continued. When he had gone the woman turned to her husband, 'Oh, if you had done that!' 'But, dear,' he answered, 'is an animal worth the risk of a human life?' 'Oh, it was not the lamb,' she replied with glowing eyes—then added thoughtfully, '*He* was a man.'

"Before his clenched fist the man had stepped aside."

"'I am not as fine a swimmer as he,' the man retorted, angry with her and with himself. 'Perhaps you would have been sorry if I had gone to save your lamb and had been drowned?'

"In a moment she had turned and taken his hands in hers.

"'Oh, dear love, yes!' she said. 'I am glad you did not risk it. I did not think; but I love courage so.'

"She took the lamb in her arms and carried it into the house. As he walked beside her, the man heard her whisper, as she kissed the wet, woolly head, 'Yet it is but right that the strong should help the weak, even if it be only a lamb.'

"After that it seemed as though something had come between them, something neither could define. True, she loved him

even more than before, it might be, but not in the same way. Now she seemed to add pity to her love, and no pride. She did not look up to him, but down upon him. Her love was like that of a mother for a crippled child. Yet, after all, it was the greater love; for love of the weak and failing is true love, while love of the strong and successful is selfish in a degree when he who loves lives in the shadow of that strength.

"One evening the man, sitting in the doorway with his beloved violin at his shoulder, beheld the woman coming towards him in great haste, her pretty curls behind her in the wind, her cloak blown back, her little feet twinkling in their speed. At first he did not hear her calling to him, for his soul was still with his music and travelled slowly from his dreams. Soon her frightened face became more distinct and he was conscious something disastrous had happened. He put down the violin and went to meet her, the bow still in his hand. She turned back the way she had come when she saw he was approaching her, and waved to him to hasten.

"'The bridge!' she cried—'the bridge!'

"He hurried after her, and they reached the bridge together. What a sight there met his eyes! The river, turbulent, uncontrollable, mad, swollen to twice its size by the heavy rains, rolled by in a current too strong for waves to break upon. Heavy and dark it moved on, bearing everything before it—trees, dead sheep, a struggling ox, and once a white face with drowned, staring eyes—all he saw in that moment go by like chips of wood on that great river. But more than this he saw, and most terrible—the great railway bridge had given way! The centre buttress had crumbled and the iron rails trailed twisted to the water. At the centre of the great bridge nothing remained to cover a gap of over ninety feet but the handrail, which somehow had loosened from its hold on the broken bridge and swung across—no—not as a tight-rope, but more like a ladder with rungs, which the stanchions made, half a man's height apart. The second wire, one could see, had broken on the further side, and this caused the whole fence to swing as if it might give way at any moment. In one second the man had seen all this; in the next he had remembered that the train would pass this way in an hour. An hour! What a little time when there is much to do! What an eternity when one waits!

"'My God! the train!' he gasped. 'A hundred people—a hundred——'

"He looked into the rushing torrent, black with its force.

"The woman grasped his hand and her nails pierced his skin. She was gazing at the wire swaying across the gap.

"'There is only one possible way. I have thought it all out. Only one possible way.'

"'And that?'

"'To cross the wire.'

"'The wire? My God! You are mad! Who would cross the wire?'

"'You must. It is the only way to save them.'

"'It is impossible; it might break under one's weight. It is probably loose or rotten with time. It would be suicide to attempt it.'

"'There is no other way, and it is like a ladder—strong enough to bear a man. You are so swift and strong—so strong, Alfred,' she said slowly, turning and looking into his eyes. 'There is only one man to whom the chance is given to save all these people—only one man—and only one way.'

"The man looked around; nobody else, they were miles from everyone, from every help—one man; and he a coward.

"'There is another bridge ten miles off. I could just do it on Prince,' he whispered.

"'Alfred,' she said; 'if this bridge has gone beneath the flood, do you think that that other little bridge yet stands? If you find it gone, and you leave no time to return and go this way, many will die here by your door—drowned, mangled, tortured—women and little children—little children. There will be crying and screaming—and you will hear them—I shall hear them!—oh, God! oh, God!—screaming down there in the dark.'

"The man broke from her, the agony pouring down his forehead into his eyes. He put his feet upon the lower wire, and, grasping the other in his hands, shuffled a few feet from the land into the air. The woman leaned to his sleeve and kissed it, her face white with anguish.

"'The risk of one dear life, for a hundred lives; in your care—oh, God!'

"The man went out further; he looked down; his brain sickened. The wire swayed and creaked beneath his weight. The black, cruel water lay beneath him, and under his feet only the thin wire. And all the time he was so near safety. He forget the train and the people—only his own dark danger was living. He sprang back to the firm land again.

"The woman looked into his face; her eyes were on a level with his; she was tall, but

slight and weak. She looked at her tremulous thin hands and at the long gap between her and the other side. The man saw the glance and it maddened him. It said, 'If these had your strength I would not be as you. There is a weak coward in your strong body; how did it get there?'

"'It would be madness to attempt this,' he said, 'I will go by the other bridge.'

"'It is too late,' the woman said in a dull voice; 'even if the bridge were there you could not do it now.'

"'And now,' the woman flashed up, 'they will say I am the wife of a—— They will say you were afraid.'

"The man turned on her sadly. 'Oh, you woman,' he said, 'you should have been the wife of a soldier—the mother of men-children; you would have loved them, worshipped them, and harnessed on their armour and sent them forth to die.'

"He turned from her and ran to the stables; he flung a halter on the black horse, and, leaping upon its back, galloped off in the direction of the other bridge. The black horse covered the ground as it had never done before, but as they sped by the side of the river the man heard a faint voice shouting from the water. He looked and saw a drowning man hanging to a beam of wood, his white, wet face glowing in the gathering gloom. The pallid lips opened again.

"The black horse covered the ground as it had never done before."

"The gentle woman before him seemed to grow into a harsh monitress.

"'I believe,' he muttered, 'that you would rather see me dead—if a hundred were saved over my body.'

"'I would rather see you dead,' she said like one repeating him.

"'You would rather I were a dead hero than a live——?'

"A word tripped on her tongue; he could see it.

"'Why don't you say coward?' he sneered. 'If I were dead in this cause, you would hear them call you the widow of a hero.'

"'The bridge,' they said—'the bridge is down.'

"Yes! had he not known it all the time? the bridge was down, and he had run away from the danger on the other bridge near which the woman stood despising him.

"He turned his horse and drove it into the water in the direction of that white face. The swift current nearly took it off its feet. It turned in its terror and ran, uncontrollable, towards its home. As the horse raced

the current for a time, the two human beings gazed at one another, the one powerless to help the other out in the darkness. 'Help! help! help!' How the horse's feet re-echoed that cry long after the drowned lips had gone underneath.

"The man swayed in his saddle. Between the light of the fading day and the rising moon he saw plainly, as he came nearer home, the dark bridge with the great gap in the middle of it, and across the gap, fine as a spider-thread, the wire.

"The swaying wire—but what was on it? Something small and black, like a spider, was creeping across. When he got nearer he saw that it was a man. There was someone braver than himself, then? Well, she had got a hero at last. He drew nearer and watched. He saw the man crawl along, stopping often—sometimes it seemed through fear, sometimes to quiet the dangerous swaying of the wire, yet never looking back and always going forward. Slowly, slowly he went over the swollen, angry torrent. The man thought of the white face he had seen go under, and shuddered. He wondered if this other man had seen it as it passed. This other man—Katie's hero, he would call him! He was jealous. Where should he be when this fellow returned full of glory? Katie's hero! Oh, it was safe enough, after all, the wire, seeing that it bore this fellow, who was as tall as he! Why did he not go and be brave for once? To stand before her eyes with a heart like a hare, and to fail her—to fail her!

"Katie's hero had crossed; he had stopped for a moment on the other side, where the lower wire had broken and there was no longer rest for his feet. Then he held on with his hands and swung himself across with them alone. He sank on the ground on the other side for a minute, and the man almost hoped for a jealous second that his rival had failed; but when the man rose to his feet and ran down the line, he muttered hoarsely—

"'God speed your feet!'

"Then it struck him as strange that his wife was not there to see the success or failure of her hero, and he ran towards the house calling. Through the lower rooms he went, and round the small garden, but she was not there. Frightened, he again searched the house, and, coming to his dressing-room, he noticed the press standing open and all his clothes tossed about. A black suit he often wore was gone. A light dawned upon him. He rushed into her bedroom. Yes, there was the dress she had worn that morning. What had she done? He flew down the stairs, calling her name, and ran across the fields to the broken bridge again.

"He saw it all now. She had dressed in his clothes and gone in his place. All the manhood in him rose up; he would follow her. She had made a path for him; he was no longer afraid. All along that low wire her little feet had gone; all along the top one her pretty hands had moved. Her courage, like electricity, must lie there still, and would give him strength to follow. He put his feet on one wire and his hands upon the other. He slowly slid along them into the air. He moved bravely a few yards and then stopped. The wire bent and swayed beneath him; he looked down. Below him the black river tumbled, bearing upon its breast the triumphs of its robberies—dead animals, hay, beams, trees, even wooden furniture, stolen from some cottage, all jumbled together and hurrying ever onward.

"The man gazed down as he swayed above. He might be yet part of that moving mass. He closed his eyes and started on again. Again he stopped, his face, wet with fear, turned to the heavens so fair beneath the rising moon, so smiling in the face of all this horror—he, the one lone, living thing, swaying between earth and heaven, life and death.

"He moved onward; he heard the cry of wild birds over the waters. Once a wing against his face caused him to leave go a hand. He caught again, trembling and moaning; he worked his way on with more speed. Thus did her little feet go; here were laid the hands he loved. With a cry he found the wire had failed his feet and he was swinging by his hands alone. For a moment he swung so in terror before he realised that he had just come to the end of his journey and was at the side where the lower wire had snapped. He swung himself forward and with a great effort landed on the bank. He sank on his knees an instant and then ran down the line.

"After running a few minutes he saw a man coming towards him; he stopped and waited. He knew it must be she; and it gave him no surprise to see her bright, dancing eyes and bonny face beneath the cap pulled over her brows. When she saw him she started and laughed.

"'You are late; it is all right. I was at the station before the train arrived, and all are saved. I heard it come dashing into the station soon after I left. They never

"The rope creaked again."

realised that I was not you in the failing light.'

"The man took her two hands in his.

"'My dear, why have you done this?'

"'I had to. You see, it was the only way. You were too late going by the other bridge—as I said.'

"'I did not go by the other bridge—I crossed the wire after you. The other bridge is down, too.'

"She clapped her hands.

"'Oh, you were brave. Now you will not be a hero for nothing, after all, and you did cross the wire.'

"'A hero for nothing?' the man questioned.

"'Yes,' she said slowly; 'you see, it was the only way—I had to pretend to be you. They did not see much in the moonlight; I just said the bridge was down, and bade them see to it, then came away. They all think it was you, and you will be a hero when they know how you crossed—and you did cross.'

"'But they must not think it was me; I will not——'

"'Oh, but you must.' Then she said softly, 'I would not let them think you dared not come . . . and you were the only one who knew.'

"'So you came in my place?' The man turned away in shame.

"'Never mind,' she said brightly; 'the glory is mine. I am your wife, and what you win I win. But let us go. They must not come here to find us.'

"'But how can we return?' said the man.

"'There is only the one way,' she answered, and, seeing him draw back, added eagerly, 'You must not—you dare not—let them find me here like this.'

"In a few moments they had reached the bridge. She laid her hands upon the wire rope.

"'See,' she said, 'it is tough and thick; it is strong enough to bear a dozen men. Let us tie ourselves together like the Alpine climbers, and we shall feel more safe. See, I brought this in case I should want it.'

"She drew a rope out of her pocket and slipped a noose beneath his arms, across his chest, and tied the other end around her waist. Then she laughed. 'If I slip you can hold me, and if you lose your footing I can help you.'

"'But the wire is not safe for the two together,' the man said, though to him the mere contact of someone near, even thus united, made him more courageous than when he went alone. He felt the wire rope; it seemed firm and stout enough. It had not started or snapped a strand when he came over, and surely there was not much danger if only they held tight.

"'Quick, quick! they are coming; let us get on, let us get on.'

"The man set his feet on the wire and started, the woman following without hesitation. The wire creaked and swayed.

"'Go back,' the man cried, 'go back; take off the rope, or let me go first alone.'

"But she pushed him forward, and with her sweet companionship fear fled from him; he was anxious to get across only for her sake, and all his thoughts were of her. Yes, we can get used to everything, and the second crossing of the rope did not seem so bad as the first. They had reached the middle when the rope creaked again. Then some of the old fear returned and his face grew white and wet.

"'Hold tight, whatever happens,' he shouted above the roar of the waters.

"At the horror in his voice fear seemed to come to her, too. She clenched her hands upon the wire and refused to move. Now that her mind had nothing to think of but their danger, she realised for the first time the risk they ran.

"'Oh, I am afraid—afraid,' she sobbed.

"'A little further,' said the man, the drops of agony blinding his eyes. They looked up at the serene heavens and down at the sullen death that awaited them below—at the dark figures coming along the line—too far off to be any possible help.

"'One more effort,' the man said; 'come, dear.'

"She closed her eyes and followed him. The rope swayed and creaked ominously beneath them. He gave another movement forward—and the wire broke. A moment of nothingness, and then they found themselves hanging in the air a few feet from the rushing waters. The man clung fast to the wire, but the woman's hands only held a minute and then let go. They swung like a pendulum over the face of death. The man screamed in his agony. The rope, noosed around his chest, and laden with the unconscious woman's weight, cut into him and seemed to pinch his heart out. He uttered cry after cry, and then—he went mad. He was no longer a reasoning human being, but an insane animal fighting for life. There was something—he did not know what—dragging him down to death; something that bit like a wolf into his breast and choked like a serpent. He strove to free himself. He tried to advance, but it drew him back.

He loosed one hand and tried to push it from him in vain ; he thrust his hand into his pocket—the thing was tearing the flesh from his ribs, it was pressing the breath from him, he was mad, dying. He drew forth his penknife and hacked at it. He was free ! In a moment he had scaled the wire and stood in safety on the shore. What had he done with his wife ? The rope round his chest was cut, he looked into the river, and his soul died within him.

"That was she—whirling and turning, beaten by the passing timbers, half drowned in the waters—the woman he loved. Her white face was raised to his. He could hear her screaming down there in the shadows, her pretty curls all gone, the red cheeks so pale, the parted lips washed over by the tide. And he had done this thing to his beloved.

"What had he done—he who would not have hurt her for all the stars in the heavens ? Did she know what he had done ?

"He was running along the bank to the spot where the waters had swept her. She had clung to a mass of wood that had got wedged near the middle of the river.

"Here there had been an island, now so flooded that nothing was seen of it but the tops of a few rocks, and on these the woman clung, not having a foothold.

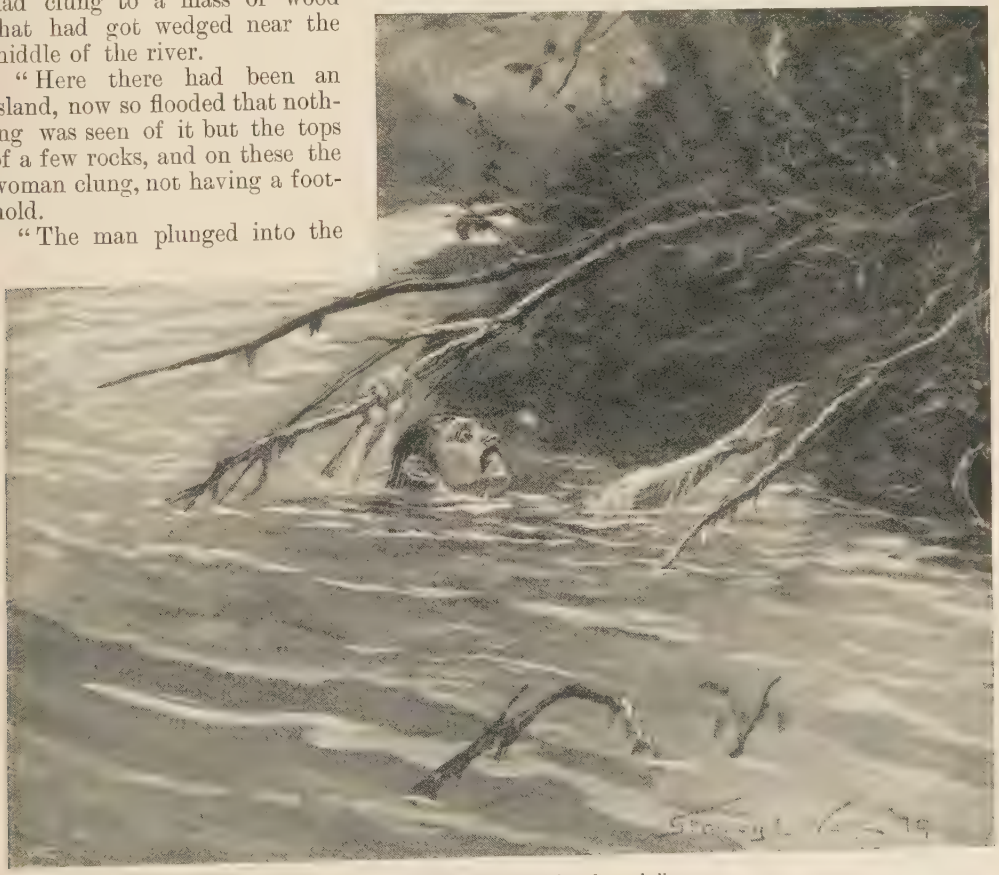
"The man plunged into the river above her and struck out for the island. It was an almost impossible effort, but love bore him along. The waters closed often over him. The drifting timbers struck him many times as they passed, so that he was bleeding and exhausted when at last he reached her.

"She rested, half fainting, clinging to the small foothold that the rocks gave and without strength to change her position. He drew her upon it and clasped her in his tired arms.

"'My dearest !' he wept over her.

"'Save me !' she cried, clinging to him. 'Oh, do not let me drown.'

"He held her to him without hope. Could he swim ashore with her, or could they wait there long enough for help to arrive ? Already the river left them nothing dry to rest upon. They were standing on a ridge a few feet wide and the waters washed over it. He shouted for help. Far away he could see the black figures in the moonlight investigating the broken bridge, but they did not



"Clung to the overhanging branch."

hear his cries. He screamed to them, but at last he saw them gather together and depart.

"He turned to his wife and bade her be brave, saying—

"'If anything happens to fling us off this, cling to me and I will swim ashore with you. Put your hand upon me and you will float along by my side quite easily, only do not fear.'

"He saw a huge beam come towards them and repeated what he had said. He saw the great mass come like a cork on the rising waters. It was making straight for them. The next moment he was in the water, with the senses half knocked out of him. He went down, and felt he would never come to the top again. Was he rising? The water looked green around him. There were black things passing above him. His throat was bursting. He felt that in a moment the blood must spring from his ears and eyes. Would he never get to the surface?

"It was clear, thank God, at last. He could see the blessed sky once more and the green shore. How far away it seemed! Would he ever reach it? There was something clinging to him, keeping him back. But he could easily thrust it off—a weak thing like a child's hand. But there was no child there—nothing there save death. The waters washed across his eyes, blinding him. The floating timbers and refuse struck his white face to red, but he fought with them all, flinging them from him. Everything, even the child's hand, was gone now. Once a drowning cat had reached him, caught his sleeve and tried to clamber on to his head. For a moment they fought together—two animals mad with fear. Then the man went on alone with blood upon his mouth.

"The shore was growing green. He could surely see the trees now. One effort more for dear life. He sank and rose again, and once more sank. As he went down he stretched his hands once over the waters in a death clutch, and they clung to the overhanging branch of a tree by the river. For a moment he hung so, getting back his strength. Then he drew himself ashore. For an hour he lay there, half in and half out of the water, and then he rose—and lived."

* * * * *

"And he never told the world that the woman had saved the train?" said one youth, after a long pause.

"That was part of his punishment," said the grey man. "It would have undone what she had died for. She was always in terror lest people should know that the man she loved was a coward."

"If I," said the other young man, "had left a woman to drown like that in my madness, I would have returned to the river in my senses and thrown myself in."

"So would he have done," said the grey man; "but when he looked into the water it was full of faces and darkness—a grave of horror. He was afraid to die."

"And how do you come to know the story?" said one youth.

The grey man did not answer. He rose and went to the window. As he drew aside the heavy curtain a fork of lightning flashed across his eyes, followed by a loud crash of thunder.

"My God! my God!" he cried, falling upon a chair and covering his face.

The young men started to his side.

"Are you hurt? blinded?" they cried.

He drew his hands from his ghastly face and looked towards the window.

"Pull the curtains," he said. "I am afraid."

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THE GOVERNMENT SUBSIDISED STEAMSHIP "LOMONOSOF," IN WHICH HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF ARCHANGEL VISITS THE NOVA ZEMBLA SAMOYAD RUSSIAN SETTLEMENTS EVERY SUMMER.

A SUMMER VISIT TO NOVA ZEMBLA.

By J. Russell-Jeaffreson, F.R.G.S.

NOVA ZEMBLA—that long island divided by the three narrow straits, the Yongoiski, the Kara Gates, and the Matostchin Shar (or straits), from Waigatz Island and the mainland of Russia, stretching from 70° to 77° N. latitude off the coast of Siberia in Europe, and lying right between those two vast, dreary, dangerous, ice-choked seas, the Barents and the Kara (this latter well called by Dr. Nansen the ice-cellar of the world)—this land, to most persons, conjures up visions of men in fur, Arctic expeditions, sledges, ships crushed, and a thousand horrors, not, as my trip was, a summer picnic in a fine mail-boat of 2,500 tons, with a French cook and a well stocked cellar, and a band to play at dinner. But this was the experience of the author, when, in 1896, he visited the island on board the Russian mail-steamer *Lomonosof*, chartered by the Governor of Archangel—"the Father of Nova Zembla," as he is called by the Samoyads, "Alexander Platonovitch Englehardt" (the beloved), as he is called by all. Up to 1872 Nova Zembla was No Man's Land, or was only the land of the bear, reindeer, and walrus, and an occasional band of extra bold Waigatz or Harberona Samoyads, who visited its shores to hunt, or, rarer still, a scientific expedition. But in 1873 it was taken by Russia and placed under the Humane Society, who built three huts at a cost of £400, and put six months' food there, in case of requirement by the Russian or Norwegian walrus hunters, who annually visited its shores, and who might be, as they often are, shipwrecked and bound to winter in this desolate land, where it is perpetual darkness from November 13th to February 1st, and perpetual day from May 26th to July 18th, when the sun never sinks. Its climate is one long winter, and some of the bays and inlets never thaw, and on the land lies (in spite of its southerly degree) eternal snow; its summer temperature is 1° to 3° R., and its winter temperature 60° R., and in autumn rain deluges every valley, and floods are the order of the day.

But in November, 1892, Nova Zembla was put under official Russian rule—*i.e.*, under the protectorate of the Government of Archangel, and at first all expenses were paid by the State. Now it pays itself well, for on that date the Government shipped three families of Samoyads from the Petchora to Nova Zembla, numbering 88 souls; in 1898 there were 120, one Russian priest, and an unqualified peasant doctor (called a felcher). There are now two settlements, the largest, Karmenkula, consisting of three big wooden houses, a church, a wooden parsonage, a store, a bath, and six to twelve chooms, or native skin wigwam-like huts. The other settlement, purely a native one, consists of chooms only, eight in number. It is a few miles from the entrance of the Matostchin Shar, that curious natural canal or strait dividing the island into two great halves. This canal is deep and navigable (when not blocked with ice) and two miles wide at parts.

Now a vessel visits this island twice a year—in July and September—and stays a day or two at each settlement. Barring that, and between those times, there is no communication whatever with the mainland, for no one is allowed to land without a special permit. This is to discourage what used to happen in the old days when a foreign fishing-boat would land, and after dosing the Samoyads with brandy, would induce them to part with all their year's catch for a few more bottles of "vodka" to continue

their "bust" on; so now the Governor, when he cannot go himself, sends his Secretary every year to negotiate with them. The product of each man's hunting is taken to Archangel and an account in his name is kept at the Bank. If he is poor or unlucky the Governor helps him, if not he gets his money and can, through the Secretary, order what he wants up to his balance, the goods being brought to him next voyage. To show their income, for example, one —the champion hunter—on my visit had 700 roubles (£70) as the result of his year's work, and the least prosperous—a lazy man—had 50 kopecks (1*s.*). Each, after the sale of his skins, was told his balance and allowed to buy. It was most interesting to sit next to the Secretary, good-natured and patient, and hear him explain and minister to the wants of these children of Nature. Gunpowder, lead, tea, sugar, flour, china cups (a great delicacy), knives, salt, cloth, needles, dogs, snuff, tobacco, were the chief of the orders given. I heard one added a wife, and his order, which was serious, was booked by the Secretary, and next voyage the Governor sent him one, a girl from the Samoyad settlement on the Petitioya. He was very pleased, but next time the boat called (the Governor told me this story at the English Club at Archangel, when we were dining, and we roared over it) the Samoyad sent the girl back to the Secretary with a message to the Governor that he must change this wife (as if she were a gun or a bale of merchandise) for another, as she was no good, too lazy, and a poor cook, and he refused to keep her; so the Secretary had to take the poor girl home and another wife was sent him. This time, I heard, it was a success, perhaps backed by the Governor's message that he would not change any wives sent again. This couple he sent on a honeymoon to Solivetski Monastery, as a sort of example and pilgrimage.

These Samoyads struck me as finer and more intelligent than the mainland tribes. This is due to the healthy life they lead, with no chance of getting drunk for weeks when they have money, as the mainland natives do on every available opportunity. As one said to me, running his greasy fingers through his matted hair, "Samoyad's head thick and dirty, but not empty, oh, not empty." He emphasised this by slapping his hands together between each word, a characteristic Samoyad trick. Sometimes one comes up to the Secretary and asks him to write a letter; the good-natured man at once pulls out his note-book, takes down his name, etc., and begins. When the Samoyad says it is to God he wants to write it, the Secretary drops his pen and explains. The Samoyad

KARMENKULA, CAPITAL OF NOVA ZEMBLA, IN THE NORTH OF THE SOUTHERN ISLAND, NEAR THE MATOSTCHIN SHAR.

A SAMOYAD CHOOM (HUT), DOGS, AND BABY BEARS, AT THE MATOSTCHIN SHAR SETTLEMENT, NOVA ZEMBLA.

answers, "I thought the Governor" (who is the "great one") "could give it Him." Poor, poor Samoyad! Another complained of heart pains, and we could not convince him it was not heart pain as he kept pointing to his right side. They were like children and had to be humoured and treated as such. Sitting on an upturned saucepan in a choom chatting to one, I said, "You have here a nice home, a wife and children, and yet you say you are not satisfied. What more do you want?" "Dogs," was the laconic reply. "One dog better than ten wives; wives can't drag sledge and catch deer; want dogs." And so I sat and drank tea without sugar or milk, very hot and weak, with him, and talked about the dogs, the winter hunting of the bear—the mighty Oshka of their old legends—the walrus and the deer. Religion was his great subject next to dogs, which I may say are sent them from Archangel once a year, where all the stray dogs caught in the province by the police are kept, and a hundred or so are thus sent out and divided among them to train for use in their sledges, and form their most valued possession. Last year the Governor tried to introduce tame reindeer, but when landed safely the first night, not being properly watched, these dogs (trained to hunt the wild deer) got into the enclosure and killed them all but one, and that ran away into the mountains and joined a wild herd. It is curious to see how very regularly and devoutly the Samoyads attend church now, when two years back they were all heathens and worshipped wooden idols called Bolvans, supposed to be inhabited by a spirit named Noom. But it is, in a way, only a thin veneer of Christianity, for I heard that often after church they returned home and worshipped Noom again as a sort of compromise, for they still fear that this spirit may be angry and work them ill if he is quite neglected.

Needless to say that this Noom worship is done in secret, so that the priests may not get wind of it. But it is done still, and many families yet have these idols hidden away in their chooms for secret worship. The figures are dreadfully difficult to see, let alone to get. I think of late years two Mr. Trevor Battye brought from Kolguey Island, and two I got (one on Waigatz Island and one in the Yalmal), are all that have come to England. Mr. Jackson saw one, on his winter tundra journey, and I got another large one this winter in the Kamiskia Zembla country after a week's haggling with a Samoyad, who at last parted with it for some vodka and a box of pills, a quarter-pound tin of gunpowder and a cake of tobacco. This one, for which I paid this exorbitant price, was two feet six inches high and carved like a Dutch doll out of one block, and was, the Samoyad assured me, two hundred years old, with a double necklace

of bear-claws and a dress of skin. He said it was a great Bolvan and originally came from the great Frozen Islands in the East (the new Siberia Islands) one hundred years ago, and used to have a choom to itself on Waigatz Island before the Russians made them Christians. He only sold it to me because he feared if the Russians saw it they would punish him. My other two, both old ones, are only pieces of stick with heads carved on them. Mr. Montefiore Brice, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., late secretary to the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition, editor of Mr. Jackson's book on his winter journey among the Samoyads, and a great student of Samoyad lore, has seen them and says they agree with the usual description written by the few who have visited this land and seen these idols.

TWO OF THE CHIEF SAMOYAD HUNTERS AND THEIR DOG SLEDGE AT KARMENKULA.

Apropos of their religion, much has been written abusing the Russian peasant priest, but my experience is the reverse. The Karmenkula priest, an old man, a picture of an ideal frontier pastor, has been there twelve years, winter and summer, with a single exception, and now in recognition of his services the Holy Synod has sent him a £500 house and fittings. Before, he used a Samoyad hut and made his own tables and chairs out of driftwood. I talked to him, and in spite of his surroundings found him refined and very quiet. He told me he was fifty; he looked sixty; the life is a killing one. I heard him perform a service there and I was impressed beyond description to hear his soft, fine voice intoning those grand old Russian prayers in that tiny barn of a church to those reindeer-skin-clad, fierce-looking natives, each armed with a great brass-mounted sealing knife. The sight was grand and impressive, and one calculated to bring serious thoughts to the most worldly and flippant. After service, he having left the church, we walked and talked on the beach.

I said, "To amuse yourself in winter, do you shoot, father?"

"No, I am not allowed to take life, by the rules of my order, and I have no inclination. I love to watch life, birds especially—they are God's creatures.

"Do you like living here?"

"I am accustomed to it," he said; "it is my path to God. We do not come into this world only to do as we like."

"Have you no relatives?"

"No, except in heaven, I trust."

Each reply seemed to rebuke the question.

"You must enjoy your eight weeks every year in Archangel?"

"No, I take it for my health only. I certainly like to see the Cathedral services, but I prefer Nova Zembla. I have no duty in Archangel."

Then he told me the total revenue of Nova Zembla—he kept the accounts—was 10,000 r., or £1,200 a year. He said the Samoyads were morally greatly improving, and now none miss a service, and never neglect the numerous religious festivals, and, without being able to read, they remember them all without a mistake (and prayers are legion in Russia) by some mysterious calculation on their fingers. His name was "Father Ton," and, whatever his beliefs and sect may be, and however they differ from our own, no one could but admire that figure as I saw it when I left him standing alone on the beach, his long, white hair streaming in the wind, waving us farewell as a man among men, who would take up his Master's work in such a place and stick to it; for this life of winter after winter spells certain death, and death in all the horrors of that terrible Arctic disease, scurvy, for him accelerated by his rigorous fasts and abstinence from fresh animal food, which alone can battle the disease for a year or two more.

When the Governor was leaving the Matostchin Shar another rather impressive scene was enacted. About seventy Samoyads, —the whole colony, in fact— voluntarily (for they love the Governor, who is a father to them in every sense) all knelt to kiss his feet, much to his annoyance, he telling them only to kneel to God and not to him, as the English Chancellor did near the same shores 300 years ago; and then, as he left, the spokesman of the party rose and said: "I, poor, dirty Samoyad, to you, great father, can nothing give; but there (pointing to the sky) is our God, yours, great father, and mine, poor Samoyad. He will give you all happiness, a happy voyage and a good, happy, lawful wife. God with you, God with you, a Samoyad's good-bye. Good-bye, great white father, good-bye."

AMBITION.

By Barbara Bruce.

Illustrated by Will Owen.

"WELL, I should just like to know what we are coming to," said Jenny. "Threepennyworth of wall-flowers in the three weeks for table decoration in a fine dining-room like this! It seems to me there is something a bit off somewhere; but it is as like as not, being mistress here, you'll go on your own way. I need not waste my breath."

Jenny was my cook, my very first cook; I brought her with me from the provinces. Why I brought her, and why I kept her, till Providence removed her from my home, I can never quite clearly explain. She was a notable member of the profession, with a power of argument that was terrible, and absolutely no respecter of persons. Nevertheless she was an excellent cook. Her master passion was jealousy of the other maid, Alice, a nice-looking girl, humble and dutiful. In moments of emotion, which were far from infrequent, such as when I asked her why she began her day at eight instead of six o'clock, a slight cast in her eye almost degenerated into a squint.

"Why don't I come down of a morning?" she snapped. "This is just why. At six sharp off goes the alarum, and up springs that Alice, and, before you can count nine, stands over by me and says, 'Get up, cook; it is gone half-past six.' Take orders from her I shall not, so naturally I stopped abed, and when I did get down, there was her impudence doing out my dining-room as cool as you like. If you think I am coming so low as to ask her to give me the doing of that room back, you are wrong for once. Not I; if she wants to do it, she is welcome."

"I shall expect you in future either to do the work allotted to you or to leave my service," I said angrily.

"You may think it is quite an easy thing to find another capable woman in London, Christmas time (month to-day)," said Jenny. "I know better—don't tell me! A good cook-general is about as rare as snow in summer." Then two tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. "I could never anyhow make it right with my conscience to leave you in the lurch at such a time," she added nobly. So Jenny stayed.

One thing that interested her supremely was the washing. The other girl counted it out and rolled it up and did for it generally. But Jenny criticised it.

"How shockingly the things from the laundry are done this week!" I remarked.

"Yes," answered Jenny pensively. "I only just wish you saw my best white underskirt with the frills; it has come back looking awful, and they have put you down eightpence to pay for it. Your own skirt isn't just so bad done. Of course, it is plain, and nothing to look at; they put you down fourpence for that."

"How dare you send frilled white petticoats to my laundry?" I almost screamed.

"Asking your pardon," sneered Jenny, "but I could not think of stopping in a house which expects its maids to wear no underskirts."

A morning or two later she half edged, half sidled, into the breakfast-room, shifted unsteadily from one foot to the other, and finally blushed pink all over. From these sure signs of emotion I thought she must have come to tell me she was going to be married.

"It is here," she said suddenly.

"What is here?" I asked in deep bewilderment.

She dashed from the room and returned with a square pasteboard box. "It is just here," she continued. "We are asked to a dance New Year's Eve, and as you are to be out dining I made bold to accept."

"Very well; I daresay I can manage to let you go for this once. What is in that box, anyhow?"

Her blushes reappeared. "Pure silk through and through," she simpered complacently. "That imbecile Alice thinks hers is, too. Don't tell me. Did ever anyone hear of a pure silk blouse for four-and-three?

Half wool, half cotton, the idiot!" A pure silk blouse emerged from the box.

"What are you going to do with that?" I gasped.

Jenny looked as if she felt really sorry for me. "Wear it to the dance," she said promptly. "You see, at home anything did. In Yorkshire things are just what they seem, people take you as they find you; your best black, your watch-chain, and maybe a sprig of red geranium, is good enough for anything; but it is very different here. Either you keep up an appearance, in the South, or you get left. My friends don't mix in with just anybody; it is gas men, railway men, policemen, and such—all professional, nothing low. It would quite put me to shame to go amongst them unsuitable."

"Then why go?" I asked.

"Oh, well, it does you a power of good to see a bit of life, and the young man that is walking me out, he is going." She took a big breath, then went on. "You may think I want to be a cook all my life, but that is a mighty mistake. No, what I really want is a good 'down-setting.'"

"You do," I assented drily.

"I'll spend his money right enough for him," she answered. "Save me from misers, like your other girl, going and cramming sixpences in a box, and taking them out in the lump, once a year, and sending a great thick shawl to her mother, while she goes about the place herself dressed like a rag-bag. She has no more respect for herself than that," she snapped her fingers viciously. "Whatever have you done to your hands?" she remarked, descending suddenly from her flight of eloquence.

"Oh, I have been rubbing up the drawing-room silver; it was in a disgraceful state," I said severely.

"'Not a bite of "Spratt's puppy" will he take from that Alice.'"

"And you not to put on gloves! Did ever you hear?" exclaimed Jenny. "Why, there isn't a night in my life I don't 'Juvenia cream' my hands and sleep in white kids, one-and-three-farthings the pair. I would never be caught with hands like that; and as for peeling onions, it is what I never have and never shall do. I get good-for-nothing Alice to do that part."

"You ridiculous, superfine thing, I shan't have Alice doing your work," I said.

"I don't think for a weak digestion like master's unpealed onions are just the thing, but you mostly know best," said Jenny.

"Another thing is, we will require two bottles of Scrubbs' household ammonia this week."

"Two a week? Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "We only used to require two a month."

"Ah, but things is different now," persisted Jenny. "It is just this—the water here is so hard, I can't think to wash in it without some toilet requisite; my skin won't stand it, it peels."

"Then," I said sternly, "you can go. This house requires a cook with a less delicate skin."

She burst into a flood of tears and sobbed bitterly. "To put me away after all we have come through together—the mice epidemic, the moth scare, and what not—you have not the heart," she sobbed. "I won't say I haven't my faults; but 'cept washing in hard water and peeling onions, there is nothing I would not do for you and master, though he has his queer ways; but show me the man that hasn't. And then there is the dog—who is to feed him? Not a bite of 'Spratt's puppy' will he take from that Alice—he simply can't abear the girl; either that beast is fed and done for by me, or else he gives it up, and 'squiffs.'"

"The last glimpse I had of this superior person."

Some weeks later, as I crossed the hall, I heard a groan, and turning, saw Jenny sitting on the stairs, nursing her foot.

"What is the matter now?" I asked impatiently.

"It is just this," said Jenny, "I was at my dancing class last night out. Court heels is compulsory—I don't seem to get used to them nohow—three-and-twopence I gave for these very shoes, and not a happy moment in them."

"It is too absurd to waste your money on dancing. I never heard of such a thing."

"We live and learn," groaned Jenny. "I have at times stood up to polka, but waltz I never could; I am bound to get at it somehow. I don't believe there is another in London ('cept Alice) but can do it; it fairly puts me to the blush to think of it."

It looked very rainy, heavy clouds hid the sun, there was a still feeling in the air. I hesitated on the doorstep, arrayed in my best frock. Finally I took my battered old umbrella from the stand. As I looked dubiously at it a voice behind me said, "I put it up this very morning when I did out the hall, and I will say, if you are going anywhere particular visiting, it is not fit to go along with that dress. Half a dozen holes, if there is one, in it, and the handle badly tarnished."

I looked ruefully at my new dress, and then at the clouds.

"I'll tell you what," continued Jenny—"have mine for the day. It is real smart, silver top and all. I gave five-and-eleven for it, every penny. I don't mind your having it a bit."

"No, thanks," I said curtly, and lifting my dress I sailed out of the house "umbrellaless."

At last Providence saw that my endurance was at an end, and stepped in opportunely, in the shape of the railway clerk, who married the logical Jenny. The last glimpse I had of this superior person was in the small, grimy kitchen of an East End house. Her ragged black dress clung round her slight figure, and two Hinde's curlers adorned her brow. She stood over a tub, washing her children's clothes in a passionate, vindictive way, half dutiful, half disgusted, and wholly hopeless. The cast had degenerated to a profound squint.

"There is nothing about it," she said emphatically, "but that marriage is a failure."

Photo by] [*Kuhn, Paris.*

WILLIAM HENRY WADDINGTON.

Formerly French Ambassador to this country.

BRITONS IN THE SERVICE OF FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS.

By A. de Burgh.

The British Empire is extending farther and farther every day. Nor do we wonder at the extraordinary power Great Britain has grown to wield over vast portions of this earth of ours. A careful study of the needs of human nature has enabled her to formulate and apply sound political principles which make themselves felt in every corner of the world. An inborn love of liberty, an unquenchable patriotism, and a desire to afford others the same advantages they themselves enjoy – these qualities (spiced, no doubt, with an appreciable grain of selfishness and some reasonable expectation of a return of ultimate benefit to themselves) have produced men who laid the foundations and then built upon them the Empire of to-day.

A renowned statesman once remarked that "Britons must be made of a very superior clay." The results of their work would certainly point to that.

All nations guard more or less jealously against foreign intrusion ; therefore, when we see our countrymen attain to the highest positions in foreign lands, we may be pardoned the vanity of thinking that the clay they are made of must be a superior one.

During the Thirty Years War many Scotchmen in the various armies were renowned all over France, Germany, Hungary, Spain, Sweden, and the Netherlands. Only a few instances of the more remote times can be mentioned, as there are so many eminent Britons or descendants of Britons holding high rank in foreign countries at the present day, and these, naturally, are of more immediate interest.

A very prominent case is that of a cadet of the Leslies of Balquhain, who became a Count of the Romish German Empire and Imperial Ambassador to Constantinople. His son James, who succeeded to his hereditary honours, gained great fame in the defence of Vienna against the Turks.

The Swedish Count of Orcholm was Sir James Spence, of Warminster ; Sir Patrick Ruthven was a distinguished general of the German army and governor of Ulm ; Sir Alexander Leslie we find as governor of the Baltic coast-towns and field-marshal of the army of Westphalia ; Sir David Drummond became illustrious as general and governor of Stettin, in Pomerania.

Everyone has heard of Keith and Lacy, the former Scotch, the latter Irish, who have

THE LATE MARSHAL MACMAHON.

President of the French Republic.

done such signal service to Russia. James Keith subsequently became a field-marshal (1747) of Frederick the Great, and died the death of a hero, being struck by a cannon

shot on the battlefield of Hochkirch in 1758, during the Seven Years War. He was one of the few men whom Frederick the Great admitted to his intimate friendship, and a letter of the famous king is still extant which shows the feelings entertained by him towards the Scotsman.

One of the incidents history records in the life of Keith is worth repeating, as showing especially the qualities of the man. When once summoned by the Prince of Hildburghausen to surrender a town which he occupied, he replied to the messenger, "Tell the Prince that by birth I am a Scotchman, by choice and duty a Prussian, and I am determined so to defend the town that neither the Scotch nor the Prussians shall be ashamed of me!"

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT LAVAL NUGENT, OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

Before touching on the array of extraordinary personages of the present day and of our own epoch, one must mention at least by name the Gordons, who became a great power in the court and camp of Peter the Great of Russia, and Admiral Samuel Carlowitch Greig, who was, in fact, the creator of the Russian navy, and was the projector and author of the fortifications of Kronstadt, of which fortress he became governor. He also died the death of a soldier, succumbing to wounds received at the renowned battle of Hogeland.

In the Cathedral of Bremen is to be seen the burial-place of Alexander Erskine, Minister of War to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. He represented that country at the historical conference which resulted in the Treaty of Westphalia.

A few months ago there died at Glynde, near Lewes, Eliza Viscountess Hampden, widow of the first Viscount, who, as the Hon. Henry Brand, was for many years Speaker of the House of Commons. By descent the lady belonged to the renowned family of Barclays, of Tolly or Towie, who were merged with the Ellices by marriage. One of her ancestors, whose parents, like many other natives of Scotland, emigrated to the dominions of the Czar during the seventeenth century and settled there, became the celebrated Russian General, Prince Barclay de Tolly, whose rivalry with Kutuzov is described in Tolstoi's "War and Peace." Another equally famous branch of her ancestry were the Barclays of Urie, one of whom fought under Gustavus Adolphus, and while in prison became a Quaker.

Looking over the last twenty years we see a very significant state of affairs. In France we find a President who is a descendant of an Irish family, Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta; but we also find in the same Republic a Prime Minister who was an Englishman. M. William Henry Waddington, who was also for many years French Ambassador at our Court, was the son of an Englishman, and was educated at Rugby and Cambridge, taking his degree in 1847 with a first class and a chancellor's medal. He was one of the victorious crew in the University boat-race of 1849. Thirty years later he was President of the Council, after having held the high position of Deputy and Senator of the French Republic, Minister of Instruction, Foreign Minister, and French Plenipotentiary to the Berlin Congress in 1878.

Austria had a genuine Irish peer as her Prime Minister from 1879 to 1893. The late Count Taaffe, eleventh Viscount Taaffe and Baron Ballymotte in the Irish peerage, and Count of the Holy Roman Empire (since 1784), was a personal friend of the Emperor Francis Joseph I. and his trusted counsellor for nearly fifty years. His son Henry, twelfth Viscount, serves now in the Austrian army. We may here mention that Austria is the adopted country of many Irishmen,

who have occupied high positions in the realm.

It was an Irishman, Count O'Donnell, who acted as equerry to the present venerable Emperor when his life was attempted nearly fifty years ago. The Count, fearing that the knife with which the Emperor was wounded might have been poisoned, sucked the wound clean after having disabled the would-be assassin and prevented him from striking a second blow.

Baron MacNevin O'Kelly of Aughrim (O'Kelly ab Aughrim), whose ancestors were made Austrian barons in 1767, is a highly esteemed personage in that Empire. The present head of the family was born in 1847, and married the Countess of Monfort, daughter of the Princess Thurn and Taxis. He is heir to Ballynahown in Ireland. Another great family in Austria are the Barons MacEnis of Atter and Iveaghe, who were ennobled in the Holy Roman Empire in 1680 and made Bohemian barons in 1784. These are only a few instances of many which might be enumerated.

One of the greatest and most honoured names in Austro-Hungary is that of Nugent. Field-Marshal Count Laval Nugent was one of the distinguished military leaders in the early days of the present reign. His descendants, who hold high rank in that exclusive country, speak with pride of their Irish origin, being a branch of the West Meath family of that name.

In Sweden and Norway Count Ludwig Douglas has been Minister of Foreign Affairs since 1895. He is a descendant in the seventh generation of Robert Douglas, who served with a company of mercenaries, under the command of his kinsman, the Marquis of Hamilton, in the armies of King Gustavus Adolphus. This Robert Douglas was made Count of Skenninge, and later on became field-marshal. His son Gustavus was appointed Governor of the Province of Vesterbotten. Two of Count Gustavus's sons were made prisoners in the battle of Pultava, and the younger of these entered the service of the Czar, and was later appointed Russian Governor of the Province of Finland. The elder kept true to his allegiance, and returned, after peace had been restored, to Stjärnap, his father's estate in Ostergothland, which remains up to this date in the possession of his family. His successor, Charles William, allied himself to royalty by marrying the daughter of the Grand Duke Louis of Baden. Charles William had two sons, one born in

Photo by] [*Byrne & Co., Richmond.*

KAÏD MACLEAN.

Commander-in-Chief of the Morocco Army.

February and the other in November, 1849. The elder is an officer in the German army and member of the Reichstag. The younger—the Count Ludwig already mentioned—was educated at the University of Upsala, and entered the Swedish parliament in 1887. He was for a time equerry to the Crown Prince, and became in 1895 Foreign Minister, as already stated. He is married to the daughter of the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Albert Ehrenswärd, and has a large family.

It is not necessary to speak of the many English, Irish, and Scotch who occupied high and responsible positions in the United States of America, as naturally the great majority of Americans are Britons by descent. One fact should be mentioned, however, as it may not be universally known, namely, that President McKinley is the descendant of Francis McKinley, the leader of the Ulster rebels a century ago.

CHARLES O'DONNELL, DUKE OF TETUAN.
Formerly Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs and Premier.

In Spain there is a strong admixture of Irish blood. The Spanish envoy to the Peace Conference at the Hague, and formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs and Premier, is the Duke of Tetuan. "Red Hugh" O'Donnell, who fled his country when England conquered Ulster, was the ancestor of a line of Spanish grandees of which the Duke is the present head. He is an Irish chieftain in his own right, and the owner of a name famous in the history of Ireland. He claims to be Lord of Donegal, and rejoices in his patronymic of Charles O'Donnell. In appearance he is a typical Castilian noble, of stately presence, fine face, and dignified manner. He was born in 1834, but by no means looks his age, though his beard and hair are almost white.

One of the most brilliant courtiers of the young Spanish King belongs to the great family of Murphy, and bears the name of Conde de Morphe or Count Murphy. He holds one of the most responsible places at the Royal Court, being private secretary to Alphonso XIII.

An ex-Premier of Holland is Baron Aeneas Mackay d'Opperment, who is heir to the Scotch peerage now held by Lord Reay. The Baron, who is sixty years of age, is a cousin to the present holder of the title, and future chief of the Mackay clan.

Another remarkable instance of the advancement of a Briton on foreign soil is that of Colonel Maclean, who is now Kaïd Maclean, Commander-in-Chief of the Morocco Army, and the Sultan's most trusted friend and companion. He is the son of the Maclean of Loch Buie, his father owning a great part of the Isle of Mull. The Kaïd is popular, in spite of the great jealousy of the Mohammedans, and the tact he displays in his most difficult position is quite wonderful. He invariably travels with the Sultan, and exercises an immense influence over him.

A few years ago, when there was a probability of trouble arising between Morocco and Great Britain, a Scotchman, hailing from Glasgow, who was in the Sultan's dominions at the time, got compromised in some way and was seized and cast into prison by the Sultan's orders, being kept without food of any kind, as is the rule in Morocco. During the night, when the poor Scot was actually near starvation, a figure clothed in a white gown came softly to the cell and addressed the terrified prisoner in broad Scotch. He produced from the folds of his gown a bottle of real Scotch whisky and various eatables. The two clansmen sat far into the morning talking of the old home and of their friends in bonnie Scotland. It is needless to say that in the morning the prisoner was released and seen safely out of Morocco by his countryman, Kaïd Maclean.

It is not generally known that an Irishman is chief of the general staff of the Russian army, and one of the foremost advisers of the Czar, who has loaded him

with honours and decorations. He has Russianised his Irish cognomen O'Bryan and is known as General O'Brutscheff.

In China many Britons have during the present century made great names for themselves. We need only mention that noble philanthropist and soldier, General Gordon, whose death the whole world mourned, or refer to the present virtual head of the Chinese Embassy at the Court of St. James, Sir Halliday Macartney. The latter was born in Scotland of Irish and Scotch parents, and is married to a French lady, the daughter of Jacques Léon du Santoy. So great was and still is his influence in the Celestial Empire that he has been dubbed the "English nose of the Chinese Emperor."

COUNT LUDWIG DOUGLAS.
Minister of Foreign Affairs in Norway and Sweden.

Sir Halliday has had a very unusual career. He joined the Army Medical Service and became surgeon to the 39th Regiment; but he drifted early to China, where he entered the Chinese service as Director of the Imperial Arsenal at Nanking. During the Taiping Rebellion he acted with General Gordon. From that time he steadily rose into greater prominence, and is to-day one of the celestial nobles and a most trusted and esteemed friend of the Emperor and Empress-mother. Although faithful to China, Sir Halliday is continually rendering services to Greater Britain.

BARON AENEAS MACKAY D'OPPERMENT.
Ex-Premier of Holland.

No foreigner, however, in recent times has reached such a position of power and influence as the Irishman, Sir Robert Hart, Director of Chinese Customs. Sir Robert entered the Chinese service forty years ago, and in the short space of barely ten years became Inspector-General of Customs. Probably no man in any country holds a position of more difficulty and responsibility, and holds it so resolutely and well. Under his absolute command he has a force of some three thousand men and a fleet of armed cruisers. Sir Robert is the son of the late Mr. Henry Hart, of Portadown, Armagh, and is ably supported by his brother James and his brother-in-law (likewise an Irishman), Mr. Burdon.

THE LATE COUNT TAAFFE.
Prime Minister of Austria.

A native of Birmingham wields great power in the realm of the Ameer of Afghanistan. Sir Salter Pyne entered the service of his present master in 1886, and undertook to establish a regular army and an arsenal on European principles. He has been successful and has won the confidence of the Ameer and his people. Sir Salter is still under forty years of age.

In the service of the Sultan of Turkey we have also instances of Britons attaining great

power. Hobart Pasha was Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish navy, and to enumerate those sons of our Isles who have come to eminence in the service of the Khedive would be an impossibility in the limited space at our disposal.

A case of gaining sovereign power in foreign lands is that of the son of the late Rev. Francis Charles Johnson, vicar of White Larkington, Somerset, and nephew of the late Sir James Brooke, whose name he assumed. Sir James entered the service of the Malay Rajah of Borneo, and assisted successfully in quelling a serious rebellion among the natives. The Rajah presented him with forty thousand acres of land surrounding Sarawak, and he established here an independent principality and assumed the name of Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak. He left at his death his dominions and wealth to his nephew, who assumed the sovereignty which he now holds in semi-alliance with Great Britain.

In Italy there are various Britons who, under their new foreign titles, are little known in their own country. Italy's chief naval authority and the former head of her navy is a cousin of Lord Acton, and representative of a branch of a family which for generations has been eminent in the adopted country. His great-uncle, Sir Edward Acton, was the most brilliant man of his day in the Kingdom of Naples, of which he was both Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief. His grandfather was an admiral in the Neapolitan navy, and his brother holds flag rank in the Italian navy.

Another interesting example is the Italianised Earl of Newburgh, who is now better known as Sigismund Giustiniani Bandini, Prince Bandini, Duke of Montdragone, etc. He is a descendant of the first Edward. Lord Newburgh can boast of the most intimate relations with the Pope. He is the son of Maria, Countess of Newburgh in her own right, by her marriage with an Italian. Although an English peer he has never taken his seat in the House of Lords. He has been educated in Italy and is more Roman than the Romans, and even in his appearance he suggests rather the Italian prince than the descendant of Sir John Levingston, the brave soldier of five centuries ago.

GENERAL O'BRUTSCHEFF.
Chief of the General Staff of the Russian Army

The roll-call has by no means been completed, but enough distinguished names have been given to illustrate the varied achievements of our countrymen in foreign service. No other nation can show such a record; no country can claim more men who have risen to the highest places on foreign soil than Great Britain, a fact that testifies most eloquently to the capacity and enterprise of her sons.

A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

BY IAN MACLAREN.*

Illustrated by HAROLD COPPING.

No. IV.—A FAMOUS VICTORY.

THE Seminary perfectly understood that here and there, in the holes and corners of the town, there were obscure schools where little companies of boys got some kind of education and were not quite devoid of proper spirit. During a really respectable snowstorm—which lasted for a month and gave us an opportunity of bringing affairs to a temporary settlement with our two dangerous rivals, so that the town of Muirtown was our own for the next seven days—a scouting party from the Seminary in search of adventures had an encounter with a Free Kirk school, which was much enjoyed and spoken about for weeks beside the big fire. Spiug began, indeed, to lay out a permanent campaign by which the boys going home southwards could look in from time to time on the Free Kirkers, and he indicated his willingness to take charge of the operation. It was also said that an Episcopal or Papist school—we made no subtile distinctions at the Seminary—in the northern district might afford some sport, and the leadership in this case was to be left to Duncan Robertson, the other captain of the commonwealth. Snow did not last the whole year round even in a Scots town; but it was wonderful what could be done in summer by the use of book-bags, well stuffed out with Cæsar and Lennie's English Grammar, and at the worst there always remained our fists. The pleasure of planning these campaigns is still a grateful recollection, for it seemed to us that by spreading our forces we might have perpetual warfare from January to December and over the length and breadth of the town, so that no one would be compelled to return to his home of an evening without the hope of a battle, and every street of the town would be distinguished by conflict. Nothing came, however, of those spirited enterprises that year, because our two rivals, laying aside their mutual quarrels, which were very bitter, we understood, and entering into a covenant of falsehood—their lying filled us with holy indignation—attacked us front and rear while we were having an innocent game of Russians and English on the north meadow. Although taken unawares and poorly provided with weapons we made a good fight; but in the end we were scattered so completely that Spiug never reached the school again that day, for which he was thrashed by Bulldog next morning, and Dunc came in with a front tooth gone and one black eye, for which he was soundly thrashed at once.

During all that summer we denounced the amazing meanness of the other side, and turned over plans for splitting the alliance, so that we might deal with each power separately and finally. Spiug even conducted a negotiation—watchfully and across the street, for the treachery of the other side was beyond description—and tried to come to terms with the representative of our least hated opponent. He even thought, and Peter was not guileless, that he had secured their neutrality, when they suddenly burst forth into opprobrious language, being a very vulgar school indeed, and exposed Peter's designs openly. His feelings were not much hurt by the talk, in which, indeed, he scored an easy victory after he had abandoned negotiation and had settled down to vituperation, but Seminary boys whose homeward route took them past the hostile territories had to be careful all that summer. It was, indeed, a time of bitter humiliation to the premier school of Muirtown, and might have finally broken its spirit had it not have been for the historical battle in the beginning of November, when McGuffie and Robertson led us to victory, and the power of the allies was smashed for years.

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So great, indeed, was their defeat that in early spring Peter has been known to withdraw himself from marbles in the height of the season and of his own personal profit, for the simple purpose of promenading through the enemies' sphere of influence alone and flinging words of gross insult in at their gates.

One of the schools must have been a charity for the education of poor lads, since it was known to us as the "Penny School," and it was a familiar cry ringing through the yard of the Seminary, "The Pennies are coming!" when we promptly turned out to give them the welcome which, to do them justice, they ardently desired. Whether this was a penny a week or a penny a month we did not know, or whether, indeed, they paid a penny at all, but it pleased us to give this name, and it soon passed beyond the stage of correction. Our enemies came at last to wear it proudly, like many other people who have been called by nicknames and turned the nickname into an honour, for they would follow up a particularly telling snowball with the cry, "There's a penny for ye!" They were sturdy varlets, quite indifferent as to boots and stockings, and equally so as to blows. Through their very regardlessness the Pennies would have been apt to rout the Seminary—whose boys had given pledges to respectability, and who had to answer searching questions as to their personal appearance every evening—had it not been for stalwarts like McGuffie, whose father, being a horse-dealer, did not apply an over strict standard of judgment to his son's manners or exploits, and Robertson, who lived in lodgings and, being a soldier's son, was supposed to be in a state of discipline for the Army.

Our feeling towards the Pennies was hardly cordial, but it was as nothing to our hatred of McIntyre's school, which called itself an academy, and had a Latin master and held examinations and affected social equality with the Seminary. Everyone knew that the Seminary had existed in the time of Queen Mary, and some said went back to the days of William Wallace, although we had some doubts as to whether the present building was then in existence. Everyone also knew that McIntyre's whole concern belonged to himself, and that he collected the fees in every class on Friday morning, that he took home what was over after paying his assistants, and that butcher meat for the McIntyre family next week depended on the result. McIntyre drew his supplies from the small tradesmen, and a Seminary lad going in to get a new pair of boots at Meiklewham's would have a fine sense of pride in being measured by an old opponent whose face had often looked out

"The snow began to fall."

on him amid the mist of battle. This pretentious and windy institution even attempted the absurdity of a yearly prizegiving, when, instead of the Provost sitting in state and glaring before him with a Horace in his hands upside down, McIntyre's minister would hold forth on diligence and tidiness and courtesy and suchlike contemptible virtues. Had a Seminary boy been offered the painful choice, he would almost as soon have gone to the Pennies as to McIntyre, for in this case he had not been an impostor and a fraud.

For a week the weather had been hovering on frost, and on Wednesday afternoon the snow began to fall with that quiet and steady downpour which means a lasting storm. Spiug went home in great spirits, declaring to an admiring circle of junior boys that if Providence were kind and the snow continued there would be something worth living for at the dinner hour on Friday. As the snowball war was a serious affair, and was conducted after a scientific fashion, it never commenced until there was a good body of snow upon the ground and pure snow could be gathered up without earth and stones. The unpardonable sin of our warfare was slipping a stone into a snowball: this was the same as poisoning the wells, and the miscreant who perpetrated this crime was cast out from every school. There was a general understanding between parties that the mercies were not to be wasted, but that the schools were to refrain themselves until there was a fair and lasting supply of ammunition. It was still snowing on Thursday morning, and there were some who said that war might now be declared; and Jock Howieson, ever a daring and rash spirit, said we would repent it if we were not ready against one o'clock. Spiug and Dunc were, however, of opinion that nothing was likely to take place that day except desultory skirmishes, and that the whole day ought to be spent in accumulating a store of snowballs against Friday, when there was no question that we should have to face the united schools in a decisive battle. This was the only instance where our captains ever made a mistake, and they atoned for their error of judgment by the valour and skill with which they retrieved what seemed a hopeless defeat.

As the hours wore on to one o'clock Spiug could be seen glancing anxiously out at the window, and he secured an opportunity with Dunc for a hasty conference during the geometry lesson. About a quarter to twelve he turned from his slate and cocked his ear, and in two minutes afterwards every boy in Bulldog's class-room understood that the war had begun and that we had been taken by surprise. Scouts from McIntyre's, as we afterwards learned, had risked the danger of playing truant, which, in a school like theirs, cost nothing, and had visited our playground. They had carried back news that we were not yet prepared for battle, and our firm opinion was that the authorities of Penny's and McIntyre's had allowed their schools out at half-past twelve in order to take us at a disadvantage. Before the bell rang and the senior classes were dismissed the Seminary knew that our enemies had seized the field of battle, but we did not know until we came out the extent of the disaster.

The Pennies had come down the back street and had established themselves opposite the narrow entrance between two sheds through which three only could walk abreast from our playground to the street. They had also sent a daring body of their lighter and more agile lads to the top of the sheds which separated our playground from the street, and they had conveyed down an enormous store of ammunition, so that our playground was absolutely at their mercy, and anyone emerging from the corridor was received with a shower of well made and hard snowballs against which there was no standing. Even if we ran this risk and crossed the playground we could then be raked from the fire from the shed, and a charge through the narrow passage to the street would be in the last degree as hazardous. There were twelve feet of passage, and there were not many who would care to face a stream of snowballs driven by the vigorous hands of the Pennies down this passage as through a pipe. Instead of meeting our enemies on the street, they had penned us up within our own school. McIntyre's had come down the terrace and seized an excellent position behind two Russian guns which stood opposite our school and about twenty feet from our front entrance. They had made these guns into a kind of fort, from behind whose shelter, reinforced by a slight barricade of jackets, they commanded our entrance, and had driven in the first boys who emerged, in hopeless discomfiture. It came upon us that we had been shut up back and front, and shut up with the poorest supply of snowballs and very little snow with which to repair our resources.

While the younger boys raged and stormed in the safety of the corridors, Dunc and Spiug

retired for consultation. In two minutes they came out and gave their orders to the mass of boys gathered together round the "well," and in the "well," and on the stairs, and in the corridors. It was at this moment that Nestie Molyneux obtained a name which he covered with glory before the close of the day. As he had no class between twelve and one, he had been observing events and with the aid of two or three other little boys had done what he could to repair the neglect of yesterday. In spite of a rain of snowballs he had availed himself of a sheltered corner in the playground and had worked without ceasing at the preparation of the balls. Every ball as it was made was dipped into a pail of water and then, half frozen, was laid in a corner where it was soon frozen altogether. "There'll be the feck o' twa hundred balls ready. Ma certes! Nestie has a head on his shoulders. Now," said Spiug, speaking from halfway up the stair, "we'll start with thae balls for a beginnin', and wi' them we'll fecht our way out to the open. As soon as we've cleared the background every ane o' the two junior classes is to mak balls as hard as he can lick and bring them forward to the fighting line.

"We'll divide the senior school into three divisions; Dunc will take forty of ye and drive McIntyre frae the guns and along the terrace till you turn them into Breadalbane Street. Forty o' ye—and I want nae Dowbiggins—'ll come with me, and we'll bring the Pennies aff the shed quicker than they got up, and drive them up the back streets till we land them wi' the rest in Breadalbane Street; and the juniors 'ill keep us well supplied with balls, else Dunc and me will ken the reason at two o'clock.

"Jock Howieson, ye're to tak forty swank fellows that can run and are no 'feart to be left alane. Ye'll rin round by the North Street and the Cathedral and come down the top of Breadalbane Street till ye cut off McIntyre's and the Pennies frae their schools. Dae nothin' till ye see Dunc and me drivin' the lot up Breadalbane Street, then come down from the back end of them wi' all your might, and I'm thinkin' they'll be wanting to be inside their ain yard afore a' be done."

Dunc assembled his corps inside the front porch, each boy supplied with two balls and with twenty youngsters behind bringing up more. McIntyre's balls were falling on the front wall and coming in through the wall of the porch. One of them struck Dunc on the side of the head, but he forbade any return fire. "They're wastin' their balls," he said; "it'll be the better for us"; and then, looking round, "Are ye ready? Charge!" and shouting "Seminary! Seminary!" he led his division across the terrace and fell upon McIntyre's behind the guns. It was a short, sharp scrimmage, during which Dunc levelled the leader of McIntyre's, and then the enemy began to retreat slowly down the terrace, with many a hand-to-hand encounter and scuffle on the snow. As soon as Dunc's division had cleared the front Jock Howieson collected his lads and started along the terrace in the opposite direction at a sharp run, carrying no balls, for they intended to make them on the scene of operation. When the other two divisions were off Spiug addressed his faithful band. "MacFarlane, take six birkies, climb up the waterspout, and clean the richt-hand shed, couping the Pennies into the street. Mackenzie, ye're no bad at the fightin'; tak anither sax and empty the roof o' the left-hand shed, and 'gin ye can clout that Penny that's sittin' on the riggin' it'll teach him to keep in the street next day.

"Noo, that leaves eighteen, and me and Bauldie and Jamie Johnston 'ill lead ye down the passage. We'll need six balls each, as hard as ye mak 'em, and the rest o' ye tak two in yer arms and one in yer hand. Pit yer bonnits in yer pocket—they'll no be muckle use—button yer jackets, and when the three o' us gae down the passage for ony sake follow close in behind. Just ae thing more," said Spiug, who was in his glory that day. "I'll need a laddie to keep me gaein' with balls, and I want a laddie that has some spunk, for he'll hae a rough time." Below thirty of the junior school were waiting and looking at Spiug like dogs for a biscuit. He threw his eye over the group, any one of which would have given his best knife and all his marbles, and thrown in a cricket bat and his last kite, to have been chosen.

"Nestie," said Spiug, "ye're little and ye're white-and ye're terrible polite, but there's a sperit in ye. Ye'll carry ma balls this day, and noo, you juniors, aff to the ball-making, and see that Nestie's bonnet's well filled, and there's no any of us wanting for a ball when we drive the Pennies down the back road." Then Spiug moved to the back corridor and arranged his division, with Nestie behind him, and Bauldie and Jamie Johnston on the right hand and on the left, Mackenzie's and MacFarlane's detachments close behind, who were to turn off to the right hand and the left as they emerged from the corridor;

"They had driven in the first boys who emerged, in hopeless discomfiture."

the rest were to follow Spiug through the passage of danger. Spiug took two balls and placed them in the hollow of his left arm, feeling them carefully to see that they would leave a mark when they struck a Penny. The third he took in his right hand.

"Noo," he said, "gin anybody be feared, he'd better gae in and sit doun beside the fire with the Dowbiggins," and since nobody responded to this genial invitation Spiug gave one shout of "Seminary!" and in a minute was across the playground and at the mouth of the passage, while Mackenzie and MacFarlane were already scrambling up the walls of the sheds. Covering his face with his left arm and sending his first ball direct into the face of the foremost Penny, and following it up with a second and a third driven with unerring aim and the force of a catapult, and receiving anything from twelve to twenty balls between him and Bauldie and Johnston, the three led the way down the passage, Nestie close behind Spiug and handing him a new supply of balls. They met at the outer end of the passage—the Pennies and Spiug's lot—and for about thirty seconds they swayed in one mass of struggling, fighting, shouting boy life, and then, so steady was the play of Spiug's fists, so able the assistance of the other two, so strong the pressure from behind, and so rapid the shower of balls sent over Spiug's head among the Pennies, the Pennies gave way and Spiug and his band burst into the back street, the leader with his jacket torn off his back, and his face bearing the scars of conflict, but full of might, and Nestie with the balls behind him.

The Seminary lads and the Pennies were now face to face in the back street, with a space of about ten yards between, and both parties made arrangements for the final conflict. The scouts of the Pennies could be seen bringing balls from Breadalbane Street, and the Pennies themselves made such hasty readjustments of their negligent attire as were rendered necessary by the vigour of the last fighting. Their commander was a sturdy lad about sixteen years of age, with a great shock of red hair and fists like iron. His favourite method of charge was to lead his army in the form of an inverted V, he being himself at the apex, and to force his way through the other side on the principle of a wedge. Spiug did not believe in this arrangement. He led himself in the centre and threw out his two lieutenants far out on the right hand and on the left, so that when the Pennies forced their way into the middle of his division, Bauldie and Johnston were on their right and left flanks—tactics which in Spiug's experience always caused dismay in the attacking force. The younger boys of the Seminary had by this time ample resources of ammunition ready, working like tigers without jackets now or bonnets, and as they brought out the supplies of balls through the passage of victory they received nods of approval from Spiug, each nod being something like a decoration. It was fine to see Spiug examining the balls to see that they were properly made and of a hardness which would give satisfaction to the expectant Pennies.

Some pleasant incidents occurred during this interlude. When the Seminary lads fought their way through the passage they cut off the retreat of three Pennies who were still fighting with MacFarlane on the top of the right-hand shed.

"What are ye daein' up there?" said Spiug, with ironic politeness; "that's no' the ordinar' road into the Seminary;" and then, as they hesitated on the edge of the water pipe, Spiug conceived what was in these days a fine form of humour. "Come down," he said, "naebody 'ill touch ye"; and then he ordered an open passage to be made through the ranks of the Seminaries. Down between two lines the unfortunate Pennies walked, no one laying a hand upon them, but various humorists expressing their hopes that they had enjoyed the top of the shed, that it wasn't MacFarlane that had given one of them a black eye, that they hoped one of them hadn't lost his jacket on the roof of the shed, and that they were none the worse of their exertion, and that they expected to meet them later on—which gracious salutations the Pennies received in bitter silence as they ran the gauntlet; and when they had escaped clear of the Seminaries and stood half way between the two armies they turned round with insulting gestures, and one of them cried, "Ye'll get yer paiks (thrashing) for this or the day be done!"

Their arrival among their friends and the slight commotion which it caused in the front ranks of the Pennies was a chance for Spiug, who gave the signal for the charge and made himself directly for the leader of the Pennies. No pen at this distance of time can describe the conflict between the two leaders, who fired forth balls at each other at close distance, every one going to its mark, and one leaving an indelible impress upon Spiug's ingenuous forehead. They then came to close grip, and there was a tussle for which both had

been waiting for many a day. From fists, which were not quite ineffectual, they fell upon wrestling, and here it seemed that Redhead must have the advantage, for he was taller in stature and more sinuous in body. During the wrestle there was something like a lull in the fighting, and both Pennies and Seminaries, now close together, held their hands till Spiug, with a cunning turn of the leg that he had been taught by an English groom in his father's stable, got the advantage, and the two champions came down in the snow, Redhead below. The Seminaries set up a shout of triumph, and the scouts running to and fro

"The two champions came down in the snow."

with the balls behind joined in with, "Well done, Spiug!"

Spiug had all the instincts of a true general and was not the man to spend his time in unprofitable exultation. It was a great chance to take the Pennies when they were without their leader and discomfited by his fall, and in an instant Spiug was up, driving his way through the midst of the enemy, who were now divided in the centre, whilst Johnston and Bauldie had crept up by the side of the houses on either side and were attacking them in parallel lines. MacFarlane and Mackenzie had come down from the shed with their detachment and were busy in the rear of the Seminaries. Redhead fought like a hero, but was almost helpless in the confusion, and thought it the best strategy to make a rush to the clear ground in the rear of his position, calling his followers after him; and now the Pennies gathered at the far end of the street, beaten in tactics and in fighting, but ever strong in heart and full of insolence. "That," said Spiug, wiping his face with his famous red handkerchief which he carried in his trousers pocket, and hastily attending to some of his wounds, "that wesna' bad"; and then turning to Nestie, "Ye keepit close, my mannie." Spiug's officers, such mighties as Bauldie and Johnston, MacFarlane and Mackenzie, all bearing scars, clustered round their commander with expressions of admiration. "Yon was a bonny twirl, and you coupit him weel." "Sall, they've gotten their licks," while Spiug modestly disclaimed all credit and spoke generously of the Pennies, declaring that they had fought well and that Redhead nearly got the mastery.

At that moment a shout of "Seminary!" was heard in the rear of the Pennies, and Spiug knew that Duncan Robertson had driven McIntyre's the full length of the terrace and was now fighting them in Breadalbane Street. "Forward!" cried Spiug. "Dunc's on the back of them," and Redhead at the same moment hurriedly withdrew his forces, covering his retreat with a shower of balls, and united with McIntyre's, who were retiring before Robertson and the second division of the Seminaries. Amid cries of "Seminary! Seminary!" Spiug and Duncan met where the back street opens into Breadalbane Street, and their divisions amalgamated, exchanging notes on the battle and examining one another's personal appearance. There was not a bonnet to be seen, and not many jackets, which had either been left behind or thrown off or torn off in personal conflict with the Pennies; collars may have remained, but that no one could tell, and there were some whose waistcoats were now held by one button. Two or three also had been compelled to drop out of active battle and were

hanging in the rear, rubbing their faces with snow and trusting to be able to see clear enough for the final charge; and still the juniors were making their balls and had established a new magazine at the end of the terrace. Several of these impenitent little wretches had themselves been in the thick of the fight, and could be seen pointing proudly to a clout on the forehead and a cut on the lip. What a time certain mothers would have that evening when their warriors came home, some of them without caps, which would never be recovered, most of them with buttonless waistcoats and torn jackets, half of them with disfigured faces, all of them drenched to the skin, and every one of them full of infinite satisfaction and gladness of heart! Their fathers, who had heard about the battle before they came home and had not failed to discover who had won, being all Seminary lads themselves, would also be much lifted, but would feign to be extremely angry at the savagery of their boys, would wonder where the police were, would threaten their sons with all manner of punishments if this ever happened again, and would declare their intention of laying a complaint before the chief constable. As, however, it was absolutely necessary in the interests of justice that the whole facts should be known before they took action, they would skilfully extract the whole Homeric narrative, with every personal conflict and ruse of war, from their sons, and only when the last incident had been related would announce their grave and final displeasure.

As for the police, who were not numerous in Muirtown, and who lived on excellent good terms with everybody, except tramps, they seemed to have a prophetic knowledge when a snow-fight was coming on, and were detained by important duty in distant streets. It was always, however, believed by the Seminary that two of the police could be seen, one at the distance of the bridge over the Tay, the other at the far extremity of Breadalbane Street, following the fight with rapt attention, and in the case of the Pennies winning, which had been their own school, smacking their lips and slapping their hands under pretence of warming themselves in the cold weather, and in the event of the Seminaries winning marching off in opposite directions, lest they should be tempted to interfere, which they would have considered contrary to the rules of fair play and giving their own school a mean advantage. Perhaps some ingenuous modern person will ask, "What were the masters of the Seminary about during this hour?" The Rector was sitting by the fire in his retiring-room, reading a winter ode of Horace, and as faint sounds of war reached his ears he would stir the fire and lament, like the quiet old scholar that he was, that Providence had made him ruler of such a band of barbarians; but he would also cherish the hope that his barbarians would not come off second. As for Bulldog, his mind was torn between two delights—the anticipation of the exercise which he would have next day, and the pleasure which his lads were having to-day—and nothing more entirely endeared Bulldog to his savages than the fact that, instead of going home to dinner during this hour, which was his usual custom, he contented himself with a biscuit. He was obliged to buy it in a baker's shop in Breadalbane Street, from which he could command a perfect view of the whole battle, especially as he happened to stand in the doorway of the shop, and never returned to school till the crisis of war was over. He was careful to explain to the school that he had himself gone for the purpose of identifying the ringleaders in mischief, and it was on such an occasion that Spiug, keeping his right cheek immovable towards Bulldog, would wink to the assembled school with irresistible effect.

Nor ought one to forget the janitor of Muirtown Seminary, who had been a sergeant in the Black Watch and had been wounded three times in the Crimean War. His orders, as given him by the Rector and reinforced by all law-abiding parents, were to prevent any boy of the Seminary leaving the school for the purpose of a snowball fight, and should such an unfortunate affair take place he was directed to plunge into the midst and by force of arm to bring the Seminaries home to their own fireside, leaving rough and rude schools like the Pennies and McIntyre's to fight at their wicked will. For did not the Seminary lads move in polite society, except Spiug, and were they not going to be, as they have become, clergymen and lawyers, and physicians, to say nothing of bailies on the bench and elders of the Kirk? These orders Sergeant Dougal McGlashan carried out, not so much in the bondage of the letter as in the fulness of the spirit. Many were the conversations which Spiug and he had together in anticipation of the snow time, when you may believe if you please that that peaceable man was exhorting Spiug to obedience and gentleness, or, if you

please, that he was giving the commander of the Seminary certain useful hints which he himself had picked up from the "red line" at Balaclava. Certain it is that when the Seminaries went out that day in battle array the sergeant was engaged mending the fire with great diligence, so that he was not able to see them depart. Afterwards it was the merest duty for him to stand at the end of the passage of victory, lest the Pennies or any other person should venture on another outrage; and if he was late in calling his boys back from Breadalbane Street, that was only because the cold had made his wounds to smart again, and he could only follow them in the rear till the battle was over. When the evil was done there was no use of vain regret, and in the afternoon the sergeant used to stand beside the big fire and hear accounts of the battle from one and another, and then he would declare that there were lads in Muirtown Seminary who would have done well at Inkermann and the storming of the Redan.

Breadalbane Street, which was broad and straight, with the back road to the Seminary on the right hand, and the street to McIntyre's and the Pennies on the left, had been the battle-ground of generations, for it gave opportunity for deploying in divisions, for front attack and for flank, as well as for royal charges which extended across the street. McIntyres and Pennies had been recruited from their several schools and supplied afresh with ammunition. Redhead took command of the united force and arranged them across the street in his favourite wedge, with the base resting on the home street, and this time he gave the signal, and so impetuous was their charge that they drove their way almost through the ranks of the Seminaries, and Spiug himself, through sheer weight of attack, was laid flat in the middle of the street. Robertson and his officers rallied their forces, but it was possible that the Seminaries might have lost the day had it not been for the masterly foresight of Spiug and the opportune arrival of Jock Howieson. That worthy had taken his division by a circuitous route, in which they had been obstructed by a miserable Episcopal school which wanted a fight on its own account and had to receive some passing attention. A little late, Howieson reached the Cathedral,

"He would also cherish the nope that his barbarians would not come off second."

and then, judging it better not to come down Breadalbane Street, where his attack would have been exposed, he made his way on the right of the street by passages known only to himself, and having supplied his division with ammunition from a snow-drift in a back entry, he came into the home street, which was the only line of retreat for the enemy, and cut them off from their base. Leaving a handful of lads to prevent the scouts coming out from the Pennies or the McIntyres with information, and driving

before him the ammunition train of the enemy, he came round into Breadalbane Street with thirty-five tough fighters raging and fuming for the battle and just in the nick of time. It was hard for any fighting man to have spent something like half an hour wandering round circuitous streets and holding ridiculous conflicts with unknown schools, when the battle of Waterloo, with the fate of the Empire of Muirtown, was hanging in the balance.

fired his balls alternately back and forward, his forces fell into a panic. They broke and drove their way through Howieson's division, receiving severe punishment from balls fired at a distance of a few feet, and then, in spite of the efforts of their officers, who fought till

"He sent it with unerring aim through the largest pane of glass."

Before Redhead had notice of the arrival of the new division they were upon his rear, and a play of snowballs fell upon the back of the Pennies. This was more than even veteran forces could endure, and in spite of the heroic efforts of Redhead, who they were black and blue, but chiefly red, the enemy rushed down the home street and, sweeping the rearguard of Howieson's before them like straws in a stream, made for their respective schools. The Seminaries in one united body, headed by the three commanders

and attended by the whole junior school, visited the Pennies' school first, whose gates were promptly closed, and having challenged the Pennies with opprobrious words to come out and fight like men—Redhead being offered the chance of single combat with Dunc or Spiug or Jock Howieson—the Seminaries then made their way to McIntyre's Academy. As this unfortunate place of learning had no gate, Spiug led the Seminaries into the centre of their courtyard, McIntyre's boys having no spirit left in them and being now hidden in the class-rooms. As they would not come out, in spite of a shower of courteous invitations, Spiug stood in the centre of their courtyard and called the gods to witness that it had been a fair fight and that the Seminaries had won. A marvellous figure was he, without bonnet, without collar, without tie, without jacket, without waistcoat, with nothing on him but a flannel shirt and those marvellous horsey trousers, but glorious in victory. Taking a snowball from Nestie, who was standing by his side, openly and in face of McIntyre's masters, gathered at a window, he sent it with unerring aim through the largest pane of glass in McIntyre's own room. "That," said Spiug, "'ill tell you the Seminaries have been here." Then he collected his forces and led them home, down the cross street and into Breadalbane Street, down the middle of Breadalbane Street, and round the terrace, and in by the front door into the Seminary. As they came down they sang, "Scots wha hae," and the juniors, who had rushed on before, met them at the door and gave three cheers, first for Spiug, then for Dunc, and then for Jock Howieson, which homage and tribute of victory Spiug received with affected contempt but great pride of heart. In order to conceal his feelings he turned to his faithful henchman, little Nestie Molyneux, who, always a delicate-looking little laddie, was now an altogether abject spectacle, with torn clothes, dripping hair, and battered face. "Nestie," said Spiug, in hearing of the whole school, "ye're a plucky little deevil," and although since then he has been in many places and has had various modest triumphs, that still remains the proudest moment in Nestie Molyneux's life.

(*To be continued.*)

CRATER BAY, THE ONLY LANDING PLACE ON WHITE ISLAND.

AN ISLAND OF SULPHUR.

By James R. Falconer.

Illustrated from Photographs by Charles Spencer, *Auckland.*

ABOUT thirty miles from the shore in the Bay of Plenty, North Island, New Zealand, an immense rock, or rather series of rocks, three miles in circumference, rises precipitously from the sea to a height of eight hundred and sixty feet. It is a desolate island, only inhabited by the wild sea-fowl, and almost forgotten save by the few men who occasionally visit the island to mine the sulphur. White Island is the name given to this spot, and certainly it would be difficult to hit upon a more applicable title, inasmuch as it is constantly enveloped in thick, impenetrable clouds of white vapour, which rise to over ten thousand feet in height, thus making White Island a conspicuous object for many miles round. This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary island in the world. In the first place, it is practically one mass of sulphur, while the clouds of vapour constantly issuing from the craters are highly charged with sulphuric and hydrochloric acid fumes, so powerful at times that the sulphurous odour can be discerned sixty miles away.

So impressive is its appearance from the sea, and so abruptly do the rocks rise from the water's edge, that at first sight it seems impossible to effect a landing. But as the steamer sweeps round the southern side of the island into Crater Bay a beach comes into view, small, it is true, but sufficient to admit of disembarkation provided the sea be calm. This is the only level stretch of land on the island, the rest being nothing but towering, irregular rocks.

In the centre of the island, nestling among the rocks, is an immense lake about fifty acres in extent, about twelve feet in depth and fifteen feet above the level of the sea. But the most remarkable characteristic of this lake is that the water contains vast quantities of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids, hissing and bubbling at a temperature of 110° F. The dark, green-coloured water looks particularly uninviting. Dense clouds of sulphurous fumes constantly roll off this boiling cauldron, and care has to be exercised in approaching the lake to avoid the risk of suffocation. On the opposite side of the lake may be seen the tremendous blowholes, which, when in full blast, present an awe-inspiring sight. The roar of the steam as it rushes forth into the air is deafening, and huge boulders and stones are often hurled out to a height of several hundred feet by

the various internal forces of Nature. On a bright day, with the sun shining, the scene is as pretty as it is novel. The clouds of steam then become glittering white, and the dark surrounding rocks show all the brilliant colours of the rainbow, with the blending of the bright yellow of the sulphur, the white of the gypsum, and the red of the hematite.

A boat brought from the ship can be launched on the lake, and, if proper care be observed, the very edges of the blowholes may be safely explored. But the trip is by no means an enjoyable one. Only those who have inhaled the fumes of sulphuric or hydrochloric acid can form any idea of the overpowering and noxious gases given off from such an expanse. In addition there is a feeling of uneasiness lest by any mischance the boat upsets, as instantaneous death would be the inevitable result, and in addition the bodies would be absolutely destroyed in a few hours by the corroding action of the acids. Thus a cool head and no little nerve is required to make the expedition. But by cramming handkerchiefs into the mouth, and violently sneezing for a few moments, the other side of the lake may be reached, where a little fresh air can be obtained from the higher ground. Some idea of the strength of this acid-propertied water may be gathered from the fact that the boat shown in our illustration almost dropped to pieces after all the passengers had been landed, under the corroding influence of the powerful acids.

The awful crater must be approached on the windward side, so as to escape the overpowering gases. This, however, is a very venturesome task, for a little slip may precipitate one into the boiling lake. There is also the risk of being suddenly enveloped in a dense cloud of fumes. Under such circumstances it is best to stand still, and to run the risk of being asphyxiated, until the wind carries the vapour into the proper direction.

The scene from the mouth of the blowholes is weird in the extreme. Steam belches forth from every fissure and crevice in the rocks and ground, while the noise drowns all other sounds. The whole island is in a ceaseless state of

BLOWHOLES IN FULL BLAST AND LAKE OF SULPHURIC AND HYDROCHLORIC ACIDS; THE BOAT IN THE SECOND PHOTO ALMOST DROPPED TO PIECES THROUGH THE CORROSION OF THE RIVETS BY THE ACIDS.

agitation. Possibly some day there will be a tremendous upheaval, by which the bed of the hot lake may be raised to the same height as the surrounding hills.

When the visitor first sets foot on the island he will probably wonder where the vast quantities of sulphur about which so much has been said are to be found. Except in the immediate neighbourhood of the craters no sulphur is apparent on the surface. But dig a little distance into the earth and rich beds of this mineral will be laid bare. The island is practically one mass of sulphur, mixed with a small quantity of gypsum and one or two other substances. The White Island sulphur is not to be equalled in purity and richness, and one of its most prominent advantages is that it can be utilised for any of the purposes for which sulphur is employed without any preliminary preparation. The new deposits of sulphur found round the mouths of the blowholes are practically pure, only containing two per cent. of foreign substances, while the older deposits consist of about ninety per cent. of pure sulphur.

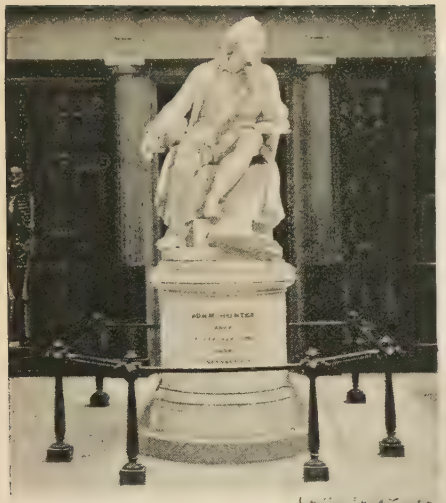
It is surprising that the immense mines of wealth offered by this sulphur supply have not been more systematically worked. Some years ago a company was formed for the purpose of quarrying the deposits for the manufacture of sulphuric acid and superphosphate fertilisers, but owing to lack of working capital the scheme fell through. True, a certain amount of sulphur and gypsum is at present exported, but the quantity is small and the means of running the deposits very crude indeed. In addition to these two minerals the valuable substance silenium is to be found mixed with the sulphur, and also hematite. Perhaps in the near future, when West Australia has lost its bewitching glamour for the company promoter, he will direct his attention to the rich and inexhaustible sulphur deposits of White Island. In this case the prospect will be more alluring than the mysterious Westralian gold and timber, for the sulphur is plentiful enough. In the event of a serious war between this country and some foreign nation there is little doubt but that the island would immediately rise to prominence, sulphur being one of the fundamental constituents of gunpowder, and only found in limited quantities in one or two parts of the world. England would therefore be compelled to support a Colonial industry, and to obtain its supply of sulphur from such an available source as White Island. But, in any case, it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when sulphur will be included among the mineral exports of this far distant British Colony.

SHIPPING THE SULPHUR FROM THE PRIMITIVE LANDING STAGE NOW IN USE.

HOW A GREAT MUSEUM GREW.

By A. K. Page.

Illustrated from Photographs by C. Pilkington.



STATUE OF JOHN HUNTER.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS FROM LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

OF all the great green squares in the centre of London —and, thanks be to Providence! there are a few —none is so difficult of access as the largest of all—Lincoln's Inn Fields. Lying on the rising north bank of the Thames, hid 'twixt the Strand below and High Holborn above, it is seldom that a stranger finds his way through its narrow turnstiles or crooked streets that wind through the savoury, vanishing slums of Clare Market. It is a quiet square as a rule, a few "cabbies" dozing in its corners waiting for a passing solicitor or a client; but on a summer evening, when the band plays amongst its trees, the days of the "pied piper of Hamelin" seem to return. Crowds of street urchins, women with children in arms, forsake the slums round the Seven Dials and Drury Lane, and troop in, laughing and merry, past the chapel where Lord George Gordon held riot, and the Old Curiosity Shop, to listen to the music.

The surgeon, young and old, knows his way to Lincoln's Inn Fields. On the south side lies his Mecca, the Royal College of Surgeons of England, with its great museum behind, containing the Hunterian collection. It is a huge, plain, monotone, porticoed building, towering above the solicitors' offices which shoulder it on each side, and carrying in its square top a two-storeyed block by way of an afterthought. It looks solid and unostentatious. No one would suspect that there a creation has its home such as the world never saw before, unequalled and unrivalled in the capitals and countries of the wide world, fit to be the just boast of a great nation. It contains the sermon of how man moves, lives, and has his being, written in Nature's own characters. Here is there nothing parochial, nothing even national; it rises right into the universal, dealing with all mankind, everywhere and at all times. It cannot, like theories, be proved false, nor, like writings, become old and stale; its truth is for all time and for everybody.

It is not too much to say that the great public is ignorant of its unique position among the world's museums; they hardly even know of its existence. And yet its doors are always open, and to everyone. The average medical man is scarcely aware of its merits; only the foremost of them have grasped the magnificence of its design, and hence even the professional element is small amongst its visitors. On Fridays and Saturdays, when admission is reserved for women, a few

uniformed nurses from the larger hospitals may be seen prying amongst the serried ranks of preparations in its galleries; on other days a country visitor who has learned of its existence by some lucky chance strolls round, bewildered and lost in the infinite wealth of its conception and details. The Londoner, proverbially indifferent to the great things beside him, never comes. But the student knows it, the student who seeks to widen the bounds of knowledge of man in health, man in disease, man as he was, and man as he may be, knows and loves it as a mine of wealth. If it is brain he would study, where else can he find, ready to his hand, such a series, from every kind of animal, as he finds here? He can trace at a glance, step by step, Nature working from her simplest beginnings to the rich complicated organ of man—the organ that has produced the whole world of civilisation. If it is the skull or the skeleton that is the subject of his investigation, here he may find, filling case after case, room after room, all the races of the earth, side by side, not in ones and twos, but in scores and scores, showing the multitudinous forms assumed by the skulls and skeletons of mankind. The day comes, and it comes quickly, when some races will find their sole representatives here. It is already the mausoleum of the Tasmanian.

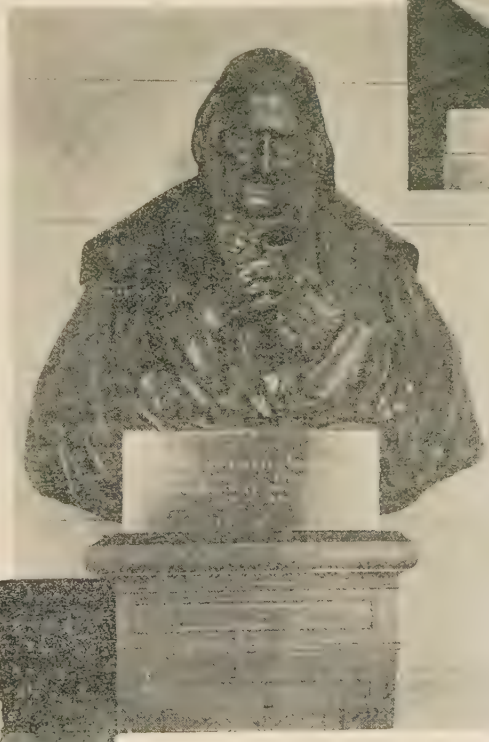
The moment you come within the spacious entrance hall of the College you have a sense of ease, wealth, and solidity. There is nothing gaudy or garish; the thick carpets on the stairs, the portraits of its great men in the entrance hall, its solid fittings, its rows of busts, all convey the feeling of affluence and prosperity; the Royal College which has nursed the museum to such perfection, seems still to have somewhat of the air of its former existence as a city corporation. The bust of Huxley is here; he was a member of the College, and did much of his work in the museum; Sir Richard Owen, guardian of the museum for twenty years, his elder rival, is there, too, as a young strong, man, and as an

THE HUMAN ROOM.

old man with lined, gaunt face and watery eyes. I wonder why they perpetuate our great men to coming generations as old men ; it was Huxley himself who said every scientist should be pole-axed at sixty. There is not a scientist in Europe to-day—with, perhaps, a couple of exceptions—over sixty, who is doing work worthy of his past reputation ; it is the man of forty, and not of seventy, that should be perpetuated.

SIR RICHARD OWEN.

You will never understand the museum, its meaning, or its greatness, unless you know how it came into being. It was born in the brain of a reddish-haired little Scot, John Hunter, who came to London nearly a century and a half ago, a roystering, idle, ignorant, sharp-tempered lad of twenty, from Long Calderwood, in Lanarkshire, to learn anatomy with his prospering, clever, snobbish brother William. Without doubt an ill-conditioned, proud, pugnacious little man from beginning to end. He had one great idea. He saw that of writing books there was no end, and medical knowledge circled round in every generation, ending where it began. If ever real advance was to be made in the knowledge of what man really is and how he lives, work must be done in such a way that one generation might start where the last left off ; and to this end Nature must be caught and fixed in her every mood, and her methods of working shown in the act. If the functions of the lung were to be understood, it was of little use to seek them in the complicated organ of man : the rudiment and simplest condition of them had to be sought for in the lowliest of animal forms, and the complications and additions which Nature in her experimental moods had added in the higher animals had to be traced out.



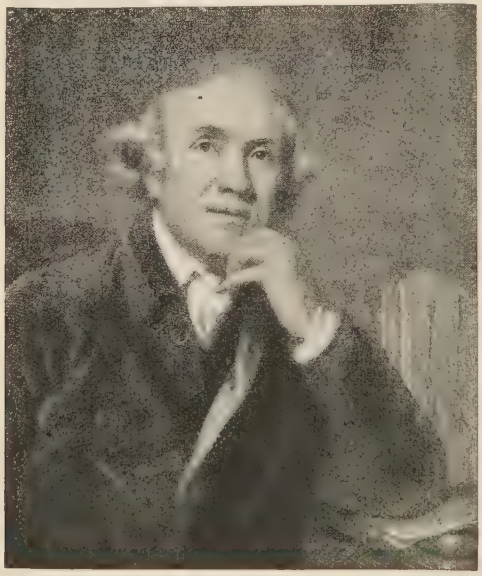
OWEN IN OLD AGE.

HUXLEY.

Every shape of living matter was to Hunter an experiment of Nature, to be tried, tested, and examined, that he might understand the manifestations of life in man. To know a disease, specimens exhibiting its every stage and variety had to be collected and put up for permanent exhibition. You may yet see in the galleries specimens he prepared, fresh, beautiful, and instructive as on the night they left his hand. There you may still examine the cock's spur growing luxuriantly in the comb to which he transplanted it. There you may see the specimens he made to prove the structure of the membranes

of the unborn babe, and the many other "human documents" that still stand unique in scientific value. Specimens are there, thousand upon thousand, each one throwing some light on the economy of man.

It required money to carry out the project. Altogether he spent £70,000 in his own lifetime, every penny of which he made in practice during the day, and every penny of which he spent to buy material to examine during the night. "Hang that guinea!" he used to say, as he rose unwillingly from his dissecting table to see a patient. He even used his own body for experiment and inoculated himself with the virus of one of the most loathsome and fell diseases that



JOHN HUNTER.
From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

afflict the flesh of man—to find out too late that he was mistaken. "My life," he said of himself in later days, "is in the hands of any rascal who chooses to annoy or tease me." In 1793, at the age of sixty-five, he dropped down dead at St. George's Hospital after a heated discussion in which he had taken part, leaving a widow in a house in Leicester Square—demolished the other day—with a coach and horses, a retinue of forty servants and workmen, an invaluable collection on which he had spent £70,000 and his best brains, and not a penny else. It took six years, and, thanks to Sir Joseph Banks, the effort was successful, to convince the Government that here was something that ought to belong to the nation. "What," said Pitt, "buy preparations? Why, I haven't money enough to buy gunpowder." Ultimately £15,000 was given, the collection was handed over to the custody of the Royal College of Surgeons, and £15,000 more was given wherewith to house it. A right good custodian the College has been; it has spent almost half a million in amplifying and completing Hunter's design. It has had rare luck in the choice of its curators; every one of them has known what to do, and has done it. The museum has no rival, and in the custody of the College never can have one.

Its curators have been great men. The first was William Clift, a young man in Hunter's service, who guarded and arranged the collection during the troublous times that followed Hunter's death and its complete removal to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Richard Owen, a young medical man struggling into practice in the vicinity of Lincoln's Inn Fields in the early thirties, with a decided bent for anatomy, assisted him in the museum, became his son-in-law and successor, and finally the greatest anatomist of his time. The late director of the South Kensington Natural History Museum, Sir William Flower, succeeded him, and he in turn found a successor in the present curator, Dr. Charles Stewart, a man of rare ability, an ideal director, who writes his discoveries, not on paper to be published, but in preparations to be placed on the shelves of the museum, so that Nature may be consulted at first hand.

In every museum of this sort there is much that appeals to the morbidly curious, and nothing appealed to John Hunter more than Nature in her monstrous moods. He had the true instinct of the investigator—any manifestation he could not understand riveted his attention and ingenuity till the explanation came. In one case of the museum illustrating the variations of human stature, stand side by side the skeletons of Giant O'Brian, who measured about eight feet, and of the little dwarf Caroline Crachami, who stood little more than a foot and a half on her stocking soles. It is not uninteresting to notice that giants or dwarfs are such, mostly on account of the size of their thighs and legs; their jaws and skulls are those of normal people. What one wishes to gather, on looking at such specimens, is—what sort of people were they, and how did they come here? The giant's slipper lies beside him, big enough for a baby's cradle. If you would know what sort of man he was

you must turn to the *Annual Register Chronicle* of June, 1783, where the following extract occurs: — "In Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, aged 22, died Mr. Charles O'Brian, the famous Irish giant, whose death is said to have been precipitated by excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted, but more particularly since his late loss of almost all his property, which he had invested in a single bank-note of £700. Our philosophical reader may not be displeased to learn, on the credit of an ingenious correspondent, who had this opportunity, that in 1780 he measured 8 ft.; in 1782, 8 ft. 2 in.; and in 1783, 8 ft. 4 in." The giant learned that Hunter's eye was on him, and to frustrate the anatomist's design left stringent instructions that his body was to be watched by relays of men till it could be carried far out to sea, the coffin weighted and sunk. He was not well dead when Hunter's agent plied the watchers with drink. At first they agreed to a dereliction of duty for £50; but getting that so easily, demanded £50 more, and only ceased to extort when Hunter refused to budge a penny beyond £400. The body had to be hid and secretly prepared, but so proud was Hunter of this acquisition that, when Reynolds painted that splendid portrait of him, which is reproduced here, the giant's leg was shown dangling in the corner of the background of the picture.

In another corner of the museum are to be seen the clothes of a man struck dead by lightning. The cotton clothes which the farm labourer wore when struck are rent in shreds, with singed parts here and there; the leather boots are shivered, the dial of the old-fashioned verge watch damaged. At a glance you realise the effects of a bolt from the blue.

IN THE SKELETON ROOM.

In another gallery, illustrating miraculous recoveries from injuries usually fatal, is a nude picture of a "John Taylor, a Prussian by birth," showing a scar in the front, and another on the back of his trunk, with a great iron pivot lying beside it. The picture and the pivot tell the whole story, but if the details are required they may be found in the catalogue. There you learn that "John" was on board the good brig *Jane*, of Scarborough, John Good, master, on Saturday, February 26th, 1831, busily trying to pass "the pivot of the try-sail mast into the main boom, when the tackle gave way" and the pivot passed through him. Some weeks in the London Hospital made him fit to go again on board the good brig *Jane*, of Scarborough.

COMPARATIVE SIZES OF SKELETONS.

Giant O'Brian, Giant Freeman, and Dwarf Caroline Crachami.

In another part stands the shaft of a "single-horse chaise," and near by it the dissected thorax of a man, showing a cicatrix in the right side and another on the left side of his chest. On turning to the catalogue it is found that the shaft had passed through the chest, and yet the wound was not fatal, but healed up, leaving the patient many subsequent years of life. Near by you see several scalps torn off by machinery, and read in the catalogue that their former owners survived the loss. One of the most interesting rooms in the whole building, of which an illustration is given here, is one containing the complete skeletons of the great South American extinct animals, the mylodon, the glyptodon, and megatherium, acquired and fitted up when Sir Richard Owen was curator. With these stands a very fine and complete example of the magnificent extinct Irish elk, recovered from the marsh under an Irish bog many years ago. A skeleton of the giant of birds, the dinornis, of New Zealand, now extinct, occupies a corner of this room.

Very few of even those familiar with the museum know of a little side gallery containing the surgical appliances of times which may be almost called prehistoric. There may be seen the instruments of the Roman surgeon in use in the year 300 B.C. Examples of the finished workmanship of the Roman artificial limb manufacturer are also represented. There also are to be seen the arms and legs used by the unfortunate Mrs. Robertson, of Dundee. Through a disastrous disease she lost all four limbs, but, thanks to Heather Bigg, she found substitutes which allowed her to crochet and walk about and earn her livelihood.

No one who visits this museum and grasps its splendid conception and its magnificent execution can leave it without a feeling of national pride. In no country could such a creation arise and mature but in England, the home of individual enterprise. Private effort, private donation, private brain work have made it. It is no State creation and could not be. It is the most complete attempt ever made to work out in the concrete a one great idea, which cannot be done by Civil Service nor by routine, but only by the voluntary and combined efforts of far-sighted men. State aid and State direction can do much, but those who cry for the Continental methods in England should remember that State aid and direction has not yet produced such a museum in either Germany or France.

MILLY'S OLD LAVENDER GOWN.

By Elizabeth C. Pilkington.

Illustrated by Florence Reason.

MILLY, Milly, where are you?"

"Here! In the attic bedroom."

The door sprang open and in burst the eldest Miss Willis.

"Oh, here you are, Milly. I've been looking all over for you. Mrs. Briggs has come and the sale is in full swing."

"Oh, Molly, I hope you don't want me. I hate sales. Why can't we give our old things."

"Dear me, child!" exclaimed Molly impatiently. "How often must I explain that we cannot afford to give them? Who so poor as ourselves, I should like to know? With father's miserable stipend, ten of us, and connections in high life who keep inviting us to visit them. It is our rich relations who keep us poor, truly. I sometimes wish poor mother had not been quite so well connected. I am sure I quite pitied father when this invitation came for Kitty; he looked so worried. Five pounds, he said, was the very utmost he could let me have, to buy her a proper *trousseau*, as we call it, and really she simply wants *everything*, and *must* have a good coat and skirt and another evening dress. I have persuaded Dora to lend her opera-cloak. She is to take my new dressing-gown, and I thought you would lend your silver-backed brushes?"

"Yes, indeed! She may take anything of mine."

"But, even then, five pounds will not cover everything, so I have sent for Mrs. Briggs."

"How is the sale progressing?" said Milly, with a faint show of interest.

"Not at all well," said Miss Willis despondingly, taking a seat on a chintz-covered ottoman at the foot of the bed. "Mrs. Briggs is not in a good mood, and I have foolishly got Joyce in to write down and add up, and she is spoiling everything. She let slip, to begin with, that we have a good many things made in the house. Mrs. Briggs' prices went down with a run at once. Then she keeps amusing herself by putting in pert remarks to make me laugh. I was holding up an old muslin atrocity of my own, when she said in that quiet voice of hers, 'Isn't that the gown, Molly, dear, you wore at the Earl of Rossdale's wedding, when Lieutenant Seymour proposed to you?' Cross as I felt, I laughed outright, and"—disgustedly—"Mrs. Briggs joined in. After that I could do no good with Mrs. Briggs. She seemed to think we regard the whole affair as a joke, and is giving very

"'Amusing herself by putting in pert remarks.'"

poor prices. And then, to crown all, I found Jack waiting in the hall to know how much his things had realised, meaning to keep the money himself. He said a man requires more money than a girl. A man, indeed! Thirteen last birthday! And he says he means to have the money himself, as he has already—on the strength of getting it—spoken for one of Hordman's bull pups."

"It really is too bad," said Milly feelingly. "I always let my things go to benefit the one who is going away, and so do we all."

"That is just what I wanted you for," continued Molly. "If I can only have a few more, I think I could manage; and Mrs. Briggs has just been asking if one of us has a nice cotton frock, simply made and in good condition. She says she has a niece who has just got a situation as under-housemaid in a very good family, and as the people want her at once she would be glad to buy a ready-made cotton frock—and then I remembered your old lavender gown."

"My old lavender gown?" said Milly faintly. "Oh, not *that*, Molly."

"Why not, child? I am sure you have had plenty of wear out of it."

"Somehow I don't want to part with it," said Milly timidly. "But," she continued cheerfully, "I can let you have an old golf cape and a velvet hat."

"Hats!" exclaimed Miss Willis in great indignation, "she abhors. To produce an old hat is like waving a red rag before a bull. She nearly choked just now when I brought out two old bowlers of father's. No! what Mrs. Briggs wants is a cotton frock, simply made."

When that set look of determination came over Molly's face Milly knew that words were mere wasted breath. A sudden thought, however, brought with it a gleam of hope.

"The butterflies I embroidered on the bodice, Molly!" she exclaimed. "Most unsuitable for a servant!"

"A pair of sharp scissors, child, will soon pick those out," said her sister crushingly.

Fate proved too strong for Milly, and she reluctantly opened the wardrobe where the cotton frock hung limply. It seemed to shrink into the background as Molly fixed on it a covetous eye.

Milly gazed on it regretfully. What tender thoughts lingered round that old gown! How often had she opened the wardrobe just for the pleasure of stirring up happy memories by a glimpse of it!

"You may take it, Molly," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "But I would almost rather have parted with my pearl pendant or my silver-backed brushes."

"What a goose you are!" said Molly roughly, but with some compunction at heart. "I believe you are still thinking of that man you met in Ireland who called you 'Sweet Lavender.'"

"Oh, no, indeed not," exclaimed poor Milly indignantly, but untruthfully, while a hot wave surged over her fair face from brow to chin. "I was thinking of my visit to Ireland generally. The lakes, you know, were beautiful! Killarney by moonlight was——"

"Take my advice," interrupted practical Molly. "Let the old thing go, and forget all about your romantic adventure at the Muchross Hotel. 'Tis the unexpected that happens,' you know. Then, perhaps, you may meet your hero again; but if you dream dreams, and keep that old frock to sentimentalise over, you'll never see him again in this world."

After delivering this piece of sage advice Molly gathered up the treasured gown and beat a hasty retreat.

Milly Willis, left to herself, sat by the open window, with her elbows on the sill and her charming *mignonne* face resting on both hands, while a pair of matchless blue eyes gazed into a picture conjured up from "memory's shades."

"How strange that we should never, never meet again!" she meditated. "And yet I have a strong feeling that he will have tried many a time. But what could he do? If he knew my name—that was all—I believe I did say that father was a clergyman! How stupid of uncle to insist on leaving all in a hurry like that, because he had had a bad night and thought the place enervating! I could have cried. It may be very conceited on my part, but I have a strong feeling that I am not forgotten even yet."

A whimsical little smile crept over her flower-like face as she said, half aloud—

"So this is the burial of my treasured hopes—they and my old lavender gown find a grave in Mrs. Briggs's big black bag!"

* * * * *

The Hon. Mrs. Courtenay-Leigh and her son Rupert were at breakfast. The brilliant morning sunshine, coming in through the long French windows, lighted up the sweet old morning-room, even brightening the family portraits and sombre, black oak furni-

ture into cheerfulness: A proud little woman was the Hon. Mrs. Courtenay-Leigh—proud of the family pedigree, the beautiful home, which had been the home of the Courtenay-Leighs for seven generations, and last, but not least, proud of her handsome son Rupert. "Debrett" always occupied a handy corner in her library, and Tennyson's words—

> A simple maiden in her charms
> Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms—

would have had to be reversed to express her sentiments correctly. It was the one fear of her life that Rupert should not marry suitably, as he seemed to have so little sense of the importance of his position. The postbag lay open beside her, and the morning letters were scattered on the table.

"Gertrude Mainwaring will not be able to come to us for the twelfth," said Mrs. Courtenay-Leigh, looking up from a letter she was reading. "I'm disappointed—but she says she may come later on."

"Conjured up from 'memory's shades.'"

"Indeed!" said Rupert indifferently, as he took a second help of deviled kidneys.

There was silence between the two for a minute, and when Mrs. Courtenay-Leigh exclaimed suddenly, "Rupert, I wish you would marry!" he took this startling announcement very calmly, for the simple reason that he had heard it many times before.

"Are you so very anxious, mother, to see me safely tied up into a matrimonial parcel?"

"Yes, Rupert, I am!" continued the stately little lady. "I feel I am growing into an old woman, and would gladly resign my post here and retire to Dudleigh Cottage, if you would bring home a suitable young wife to reign instead. I am sure I have done my best. Last autumn we had Lord Oldroyd's daughters, two lovely girls, for a fortnight; in the spring I invited Gertrude Mainwaring for a month; and during the summer we were never without some most charming and suitable young girls. And you simply see as little of them as you possibly can, and invariably rejoice at their departure. I begin to be afraid it will end in your being an old bachelor or marrying someone I could not possibly recognise as a daughter-in-law. How old are you, Rupert?"

"Thirty last June," answered Rupert. "But there is plenty of time yet for me to fall in love, mother—when I expect I shall make an awful ass of myself to make up for lost time."

"Tell me, Rupert," said his mother seriously, "have you never seen anyone to attract you particularly amongst all the girls we have had here?"

Rupert started a little when his mother began her sentence, but when she finished he said quietly and emphatically—

"No, mother, I cannot say that I have—fortunately for myself, perhaps. Mothers

are partial, you know; and though in your eyes I have the beauty of the swan, in all probability the charmers you invite for my benefit look upon me as an awful gander."

"Now, Rupert!" exclaimed his mother indignantly,

"Making golden plans for the future."

"that is all an excuse. I never heard yet of a Courtenay-Leigh of Dudleigh Court being refused by anyone."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the butler, and Rupert, pulling out his watch, said—

"Mother, if you will excuse me, I must go now; that architect fellow was to be here at half-past nine. He is coming about the new stables."

In the open air Rupert pulled out his beloved pipe and paced about on the terrace overlooking the park. The architect "fellow" being long in coming, he ventured down the plantation a few yards and stood with his arms resting on the park railings, puffing and meditating.

"How anxious the mater is to fit me up with a wife!" he soliloquised. "Now, what would she think, I wonder, of that girl I met in Ireland? My Sweet Lavender! That was the girl for me! Womanly, charming, companionable! What a merry little laugh she had, and surely no daughter of Erin anywhere had a bluer pair of eyes!" He could not help thinking what an idiot he had been during the two hours of their acquaintance not to find out where she lived. But then, who would have thought of that crank of an uncle taking them all off the next morning before he, Rupert, had returned from his fishing expedition with Major O'Hara? Somehow, without being the most conceited fellow in the world, he thought that that girl liked him a little, and certainly she was the one woman in the world for him.

But who was this coming down the plantation towards him but the veritable "Sweet Lavender" herself! — lissom figure, golden-brown hair, deep blue eyes, and even the same lavender gown, butterflies and all.

He stood as one petrified; but as the figure drew nearer the golden hair assumed a carroty hue, the matchless blue eyes became brown, the pretty features took

plainer lines, and there stood before him a respectful-looking woman-servant from the house, apparently, with a telegram in her hand.

"The mistress has sent this telegram, sir."

"A telegram? Yes, of course. Oh!—eh—yes, but—I say, just wait a minute," said the young man; "there is something I want to ask you."

The maid stood still respectfully.

"You haven't been long at Dudleigh Court, I think?"

"No, sir; I only came last night."

"Well," said Rupert slowly, as if gathering time for thought, "it's a stupid question to ask, and impertinent, too, but would you mind telling me where you got that dress?"

The girl had one of those fair, freckled skins that accompany red hair and that blush easily. She started at the young man's question, her whole face became crimson, and tears even stood in her eyes.

Poor Rupert! The best-natured fellow living, and with a good deal of the boy about him, in spite of his thirty years! His embarrassment became as great as hers.

"Don't tell me," he said hastily. "Of course you don't wish to. I suppose I ought not to have asked."

"Oh, sir," said the girl, "I'd better tell you—for fear you should think I had stolen it. I bought the dress of Aunt Briggs."

"Who is Aunt Briggs?"

"She is a wardrobe dealer in Brierly—buys ladies' cast-off dresses; and when I got Mrs. Courtenay-Leigh's situation I was very short of dresses, and not having time to make one, mother bought this of Aunt Briggs; but I'm sure I never did before and never will again."

"Look here, my girl, I am sorry if I have vexed you, but I have a very particular reason for wishing to know where that dress came from. If you can get to know, it shall be to your advantage."

"I'll ask Aunt Briggs if you like, sir, but I don't know as she'll tell me."

"Give *me* Aunt Briggs's address," said the young man, bringing out his pocket-book, "and I'll see what I can do."

So the girl gave it and then returned to the house.

It so happened that a certain dignified little lady witnessed this interview from the terrace with wrathful eyes.

"What can Rupert possibly have to talk about in that confidential manner with my new under-housemaid?" she exclaimed within herself—for nothing had escaped her keen vision—her son's astonished face as the maid approached, his accosting her as she turned away after delivering the telegram, the girl's embarrassment, Rupert's embarrassment, then their confidential conversation.

"Surely Rupert is quite above having a flirtation with one of the maids! So unlike him altogether! The girl is pretty, certainly, in rather a countrified way, but nothing for him to be taken with after the high-bred beauties he has met. But here he comes. Probably he will explain."

Rupert advanced. "Mother," he said coolly, totally disregarding her questioning look, "the telegram is from Dawson, the architect. He has influenza, poor chap, and will not be able to come for a week or so; so I'm off for a day or two on my bicycle while the weather holds good."

Mrs. Courtenay-Leigh turned away, feeling chilled, disappointed, and thoroughly uneasy. This was the first time that Rupert had refused to give her his confidence. That he had a secret she was confident, and with a mother's unerring instinct she divined that there was a girl in the case. A terrible foreboding seized upon her of trouble and disappointment coming to her in her old age, through Rupert's falling in love with someone unlikely and forming a miserable *mésalliance*.

* * * * *

"Where there's a will there's a way," and Rupert found the way. It happened the following Sunday morning, as the family of the Rev. Francis Willis was filing out of the church doors, that a tall, handsome man, with a somewhat bashful expression on his sunburnt face, claimed acquaintance with Milly, and was introduced to the rest of the family as a friend she had made in Ireland when travelling with Uncle and Aunt Lennox.

The rest was simple enough. When two hearts beat in unison, "the wooing is not long a-doing," and happy were the days that followed.

It was with some trepidation that Rupert wrote, telling his mother all. That she would come round in the end he was sure, for Milly was just the girl to win her heart, even when the pride of many generations had toughened that organ a little; but he was fully prepared to face some opposition at first from his ambitious little mother.

But it was with a glad heart that the mother read her son's letter—a load was

lifted off her mind ; and with an impetuosity foreign to her nature she snatched up a telegraph-form and hastily penned the following words—

"Hearty congratulations—delighted," and despatched the telegram at once.

Never did an engagement give more general satisfaction. The Rev. Francis Willis, unworldly man though he was, could not but feel gratified at the brilliant match his daughter was making. The girls, one and all, rejoiced at their sister's exceeding happiness, while the brothers, boy-like, were openly delighted at the material advantages this marriage would bring to themselves.

The quaint old vicarage garden, with its winding paths and tall box hedges, was an ideal place for love-making. Rupert and Milly wandered there in the twilight, making golden plans for the future.

"Rupert," said Milly, "since we got your mother's telegram I think I am perfectly happy, and am already building castles in the air of the wonderful love-matches I shall bring about for the girls, so that each may be as happy as I."

Rupert bent tenderly over his betrothed, and taking her sweet, love-lit face between his hands, said mischievously—

"No doubt my wife will prove a wonderful maker of marriages when even her old gown turned matchmaker."

HARVESTING IN FAR CALIFORNIA.

By C. Fell Smith.

TRAIL WAGONS CARRYING CORN TO THE WAREHOUSES.

IT was Sidney Smith who said of America that if you only tickled her with a hoe she immediately laughed with a harvest. And in America's farthest western state, California, it seems that scarcely even the most delicate application of that gentle implement is needed to bring forth amazing quantities of everything, from acres of calla lilies to thousands of tons of castor-oil beans, or millions of quarters of wheat. An invocation to Aquarius would, perhaps, be a more fitting prescription, for, of late, dry seasons and the cost of irrigation have driven the ranch owner almost to the verge of despair.

We have long grown accustomed to the laments of the British farmer, and although his proverbial grumble is concerned chiefly with the weather, it would be a mistake to conclude that he has no other enemies. Scarcity of hands, wholesale migration from the rural districts, and the growing disposition of the quasi-"educated" young of the labouring classes to "better themselves," and to look down on agriculture as an employment, have made machinery of treble value to the corn-grower here. And as year by year his harvest time comes round again, he is naturally quick to test the latest products of labour-saving ingenuity in order to secure to himself, with the least possible expenditure of time and wages, the proper fruits of the earth.

Corn, albeit its value is now something less than one-third of the sum it attained in the year 1855, for instance, or less than one half of its price in 1872, is still the principle yield of twenty-six out of the thirty-two English counties. Long may it be before it ceases to be so. Is there a more beautiful or distinctive feature of the English landscape than the emerald green expanse of wheat and barley fields in June, when the corn is just bursting into ear—unless it is the same broad acres of tillage in August, when the sheets of golden grain stand awaiting the reaper's knife?

But if labour is scarce here, it is practically non-existent in California. Luckily, as we have seen, Nature is kindly in her virgin mood, and consents to forego many of those attentions with which, under an older cultivation, she has to be wooed into fertility. The Californian field is just a huge piece of plain, about the size of a good-sized farm here. To make the circuit of one will perhaps mean a twenty-mile tramp. Its crop, under the climatic influences of the State, comes rapidly to perfection. Unless it is gathered in with the utmost celerity it would not be worth saving at all. It is no surprise to us, therefore, that the mother of invention has turned out for the needy colonist machinery which simply makes us gasp with breathlessness at the number of operations which can be carried on at one and the same time.

Nothing that can be achieved by mechanical power is ever attempted by a pair of hands, and even the very horses become so clever that they hardly require any driving or looking after.

The photographs illustrating this paper have been just recently sent me by a regular correspondent near Bakersfield. From them a notion of one or two of these operations may be gained. Bakersfield, I may remind the oblivious, is the capital of Kern County,

THE "HARVESTER" REAPS, THRESHES, AND EMPTIES THE CORN INTO SACKS IN ONE OPERATION.
From a photo.

one of the fifty-three counties of California, situated in the south of that immense country. It has an area almost as large as the whole of England, allowing for the difference between our indented coast-line and the geometrical outline of the inland county, which upon the map resembles an elongated soap-tablet. The district around Bakersfield has suffered terribly from drought for several seasons. Little rain has fallen, and even the summer's supply of melted snow from the Sierras, which may generally be relied on, has failed. In addition to the fruit-farms, of which I do not propose to speak now, corn and hay are largely grown. The hay is commonly known as "alfalfa," or, as we should call it here, "Lucerne" (*Medicaga Sativa*).

The word is Spanish, and is traceable to its Arabic origin, *al-faç-façah*, meaning "the best sort of fodder"; and an excellent name for it this is, since its peculiarity of a root penetrating to an immense depth beneath the ground renders the plant highly suitable for a dry climate. But alfalfa has other obliging qualities. There is practically no limit to its life. In some parts of the State of Mexico tracts are in existence which were laid down before living memory. Also it may be cut five or six, or even seven, times in the year, and after each yield it only grows the more rapidly. Unlike the slow, picturesque processes of haymaking in our humid atmosphere, alfalfa requires no drying. It is "made" almost as soon as it is cut, and is stored in large quantities on the spot, being pitched to the top of the stack by a simple arrangement of ropes and pulleys, worked by a couple of horses. Cutting the corn is a more elaborate affair, as will be seen by a glance at the "harvester." This huge machine is drawn by a cavalcade of twenty-six mules. It carries five men, and walks in solemn procession round and round the field of five or six miles square, as the case may be. All the intermediate processes of binding in sheaves, standing in thraves, pitching, loading, and stacking are dispensed with, and the corn is threshed right away on board the harvester.

The ears of wheat are simply torn off as it passes over them, straw being of no value except as fodder for the cattle which are turned in to graze upon it. The blade decapitates a swarth twenty-five feet wide at once. When the grain has passed through the threshing and winnowing processes it is shot into sacks, which are dropped as the machine travels. Each sack holds from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and

THE "HARVESTER" AT WORK.
From a photo.

forty pounds of corn, and two men are employed tying them up, as this marvellous monster proceeds on its way. A dump cart is usually hitched on behind to catch the chaff. This is tipped up at regular intervals, leaving the chaff in heaps upon the ground.

Both wheat and barley are harvested by means of this triumphant piece of machinery, these being the principal yield of the arable portions of California, and such tracts of land as are not devoted to the more fascinating, if anxious, industry of fruit growing.

in the lessened original outlay for labour. From the often exorbitant demands of the landlord and tithe-owner, under which land in some parts of the Old Country has become almost untenable, the dweller in the New of course enjoys a complete immunity. But his "gang-plough," drawn by six or eight horses, and upon which he is dependent for the tilling of his land, is a somewhat elaborate and expensive affair.

The way of delivering corn in California is even more typical of the scale on which operations are conducted. The farmer at

MOWING AND STACKING "ALFALFA."
From a photo.

The crop last year was a very light one, amounting only to just over one sack per acre. Generally speaking, the yield is from eight to ten sacks. This, of course, seems but a light crop when compared with the returns obtained by the farmer at home, but as the latter is content, or, to speak more accurately, malcontent, to leave the watering of his fields to Providence and the Meteorological Department, and has only occasionally to substitute an elaborate system of drainage for the still more elaborate and costly scheme of irrigation employed by his Californian brother farmer, there is some compensation

home selects his steadiest and most reliable man to send out in charge of the road wagon and its fine team of four horses, gaily caparisoned with brass ornaments on the harness, and the leather housing edged with scarlet fringes standing up and nodding high above the collar. Like all the various clumsy parts of ancient harness, whether for man or beast, these housings have their use. And where they still survive—for it is but rarely that one meets them now, even in country lanes—the wagoner, or, as he would be described in the vernacular, "the hossman," still is careful to turn them down in

wet weather, that they may protect the horses' withers from the dire effects of a soaking. Twenty or thirty years ago, before the spread of railways, the wagoner would start in the small hours of the morning, before daylight dawned, to travel sixteen or twenty miles, and deliver his load of five and twenty quarters of wheat at some distant wind- or water-mill. For the sake of companionship and help he would take with him some odd boy or another off the farm. But here we see three loaded wagons hitched one behind another, twelve or sometimes sixteen horses gaily attached to the front one, and the whole valuable cargo of twenty tons, besides horses, placed in charge of a solitary man, who drives, moreover, with what they call a "single line." To steer successfully a team of sixteen horses by means of one solitary rope argues certainly superhuman skill on the part of the representative of Jehu, or superequinine intelligence on the part of the animals, be they mules or horses. The hind wheels of the wagons, it will be observed, are very much larger than those in front. On the wagons used for hauling ore from the mines, these hind wheels are of a diameter of seven feet, and of a weight of 900 lb. each. The first wagon is, of course, more heavily loaded than the trail wagons, which convey some three to five tons less in weight respectively. The procession of twelve wagons and thirty-six horses conveys foodstuff enough to provision a whole army with bread. The corn is stored in vast warehouses ready for transport to the coast, and so, across the Atlantic ocean, to help feed London's growing millions with the staff of life.

A CORN WAREHOUSE IN BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA.
From a photo.

JOAN OF THE SWORD.

By S. R. Crockett.*

Illustrated by Frank Richards.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

In the preceding chapters we are introduced to the Duchess Joan of Hohenstein, in Castle Kernsberg, who is twenty-one years old and is a keen and accomplished swordswoman. She is bound by her father, either to marry Prince Louis of Courtland or to forfeit her dominion. In order to see her affianced husband unknown to him, Joan, who is very impetuous, dons masculine dress and pays an incognito visit to Courtland, disguised as a secretary. Here she makes the acquaintance of Princess Margaret of Courtland, who introduces the secretary to her brother, and is herself greatly fascinated by the young man's looks and ingenuousness, though she subsequently mistakes Maurice von Lynar, (an officer in the Duchess Joan's household), for "the secretary," and they fall in love with one another, Joan and Maurice being almost identical in features. Joan is most favourably impressed with the glimpse she has of the man whom she regards as her future husband. Ultimately Joan proceeds to Courtland as a bride, where, to her dismay, she finds that the Prince whose memory she has been cherishing so happily is but Prince Conrad, the younger brother and the bishop who is to marry her, while the bridegroom is a man as repellent and ill-favoured as his brother is attractive. Joan at first refuses to marry him, but eventually yields to Princess Margaret's persuasion. On the steps of the cathedral, however, she suddenly withdraws from her husband, telling him she has fulfilled the letter of the contract, but will have no more to do with him. She and her horsemen then make straight for Kernsberg. The flouted bridegroom then resorts to force, and besieges Kernsberg. In order to prevent the Duchess being captured, in the event of the castle being taken, her officers convey her, much against her will, to a place of safety on an island in the Baltic, where she may stay with the mother of Maurice von Lynar till the war ends. Here Joan learns that her hostess is the unacknowledged wife of the late Duke, her father, and the mother of his son, Maurice, who should have been his heir. While on this island Joan revives her acquaintance with Prince Conrad, who is shipwrecked on its shores. Maurice von Lynar, in the meanwhile, is impersonating Joan, as the castle can hold out no longer. He returns to Courtland as the conquered bride, and is privately married to Princess Margaret the same day, in order to frustrate her marriage to Prince Ivan of Muscovy. In order to gain time to escape with his bride, "Joan" feigns sickness, having taken a harmless drug which produces all the symptoms of the Black Plague.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BLACK DEATH.

The Princes of Courtland and Muscovy, inseparable as the Princesses, were on the pleasant, creeper-shaded terrace which looks over the rose garden of the palace of Courtland down upon the blue sea plain of the Baltic, now stretching blue black from verge to verge under the imminent sun of noon.

Prince Louis moved restlessly to and fro, now biting his lip, now frowning and fumbling with his sword-hilt, anon half drawing his jewelled dagger from its sheath and allowing it to slip back again with the faintly musical click of perfectly fitting steel. Ivan of Muscovy, on the other hand, lounged listlessly in the angle of an embrasure, alternately contemplating his red-pointed toes shod in Cordovan leather, and glancing keenly from under his eyelids at his nervous companion as often as his back was turned in the course of his ceaseless perambulation.

"You would desert me, Ivan," Prince Louis was saying in a tone at once appealing and childishly aggressive; "you would leave me in the hour of my need. You would take away from me my sister Margaret, who alone has influence with the Princess, my wife!"

"But you do not try to court the lady with any proper fervour," objected Ivan, half humouring and half irritating his companion; "you observe none of the rules. Speak her soft, praise her eyelashes—surely they are worthy of all praise; give her a pet lamb for a playmate. Feed her with conserves of honey and spice. Surely such comfits would mollify even Joan of the Sword Hand!"

"Tush!—you flout me, Ivan—even you. Everyone despises me since — since she flouted me. The woman is a tigress, I tell you. Every time she looks at me her eyes flick across me like a whip-lash!"

"That is but her maiden modesty. How often is it assumed to cover love!" murmured Ivan, demurely smiling at his shoe point, which nodded automatically before him. "So doth the glance of my sweet bride of to-day, your own sister Margaret. To all seeming she loves me as little as the Lady Joan does you. Yet I am not afraid. I know women. Before I have her a month in Moscow she will run that she may be allowed to pull my

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shoes off and on. She will be out of breath with hasting to fetch my slippers—together with other little domestic offices of that sort, all very profitable for women's souls to perform. Take pattern by me, Louis, and teach the tigress to bring your shoes and tie your hose points. In a little while she will like it and hold up her cheek to be kissed for a sufficient reward."

At this point an officer came swiftly across the parterre and stood with uncovered head by the steps of the terrace, waiting for permission to ascend. The Prince summoned him with a movement of his hand.

"What news?" he said; "have the ladies yet left the Summer Palace?"

"No, my lord," answered the officer earnestly; "but Johannes Rode of the Princess Margaret's household has come with a message that the plague has broken out there, and that the Lady Princess is the first stricken!"

"Which Princess?" demanded Ivan, with an instant incision of tone.

"The Lady Joan, Princess of Courtland, your Highness," replied the man, without, however, looking at the Prince of Muscovy.

"The Lady Joan?" cried the Prince Louis. "She is ill? She has brought the Black Death with her? She is stricken with the plague? How fortunate that, so far, I——"

He clapped his hand upon his brow and shut his eyes as if giving thanks.

"I see it all now!" he cried. "This is the reason the Kernsberg traitors were so willing to give her up. It is all a plot against my life. I will not go near. Let the court physicians be sent! Cause the doors of the Summer Palace to be sealed! Set double guards! Permit none to pass either way, save the doctors only! And let them change their clothes and perfume themselves with the smoke of sulphur before they come out!"

His voice mounted higher and higher as he spoke, and Ivan of Muscovy watched him without speaking, as with hands thrust out and distended nostrils he screamed and gesticulated.

Prince Ivan had never seen a thorough coward before, and the breed interested him. But when he had let the Prince run on far enough to shame him before his officer, he rose quietly and stood in front of him.

"Louis," he said, in a low voice, "listen to me—this is but a report. It is like enough to be false; it is certain to be exaggerated. Let us go at once and find out."

Prince Louis threw out his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Not I—not I!" he cried. "You may go if you like, if you do not value your life. But I—I do not feel well even now. Yesterday I kissed her hand. Ah, would to God that I had not! That is it. I wondered what ailed me this morning. Go—stop the court physicians! Do not let them go to the Summer Palace; bring them here to me first. Your arm, officer; I think I will go to my room—I am not well."

Prince Ivan's countenance grew mottled and greyish, and his teeth showed in the sun like a thin line of dazzling white. He grasped the poltroon by the wrist with a hand of steel.

"Listen," he said—"no more of this; I will not have it! I will not waste my own time and the blood of my father's soldiers for naught. This is but some woman's trick to delay the marriage—I know it. Hearken! I fear neither Black Death nor black devil; I will have the Lady Margaret to-day if I have to wed her on her death-bed! Now, I cannot enter your wife's chamber alone. Yet go I must, if only to see what all this means, and you shall accompany me. Do you hear, Prince Louis? I swear you shall go with me to the Summer Palace if I have to drag you step by step!"

His grasp lay like a tightening circle of iron about the wrist of Prince Louis; his steady glance dominated the weaker man. Louis drew in his breath with a choking noise.

"I will," he gasped; "if I must—I will go. But the Death—the Black Death! I am sick—truly, Ivan, I am very sick!"

"So am I!" said Prince Ivan, smiling grimly. "But bring his Highness a cup of wine, and send hither Alexis the Deacon, my own physician."

The officer went out cursing the Muscovite ears that had listened to such things, and also high Heaven for giving such a Prince to his fatherland.

* * * * *

Prince Ivan and Prince Louis stood at the door of the river parlour. The peculiar moving hush and tepidly stagnant air of a sick room penetrated even through the panels. Ivan still kept hold of his friend, but now by the hand, not compulsively, but rather like one who in time of trouble comforts another's sorrow.

At either end of the corridor could be seen a guard of Cossacks keeping it against all intrusion from without or exodus from within. So Prince Ivan had ordered it.

His fellows were used to the plague, he said.

At the Princess's door Prince Ivan tapped gently and inclined his ear to listen. Louis fumbled with his golden crucifix, and as the Muscovite turned away his head he pressed it furtively to his lips. Ever since he set foot in the Summer Palace he had been muttering the prayers of the Church in a rapid undertone.

"Prince Louis to see the Princess Joan!" Ivan answered the low-voiced challenge from within. The door opened slightly and then more widely. Ivan pushed his friend forward and they entered, Louis dragging one foot after the other towards the shaded couch by which knelt the Princess Margaret. Thora of Bornholm, pallid and blue-lipped, stood beside her, swaying a little, but still holding, half unconsciously, a silver basin, into which Margaret dipped a fine linen cloth, before touching with it the foam-flecked lips of the sufferer. Prince Ivan remained a little back, near to where the court physicians were conferring together in stage whispers. As he passed, a tall, grey-skirted, long-bearded man, girt about the middle with a silver chain, detached himself from the official group and approached Prince Ivan. After an instinctive cringing movement of homage and salutation, he bent to the young man's ear and whispered half a dozen words. Prince Ivan nodded very slightly and the man stole away as he had come. No one in the room had noticed the incident.

Meanwhile Louis of Courtland, almost as pale as Thora herself, his lips blue, his teeth chattering, his fingers clammy with perspiration, stood by the bedside clutching the crucifix. Presently a hand was laid upon his arm. He started violently at the touch.

"It is true—a bad case," said Ivan in his ear. "Let us get away; I must speak with you at once. The physicians have given their verdict. They can do nothing!"

With a gasp of relief Prince Louis faced about, and as he turned he tottered.

"Steady, friend Louis!" said Prince Ivan in his ear, and passed his arm about his waist.

He began to fear lest he should have frightened his dupe too thoroughly.

"See how he loves her!" murmured the doctors of healing, still conferring with their heads together. "Who would have believed it possible?"

"Nay, he is only much afraid," said Alexis the Deacon, the Muscovite doctor; "and small blame to him, now that the Black Death has come to Courtland. In half an hour we shall hear the death-rattle!"

"Then there is no need of us staying," said more than one learned doctor, and they moved softly towards the door. But Ivan had possessed himself of the key, and even as the hand of the first was on the latchet bar the bolt was shot in his face. And the eyes of Alexis the Deacon glowed between his narrow red lids like sparks in tinder as he glanced at the whitening faces of the learned men of Courtland.

Without the door Ivan fixed Prince Louis with his will.

"Now," he said, speaking in low, trenchant tones, "if this be indeed the Black Death (and it is like it), there is no safety for us here. We must get without the walls. In an hour there will be such a panic in the city as has not been for centuries. I offer you a way of escape. My Cossacks stand horsed and ready without. Let us go with them. But the Princess Margaret must come also!"

"She cannot—she cannot. I will not permit it. She may already be infected!" gasped Prince Louis.

"There is no infection till the crisis of the disease is passed," said Prince Ivan firmly. "We have had many plagues in Holy Russia, and know the symptoms."

("Indeed," he added to himself, "my physician, Alexis the Deacon, can produce them!")

"But—but—but——" Louis still objected, "the Princess Joan—she may die. That will reflect upon my honour if we all desert her. My sister will continue to attend her. They are friends. I will go with you. . . . Margaret can remain and nurse her!"

A light like a spear point glittered momentarily under the dark brows of the Muscovite.

"Listen, Prince Louis," he said. "Your honour is your honour. Joan of the Sword Hand and her Black Plagues are your own affair. She is your wife, not mine. I have helped you to get her back—no more. But the Princess Margaret is my business. I have bought her with a price. And look you, sir, I will not ride back to Russia empty-handed, that every petty boyar and starveling serf may scoff at me, saying, 'He helped the Prince of Courtland to win his wife, but he could not bring back one himself.' The whole city, the whole country from here to Moscow know for what cause I have so long sojourned in your

capital. Now, Prince Louis, will you have me go as your friend or as your enemy?"

"Ivan—Ivan, you are my friend. Do not speak to me so! Who else is my friend if you desert me?"

"Then give me your sister!"

The Prince cast up his hand with a little gesture of despair.

"Ah," he sighed, "you do not know Margaret! She is not in my gift, or you should have had her long ago! Oh, these troubles, these troubles! When will they be at an end?"

"They are at an end now," said Prince Ivan consolingly. "Call your sister out of the chamber on a pretext. In ten minutes we shall be at the cathedral gates. In another ten she and I can be wedded according to your Roman custom. In half an hour we shall all be outside the walls. If you fear the infection you need not once come near her. I will do all that is necessary. And what more natural? We will be gone before the panic breaks—you to one of your hill castles—if you do not wish to come with us to Moscow."

"And the Princess Joan——?" faltered the coward.

"She is in good hands," said the Prince, truthfully for once. "I pledge you my word of honour she is in no danger. Call your sister!"

Even as he spoke he tapped lightly, turned the key in the lock and whispered, "Now!" to the Prince of Courtland.

"Tell the Princess Margaret I would speak with her!" said Prince Louis. "For a moment only!" he added, fearing that otherwise she might not come.

There was a stir in the sick chamber and then quick steps were heard coming lightly across the floor. The face of the Princess appeared at the door.

"Well?" she said haughtily to her brother. Prince Ivan she did not see, for he had stepped back into the dusk of the corridor. Louis beckoned his sister without.

"I must speak a word with you," he said. "I would not have these fellows hear us!" She stepped out unsuspectingly. Instantly the door was closed behind her. A dark figure slid between. Prince Ivan turned the key and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Help!" she cried, struggling; "help me! For God's grace, let me go!"

But from behind came four Cossacks of the Prince's retinue who half-carried, half-forced her along towards the gates at which the Muscovite horses stood ready saddled. And as Margaret was carried down the passage the alarmed servitors stood aloof from her cries, seeing that Prince Louis himself was with her. Yet she cried out unceasingly in her anger and fear, "To me, men of Courtland! The Cossacks carry me off—I will not go! O God, that Conrad were here! I will not be silent! Maurice, save me!"

But the people only shrugged their shoulders even when they heard—as did also the guards and the gentlemen-in-waiting, the underlings and the very porters at the Palace gates. For they said, "They are strange folk, these Courtland princes and princesses of ours, with their marriages and givings in marriage. They can neither wed nor bed like other people, but must make all this fuss about it. Well—happily it is no business of ours!"

Then at the stair foot she sank down by the sundial, almost fainting with the sudden alarm and fear, crying for the last time and yet more piercingly, "Maurice! Maurice! Come to me, Maurice!" Then above them in the Palace there began a mighty clamour, the noise of blows stricken and the roar of many voices. But Ivan of Muscovy was neither to be hurried nor flurried. Impassive and determined, he swung himself into the saddle. His black charger changed his feet to take his weight and looked about to welcome him—for he, too, knew his master.

"Give the Princess to me," he commanded. "Now assist Prince Louis into his saddle. To the cathedral, all of you!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE DROPPING OF A CLOAK.

And so, with the mounted guard of his own Cossacks before him and behind, Prince Ivan carried his bride to church through the streets of her native city. And the folk thronged and marvelled at this new custom of marrying. But none interfered by word or sign, and the obsequious rabble shouted, "Long live Prince Ivan!"

Even some of the better disposed, who had no liking for the Muscovite alliance, said within their hearts, looking at the calm, set face of the Prince, "He is a man! Would to God that our own Prince were more like him!"

Also many women nodded their heads and ran to find their dearest gossips. "You will see," they said; "this one will have no ridings away. He takes his wife before him upon

"'Help! let me go!'"

his saddle-bow as a man should. And she will pretend that she does not like it. But secretly—ah, we know!"

And they smiled at each other. For there is that in most women which will never be civilised. They love not men who walk softly, and still in their heart of hearts they prefer to be wooed by the primitive method of capture. For if a woman be not afraid of a man she will never love him truly. And that is a true word among all peoples.

So they came at last to the Dom and the groups of wondering folk, thinly scattered here and there—women mostly. For there had been such long delay at the Summer Palace that the men had gone back to their cooperage tubs or were quaffing tankards in the city ale-cellars.

The great doors of the cathedral had been thrown wide open and the leathern curtains withdrawn. The sun was checkering the vast tesselated pavement with blurs of purple,

red, and glorious blue shot through the western window of the nave. In gloomy chapel and recessed nook marble princes and battered Crusaders of the line of Courtland seemed to blink and turn their faces to the wall away from the unaccustomed glare. The altar candles and the lamps a-swing in the choir winked no brighter than yellow willow leaves seen through an autumnal fog. But as the *cortège* dismounted the organ began to roll, and the people within rose with a hush like that which follows the opening of a window at night above the Alla.

The sonorous diapason of the great instrument disgorged itself through the doorway in wave upon wave of sound. The Princess Margaret found herself again on her feet, upheld on either side by brother and lover. She was at first somewhat dazed with the rush of accumulate disasters. Slowly her mind came back. The Dom Platz whirled more slowly about her. With a fresh-dawning surprise she heard the choir sing within. She began to understand the speech of men. The great black square of the opening doorway slowed and finally stopped before her. She was on the steps of the cathedral. What had come to her? Was it the Duchess Joan's wedding day? Surely no! Then what was the matter? Had she fainted?

Maurice—where was Maurice? She turned about. The small, glittering eyes of Prince Ivan, black as sloes, were looking into hers. She remembered now. It was her own wedding. These two, her brother and her enemy, were carrying out their threat. They had brought her to the cathedral to wed her, against her will, to the man she hated. But they could not. She would tell them. Already she was a—but then, if she told them that, they would ride back and kill him. Better that she should perjure herself, condemn herself to hell, than that. Better anything than that. But what was she to do? Was ever a poor girl so driven?

And there, in the hour of her extremity, her eye fell upon a young man in the crowd beneath, a youth in a 'prentice's blue jerkin. He was passing his arm softly about a girl's waist—slily also, lest her mother should see. And the maid, first starting with a pretence of not knowing whence came the pressure, presently looked up and smiled at him, nestling a moment closer to his shoulder before removing his hand, only to hold it covertly under her apron till her mother showed signs of turning round.

"Ah! why was I born a princess?" moaned the poor driven girl.

"Margaret, you must come with us into the cathedral." It was the voice of her brother. "It is necessary that the Prince should wed you now. It has too long been promised, and now he can delay no longer. Besides, the Black Death is in the city, and this is the only hope of escape. Come!"

It was on the tip of Margaret's tongue to cry out with wild words even as she had done at the door at the river parlour. But the thought of Maurice, of the torture and the death, silenced her. She lifted her eyes, and there, at the top of the steps, were the dignitaries of the cathedral waiting to lead the solemn procession.

"I will go!" she said.

And at her words the Prince Ivan smiled under his thin moustache.

She laid her hand on her brother's arm and began the ascent of the long flight of stairs. But even as she did so, behind her there broke a wave of sound—the crying of many people, confused and multitudinous, like the warning which runs along a crowded thoroughfare when a wild charger escaped from bonds threshes along with frantic flying harness. Then came the clatter of horses' hoofs, the clang of doors shut in haste as decent burghers got them in out of harm's way! And lo! at the foot of the steps, clad from head to foot in a cloak, the sick Princess Joan, she whom the Black Death had stricken, leaped from her foaming steed, and drawing sword followed fiercely up the stairway after the marriage procession. The Cossacks of the Muscovite guard looked at each other, not knowing whether to stand in her way or no.

"The Princess Joan!" they said from one to the other.

"Joan of the Sword Hand!" whispered the burghers of Courtland. "The disease has gone to her brain. Look at the madness in her eye!"

And their lips parted a little as is the wont of those who, having come to view a comedy, find themselves unexpectedly in the midst of high tragedy.

"Hold, there!" the pursuer shouted, as she set foot on the lowest step.

"Lord! Surely that is no woman's voice!" whispered the people who stood nearest, and their lower jaws dropped a little further in sheer wonderment.

The Princes turned on the threshold of the cathedral, with Margaret still between them, the belly of the church black behind them, and the priests first halting and then

peering over each other's shoulders in their eagerness to see.

Up the wide steps of the Dom flew the tall woman in the flowing cloak. Her face was pallid as death, but her eyes were brilliant and her lips red. At the sight of the naked sword Prince Ivan plucked the blade from his side and Louis shrank a little behind his sister.

"Treason!" he faltered. "What is this? Is it sudden madness or the frenzy of the Black Death?"

"The Princess Margaret cannot be married!" cried the seeming Princess. "To me, Margaret! I will slay the man who lays a hand on you!"

Obedient to that word, Margaret of Courtland broke from between her brother and Prince Ivan and ran to the tall woman, laying her brow on her breast. The Prince of Muscovy continued calm and immovable.

"And why?" he asked in a tone full of contempt. "Why cannot the Princess Margaret be married?"

"Because," said the woman in the long cloak, fingering a string at her neck, "she is married already. *I am her husband!*"

The long blue cloak fell to the ground, and the Sparhawk, clad in close-fitting squire's dress, stood before their astonished eyes.

A long, low murmur, gathering and sinking, surged about the square. Prince Louis gasped. Margaret clung to her lover's arm, and for the space of a score of seconds the whole world stopped breathing.

Prince Ivan twisted his moustache as if he would pull it out by the roots.

"So," he said, "the Princess is married, is she? And you are her husband? 'Whom God hath joined'—and the rest of it. Well, we shall see, we shall see!"

He spoke gently, meditatively, almost caressingly.

"Yes," cried the Sparhawk defiantly, "we were married yesterday by Father Clement, the Prince's chaplain, in the presence of the most noble Leopold von Dessauer, High Councillor of Plassenburg!"

"And my wife—the Princess Joan, where is she?" gasped Prince Louis, so greatly bewildered that he had not yet begun to be angry.

Ivan of Muscovy put out his hand.

"Gently, friend," he said; "I will unmask this play-acting springald. This is not your wife, not the woman you wedded and fought for, not the Lady Joan of Hohenstein, but some baseborn brother, who, having her face, hath played her part, to mock and cheat and deceive us both!"

He turned again to Maurice von Lynar.

"I think we have met before, Sir Masquer," he said with his usual suave courtesy; "I have, therefore, a double debt to pay. Hither!" He beckoned to the guards who lined the approaches. "I presume, sir, so true a courtier will not brawl before ladies. You recognise that you are in our power. Your sword, sir!"

The Sparhawk looked all about the crowded square. Then he snapped his sword over his knee and threw the pieces down on the stone steps.

"You are right, I will not fight vainly here," he said. "I know it is useless. But"—he raised his voice—"be it known to all men that my name is Maurice, Count von Löen, and that the Princess Margaret is my lawfully wedded wife. She cannot then marry Ivan of Muscovy!"

The Prince laughed easily and spread his hand with gentle deprecation, as the guards seized the Sparhawk and forced him a little space from the clinging hands of the Princess.

"I am an easy man," he said gently, as he clicked his dagger to and fro in its sheath. "When I like a woman, I would as lief marry her widow as maid!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE RETURN OF THE BRIDE.

"Prince Louis," continued Ivan, turning to the Prince, "we are keeping these holy men needlessly, as well as disappointing the good folk of Courtland of their spectacle. There is no need that we should stand here any longer. We have matters to discuss with this gentleman and—his wife. Have I your leave to bring them together in the Palace? We may have something to say to them more at leisure."

But the Prince of Courtland made no answer. His late fears of the Black Death, the astonishing turn affairs had taken, the discovery that his wife was not his wife, the slowly percolating thought that his invasion of Kernsberg, his victories there, and his triumphal re-entry into his capital, had all been in vain, united with his absorbing fear of ridicule to deprive him of speech. He moved his hand angrily and began to descend the stairs towards the waiting horses.

Prince Ivan turned towards Maurice von Lynar.

"You will come with me to the Palace under escort of these gentlemen of my staff,"

he said, with smiling equality of courtesy; "there is no need to discuss intimate family affairs before half the rabble of Courtland."

He bowed to Maurice as if he had been inviting him to a feast. Maurice looked about the crowded square, over the pennons of the Cossacks. He knew there was no hope either in flight or in resistance. All the approaches to the square had been filled up with armed men.

"I will follow!" he answered briefly.

The Prince swept his plumed hat to the ground.

"Nay," he said; "lead, not follow. You must go with your wife. The Prince of Muscovy does not precede a lady, a princess—and a bride!"

So it came about that Margaret, after all, descended the cathedral steps on her husband's arm.

And as the cavalcade rode back to the Palace the Princess was in the midst between the Sparhawk and Prince Wasp, Louis of Courtland pacing moodily ahead, his bridle reins loose on his horse's neck, his chin on his breast, while the rabble cried ever, "Largesse! largesse!" and ran before them casting brightly coloured silken scarves in the way.

Then Prince Ivan, summoning his almoner to his side, took from him a bag of coin. He dipped his hand deeply in and scattered the coins with a free hand, crying loudly, "To the health and long life of the Princess Margaret and her husband! Health and riches and offspring!"

And the mob taking the word from him shouted all along the narrow streets, "To the Princess and her husband!"

But from the hooded dormers of the city, from the lofty gable spy-holes, from the narrow windows of Baltic staircase-towers the good wives of Courtland looked down to see the great folk pass. And their comment was not that of the rabble. "Married, is she?" they said among themselves. "Well, God bless her comely face! It minds me of my own wedding. But, by my faith, I looked more at my Fritz than she doth at the Muscovite. I declare all her eyes are for that handsome lad who rides at her left elbow——"

"Nay, he is not handsome—look at his face. It is as white as a washen clout hung on a drying line. Who can he be?"

"Minds me o' the Prince's wife, the proud lady that flouted him, mightily he doth—I should not wonder if he were her brother."

"Yes, by my faith, dame—hast hit it! So he doth. And here was I racking my brains to think where I had seen him before, and then, after all, I never *had* seen him before!"

"A miracle it is, gossip, and right pale he looks! Yet I should not wonder if our Margaret loves him the most. Her eyes seek to him. Women among the great are not like us. They say they never like their own husbands the best. What wouldst thou do, good neighbour Bette, if I loved your Hans better than mine own stupid old Fritz? Pull the strings off my cap, dame, say'st thou? That shows thee no great lady. For if thou wast of the great, thou wouldst no more than wave thy hand and say, 'A good riddance and a heartsome change!'—and with that begin to make love to the next young lad that came by with his thumbs in his armholes and a feather in his cap!"

"And what o' the childer—the house-bairns—what o' them? With all this mixing about, what comes o' them—answer me, good dame?"

"What, Gossip Bette—have you never heard? The childer of the great, they suck not their own mothers' milk—they are not dandled in their own mothers' arms. They learn not their duty from their mothers' lips. When they are fractious, a stranger beats them till they be good——"

"Ah," cried the court of matrons all in unison, "I would like to catch one of the fremit lay a hand on my Karl—my Kirsten—that I would! I would comb their hair for them, tear the pinner off their backs—that I would! And I! And I!"

"Nay, good gossips all," out of the chorus the voice of the dame learned in the ways of the great asserted itself; "that, again, proves you all no better than burgherish town-folk—not truly of the noble of the land. For a right great lady, when she meets a foster-nurse with a baby at the breast, will go near and say—I have heard 'em—'La! the pretty thing—a poppet! Well-a-well, 'tis pretty, for sure! And whose baby may this be?'

"'Thine own, lady, thine own!'"

At this long and loud echoed the derision of the good wives of Courtland. Their gossip laughed and reasserted. But no, they would not hear a word more. She had overstepped the limit of their belief.

"What, not to know her child—her own flesh and blood? Out on her!" cried every mother who had felt about her neck the clasp of tiny hands, or upon her breast the easing pressure of little blind lips. "Good dame, no; you shall not hoodwink us. Were she deaf and dumb and doting, a mother would

yet know her child. 'Tis not in nature else! Well, thanks be to Mary Mother—she who knew both wife-pain and mother-joy, we, at least, are not of the great. We may hush our own bairns to sleep, dance with them when they frolic, and correct them when they are naughty-minded. Nevertheless, a good luck go with our noble lady this day! May she have many fair children and a husband to love her even as if she were a common woman and no princess!"

So in little jerks of blessing and with much headshaking the good wives of Courtland continued their congress, long after the last Cossack lance with its fluttering pennon had been lost to view down the winding street.

For, indeed, well might the gossips thank the Virgin and their patron saints that they were not as the poor Princess Margaret, and that their worst troubles concerned only whether Hans or Fritz tarried a little overlong in the town wine-cellars, or wagered the fraction of a penny too much on a neighbour's cock-fight, and so returned home somewhat crusty because the wrong bird had won the main.

"'I will slay the man who lays a hand on you!'"

* * * * *

But in the Prince's palace other things were going forward. Hitherto we have had to do with the Summer Palace by the river, a building of no strength, and built more as a pleasure house for the princely family than as a place of permanent habitation. But the Castle of Courtland was a structure of another sort.

Set on a low rock in the centre of the town, its walls rose continuous with its foundations, equally massive and impregnable, to the height of over seventy feet. For the first twenty-five neither window nor grating broke the grim uniformity of those mighty walls of rock. Above that line only a few small openings

half-closed with iron bars evidenced the fact that a great prince had his dwelling within. The main entrance to the Castle was through a gateway closed by a grim iron-toothed portcullis. Then a short tunnel led to another and yet stronger defence—a deep natural fosse which surrounded the rock on all sides, and over which a drawbridge conducted into the courtyard of the fortress.

The Sparhawk knew very well that he was going to his death as he rode through the streets of the city of Courtland, but none would have discovered from his bearing that there was aught upon his mind of graver concern than the fit of a doublet or, perhaps, the favour of a pretty maid-of-honour. But with the Princess Margaret it was different. In these last crowded hours she had quite lost her old gay defiance. Her whole heart was fixed on Maurice, and the tears would not be bitten back when she thought of the fate to which he was going with so manly a courage and so fine an air.

They dismounted in the gloomy courtyard, and Maurice, slipping quickly from his saddle, caught Margaret in his arms before the Muscovite could interfere. She clung to him closely, knowing that it might be for the last time.

"Maurice, Maurice," she murmured, "can you forgive me? I have brought you to this!"

"Hush, sweetheart," he answered in her ear; "be my own dear princess. Do not let them see. Be my brave girl. They cannot divide our love!"

"Come, I beg of you," came the dulcet voice of Prince Ivan behind them; "I would not for all Courtland break in upon the billing and cooing of such turtle-doves, were it not that their affection blinds them to the fact that the men-at-arms and scullions are witnesses to these pretty demonstrations. Tarry a little, sweet valentines—time and place wait for all things."

The Princess commanded herself quickly. In another moment she was Margaret of Courtland.

"Even the Prince of Muscovy might spare a lady his insults at such a time!" she said.

The Prince bared his head and bowed low.

"Nay," he said very courteously; "you mistake, Princess Margaret. I insult you not. I may regret your taste—but that is a different matter. Yet even that may in time amend. My quarrel is with this gentleman, and it is one of some standing, I believe."

"My sword is at your service, sir!" said Maurice von Lynar firmly.

"Again you mistake," returned the Prince more suavely than ever; "you have no sword. A prisoner, and (if I may say so without offence) a spy taken red-hand, cannot fight duels. The Prince of Courtland must settle this matter. When his Justiciar is satisfied, I shall most willingly take up my quarrel with—whatever is left of the most noble Count Maurice von Lynar."

To this Maurice did not reply, but with Margaret still beside him he followed Prince Louis up the narrow ancient stairway called from its shape the couch, into the gloomy audience chamber of the Castle of Courtland.

They reached the hall, and then at last, as though restored to power by his surroundings, Prince Louis found his tongue.

"A guard!" he cried; "hither Berghoff, Kampenfeldt! Conduct the Princess to her privy chamber and do not permit her to leave it without my permission. I would speak with this fellow alone."

Ivan hastily crossed over to Prince Louis and whispered in his ear.

In the meantime, ere the soldiers of the guard could approach, Margaret cried out in a loud, clear voice, "I take you all to witness that I, Margaret of Courtland, am the wife of this man, Maurice von Lynar, Count von Löen. He is my wedded husband, and I love him with all my heart! According to God's holy ordinance he is mine!"

"You have forgotten the rest, fair Princess," suggested Prince Ivan subtly—"*till death you do part!*"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PRINCE WASP STINGS.

MARGARET did not answer her tormentor's taunt. Her arms went about Maurice's neck, and her lips, salt with the overflowing of tears, sought his in a last kiss. The officer of the Prince's guard touched her on the shoulder. She shook him haughtily off, and then, having completed her farewells, she loosened her hands and went slowly backward towards the further end of the hall with her eyes still upon the man she loved.

"Stay, Berghoff," said Prince Louis suddenly; "let the Princess remain where she is. Cross your swords in front of her. I desire that she shall hear what I have to say to this young gentleman."

"And also," added Prince Ivan, "I desire the noble Princess to remember that this has been granted by the Prince upon my intercession. In the future, it may gain me more

of her favour than I have had the good fortune to enjoy in the past!"

Maurice stood alone, his tall, slender figure supple and erect. One hand rested easily upon his swordless thigh, while the other still held the plumed hat he had snatched up as in frantic haste he had followed Margaret from the Summer Palace.

There ensued a long silence in which the Sparhawk eyed his captors haughtily, while Prince Louis watched him from under the grey penthouse of his eyebrows.

Then three several times the Prince essayed to speak, and as often utterance was choked within him. His feelings could only find vent in muttered imprecations, half smothered by a consuming rage. Then Prince Ivan crossed over and laid his hand restrainingly on his arm. The touch seemed to calm his friend, and, after swallowing several times as it had been a knot in his throat, at last he spoke.

For the second time in his life Maurice von Lynar stood alone among his enemies; but this time in peril far deadlier than among the roisterous pleasantries of Castle Kernsberg. Yet he was as little daunted now as then. Once on a time a duchess had saved him. Now a princess loved him. And even if she could not save him, still that was better.

"So," cried Prince Louis, in the curiously uneven voice of a coward lashing himself into a fury, "you have played out your treachery upon a reigning Prince of Courtland. You cheated me at Castle Kernsberg. Now you have made me a laughing stock throughout the Empire. You have shamed a maiden of my house, my sister, the daughter of my father. What have you to say ere I order you to be flung out from the battlements of the western tower?"

"Ere it comes to that I shall have something to say, Prince Louis," interrupted Prince Wasp, smiling. "We must not waste such dainty powers of masquerade on anything so vulgar as the hangman's rope."

"Gentlemen and princes," Maurice von Lynar answered, "that which I have done I have done for the sake of my mistress, the Lady Joan, and I am not afraid. Prince Louis, it was her will and intent never to come to Courtland as your wife. She would not have been taken alive. It was therefore the duty of her servants to preserve her life, and I offered myself in her stead. My life was hers already, for she had preserved it. She had given. It was hers to take. With the chief captains of Kernsberg I plotted that she should be seized and carried to a place of refuge wherein no foe could ever find her. There she abides with chosen men to guard her. I took her place and was delivered up that Kernsberg might be cleared of its enemies. Gladly I came that I might pay a little of my debt to my sovran lady and liege mistress, Joan Duchess of Kernsberg and Hohenstein."

"Nobly perorated!" cried Prince Ivan, clapping his hands. "Right sonorously ended. Faith, a paladin, a deliverer of oppressed damsels, a very carnival masquerader! He will play you the dragon, this fellow, or he will act Saint George with a sword of lath! He will amble as the hobby-horse, or be the Holy Virgin in a miracle play. Well, he shall play in one more good scene ere I have done with him. But, listen, Sir Mummer, in all this there is no word of the Princess Margaret. How comes it that you loudly proclaim having given yourself a noble sacrifice for one fair lady, when at the same time you are secretly married to another? Are you a deliverer of ladies by wholesale? Speak to this point. Let us have another noble period—its subject my affianced bride. Already we have heard of your high devotion to Prince Louis's wife. Well—next!"

But it was the Princess who spoke from where she stood behind the crossed swords of her guards.

"That *I* will answer. I am a woman, and weak in your hands, princes both. You have set the grasp of rude men-at-arms upon the wrists of a Princess of Courtland. But you can never compel her soul. Brother Louis, my father committed me to you as a little child—have I not been a loving and a faithful sister to you? And till this Muscovite came between were you not good to me? Wherefore have you changed? Why has he made you cruel to your little Margaret?"

Prince Louis turned towards his sister, moving his hands uncertainly and even deprecatingly.

Ivan moved quickly to his side and whispered something which rekindled the light of anger in the weakling's eyes.

"You are no sister of mine," he said; "you have disgraced your family and yourself. Whether it be true or no that you are married to this man matters little!"

"It is true; I do not lie!" said Margaret, recovering herself.

"So much the worse, then, and he shall suffer for it. At least I can hide, if I cannot prevent your shame!"

"I will never give him up; nothing on earth shall part our love!"

Prince Ivan smiled delicately, turning to where she stood at the end of the hall.

"Sweet Princess," he said, "divorce is, I understand, contrary to your holy Roman faith. But in my land we have discovered a readier way than any papal bull. Be good enough to observe this"—he held a dagger in his hand. "It is a little blade of steel, but a span long, and narrow as one of your dainty fingers, yet it will divorce the best married pair in the world."

"But neither dagger nor the hate of enemies can sever love," Margaret answered proudly. "You may slay my husband, but he is mine still. You cannot twain our souls."

The Prince shrugged his shoulder and opened his palms deprecatingly.

"Madam," he said, "I shall be satisfied with twaining your bodies. In holy Russia we are plain men. We have a saying, 'No one hath ever seen a soul. Let the body content you!' When this gentleman is—what I shall make him, he is welcome to any communion of souls to which he can attain. I promise you that, so far as he is concerned, you shall find me neither exigent lover nor jealous husband!"

The Princess looked at Maurice. Her eyes had dwelt defiantly on the Prince of Muscovy whilst he was speaking, but now a softer light, gentle yet brave, crept into them.

"Fear not, my husband," she said. "If the steel divide us, the steel can also unite. They cannot watch so close, nor bind so tight, but that I can find a way. Or, if iron will not pierce, fire burn, or water drown, I have a drug that will open the door which leads to you. Fear not, dearest, I shall meet you unashamed, and as your loyal wife, without soil or stain, yet look into your true eyes."

"I declare you have taught your mistress the trick of words!" cried the Prince delightedly. "Count von Löen, the Lady Margaret has quite your manner. She speaks to slow music."

"The good wives of Courtland looked down to see the great folk pass."

But even the sneers of Prince Ivan could not filch the greatness out of their loves, and Prince Louis was obviously wavering. Ivan's quick eye noted this and he instantly administered a fillip.

"Are you not moved, Louis?" he said. "How shamelessly hard is your heart! This handsome youth, whom any part sets like a wedding favour and fits like his own delicate skin, condescends to become your kinsman. Where is your welcome, your kinsmanlike manners? Go, fall upon his neck! Kiss him on either cheek. Is he not your heir? He hath only sequestrated your wife, married your sister. Your only brother is a childless priest. There needs only your decease to set him on the throne of the Princedom. Give him time. How easily he has compassed all this! He will manage the rest as easily. And then—listen to the shouting in the streets. I can hear it already. 'Long live Maurice the Bastard, Prince of Courtland!'"

And the Prince of Muscovy laughed loud

and long. But Prince Louis did not laugh. His eyes glared upon the prisoner like those of a wild beast caught in a corner when it wishes to flee but cannot.

"He shall die—this day shall be his last. I swear it!" he cried. "He hath mocked me, and I will slay him with my hand."

He drew the dagger from his belt. But in the centre of the hall the Sparhawk stood so still and quiet that Prince Louis hesitated. Ivan laid a soft hand upon his wrist and as gently drew the dagger out of his grasp.

"Nay, my Prince, we will give him a worthier passing than that. So noble a knight-errant must die no common death. What say you to the Ukraine Cross, the Cross of Steeds? I have here four horses, all wild from the steppes. This squire of dames, this woman-mummer, hath, as now we know, four several limbs. By a strange coincidence I have a wild horse for each of these. Let limbs and steeds be severally attached, my Cossacks know how. Upon each flank let the lash be laid—and—well, the Princess Margaret is welcome to her liege lord's soul. I warrant she will not desire his body any more."

At this Margaret tottered, her knees giving way beneath her, so that her guards stood nearer to catch her if she should fall.

"Louis—my brother," she cried, "do not listen to the monster. Kill my husband if you must—because I love him. But do not torture him. By the last words of our mother, by the memory of our father, by your faith in the Most Pitiful Son of God, I charge you—do not this devilry."

Prince Ivan did not give Louis of Courtland time to reply to his sister's appeal.

"The most noble Princess mistakes," he murmured suavely. "Death by the Cross of Steeds is no torture. It is the easiest and swiftest of deaths. I have witnessed it often. In my country it is reserved for the greatest and the most distinguished. No common felon dies by the Cross of Steeds, but men whose pride it is to die greatly. We will show you to-morrow on the plain across the river that I speak the truth. It is a noble sight and all Courtland shall be there. What say you, Louis? Shall this springald seat himself in your princely chair, or—shall we try the Cross of the Ukraine?"

"Have it your own way, Prince Ivan!" said Louis, and went out without another word. The Muscovite stood a moment looking from Maurice to Margaret and back again. He was smiling his inscrutable Oriental smile.

"The Prince has given me discretion," he said at last. "I might order you both to separate dungeons, but I am an easy man and delight in the domestic affections. I would see the parting of two such faithful lovers. I may learn somewhat that shall stand me in good stead in the future. It is my ill-fortune that till now I have had little experience of the gentler emotions."

He raised his hand.

"Let the Princess pass," he cried. The guards dropped their swords to their sides. They had been restraining her with as much gentleness as their duty would permit.

Instantly the Princess Margaret ran forward with eager appeal on her face. She dropped on her knees before the Prince of Muscovy and clasped her hands in supplication.

"Prince Ivan," she said, "I pray you for the love of God to spare him, to let him go. I promise never to see him more. I will go to a nunnery. I will look no more upon the face of day."

"That, above all things, I cannot allow," said the Prince. "So fair a face must see many suns—soon, I trust, in Moscow city and by my side."

"Margaret," said the Sparhawk, "it is useless to plead. Do not abase yourself in the presence of our enemy. You cannot touch a man's heart when his breast covers a stone. Bid me good-bye and be brave. The time will not be long."

From the place where Margaret the loving woman had kneeled Margaret the princess rose to her feet at the word of her husband. Without deigning even to glance at Ivan, who had stooped to assist her, she passed him by and went to Von Lynar. He held out both his hands and took her little trembling ones in a strong, assured clasp.

The Prince watched the pair with a chill smile.

"Margaret," said Maurice, "this will not be for long. What matters the ford, so that we both pass over the river. Be brave, little wife. The crossing will not be long, nor the water deep. They cannot take from us that which is ours. And He who joined us, whose priest blessed us, will unite us anew when and where it seemeth good to Him!"

"Maurice, I cannot let you die—and by such a terrible death!"

"Dearest, what does it matter? I am yours. Wherever my spirit may wander, I am yours alone. I will think of you when the Black Water shallows to the brink. On the further side I will wait a day and then

you will meet me there. To you it may be years. It will be but a day to me. And I shall be there. So, little Margaret, good-night. Do not forget that I love you. I would have made you very happy, if I had had time—ah, if I had had time!"

Like a child after its bedside prayer she lifted up her face to be kissed.

"Good-night, Maurice," she said simply. "Wait for me; I shall not be long after!"

She laid her brow a moment on his breast. Then she lifted her head and walked slowly and proudly out of the hall. The guard fell in behind her, and Maurice von Lynar was left alone with the Prince of Muscovy.

As the door closed upon the Princess a sudden devilish grimace of fury distorted the countenance of the Prince Ivan. Hitherto he had been studiously and even caressingly courteous. But now he strode swiftly up to his captive and smote him across the mouth with the back of his gauntleted hand.

"That!" he said furiously, "that for the lips which have kissed hers. To-morrow I shall pay the rest of my debt. Yes, by the most high God, I will pay it with usury thereto!"

A thin thread of scarlet showed upon the white of Maurice von Lynar's chin and trickled slowly downwards. But he uttered no word. Only he looked his enemy very straightly in the eyes, and those of the Muscovite dropped before that defiant regard.

CHAPTER XL.

THE UKRAINE CROSS.

Upon the green plain beside the Alla a great multitude was assembled. They had come together to witness a sight never seen in Courtland before, the dread punishment of the Ukraine Cross. It was to be done, they said, upon the body of the handsome youth, with whom the Princess Margaret was secretly in love—some even whispered married to him.

The townsfolk murmured among themselves. This was certainly the beginning of the end. Who knew what would come next? If the barbarous Muscovite punishments began in Courtland, it would end in all of them being made slaves, liable at any moment to knout and plet. Ivan had bewitched the Prince. That was clear, and for a certainty the Princess Margaret wept night and day. In this fashion ran the bruit of that which was to be.

"Torn to pieces by wild horses." It was a thing often talked about, but one which none had seen in a civilised country for a thousand years. Where was it to be done? It was shocking, terrible; but—it would be worth seeing. So all the city went out, the men with weapons under their cloaks pressing as near as the soldiers would allow them, while the women, being more pitiful, stood afar off and wept into their aprons—only putting aside the corners that they might see clearly and miss nothing.

At ten a great green square of riverside grass was held by the archers of Courtland. The people extended as far back as the shrine of the Virgin, where at the city entrance travellers are wont to give thanks for a favourable journey. At eleven the lances of Prince Ivan's Cossacks were seen topping the city wall. On the high bank of the Alla the people were craning their necks and looking over each other's shoulders.

The wild music of the Cossacks came nearer, each man with the butt of his lance set upon his thigh, and the pennon of blue and white waving above. Then a long pitying "A—a—h!" went up from the people. For now the Sparhawk was in sight, and they swayed from the Riga Gate to the shrine of John Evangelist, like a willow copse stricken by a squall from off the Baltic, so that it shows the under-grey of its leaves.

"The poor lad! So handsome, so young!"

The first soft universal hush of pity broke presently into myriad exclamations of anger and deprecation. "How high he holds his head! See! They have opened his shirt at the neck. Poor Princess, how she must love him! His hands are tied behind his back. He rides in that jolting cart as if he were a conqueror in a triumphal procession, instead of a victim going to his death."

"Pity, pity that one so young should die such a death! They say she is to be carried up to the top of the Castle wall that she may see. Ah, here he comes! He is smiling! God forgive the butchers, who by strength of brute beasts would tear asunder those comely limbs that were fitted to be a woman's joy! Down with all false and cruel Princes, say I! Nay, mistress, I will not be silent. And there are many here who will back me, if I be called in question. Who is the Muscovite, that he should bring his abominations into Courtland? If I had my way, Prince Conrad——"

"Hush, hush! Here they come! Side by side, as usual, the devil and his dupe. Aha! there is no sound of cheering! Let but a man shout, 'Long live the Prince,' and I will

THE PRINCESS GUARDED BY THE SOLDIERS OF PRINCE LOUIS.

slit his wizzand. I, Henry the coppersmith, will do it! He shall sleep with pennies on his eyes this night!"

So through the lane by which the gate communicated with the tapestried stand set apart for the greater spectators, the Princes Louis and Ivan, fool and knave, servant and master, took their way. And they had scarce passed when the people, mutinous and muttering, surged black behind the archers' guard.

"Back there—stand back! Way for their Excellencies—way!"

"Stand back yourselves," came the growling answer. "We be free men of Courtland. You will find we are no Muscovite serfs, and that or the day be done. Karl Wendelin, think shame—thou that art my sister's son—to be aiding and abetting such heathen cruelty to a Christian man, all that you may eat a great man's meat and wear a jerkin purfled with gold."

Such cries and others worse pursued the Princes' train as it went.

"Cossack—Cossack! You are no Courtlanders, you archers! Not a girl in the city will look at you after this! Butchers' slaughtermen every one! Whipped hounds

that are afraid of ten score Muscovites! Down, dogs, knock your foreheads on the ground! Here comes a Muscovite!"

* * * * *

Thus angrily ran taunt and jeer, till the Courtland guard, mostly young fellows with relatives and sweethearts among the crowd, grew well-nigh frantic with rage and shame. The rabble, which had hung on the Prince of Muscovy so long as he scattered his largesse, had now wheeled about with characteristic fickleness.

"See yonder! What are they doing? Peter Altmaar, what are they doing? Tell us, long man! Of what use is your great fathom of pump-water? Can you do nothing for your meat but reach down black puddings from the rafters?"

At this all eyes turned to Peter, a lanky, overgrown lad with a keen eye, a weak mouth, and the gift of words.

"Speak up, Peter! Aye, listen to Peter—a good lad, Peter, as ever was!"

"Strong Jan the smith, take him on your back so that he may see the better!"

"Hush, there! Stop that woman weeping. We cannot hear for her noise. She says he is like her son, does she? Well, then, there will be time enough to weep for him afterwards."

"They are bringing up four horses from the Muscovite camp. The folk are getting as far off as they can from their heels," began Peter Altmaar, looking under his hand over the people's heads. "Half a score of men are at each brute's head. How they plunge! They will never stand still a moment. Ah, they are tethering them to the great posts of stone in the middle of the green square. Between, there is a table—no, a wooden square stand like a priest's platform in Lent when he tells us our sins outside the church."

* * * * *

"The Princes are sitting their horses, watching. Bravo, that was well done. We come near to seeing the colour of the Muscovite brains that time. One of the wild horses spread his hoofs on either side of Prince Ivan's head!"

"God send him a better aim next time! Tell on, Peter! Aye, get on, good Peter!"

"The Princes have gone up into their balcony. They are laughing and talking as if it were a raree show!"

"What of him, good Peter? How takes he all this?"

"What of whom?" queried Peter, who, like all great talkers, was rapidly growing testy under questioning.

"There is but one 'he' to-day, man. The young man, the Princess Margaret's sweetheart."

"They have brought him down from the cart. The Cossacks are close about him. They have put all the Courtland men far back."

"Aye, aye; they dare not trust them. Oh, for an hour of Prince Conrad! If we of the city trades had but a leader, this shame should not blot our name throughout all Christendom! What now, Peter?"

"The Muscovites are binding the lad to a wooden frame like the lintels of a door. He stands erect, his hands in the corners above, and his feet in the corners below. They have stripped him to the waist."

"Hold me up, Jan the smith! I would see this out, that you may tell your children and your children's children. Aye—ah, so it is. It is true. Sainted Virgin! I can see his body white in the sunshine. It shines slender as a peeled willow wand."

Then the woman who had wept began again. Her wailing angered the people.

"He is like my son—save him! He is the make and image of my Kaspar. Slender as a young willow, supple as an ash, eyed like the berries of the sloe-thorn. Give me a sword! Give an old woman a sword, and I will deliver him myself, for my Kaspar's sake. God's grace! Is there never a man amongst you?"

And as her voice rose into a shriek there ran through all the multitude the shiver of fear with which a great crowd expects a horror. A hush fell broad and equal as dew out of a clear sky. A mighty silence lay on all the folk. Peter Altmaar's lips moved, but no sound came from them. For now Maurice was set on high, so that all could see. White against the sky of noon, making the cross of Saint Andrew within the oblong framework to which he was lashed, they could discern the slim body of the young man who was about to be torn in sunder. The executioners held him up thus a minute or two for a spectacle, and then, their arrangements completed, they lowered that living crucifix till it lay flat upon its little platform, with the limbs extended stark and tense towards the heels of the plunging wild horses of the Ukraine.

Then again the voice of Peter Altmaar was heard, now ringing false like an untuned fiddle. "They are welding the manacles upon

his ankles and wrists. Listen to the strokes of the hammer."

And in the hush which followed, faintly and musically, they could hear iron ring on iron like anvil strokes in a village smithy heard in the hush of a summer's afternoon.

"Blessed Virgin, they are casting loose the horses! A Cossack with a cruel whip stands by each to lash him to fury! They are slipping the platform from under him. God in heaven! What is this?"

* * * * *

Hitherto the eyes of the great multitude, which on three sides surrounded the place of execution, had been turned inward. But now with one accord they were gazing, not on the terrible preparations which had come so near a bloody consummation, but over the green tree-studded Alla meads towards a group of horsemen who were approaching at a swift hand-gallop.

Whereupon Peter, the lank giant, was in greater request than ever.

"What do they look at, good Peter—tell us quickly? Will the horses not pull? Will the irons not hold? Have the ropes broken? Is it a miracle? Is it a rescue? Thunder-weather, man! Do not stand and gape. Speak—tell us what you see, or we will prod you behind with our daggers!"

"Half a dozen riding fast towards the Princes' stand, and holding up their hands—nay, there are a dozen. The Princes are standing up to look. The men have stopped casting loose the wild horses. The man on the frame is lying very still, but the chains from his ankles and arms are not yet fastened to the traces."

"Go on, Peter! How slow you are, Peter! Stupid Peter!"

"There is a woman among those who ride—no, two! They are getting near the skirts of the crowd. Men are shouting and throwing up their hands in the air. I cannot tell what for. The soldiers have their hats on the top of their pikes. They, too, are shouting!"

As Peter paused the confused noise of a multitude crying out, every man for himself, was borne across the crowd on the wind. As when a great stone is cast into a little hill-set tarn, and the wavelet runs round, swamping the margin's pebbles and swaying the reeds, so there ran a shiver, and then a great tidal wave of excitement through all that ring which surrounded the crucified man, the deadly platform, and the tethered horses.

Men shouted sympathetically without knowing why, and the noise they made was half a suppressed groan, so eager were they to take part in that which should be done next. They thrust their womenkind behind them, shouldering their way into the thick of the press that they might see the more clearly. Every weaponed man fingered that which he chanced to carry. Yet none in all that mighty assembly had the least conception of what was really about to happen.

By this time there was no more need of Peter Altmaar. The ring was rapidly closing now all about, save upon the meadow side, where a lane was kept open. Through this living alley came a knight and a lady—the latter in riding habit and broad velvet cap, the knight with his visor up, but armed from head to foot, a dozen squires and men-at-arms following in a compact little cloud; and as they came they were greeted with the enthusiastic acclaim of all that mighty concourse.

About them eddied the people, overflowing and sweeping away the Cossacks, carrying the Courtland archers with them in a mad frenzy of fraternisation. In the stand above Prince Louis could be seen shrilling commands, yet dumb show was all he could achieve, so universal the clamour beneath him. But the Princess Margaret heard the shouting and her heart leaped.

"Prince Conrad—our own Prince Conrad, he has come back, our true Prince! We knew he was no priest! Courtland for ever! Down with Louis the craven! Down with the Muscovite! The young man shall not die! The Princess shall have her sweetheart!"

And as soon as the cavalcade had come within the square the living wave broke black over all. The riders could not dismount, so thick the press. The halters of the wild horses were cut, and right speedily they made a way for themselves, the people falling back and closing again so soon as they had passed out across the plain with neck arched to their knees and a wild flourish of unanimous hoofs.

Then the cries began again. Swords and bare fists were shaken at the grand stand, where, white as death, Prince Louis still kept his place.

"Prince Conrad and the Lady Joan!"

"Kill the Muscovite, the torturer!"

"Death to Prince Louis, the traitor and the coward!"

"We will save the lad alive!"

About the centre platform whereon the living cross was extended the crush grew first oppressive and then dangerous.

"Back there—you are killing him! Back, I say!"

Then strong men took staves and halberts out of the hands of dazed soldiermen, and by force of brawny arms and sharp pricking steel pressed the people back breast high. The smiths who had riveted the wristlets and ankle-rings were already busy with their files. The lashings were cast loose from the frames. A hundred hands chafed the white, swollen limbs. A burgher back in the crowd slipped his cloak. It was passed over-raised the Sparhawk high on their plaited hands that all men might see, on the far skirts of the crowd Ivan of Muscovy, with a bitter smile on his face, gathered together his horsemen. One by one they had struggled out of the press while all men's eyes were fixed upon the vivid centrepiece of that great whirlpool.

"Set Prince Louis in your midst and ride for your lives!" he cried. "To the frontier, where bides the army of the Czar!"

With a flash of pennons and a tossing

"She walked proudly out of the hall."

head on a thousand eager hands and thrown across the young man's body.

At last all was done, and dazed and blinded, but unshaken in his soul, Maurice von Lynar stood totteringly upon his feet.

"Lift him up! Lift him up! Let us see him! If he be dead, we will slay Prince Louis and crucify the Muscovite in his place!"

"Bah!" another would cry, "Louis is no longer ruler! Conrad is the true Prince!"

"Down with the Russ, the Cossack! Where are they? Pursue them! Kill them!"

* * * * *

So ran the fierce shouts, and as the rescuers of horses' heads they obeyed, but Prince Ivan himself paused upon the top of a little swelling rise and looked back towards the Alla bank.

The delivered prisoner was being held high upon men's arms. The burgher's cloak was wrapped about him like a royal robe.

Prince Ivan gnashed his teeth in impotent anger.

"It is your day. Make the most of it," he muttered. "In three days I will come back! And then, by Michael the Archangel, I will crucify one of you at every street corner and cross-road through all the land of Courtland! And that which I would have

done to my lady's lover shall not be named beside that which I shall yet do!"

And he turned and rode after his men, in the midst of whom was Prince Louis, his head twisted in fear and apprehension over his shoulder, and his slack hands scarce able to hold the reins.

After this manner was the Sparhawk rescued from the jaws of death, and thus came Joan of the Sword Hand the second time to Courtland.

But the end was not yet.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE LOVES OF PRIEST AND WIFE.

It remains to tell how these great things had come to pass. We must return to Isle Rugen and to the lonely grange on the spit of sand which separates the Baltic from the waters of the Freshwater Haff.

Many things have happened there since Conrad of Courtland, Cardinal and Archbishop, awaked to find by his bedside the sleeping girl who was his brother's wife. Storms have overpassed and battles have been won ere these two came riding into Courtland, in time to prevent the dread consummation of the Ukraine Cross and to baulk for the time the vengeance of Prince Wasp.

On Isle Rugen, where the pines grew dense and green, gripping and settling the thin, sandy soil with their prehensile roots, Joan and Conrad found themselves much alone. The lady of the grange was seldom to be seen, save when all were gathered together at meals. Werner von Orseln and the Plassenburg captains, Jorian and Boris, played cards and flung harmless dice for white stones of a certain size picked from the beach. Dumb Max Ulrich went about his work like a shadow. The ten soldiers mounted guard and looked out to sea with their elbows on their knees in the intervals. Three times a week the solitary boat, with Max Ulrich at the oars, crossed to the landing-place on the mainland and returned laden with provisions. The sea was empty before their eyes, generally deep blue and restless with foam caps. Behind them the Haff lay vacant and still as oil in a kitchen basin.

Yet it was not dull on Isle Rugen.

The osprey flashed and fell in the clear waters of the Haff, presently to re-emerge with a fish in his beak, the drops running like a broken string of pearls from his scales. Rough-legged buzzards screamed their harsh and melancholy cry as on slanted wings they glided down inclines of sunshine or lay out motionless upon the viewless glorious air. Wild geese swept overhead out of the north in V-shaped flocks. The seagulls tacked and balanced. All-graceful terns swung thwartways the blue sky, or plunged headlong into the long, green swells with the curve of falling stars.

It was a place of forgetting, and in the autumn time it is good to forget. For winter is nigh, when there will be time and enough to think all manner of sad thoughts.

So in the September weather Joan and Conrad walked much together. And as Joan forgot Kernsberg and her revenge, Rome and his mission receded into the background of the young man's thoughts. Soon they met undisguisedly without fear or shame. This Isle Rugen was a place apart—a haven of refuge not of their seeking. Mars had sent one there, Neptune the other.

Yet when Conrad woke in his little north-looking room in the lucid pearl-grey dawn he had some bad moments. His vows, his priesthood, his princedom of Holy Church were written in fire before his eyes. His heart weighed heavy as if cinctured with lead. And, deeper yet, a rat seemed to gnaw at the springs of his life.

Also, when the falling seas, combing the pebbly beaches with foamy teeth, rattled the wet shingle, Joan would ofttimes wake from sleep and lie staring wide-eyed at the casement. Black reproach of self brooded upon her spirit, as if a foul bird of night had fluttered through the open window and settled upon her breast. The poor folk of Kernsberg—her fatherland invaded and desolate, the Sparhawk who was her brother—nay, the man who ought to have been the ruler she was not worthy to be, the leader in war, the lawgiver in peace—these filled her mind so that sleep fled and she lay pondering plans of escape and deliverance.

But of one thing she never thought—of the cathedral of Courtland and the husband to whose face she had but once lifted her eyes.

The sun looked through between the red cloud bars. These he left soon behind, turning them from fiery islands to banks of fleecy wool. The shadows shot swiftly westward and then began slowly to shorten. In his chamber Prince Conrad rose and went to the window. A rose-coloured light lay along the sea horizon, darting between the dark pine stems and transmuting the bare sand-dunes into dreamy marvels, till they touched the heart like glimpses of a lost

Eden seen in dreams. The black bird of night flapped its way behind the belting trees. There was such a thing as a ghostly rat to gnaw unseen the heart of man. The blue dome of sky overhead was better than the holy shrine of Peter across the tawny flood of Tiber, and Isle Rugen more to be desired than the seven-hilled city itself. Yea, better than lifted chalice and wafted incense, Joan's hand in his——

And he turned from the window with a defiant heart.

* * * * *

At her casement, which opened to the east, stood at the same moment the young Duchess of Hohenstein. Her lips were parted and the mystery of the new day dwelt in her eyes like the memory of a benediction. Southward lay the world, striving, warring, sinning, repenting, elevating the Host, slaying the living, and burying the dead. But between her and that world stretched a wide water not to be crossed, a fixed gulf not to be passed over. It was the new day, and there beneath her was the strip of silver sand where they had walked yestereven, when the moon was full and the wavelets of that sheltered sea crisped in silver at their feet.

An hour afterwards these two met and gave each other a hand silently. Then, facing the sunrise, they walked eastward along the shore, while from the dusk of the garden gate Theresa von Lynar watched them with a sad smile upon her face.

"She is learning the lesson even as I learned it," she murmured, unconsciously thinking aloud. "Well, that which the father taught it is meet that the daughter should learn. Let her eat the fruit, the bitter fruit of love, even as I have eaten it!"

She watched a little longer, standing there with the pruning-knife in her hand. She saw Conrad turn towards Joan as they descended a little dell among the eastern sand-hills. And though she could not see, she knew that two hands met for a moment, ere their feet climbed the opposite slope of dew-drenched sand. A swift sob took her unexpectedly by the throat.

"And yet," she said, "were all to do over, would not Theresa von Lynar again learn that lesson from Alpha to Omega, eat the Dead Sea fruit to its bitterest kernel, in order that once more the bud might open and love's flower be hers?"

Theresa von Lynar at her garden door spoke truth. For even then among the sand-hills the bud was opening, though the year was on the wane and the winter nigh.

"Happy Isle Rugen!" said Joan, drawing a breath like a sigh. "Why were we born to princedoms, Conrad, you and I?"

"I at least was not," answered her companion. "Dumb Max's jerkin of blue fits me better than any robe royal."

They stood on the highest part of the island. Joan was leaning on the crumbling wall of an ancient fort, which, being set on a promontory from which the pine trees drew back a little, formed at once a place of observation and an objective point for their walks. She turned at his words and looked at him. Conrad, indeed, never looked better or more princely than in that rough jerkin of blue, together with the rough forester's breeches and knitted hose which he had borrowed from Theresa's dumb servitor.

"Conrad," said Joan, suddenly standing erect and looking directly at the young man, "if I were to tell you that I have resolved never to return to Kernsberg, but to remain here on Isle Rugen, what would you answer?"

"I should ask to be your companion—or, if not, your bailiff!" said the Prince-Bishop promptly.

"That would be to forget your holy office!"

A certain gentle sadness passed over the features of the young man.

"I leave many things undone for the sake of mine office," he said; "but the canons of the Church do not forbid poverty, nor yet manual labour."

"But you have told me a hundred times," urged Joan, smiling in spite of herself, "that necessity and not choice made you a Churchman. Does that necessity no longer exist?"

"Nay," answered Conrad readily as before; "but smaller necessities yield to greater!"

"And the greater?"

"Why," he answered, "what say you to the tempest that drove me hither—the thews and stout heart of Werner von Orseln and his men, not to speak of Captains Boris and Jorian there? Are they not sufficient reasons for my remaining here?"

He paused as if he had more to say.

"Well?" said Joan and waited for him to continue.

"There is something else," he said. "It is—it is—that I cannot bear to leave you! God knows I could not leave you if I would!"

Joan of Hohenstein started. The words had been spoken in a low tone, yet with suppressed vehemence, as though driven from the young man's lips against his will. But

THE UKRAINE CROSS.

there was no mistaking their purport. Yet they were spoken so hopelessly, and withal so gently, that she could not be angry.

"Conrad—Conrad," she murmured reproachfully, "I thought I could have trusted you. You promised never again to forget what we must both remember!"

"In so thinking you did well," he replied; "you may trust me to the end. But the privilege of speech is not denied even to the criminal upon the scaffold."

A wave of pity passed over Joan. A month before she would have withdrawn herself in hot anger. But Isle Rugen had gentled all her ways. The peace of that ancient fortalice, the wash of its ambient waters, the very lack of incident, the sense of the mysteries of tragic life which surrounded her on all

sides, the deep thoughts she had been thinking alone with herself, the companionship of this man whom she loved—all these had wrought a new spirit in Joan of the Sword Hand. Women who cannot be pitiful are but half women. They have never entered upon their inheritance. But now Joan was coming to her own again. For to pity of Theresa von Lynar she was adding pity for Conrad of Courtland and Joan of Hohenstein.

"Speak," she said very gently. "Do not be afraid, tell me all that is in your heart!"

Joan was not disinclined to hear any words that the young man might speak. She believed that she could listen unmoved even to his most passionate declarations of love. Like the wise physician, she would listen, understand, prescribe—and administer the remedy.

But the pines of Isle Rugen stood between this woman and the girl who had ridden away so proudly from the doors of the Kernsberg minster at the head of her four hundred lances. Besides, she had not forgotten the tournament and the slim secretary who had once stood before this man in the river parlour of the Summer Palace.

Then Conrad spoke in a low voice, very distinct and even in its modulation.

"Joan," he said, "once on a time I dreamed of being loved—dreamed that among all the world of women there might be one woman for me. Such things must come when deep sleep falleth upon a young man. Waking I put them from me, even as I have put arms and warfare aside. I believed that I had conquered the lust of the eye. Now I know that I can never again be true priest, never serve the altar with a clean heart.

"Listen, my Lady Joan! I love you—there is no use in hiding it. Doubtless you have already seen it. I love you so greatly that vows, promises, priesthoods, cardinalates are no more to me than the crying of the seabirds out yonder. Let a worthier than I receive and hold them. They are not for a weak and sinful man. My bishopric let another take. I would rather be your groom, your servitor, your lacquey, than reign on the Seven Hills and sit in Holy Peter's chair!"

Joan leaned against the crumbling battlement, and the words of Conrad were very sweet in her ear. They filled her with pity, while at the same time her heart was strong within her. None had dared to speak such things to her before in all her life, and she was a woman. The Princess Margaret, had she loved a man as Joan did this man, would have given back vow for vow, renunciation for renunciation, and, it might be, have bartered kiss for kiss.

But Joan of the Sword Hand was never stronger, never more serene, never surer of herself than when she listened to the words she loved to hear, from the lips of the man whom of all others she desired to speak them. At first she had been looking out upon the sea, but now she permitted her eyes to rest with a great kindliness upon the young man. Even as he spoke Conrad knew the thing that was in her heart.

"Mark you," he said, "do me the justice to remember that I ask for nothing. I expect nothing. I hope for nothing in return. I thought once that I could love divine things wholly. Now I know that my heart is too earthly. But instead I love the noblest and most gracious woman in all the world. And I love her, too, with a love not wholly unworthy of her."

"You do me overmuch honour," said Joan quietly. "I too, am weak and sinful. Or else would I, your brother's wife, listen to such words from any man—least of all from you?"

"Nay," said Conrad; "you only listen out of your great pitifulness. But I am no worthy priest. I will not take upon me the yet greater things for which I am so manifestly unfitted. I will not sully the holy garments with my earthliness. Conrad of Courtland, Bishop and Cardinal, died out there among the breakers.

"He will never go to Rome, never kneel at the tombs of the Apostles. From this day forth he is a servitor, a servant of servants in the train of the Duchess Joan. Save those with us here, our hostess and the three captains (who for your sake will hold their peace), none know that Conrad of Courtland escaped the waters that swallowed up his companions. They and you will keep the secret. This shaven crown will speedily thatch itself again, a beard grow upon these shaveling cheeks. A dash of walnut juice, and who will guess that under the tan of Conrad the serf there is concealed a prince of Holy Church?"

He paused, almost smiling. The picture of his renunciation had grown real to him even as he spoke. But Joan did not smile. She waited a space to see if he had aught further to say. But he was silent, waiting for her answer.

"Conrad," she said very gently, "that I have listened to you, and that I have not been angry, may be deadly sin for us both. Yet I cannot be angry. God forgive me! I have tried and I cannot be angry. And

why should I? Even as I lay a babe in the cradle, I was wedded. If a woman must suffer, she ought at least to be permitted to choose the instrument of her torture."

"It is true," he replied; "you are no more truly wife than I am true priest."

"Yet because you have dispensed holy bread, and I have knelt before the altar as a bride, we must keep faith, you and I. We are bound by our nobility. If we sin, let it be the greater and rarer sin—the sin of the spirit only. Conrad, I love you. Nay, stand still where you are and listen to me, Joan, your brother's wife. For I, too, once for all will clear my soul. I loved you long ere your eyes fell on me. I came as Dessauer's secretary in the city of Courtland. I determined to see the man I was to wed. I saw the prince—my prince as I thought, storm through the lists on his white horse. I saw him bare his head and receive the crown of victory. I stood before him, ashamed yet glad, hosed and doubleted like a boy, in the Summer Pavilion. I heard his gracious words. I loved my prince, who so soon was to be wholly mine. The months slipped past, and I was ever the gladder the faster they sped. The woman stirred within the stripling girl. In half a year, in twenty weeks—in five—in one—in a day—an hour, I would put my hand, my life, myself into his keeping! Then came the glad tumult of the rejoicing folk, the hush of the crowded cathedral. I said, 'Oh, not yet—I will not lift my eyes to my prince until——' We stopped. I lifted my eyes. And lo! the prince was not my prince!"

There was a long and solemn pause between these two on the old watchtower. Never was declaration of love so given and so taken. Conrad as still as a statue, only his eyes growing great and full of light. Joan stood looking at him, unashamed and fearless. Yet neither moved an inch toward either. A brave woman's will, to do right greatly, stood between them.

She went on.

"Now you know all, my Conrad," she said. "Isle Rugen can never more be the isle of peace to us. You and I have shivered the cup of our happiness. We must part. We can never be merely friends. I must abide because I am a prisoner. You will keep your counsel, promising me to be silent, and together we will contrive a way of escape."

When Conrad answered her his voice was hoarse and broken, almost like one rheumed with sleeping out on a winter's night. His words whistled in his windpipe, flying from treble to bass and back again.

"Joan, Joan!" he said, and the third time "Joan!" And for the moment he could say no more.

"True love," she said, and her voice was almost caressing, "you and I are barriered from each other. Yet we belong—you to me—I to you! I will not touch your hand, nor you mine. Not even as we have hitherto done. Let ours be the higher, perhaps deadlier sin—the sin of soul and soul. Do you go back to your office, your electorate, while I stay here to do my duty."

"And why not you to your duchy?" said Conrad, who had begun to recover himself.

"Because," she answered, "if I refuse to abide by one of my father's bargains, I have no right to hold by the other. He would have made me your brother's wife. That I have refused. He disinherited his lawful son that I might take the dukedom with me as my dowry. Can I keep that which was only given me in trust for another? Maurice von Lynar shall be Duke Maurice, and Theresa von Lynar shall have her true place as the widow of Henry the Lion!"

And she stood up tall and straight, like a princess indeed.

"And you?" he said very low. "What will you do, Joan?"

"For me, I will abide on Isle Rugen. Nunneries are not for me. There are doubtless one or two who will abide with me for the sake of old days—Werner von Orseln for one, Peter Balta for another. I shall not be lonely."

She smiled upon him with a peculiar trustful sweetness and continued—

"And once a year, in the autumn, you will come from your high office. You will lay aside the princely scarlet, and don the curt hose and blue jerkin, even as now you stand. You will gather blackberries and help me to preserve them. You will split wood and carry water. Then, when the day is well spent, you and I shall walk hither in the high afternoon and tell each other how we stand and all the things that have filled our hearts in the interspace. Thus will we keep tryst, you and I—not priest and wedded wife, but man and woman speaking the truth eye to eye without fear and without stain. Do you promise?"

And for all answer the Prince-Cardinal kneeled down, and taking the hem of her dress he kissed it humbly and reverently.

(To be continued.)

The Rush-Gatherer.

By Edward Read.

THE DUKE'S INSPECTION ON REVIEW DAY.

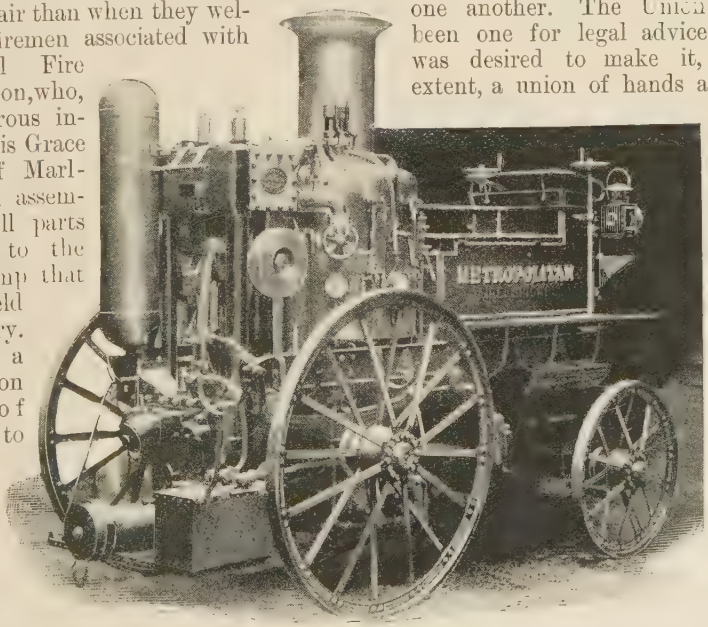
FIREMEN IN CAMP.

By Henry H. Bates.

Illustrated from Photographs by Gillman and Co., *Oxford.*

NEVER since the victorious days of the fighting Duke of Marlborough have Woodstock and Blenheim worn a more festive air than when they welcomed the firemen associated with the National Fire Brigades' Union, who, at the generous invitation of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, had assembled from all parts of England to the first Fire Camp that has been held in this country.

It was a capital idea on the part of the Union to arrange a gathering at which the various brigades belonging to the Union might meet, go through a course of competitive drills, see the latest improvements in firemen's armaments, and become better acquainted with one another. The Union had hitherto been one for legal advice and help. It was desired to make it, to a greater extent, a union of hands and hearts.



MESSRS. SHAND, MASON AND CO.'S 600-GALLON STEAMER.

Blenheim Park was admirable for such a gathering, a more lovely spot in which to spend three or four days could not be imagined. On either side of the roadway from the principal entrance gate to the park, close to Woodstock Station, were arranged the white tents of

the firemen and their officers. A splendid piece of turf for exhibition and competition purposes lay a little farther up on the right of the noble avenue of elms.

Water pipes were laid all over the camp. The commissariat arrangements were excellent; in fact, no detail for the comfort and enjoyment of the men had been omitted. Great praise is due to the Camp working committee, and especially to the genial chief officer of the Woodstock Brigade, Captain Banbury, for the careful thought and labour devoted to the preliminaries.

By four o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday contingents from the various brigades began to arrive. Of course it was impossible to leave towns entirely unprotected, and consequently the number from one district at camp did not represent that brigade's total strength. In some cases only two or three firemen represented a brigade, others had sent a dozen or sixteen; altogether some 800 officers and men were on the spot. One brigade had come right from Newcastle, another from Bournemouth, and a Welsh brigade, with its Pompier ladders, hailed from Ruthin, in Denbighshire. Honorary foreign members of the Union had been invited, and quite a number of French and Belgian officers were present.

THE ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE CORPS IN ATTENDANCE.

As each contingent marched into camp its commanding officer would report the arrival and receive tickets for his men's blankets and meals.

To many it was an entirely fresh experience to bivouac soldier-fashion, and much fun and amusement was caused by those who were novices in bed-making. The anxiety some of them evinced as to the dryness of the blankets and the size of the tent was pathetic. "Eight can *never* sleep in that tent!" remarked one, ruefully surveying a tent that was the official size for the accommodation of sixteen. In the laying of mattresses some would try to arrange them on the square, others crosswise. How they managed to sleep at all the first night it is hard to imagine. Up to a very late hour brigades kept arriving, shouting directions to one another, and tent-pegging—an awful noise to one unaccustomed to such nocturnal music. Some, out of pure pleasure, pursued their tent-pegging as a sort of gay dissipation till the morning; for order was slack the first night, and the men—a good many respectable tradesmen belonging to the volunteer brigades—felt like schoolboys just out of school, and acted accordingly.

Five o'clock the next morning saw everyone astir, however, and the men preparing themselves for their first day in camp. That was a sight to have moved the hardest heart: men unaccustomed to such early rising, and missing their matutinal cup of tea, slunk off to the mess-tent, where, for twopence, they obtained an excellent cup of pre-breakfast coffee.

At eleven came the grand parade in full-dress uniform for an open-air church service. The men were formed up on three sides of a square, in the shadow of some mighty elms. After the singing of special hymns, a short address was given by the vicar of Woodstock on the appropriate words, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth." Dinner followed, and for the rest of the day the men did as they pleased. An open-air sacred concert had been arranged for the evening, but a severe thunderstorm drove the men to the shelter of their tents and effectually damped the ardour of the performers.

Two days were then devoted to the competition drills. Although they started as early as seven in the morning, so numerous were the competitors that it was late on the second day before all had gone through

THE FIREMEN AT DINNER.

their performances. Nobly did the competing teams vie with one another to be adjudged the smartest in the steamer, the manual, the escape, or the hose-cart drill. The excitement at times was very intense, especially over the manual wet drill. General satisfaction was evinced when the Bournemouth Brigade came off winner of the Challenge Shield. So close were several of the competitions run that the judges had to decide between seconds and fifths of seconds, no easy task to settle in a good many cases. Yet, despite the large number of would-be winners, there was but little grumbling, the men being content to leave the decision in the hands of the impartial judges. The "one man manual drill" for championship of the Union proved immensely popular. There were over seventy entries. From six paces at the rear of the engine, the fireman in full uniform, at the word of command, had to run to his engine, lay out two fifty feet lengths of hose (which were coiled), affixing branch, take out pole and sway bars, take out and fix two lengths of suction, throw over and lock levers and beat block. The whole of this task, which placed the engine in proper working order, was triumphantly accomplished by a member of the Lydd Brigade in the record time of

THE FIREMEN AT CHURCH PARADE.

1 minute 19⅗ seconds. The wet steamer drill is always an attractive one for spectators, and as there was a good deal of friendly rivalry among the competing teams for the National Shield, this particular competition was awaited with interest. Nor were the spectators disappointed. The Leyton and Leytonstone team added another to the day's records, their time being 35⅘ seconds.

Away go the horses drawing the steamer at full gallop, the men shout as they would at a fire, the sparks begin to fly from the funnel, and all are eagerly looking toward their goal, when suddenly in the midst of a full gallop the engine stops dead. Off come the men and driver; in a twinkling the horses are led away, the hose run out, suction placed in dam, engineer blows the steam whistle, and we hear the pit-a-pat of the water beating the target.

Another popular feature was the escape drill. A "house on fire" had been built, and to this the escape was run, fixed, and lengthened sufficiently to reach the top window, where a poor fellow, supposed to be in a precarious position, looked beseechingly down as the escape was pitched. Up ran a fireman, and before the audience could repeat the usual "Jack Robinson" the rescued man was being safely brought to the ground.

On this occasion the Duke of Marlborough was among the rescued, being brought safely down by one of the Pompier escape men of the plucky Welsh brigade.

At Blenheim this was only play, but almost every day in their respective towns the firemen are called upon in real earnest to risk their lives in aid of their fellow men and in the saving of valuable property.

One of the most striking and at the same time suggestive objects of attention and interest in the Camp was the St. John's ambulance tent, ambulance van, and corps of nurses. This highly important adjunct of a fully equipped brigade was reinforced by some firemen trained in the use of "first aid." Several firemen carried on their arms the badge of the St. John's Association, showing that they had passed examinations and were capable of rendering timely help to sufferers until a doctor could be summoned.

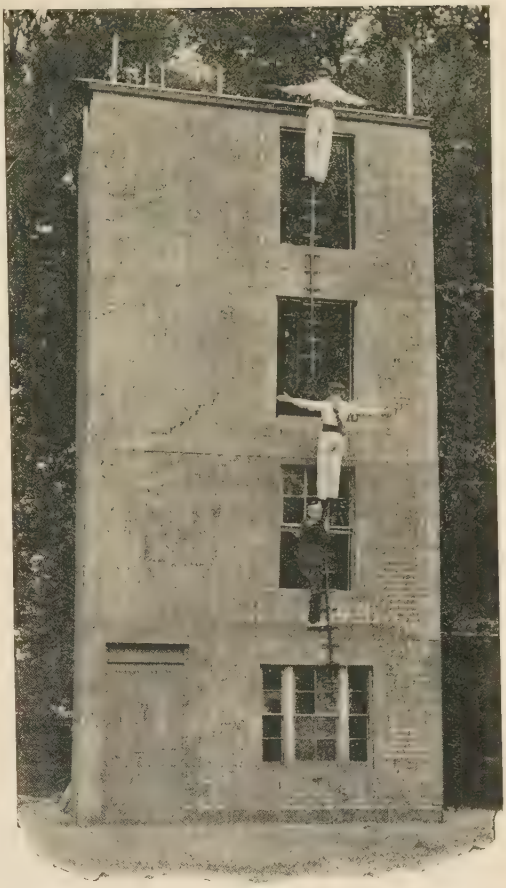
A grand torchlight procession was formed which paraded the Camp and town of Woodstock, and marched on to the lawn in front of the palace, where the men were formed up, making an immense "M," the initial of "Marlborough," a compliment to the Duke and Duchess.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL FIRE BRIGADES' UNION, AND FOREIGN DELEGATES, ON THE STEPS OF BLENHEIM PALACE.

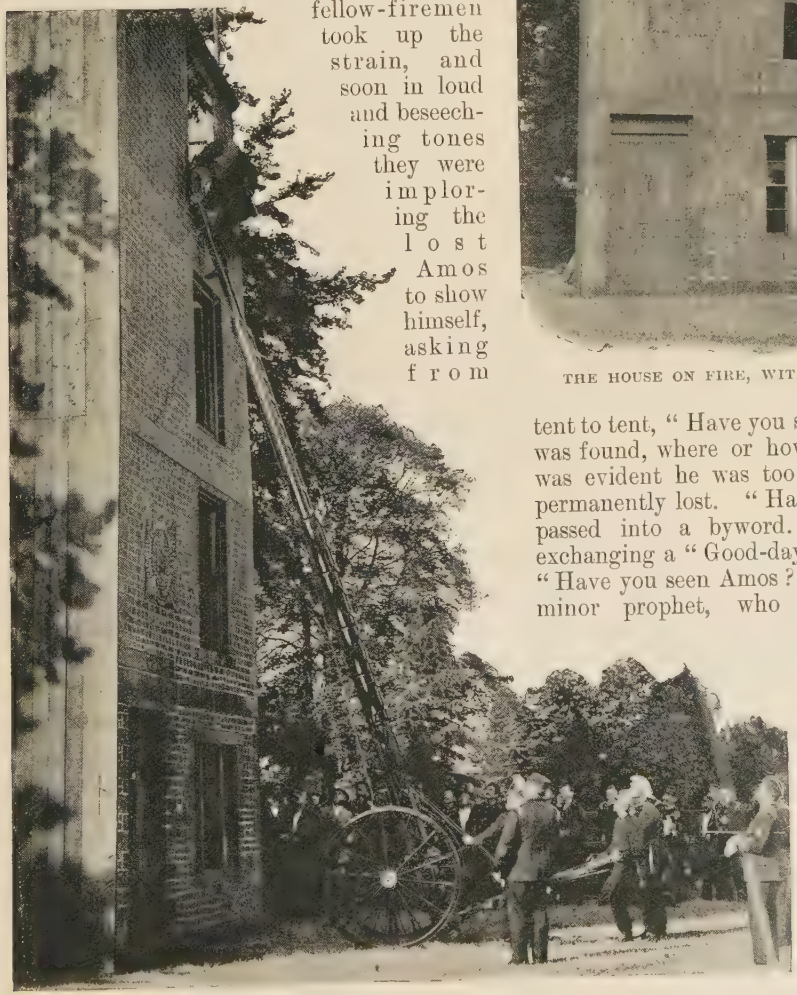
At the grand review, exhibition drills were given by winning teams. A large number of spectators — some thousands from Woodstock, Oxford, and surrounding places —lined the ropes and heartily cheered the winners as they went up to receive their prizes from the Duchess. Among the exhibits was a powerful high-pressure "double vertical" engine constructed by Shand, Mason and Co., and shown at Blenheim preparatory to its being forwarded to its ultimate destination, Sydney, N.S.W. It had been built with a view to use at large

fires, and for dealing with outbreaks in tall buildings, which are on the increase in Sydney. The order stipulated that the engine should deliver 600 gallons per minute, throw a jet through a $1\frac{5}{8}$-inch nozzle to a height of 200 feet, and with a steam pressure of 125 lb. deliver the water at a pressure of 200 lb. to the square inch. Our illustration will, to some extent, give an idea of the size and strength of the fireman's "100-ton gun."

Most camps have their joke; the Fire Camp was no exception. A brigade—we will not name it—came into camp on the Saturday night, and, as it happened, soon after they arrived one of the men was missing. This particular man's father, little thinking, we trust, what mental suffering it would entail on his offspring, inquired for "Amos." His fellow-firemen took up the strain, and soon in loud and beseeching tones they were imploring the lost Amos to show himself, asking from tent to tent, "Have you seen Amos?" Amos was found, where or how it matters not; it was evident he was too good a joke to be permanently lost. "Have you seen Amos?" passed into a byword. Men, instead of exchanging a "Good-day" as they met, said, "Have you seen Amos?" The unfortunate minor prophet, who evidently had no honour in his own country, was in evidence at breakfast, at dinner, and at tea; and far on into the night might still be heard some deep voice imploring with touching pathos, "Have you seen Amos?"



THE HOUSE ON FIRE, WITH POMPIER LADDER.



FIRE ESCAPE DRILL.

Perhaps it may be asked what good will be the outcome

of this Fire Camp. It can be emphatically said that every hope of the N.F.B.U. was more than fulfilled. The men showed an intelligent appreciation of the exhibits of the three large manufacturing firms who had tents on the ground (Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, Messrs Shand, Mason and Co., and Messrs. Rose and Co.). They saw there many fresh improvements which they might introduce into their own equipments with advantage. They had gone through a splendid course of training to fit them for the competitions; they found out what their brethren in other towns were like; a friendly spirit was kindled between them, and they all had an excellent holiday, which will be looked back upon as one of the most pleasant in their lives.

If there were any drawbacks, as there were bound to be, since this was the first Fire Camp, any improvement in detail or management that a fault suggested was taken note of by the officers in command, Lieut.-Col. Seabroke and his energetic lieutenants, Captain Dyson of the Windsor Brigade, and Mr. H. S. Folker, the general honorary secretary of the Union, and will be certainly remedied on future like occasions.

A Fire Camp is a new feature in fire brigade work. Firemen are always popular with the public, and it is to be hoped that the success of last year's Camp may lead to other similar musters of our heroes of peace.

JET OF WATER THROWN BY STEAMER AT WORK.

TRAPPING A MULLAH.

BY

WALTER WOOD.*

Illustrated by G. MONTBARD.

"NO," said Private Arthur Goodwin, who was lying on his back; "it's a slow business, when all's said and done. We've been rusting here for a fortnight, and don't make headway. Now, I'm not going to say that I could manage things better than the colonel, but I know that if I had a free hand I could crown this expedition with a glorious success inside of three days."

He turned slowly over on his side as he spoke, and knocked the ashes from his pipe. Then he assumed a sitting posture and clasped his hands round his knees. His friend Hudson pulled his helmet a little further over his eyes, settled himself more comfortably on his back, and smiled up at the hot sky, towards which he puffed the blue tobacco smoke.

"No," resumed Goodwin, "I don't think the old man has gripped the right theory."

"Go and tell him so," said Hudson quietly, "and see how he takes it. I'll hang round and listen."

"Without going so far as to make a complete ass of myself, I shall seize the earliest opportunity of putting into practice a theory which has been revolving in my brain since we've been lying here. If I can do that, I can pull through in the Army even better than if I'd managed to enter Sandhurst."

"You remember the mellow advice to those about to marry?"

"Yes; but I shall, all the same."

"Then the result of your stubbornness be upon your own head. I suppose you want me to listen?"

"Not unless you're willing to hear."

"Oh, go on; I can stand a lot just now, and there's nothing better doing."

"Well, the matter is just like this—it's necessary to explain it, because you haven't made a study of these things."

"The consideration of foreign politics and the probable designs of an unfriendly Power on India is not allowed for in my remuneration as a humble member of the British Line. My superiors, I know, expect a lot from me as a private soldier, but even in their wildest moments they could not expect that. Why, the author of 'The Soldier's Pocket Book' himself couldn't reasonably——"

"Really, Hudson," interrupted Goodwin,

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"you run off the subject matter in the most unhappy way. I can't understand why you should."

"Because the Army isn't going to be for me what it is for you. This is just a junket, and I've pretty well had enough of it. As the son of a baronet, even a poor and obscure one, who will shortly come into his own, this game of playing the ranker and wearing shoddy khaki and an alias doesn't suit. Now, you're different. You're one of a long line of fighting officers, and naturally you want to shove ahead as fast as possible, seeing that you couldn't work Sandhurst. Pardon my dissertation. Fire away with your notion, or wild dream, or whatever it is. I'll promise to listen, and not say anything until I'm asked."

"Well, then," said Goodwin, "I'll go at once to the fountain-head of the mischief—the mullah. You know as well as I do that we of the First Duke's are here for the purpose of putting down another little rising in the hills—another piece of mischief caused by what? A mullah, a fakir, a priest, a madman—call him what you like. To that and that alone do our wise men at Simla attribute this disorder."

"Hudson pulled his helmet a little further over his eyes."

"At the risk of being thought a wise man also, I agree with them," said Hudson, forgetting his promise in the temptation to have a sly hit at his best friend.

"But in the face of all these governors and counsellors of India," continued Goodwin serenely, "I hold a fixed belief that this is no mere jehad, and that this mullah who is leading the tribesmen and goading them on is no ordinary fanatic who believes that he is invincible and that British bullets cannot harm him. He is not a Pathan, not a mullah, not a man who crazily goes to war in the sure and certain hope of a blessed awakening in Paradise. And yet he is instigating a warlike race to wage a conflict against the English people. He is not what he ought to be. What, therefore, is he?"

"Give it up," said Hudson simply. "I didn't come out here to worry and harass my brain by questions that you ought to put Q.E.D. after."

"What would you say if I told you that he is the secret agent of an unfriendly Power? That his avowed object is to urge the tribe to crush the British force and secure the mastery of the pass? That, having got the pass in its grip, the Power intends to push ahead a little more, and slowly, stealthily, deliberately, resistlessly, work through our frontier, and so down into the heart of the Empire? What would you say to that?"

"If rude, rot; but not wishing to hurt your feelings, as an old school and college chum, I'm kinder, and, to put it mildly, suggest that you're mixing India up with China."

"Believe me," continued Goodwin more earnestly, "I'm all right on this subject. I've made a hobby of studying it, and you know I've made one or two visits to the tribesmen themselves."

"Yes; and a queer way of spending your leave, I've thought it."

"It was patriotism that did it."

"But you missed some noble sport. If you'd gone with me, as I wished, you would have come across the noblest man-eater——"

"Pardon me, but I must hold you to your promise not to interrupt."

"Sorry," muttered Hudson somewhat gloomily, for he anticipated a long and severe dissertation on Imperial and Indian politics, for which he freely admitted he had neither taste nor head.

"You needn't be dismal—I'm putting you on to a thing that will make as good sport as anything you've come across even out here."

"I'm all attention," answered Hudson dubiously; and, as the most comfortable way

of getting through the recital, he went over, in his mind's eye, the incidents of the famous tiger hunt in which he had, not very long before, taken so great a part.

He was recalled from his wanderings by hearing Goodwin say, "—and having told you of the man and his mission, I want to tell you that at all costs I'm going to checkmate him. I'm going to come face to face with him, by hook or crook, and he's either coming back to camp with me, or I'm going to stay up in the hills a good deal longer than the First Duke's will be quartered here."

Hudson forgot his tiger hunt. He looked squarely at his friend. "Don't talk rubbish," he said rather testily.

"Gospel," returned Goodwin very quietly, "A simple, well thought-out scheme."

"You'll never get permission to go."

"I'm not going to ask for it," said Goodwin briefly.

"You're going to bolt?" exclaimed Hudson.

"How sensitive you're becoming all at once in the interests of the Service," said Goodwin, with assumed sarcasm. "You didn't talk like that a minute or two since."

"That's different. I wasn't thinking then. It was just idle chatter. But this is another thing. We're on the eve of fighting. Private Arthur Goodwin disappears. Where's he gone? No one can tell. You know what the inference is?"

"No one who knows me can suppose that I could desert in the presence of the enemy. I'm running a far bigger risk than the rest."

"You're not—because I shall prevent it," asserted Hudson. He was speaking very seriously now.

"On the contrary," said Goodwin coolly, "you will assist me in my work. I am counting on you."

"Then you're counting wrongly."

"Not a bit of it. I know you too well to be mistaken."

"I'm willing to assist you in any fair and square adventure, but not in carrying out a thing like this. Why, man, you're just going to walk into a death-trap!"

"If I do a service to an Empire I am more than rewarded," answered Goodwin.

"Oh, don't talk heroics or nonsense," said Hudson. He tried to speak angrily, but failed. And, curiously enough, as he looked at the resolute face beside him, he began dimly to understand that this great peril had to be endured, and that Goodwin must have his way and his adventure in the hills.

"It's so matter-of-fact that it ought to please even you," was Goodwin's answer. "I'm not of the build for heroics. Remember that after my duty I keep an eye on advancement; and that that doesn't come very fast unless you can get the eyes and attention of your superiors directed towards you."

"Try something easier," grumbled Hudson. "At any rate, choose somebody else as your assistant and confidant. I can't take a hand in this game. It's too rickety even for me."

He rose and stretched himself, and Goodwin rose also.

"I shall go up into the hills to-night," said Goodwin finally, as if all the arrangements had been discussed and agreed upon, "and I shall put you into possession of certain facts which will enable you to account for my absence—in case I'm away longer than a certain period which we shall fix. In the meantime you will not know anything; so you will not be compromised."

Hudson tried to say that he would not, but failed. His own adventurous spirit was roused.

"I'll go with you," he said. "It'll be safer so."

"That would ruin everything," replied Goodwin. "I'd like you immensely—I'd like your nerve and your muscle, and your company; but this must be a one-man show."

"You're piling up a lot of trouble for yourself," said Hudson, as a last feeble attempt to get his friend to change his mind.

"I've considered all that."

"What would Mildred say if she could know of it? She's entitled to consideration. Have you forgotten her?"

"No," said Goodwin, with a twitch about the mouth. "But I shouldn't do it if I didn't feel sure she would approve. I'm writing to your sister direct, and shall leave the letter with you. I know her too well to suppose that she would stand in the way of her *fiancé's* advancement."

"Just tell me exactly what you want me to do, and I'll do it," said Hudson desperately. "But for Heaven's sake don't come a mucker over the business."

"It's better that one man should be lost than a regiment, or perhaps a country," continued Goodwin.

"Quite so—most men believe that way—provided they are not to be for the sacrifice," answered Hudson gloomily. "I hope, even yet, that you'll sleep it over and awake a wiser man in the morning. As for this

mullah fellow, I don't think you've got the right theory about him. Leave him to be dealt with by the Duke's. There won't be much of him left when we've done with him. We shall be getting up into the hills any time now to rout him and his out—perhaps to-night."

"Not quite so soon," said Goodwin, with a smile. "I understand and appreciate your welfare for my own carcass, but I've got to go, and so I will."

"Kismet," said Hudson shortly, and they walked back together and did not say another word until they exchanged their "Good-night."

While the night was yet young Goodwin whispered to his comrade a husky "Good-bye," grasped his hand, and made his way unobserved out of the camp and began to steal towards the pass. It was a risky task, and he knew it; but he pushed ahead. As he neared the last pair of the chain of sentries his spirits rose and he felt that he was about to escape the peril of being fired upon by his own comrades. Feeling that he was in security, he forgot his caution and broke into a gentle run.

But the last of the sentries heard the noise, and his loud, hurried challenge rang on the still night. There was no answer, and the sentry promptly fired. Goodwin felt a sharp pain in his side, and knew that he had been hit by a bullet, but there was no turning back now. That would be even more dangerous than to go forward, and so he clenched his teeth, and, making no further attempt at concealment, hurried ahead and gained the shelter of the pass as other bullets from the rifles of the piquet pinged about him.

Feeling secure from pursuit, he stumbled up the pass until exhaustion overcame him. Then he sank upon a small rock, so that he might renew his energy and try to learn the nature of his wound.

There was, he discovered, plenty of blood, but apparently no serious injury. The bullet had gone through the fleshy part of his left side, and probably flattened itself against the nearest rock, and a patch of his khaki jacket was wet and warm. Thankful that he had escaped so easily, he took a long pull at his water-bottle, which he had filled with diluted spirit, and began his real journey up the steep, narrow, dangerous pass which gave access to the mountain fortress of the tribe which had been roused to wage a holy war against the British. This war the First Duke's had come to strangle at its birth.

For an hour Goodwin worked his way bravely on, sometimes pausing to see how his wound progressed and to try and staunch the bleeding. He was comforted to find that so far the injury had not materially weakened him, but he knew that before his mission was ended the shot would tell against him. The grave significance of the work he had imposed upon himself was apparent now that he was isolated from his own people in the valley below, and danger threatened him whichever way he turned. If he went back he would find an exceedingly difficult and unpleasant task awaiting him in providing an explanation of his unauthorised absence from camp, and the utmost he could hope was the charitable assumption that he had taken temporary leave of his senses. He would at all costs go on in his quest of the mullah, and hope that by securing or destroying such a dangerous character he would end the little war before it had actually begun.

As he had said to Hudson, he had made a hobby of studying the habits and disposition of this particular tribe, and had gathered evidence enough to satisfy himself that the trouble which the British troops had come to settle was something more than an ordinary holy war. Unless he was seriously mistaken, the man who was the very origin of the mischief, the mullah, was something more than a mad priest or hill fanatic. He was a dangerous agent of a country which had more than once shown its hand regarding India, and Goodwin longed to prove that his theory was right. He believed that if he could do this his success in the Service was assured, and it would be no hard task to overcome the difficulty caused by his unauthorised departure from the camp. At any rate, the die was now cast, and he must either fulfil his mission with success or perish.

He resumed his journey up the rugged pathway, one side of which, the left, was a sheer precipice, keeping a sharp look-out ahead and about him, and listening intently for any sound that might disturb the profound silence.

He had got some distance up the hills when he became faint, and had an overpowering wish to lie down and sleep. But he mastered the temptation and struggled gallantly ahead. He tried to walk straight and silently, but was conscious that he was doing neither.

Feeling that to proceed like that would be to court disaster, he paused and rested. By

this time the night was very clear, and perfect stillness was upon the mountains. He could see quite distinctly the objects near him. Refreshed by his short rest and another drink from his water-bottle, Goodwin rose again and resumed his journey.

He crawled and panted up the pass, with a dull and growing pain at his side; but, refusing to believe that even yet it would be safer for him to return to camp when morning had broken, and it could be seen by his comrades that he was not a foe, he pushed ahead, determined not to rest again until he reached a boulder which stood dimly out some distance up the pass.

Going warily now, Goodwin took every precaution he could think of. But in spite of himself the feeling of weariness and the desire to sleep obtained the mastery, and he had a strong fear that the end of his adventure would be that he would find his grave in this inhospitable region.

Panting still, he crawled on until he reached the shadow of the boulder: then his strength failed, and he lay prone upon the ground. For a moment his senses reeled and the world seemed to spin around him. By a strong effort of his iron will he sat upright. Then he clutched a ledge of rock near him and rose to his feet, holding his rifle by the muzzle. He drew his water-bottle round, drained the last drop of liquor from it, and then detached the vessel and laid it on the ground, so that he should have the less to carry if he escaped from this lone and dangerous spot.

"The mullah instinctively straightened his body and put his arms above his head."

The liquid put new life into him, and taking fresh courage from the fact that his wound had quite stopped bleeding, he peered round the edge of the rock before

resuming his journey. To his amazement he saw a human being, and a hasty glance showed him that the figure was a mullah.

The priest, who was standing clearly and boldly out against the sky, had come down the pass so silently that Goodwin had not heard him, breathless though the night was. He was standing motionless, gazing upon the lights of the camp in the valley below, and Goodwin saw that he was tall and strong of frame.

The soldier lifted up his rifle and slowly covered the mullah with it. But even then, although his enemy had been given into his very hands, he hesitated to commit what seemed like cold-blooded murder. He let his weapon drop again until the butt rested on the ground. As he did so he heard the mullah say slowly and clearly, in distinct English, "At last!"

The priest, as he spoke, sighed heavily with satisfaction, and, looking cautiously round the corner of the boulder, Goodwin saw that upon his face there was a peculiar smile of triumph.

"At last," the mullah repeated softly, "we see the beginning of the end! This force wiped out, this pass secured, and the way is open for my own people. The saying of the English people will be realised — 'After many years!'"

Goodwin, surprised though he was to hear his own language spoken in such an unexpected quarter, controlled himself enough to step out silently from his retreat, present his rifle, and say in a low, firm voice, "Hold up your hands!"

The mullah instinctively straightened his body and put his arms above his head. He had been too much startled to do otherwise than act automatically.

"Now," demanded Goodwin, "who are you, and what are you doing here? You speak English, but you are no countryman of mine!"

"True; and I am thankful for it," said the mullah. He was slowly dropping his hands as he spoke.

"Hold up," commanded Goodwin, "or I'll send lead through you!"

The arms were raised again and held stiffly above the head.

"What is it that you wish?" asked the priest.

"That you walk down ahead of me into the English camp," answered Goodwin.

"And what if I refuse?"

"You will drive me to take a strong measure."

"You will force me, you mean?"

"What I mean is that I shall shoot you."

There was an instant's pause. It was broken by Goodwin, who saw the priest trying to drop his hands. "This is no time," he said, "for us to bandy words, and so I tell you that if I see you make another motion of the hands like that I shall pull the trigger."

"I am not afraid to die," said the priest proudly.

"You will probably be more useful living," answered Goodwin, "and I would rather take you to my commanding officer than leave you here once for all. Step out more on the path, so that I can see you better."

The mullah, still holding up his hands, did as he was ordered, and got near the edge of the precipice.

"Now," said Goodwin, speaking rapidly, "lower your left hand and get out all the papers you have about you."

"I have not any," sullenly replied the priest.

"I might believe that if I did not see some peeping out of your clothing."

"I will not obey you!" exclaimed the mullah passionately. "Dog that you are, who are you, that you should order me like this to do things? If there is law in India I will have you punished."

"There's plenty of it, and it's going cheap just now for mullahs," said Goodwin. "You can get your fill of it for nothing by going with me into the valley. Come," he added sternly, "hand out your papers."

"I will be shot where I stand first," the priest asserted.

In spite of the levelled rifle and the soldier's threat he lowered his arms and folded them. "Now shoot me if you wish," he challenged defiantly.

Perilous as his position was, Goodwin could not bring himself to kill a man in cold blood, and, so that he might gain time to think, he allowed his rifle to fall slowly until the priest was no longer covered, at the same time keeping a sharp eye on his enemy.

"I read your thoughts," said the mullah contemptuously, "and I can give you my word of honour as a gentleman that I have no weapon of any sort about me. You are quite safe with your loaded rifle and your bayonet. The odds are all on your side."

There was such a sneer in his words that a feeling of shame ran through Goodwin. For an instant he was disposed to put his arms down altogether and proudly tell the

"'Now, soldier!' hissed the mullah, as his arms closed round his opponent."

mullah that then, at any rate, they were on equal terms.

In that momentary hesitation the mullah saw his opportunity. He rushed forward with a wild cry, with the object of casting himself against Goodwin, who by this time was standing near the edge of the abyss.

Goodwin saw the mullah coming, and rushing forward himself he met him halfway across the path, letting his rifle drop upon the ground as he rushed.

"Now, soldier!" hissed the mullah, as his arms closed round his opponent.

Goodwin made no answer, but clenched his teeth as he went about his business of overpowering his assailant.

They were a well-matched pair, and it would have been hard to tell on which side the advantage lay if it had not been that Goodwin was still suffering from his wound. He was considerably weakened, but the treachery of the mullah roused him to such a state of fury that for the moment, at any rate, they were pretty nearly equal combatants. Each man was fighting for his life, and knew it. At one time, when they were struggling on the rocky path together, Goodwin found himself below his enemy, and felt that his head was on the edge of the precipice. A strong hand was feeling for his throat, and the mullah was taking a long, deep breath before he put forth the whole of his strength to push the soldier into the black depths.

"He bent over the shadowy body and examined the pockets."

"Now, Englishman!" he gasped, but in such a furious manner that the prostrate man could scarcely make the words out, "your time has come, and over you go. You will get your secret, if at all, from the rocks below. Go!"

If he had spared his breath he might have managed to push Goodwin over the edge, but while he spoke he had unconsciously loosened his grip. The soldier felt it, pulled himself together for one last desperate effort, and with wondrous strength cast the mullah from him and with a savage kick knocked him down and against the wall of rock on the far side of the mountain pathway. Before the priest could recover himself Goodwin was on his feet again, and had rushed to his rifle and picked it up. By the time the mullah was in an upright position the muzzle was again pointed at his breast.

"The papers, and a promise that you will go down with me," said Goodwin pantingly, "or I shall shoot you where you lie."

"Give me one minute," pleaded the mullah.

Goodwin, covering him still, with a finger tremblingly resting upon the trigger, watched his enemy as he fumbled in his breast.

The priest pulled out a white packet, and with a laugh of triumph flung it into the air above the chasm.

"Now," he shouted, "do your worst. Who I am and what my mission was, you will never know. All that could tell is on the rocks below."

Goodwin hesitated no longer. He pressed the trigger. There was a little flash and a sharp crack, and the priest fell forward at his feet.

A sudden fear of being left alone in that silent pass with the still form so near him overcame him, and Goodwin felt impelled to hurry off to rejoin his comrades; but he mastered his weakness, and bent over the shadowy body and examined the pockets. No paper or article of any sort was left in them, and Goodwin rose quickly and began his return journey to the camp. At first, with a strong effort, he walked down the pass deliberately, then an overwhelming eagerness to get out of that strangely oppressive region filled him, a sort of cowardice for which he could offer to himself no excuse. He gave a final look behind, and, his imagination having overpowered him, broke into an uneven run, and did not check it until he heard the

"He broke into an uneven run."

sharp, threatening challenge of the nearest sentry.

He recognised Hudson's voice, and cried loudly in answer that he was Goodwin.

"You had a narrow squeak," said Hudson, when he had made quite sure that Goodwin was himself. "I was going to fire first and make inquiries after, for I quite believed that you were mincemeat in the hills. What's the meaning of the row up there? I heard the shot."

"Your turn to hear will come later," answered Goodwin. "For the present I must see the colonel."

"If you want to speak with him you'll have to rout him out of bed, and I wouldn't advise you to do that unless you've something *very* important to tell him."

"I think my yarn will justify me even in robbing him of a night's sleep," answered Goodwin as he walked away.

He did rouse the colonel, and the colonel did not thank him. He even demanded to know, with emphatic words, why he could not be allowed to spend one night in peace, at any rate, when there seemed such a good chance of getting sleep undisturbed. "But I might suppose," said the commanding officer, with a fine affectation of injury, "that even if the cattle from the hills gave me a chance to get a nap, some blunderer from my own people would harass and bother me.

Hallo! what are you reeling about like that for?"

Goodwin, overcome by the return of the pain of his wound, was staggering blindly about. He clutched the nearest thing he felt with his hands, and as that happened to be his superior officer's right arm, the colonel became more furious than ever, and formed his own conclusion as to the cause of Goodwin's intrusion.

He was about to ask how Goodwin dared to enter his presence in that state, and to promise that the circumstances would be remembered against him, when he saw that he was labouring under a monstrous delusion, and that Goodwin's behaviour arose, not from too freely drinking, but from an enemy's hard blows.

"Sit down," said the colonel, and pushed his visitor gently upon the bed. "Drink that, and leave what you've got to say till morning."

"Thanks," murmured Goodwin, without ceremony, as he swallowed a stiff dose of neat brandy. "But I would rather tell my story, if you will listen."

"Go on," said the commanding officer. "It must be something queer to make you tackle me like this."

Goodwin told his story, and waited for the colonel to speak.

The colonel did so. "No," he said, "you're wrong. You did quite right to shoot the fellow. That was your business; but he was only making a fuss and going out of the world with as much *éclat* as possible. Take my word for it—and I know something of these hill-priests—he was just 'having' you. He was no more what you suggest than I am. It's impossible, you know. It might have been all right fifty years ago; but remember that the nation you speak of is supposed to be civilised, and couldn't send sneaking spies around like this. If they did, by——"

"Pardon me, sir," said Goodwin earnestly, "but will you have the papers looked for, and the body brought in?"

"The chances are a thousand to one against the papers being found; and as for the body—well, who's to tell whether it's that of a Russian or a Turk? But I'll have it done. You go and see the doctor. Good-night."

Goodwin took his dismissal hopefully, and was not surprised when, before noon the next day, the colonel sent for him. His wound had been dressed, and he was able to get about in tolerable comfort.

He went to the orderly tent, where he found the colonel and the senior major. Judging from their faces they had had a long and earnest talk together.

The colonel's manner was more than amiable. It was kind and grateful, and he received the soldier as he might have welcomed a man of equal rank who had done high service to the corps.

"You have been right from the first," said the colonel, "and I want to thank you for what you have done, and apologise for having doubted you. Sit down there and make yourself easy. Just now we can afford to forget differences of rank." All the same, he glanced fearfully around, to see that no unauthorised eyes gazed upon the demoralising spectacle of a private soldier hobnobbing with his commanding officer.

"There is no doubt," resumed the colonel, "that the man you shot was a —— agent, and that his mission was to keep the tribes here in a healthy state of fanatical hatred towards us. That being so, there can be no question as to the value of the service you have done in trapping him and disposing of him. But after that there comes the question of how you are placed yourself. You will understand what I mean?"

Goodwin bowed. "I can only say that I did what I did because I wished to serve my colonel and my country."

The colonel tried to look very stern, and failed. He could not but feel flattered at being named before even his own country. After all, it was right that it should be so in this case, for was not a commanding officer—— But he checked his train of thought, and intimated that the audience was at an end by rising and politely saying that if Mr. Goodwin would excuse him he would discuss one or two matters with the senior major.

Goodwin withdrew, and the colonel did not speak for several minutes. Then he said, "Of course I shall do nothing harsh to Goodwin. In fact, it's more a matter of promotion."

The senior major nodded approval.

The colonel continued, "This looks the ugliest business I've seen for a long time, even out here. What a good thing Goodwin trapped the mullah! Suppose the fellow had really secured the pass and the country here, and let his own people swarm down into India. What then?"

The senior major answered slowly, "I think they would have found such a tough lot opposing them that they would have swarmed up again at the earliest moment."

Vengeance.
Fret not, jealous bee, that I
This morning robbed thy treasury
Of honied flowers - a garland fair
To weave a wreath for Stella's hair
For though the payment-kiss I craved
Had sweeter taste than honey brings
Yet Cupid's lurking shafts I braved
Whose barbs are keener than thy stings.
E.L. Levetus.

THE PRINCE'S ANIMAL FRIENDS.

By Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

ONE of the first things to impress itself on the visitor to Sandringham is the universal love of animals which is so deeply implanted in every member of the Prince of Wales's family.

This, doubtless, has been inherited from the Queen and Prince Consort, who were always most devoted to animals. The moment that the visitor has passed the vigilant constable at the Norfolk gates—those exquisite specimens of wrought-iron work by Messrs. Barnard and Bishop, of Norwich, which caused a sensation at the Paris Exhibition in 1862, and, after purchase by the County of Norfolk and City of Norwich, were presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1863—and has driven through the long avenue up to the entrance-hall, the fact is self-evident that this is a home of lovers of animals, for dogs are waiting to welcome one in that cheerful way of theirs which shows immediately that they are accustomed to be made much of, and that they are in the habit of being regarded as friends, and not merely as adjuncts to a palatial house; whilst the entrance-hall itself is hung with many a superb animal trophy from different parts of the world, collected by the Prince during his travels.

Copyright photo by] [*Gambier Bolton.*

THE PRINCE'S DERBY WINNER, "PERSIMMON."

But even more forcibly does one realise the Prince's interest in animals when, on leaving the house, one walks or drives round the picturesque estate and inspects his large collection; when one regards the stables near the house for the carriage and riding horses, the kennels for the many dogs of various breeds, the shire horse, thoroughbred, and

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PRIZE SHIRE COLT, "SELF HELP."

Copyright photo by] [*Gambier Bolton.*

BAY MARE, "ELEANOR."

hackney stud farms, the beautifully fitted dairy, and the cattle and sheep farms at Wolferton and Appleton—each one under the special charge of a skilled attendant, and all under the watchful eye of Sir Dighton Probyn, Treasurer and Comptroller of the Household, and Mr. Frank Beck, the agent to the estate—it is then that one realises to the full how true a lover of animals is the owner of Sandringham, and that he has spared no expense in making every provision for their comfort in health and in sickness.

And right well is he repaid, for such pictures of health and condition it would be difficult indeed to match anywhere in the wide world; whilst the innumerable prizes won by the Sandringham animals at all the leading horse, cattle, and dog shows of the Kingdom testify to the care that is bestowed on their breeding, housing, and general welfare, and speak well for those persons who, in a subordinate position, devote their time and energies to the successful carrying out of their Royal master's plans and wishes.

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DEXTER BULL, "TOMMY DODD."

To attempt to enumerate or illustrate all the animals here would be impossible in an article of this description; one can only make a selection of a few that are of special interest. At the head of the list one naturally places "Persimmon," that wonderful Sandringham-born and bred racehorse, the acknowledged king of the collection. He is credited with having won no less than £35,000 in stakes for the Prince, including the all-important Derby, St. Leger, Ascot Gold Cup, and the Eclipse Stakes. The handsome brick building recently erected specially for "Persimmon's" use bears a large brass plate, on which is recorded an account of his extraordinary career in the past, a career which we hope to see emulated, at least, by his sons and daughters in the near future. So far as he himself is concerned, his training and racing days are over, but he will live to a ripe old age, let us hope, amidst the most charming surroundings that any horse could possibly wish for, the pride of his owner and the special charge of Mr. Walker, the stud-groom to the thoroughbreds.

The carriage and riding horses are simply innumerable, and, needless to say, are kept in that superb condition which we are accustomed to see in all the Royal stables; whilst at the hackney stud-farm are dozens of these handsome all-round useful horses. The prices which they fetch at the annual sale, and the prizes which they win at all the principal shows in the Kingdom, prove that they are "bad to beat, and good to go," for their action and paces are remarkably fine in every respect, and point to the most careful and skilled training on the part of Mr. Dickie, their stud-groom.

The shire horses are one of the sights of Sandringham, and are so numerous and so excellent that it is difficult to know which to select for special mention and illustration.

That huge bay mare, "Eleanor," a very giantess amongst horses, at once attracts the eye, as she is not only full of quality herself, but her sons and daughters are expected to be heard of in the near future as prizewinners at our biggest shows. She is one of the Prince's favourites, another being the picturesquely marked bay colt, "Self Help," who is now growing into a splendid stallion, and winning prize after prize at many a British show. "Self Help" has probably a distinguished career before him, which will in some measure help to repay the large sums expended on the "shires" at Sandringham, and the care bestowed on them by their devoted attendants.

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PRIZE SHORTHORN BULL, "VOLUNTEER."

Only four of the innumerable cattle can be even mentioned, the magnificent snow-white shorthorn bull, "Crystal Prince," who has won many a prize of recent years in all parts of the country; the red and white shorthorn bull, "Volunteer," another prize-winner and most excellent sire of young stock now at Appleton; whilst that special favourite of the Prince's, the little dexter bull, "Tommy Dodd," must not be passed over, for he is a curiosity indeed, with his tail touching the ground, and his small stature, which is measured by inches only, reducing him to a veritable dwarf amidst the giant shorthorn, polled, and other breeds at the Wolferton farm. The Channel Island cattle, too, are all carefully selected,

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PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK'S JERSEY COW.

the one illustrated having a particular interest, as being Prince Edward of York's special cow. Her milk was supplied for his use alone during the early days of his infancy; she may therefore be regarded as an almost historical personage in connection with the development of our future King.

The thoroughbreds, hackneys, shire horses, and cattle are housed in comfortable buildings of the well-to-do farm class, some of which are shown behind the shorthorn bull, whilst the house behind "Self Help" is the English home of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, the latter still known to us more familiarly as Princess Maud of Wales. It is not until we reach the kennels that we come across specially designed and carefully thought-out model buildings of an extremely handsome type. Their most fortunate inmates are under the care of the head keeper, Mr. Jackson, with C. Brunsdon as kennel-man, and nothing can speak more plainly as to the excellent condition of the Sandringham animals than that of the fifty or more dogs, of all ages and breeds, which receive us with howls of welcome as we pass through the private gateway used by the Prince on his frequent visits to his canine friends.

Copyright photo by] *[Gambier Bolton.*

THE PRINCE'S FAVOURITE DANDIE DINMONT, "VENUS."

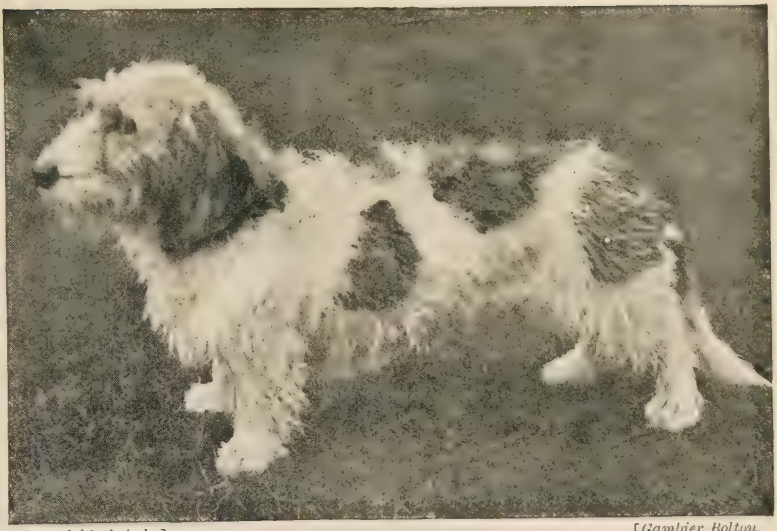
Here another difficulty awaits us, for which of all these picked and beautiful specimens are we to select for illustration, where each one deserves a paragraph and photograph to itself? We leave it to Brunsdon, and he selects for us the most noted prizewinners or the special favourites of the Prince. We commence with the Lapland sledge-dog, "Perla," who is not only one of the best of her breed, but a prizewinner whenever shown. She is a dull white colour, with the wolf-like pricked ears, tightly curled tail, and dense coat so typical of all the northern races of dogs, and is as good-tempered as she is good-looking.

Copyright photo by] *[Gambier Bolton.*

LAPLAND SLEDGE-DOG, "PERLA."

What a difference between her lot, spent in the happy enjoyment of this comfortable home, and the miseries endured by her relatives and friends, who, north of Sweden and Russia, in a temperature of fifty degrees below zero, are harnessed to sledges, heavily loaded, each

dog being expected to drag 150 lbs. weight for thirty miles a day, and day after day, over the rough snows and ice! They are driven by a native armed with a whip, whose lash, cut from the hide of a seal, is 18 to 20 feet long. With this the driver inflicts the most cruel wounds on any dog which he may fancy is shirking its work. These animals must sleep out on the snow, living on any trifle which they can pick up, and when worn out from overwork are eaten by their half-famished comrades, if their owner does not happen to require their bodies for his own use. "Perla" may well be looked upon as a "lucky dog" when one considers what her lot might have been.



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ROUGH BASSET HOUND, "BEAUTY."

The Sandringham kennels possess a breed almost unique for Great Britain in the rough-haired Basset hounds, quaint-looking dogs of the dachshund type, but much more heavily and sturdily built, excellent as hounds and most devoted as companions. One of the best of these is "Beauty," who has taken many prizes recently. Her shaggy coat, long ears, short, stout legs, and sagacious face, give her quite "an old man learned" appearance, which was utterly belied by her antics when she was turned into the paddock at the side of the kennels, for she galloped round and round in ever-widening circles, and "carried on" in the most comical fashion imaginable, which appeared all the more ludicrous when one looked at her solemn countenance.

One passes on from yard to yard, noticing Clumber spaniels, retrievers, Great Danes, Borzoi, Scotch deer-hounds, collies, pugs, dachshunds, and other breeds of dogs far too numerous to mention. There are two dogs, however, which must be specially mentioned, the shooting dog—which always walks close to the Prince and Mr. Jackson during the *battues* in November and December, a gentle and well-trained animal, whose many virtues and praises have often been spoken by her Royal master—and last, but by no means least, the now historical "Venus," who had been sent from Sandringham for us to photograph, at the Prince's desire. She is a prizebred and prizewinning Dandie Dinmont, and was originally the pet dog of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale. After his death, in 1892, the Prince of Wales took possession of her, and, possibly from

Copyright photo by] [*Gambier Bolton.*

IN MEMORIAM.

the sad circumstances connected with her history, has always made her his particular pet, for she never leaves him, and on his many journeys she travels in the train or on board the steamer, in charge of his own valet. On one occasion it was our privilege to travel in her company, when it was amusing to notice the way in which she adapted herself to her surroundings; directly her special rug was laid on the seat she jumped up, curled herself round, and passed the four hours' journey in sound sleep.

It is interesting to know that there is a certain rule in connection with "Venus's" daily life that is not allowed to be broken by anyone, either at her home or when on her travels; the Prince allows no one to feed her but himself, and he does this with his own hands every day of his life, no matter where master and dog may be. This is but one of the many instances which might be mentioned of his unvarying thoughtfulness and kindness for his numerous animal friends.

Photo by] [*T. Fall, Baker Street, W.*

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER FAVOURITE DOGS.

An old lady, who was visiting a garrison town for the first time in her life, was much startled when the customary gun was fired at sunset.

"Bless me, what ever's the matter?" she inquired in a fright.

"It's only the sunset, ma'am," replied the landlady reassuringly.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the old lady, more amazed than ever. "Why, in London the sun sets as quietly as anything. But perhaps we don't hear the bang on account of the traffic," she conceded after a moment's meditation.

An American and a Neapolitan were arguing once at an hotel in Naples on the wonders of their respective countries. The argument waxed hot, and at last the Neapolitan pointed to Vesuvius and said—

"Behold, signore, what have you in your country to come up to that?"

"Waal," replied the American, "I guess we've got a waterfall would put that fire out in one minute."

"What's this I hear about your desiring to become my son-in-law?" inquired the irascible old gentleman, his eyebrows and moustache all abristle.

"It is certainly the very last thing in the world I should dream of desiring," said the complacent young man. "But, at the same time, I'm willing to try and put up with the idea, on the distinct understanding that you allow me to marry your daughter."

The proprietor of an hotel in one of the Western States of America advertised that guests at his establishment could be served with anything they liked to order at any hour of the day or night. A New Yorker, thinking to raise a laugh at the man's expense, walked into the coffee-room one night and called for a slice from the trunk of an elephant, with *sauce piquante*. But the proprietor was equal to the occasion, and promptly replied, "I don't divide the elephant, sir; you've got to take a whole one."

Cynical Townsman: There goes the most famous man in London.

Simple Country Cousin: Oh! What did he do to gain such distinction?

Cynical Townsman: He succeeded in doing everybody else.

Stranger (who has lost his bearings in a country district, and has stumbled upon a railway): I say, my lad, where does this railway go to?

Native Urchin (with profound contempt): It don't never go nowhere. We keeps it here to run trains on.

"They are all in the greatest excitement at home," said the proud parent. "My daughter 'comes out' next week, you know."

"Well, that *is* a coincidence!" exclaimed his much-bored friend. "So does my brother. He's had four years' hard. What did your girl get?"

SCHOOLMASTER: Now, John, tell me how many seasons there are.

JOHN: Two, sir.

SCHOOLMASTER: Only two? Name them.

JOHN: The cricketing and football seasons.

MRS. HIGGINS: That new girl that came to me on Monday left as soon as she had got through the washing. She said somebody else could do the ironing.

MRS. JIGGINS: Didn't you feel disgusted?

MRS. HIGGINS: Oh, no! I thought how lucky I was to have got the washing done.

BOBBIE: My father's a policeman; what does your father do?

CHARLIE: Whatever ma tells him.

THE following was told by a Scotchman, and although the veracity of Scotchmen is well known, now and then one hears of cases which almost shake one's faith in their possession of that virtue:—

A Londoner paid a visit to a Scotch friend in Perth, a pigeon fancier, who gave him two eggs of a very fine breed. These were duly hatched in London, and the young birds eventually developed into first class flyers. One day, however, they were missing, and for two days their owner was unable to trace them. At last, however, a letter came from his friend in Perth, saying, "Two strange pigeons have taken up their abode here, and as I find they are marked with your initials I am returning them to you by rail." When they arrived in London, their wings were clipped to prevent further wanderings, but to no purpose, as a short time afterwards they were again missing. This time their recovery was despaired of, but after a lapse of thirty-four days a letter arrived from Scotland, "Your blessed birds arrived here again yesterday, looking very footsore and weary."

The Londoner now keeps fowls.

ELDER BROTHER: Say, Tommy, don't you feel sort of —er—what shall I say?—*de trop?*

YOUTHFUL INQUIRER: Father, what is a scheme?

PERPLEXED PARENT: I can't exactly define it, my boy; but it is something which will fall through quicker than anything else on earth.

MISS SPYNSTER: How ridiculous men are! Here he has written me a letter comparing my eyes to stars, my teeth to pearls, and swearing that the sun retires abashed from the brightness of my presence.

HER DEAREST FRIEND: I don't call that foolish. I think it pretty smart of him. You see he gives you the kind of love talk that was in vogue when you were a girl, and at the same time he turns the fact of your never yet having had a proposal into quite a neat compliment!

GLADYS (looking with wonder at the giraffe): Oh, mamma, how cruel those men are! Look how they have made that poor animal stand in the sun.

MAMMA: What makes you think that, my dear?

GLADYS: Why, look at its freckles!

AN Irishman was once asked by a friend to go to a concert with him. Pat consented, but when they reached the concert-hall he anxiously inquired how much the seats were. The attendant replied that the front seats were one shilling each, the back seats sixpence, and programmes one penny each. "All right," said Pat; "I will sit in the programmes."

ETHEL: I say, Freddy, what does *lèse-majesté* mean?

FREDDY: Oh, well—er—it's a foreign way of calling a crowned head a chump, dontcherknow?

All the Difference.

LADY CUSTOMER: By the way, what has become of the young lad who used to deliver the meat?
BUTCHER: Oh! he's gone—opened a shop.
LADY CUSTOMER: Is he doing well?
BUTCHER: No; doing time—he was caught in the act, mum, and got six months.

A DISTINCTLY neat thing in the advertisement line lately announced that anyone who could prove the presence of any injurious qualities in Messrs. So-and-So's beef-tea would have a dozen tins of it forwarded to him free of charge and carriage paid.

LADY: I think you will suit me, if your references are satisfactory. I'll let you know as soon as I've inquired into them.

WOULD-BE COOK: Oh, then, in that case I think I needn't trouble you any further, mum!

"Now jest move up a little farther, there!" said an emphatic lady of generous outline, as she planted herself and a large basket of vegetables in the centre of a Whitechapel tramcar. "There's some folks is never content 'less they've got the whole car to theirselves," and she wedged herself more comfortably on to the seat.

"Beggin' your pardin, missus," replied a weedy-looking man, whom she had almost annihilated in the process, "but I didn't quite catch your remark. I only came out of the fever hospital this morning, it's left me a bit deaf; but——" and then he found he had the whole car to himself.

SHE: What is the correct translation of the motto in that lovely ring you gave me?

HE: "Faithful to the last!"

SHE: The last? How horrid! And you've always told me before that I was the very first.

"At the Fall of the Leaf."

By Edward Read.

THE AMERICA CUP:

ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

By G. F. Lorimer.

With illustrations of the "Shamrock" and "Columbia," the rival yachts entered for this year's race.

Photo by] [*West & Son, Southsea.*

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S "SHAMROCK," CHALLENGER FOR THE COMING RACE.

IN the latter part of the year 1850 it began to be rumoured in English yachting circles that the recently formed New York Yacht Club had determined on building a clipper schooner yacht to cross the Atlantic and to compete during the year of the Great Exhibition with the crack yachts of this country, in order to show the owners of British boats of what the Yankee fast-sailing yachts were capable.

In the days before the laying of the first Atlantic cable news from America filtered but slowly through the channel of the comparatively infrequent transatlantic mail-boats, and although from time to time reports, more or less authentic, had been brought to England by eye-witnesses of the splendid sailing qualities of Yankee yachts generally, but little credence was attached to the statements that "they were the fastest boats in the world," and but scant respect paid to the opinions that the best Yankee-built boats could "show their heels" to any British-built boat afloat.

However, on the truth of the rumour of the building of such a clipper yacht for the purpose aforesaid being to some extent confirmed, Lord Wilton, the commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in February, 1851, addressed a letter to Mr. John C. Stevens, the commodore of the New York Yacht Club, mentioning that he had heard of the building of the new boat and of the proposed visit to English waters, inviting all and every member of the New York Yacht Club who should come over to witness her performances to be visitors to the Royal Yacht Squadron clubhouse at Cowes, offering them a cordial welcome, and ending up with the expression of opinion that yachtsmen in this country would gladly avail themselves of "any improvement in shipbuilding that the industry and skill of your nation have enabled you to elaborate."

The upshot of a courteous and unassuming reply to this letter of Lord Wilton's was that at a very numerously attended meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, held at the Thatched House Club on May 9th, 1851, "it was unanimously agreed to give a cup of

the value of £100, open to yachts belonging to the clubs of all nations, subject to the sailing regulations of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the course to be round the Isle of Wight."

This Royal Yacht Squadron Cup of £100 is the trophy which we now style the America Cup, but which by some curious mistake is usually termed in America the Queen's Cup. It was not a Queen's Cup at all, for, as will be shown later in this article, the *America* never sailed for a Queen's Cup.

During the spring and early summer of the year 1851 there was a good deal of more or less unreliable gossip afloat concerning the new clipper yacht which was going to "lick creation," and as to her wonderful sailing powers, and what she would do if she came up to the expectations of her designer and builder. Mr. Wm. H. Brown, a well-known and, by reputation, extremely skilful shipbuilder, of New York, had undertaken to build a schooner that would outsail any other vessel at home or abroad, and had, indeed, agreed to make the purchase of her by the New York Yacht Club contingent on her success. His offer was accepted by the Club, and the *America* was built; but when her capabilities were put to the test, she failed in repeated trials to beat Commodore Stevens's yacht *Maria*, so that the Club was not bound to, and in fact did not, purchase her. Nevertheless, she had proved herself so fast in her trials that Commodore Stevens and a few friends bought her on their own account, and sent her across the Atlantic to Havre, there to be completed and made ready to take part in the Royal Yacht Squadron Races, at Cowes, in August.

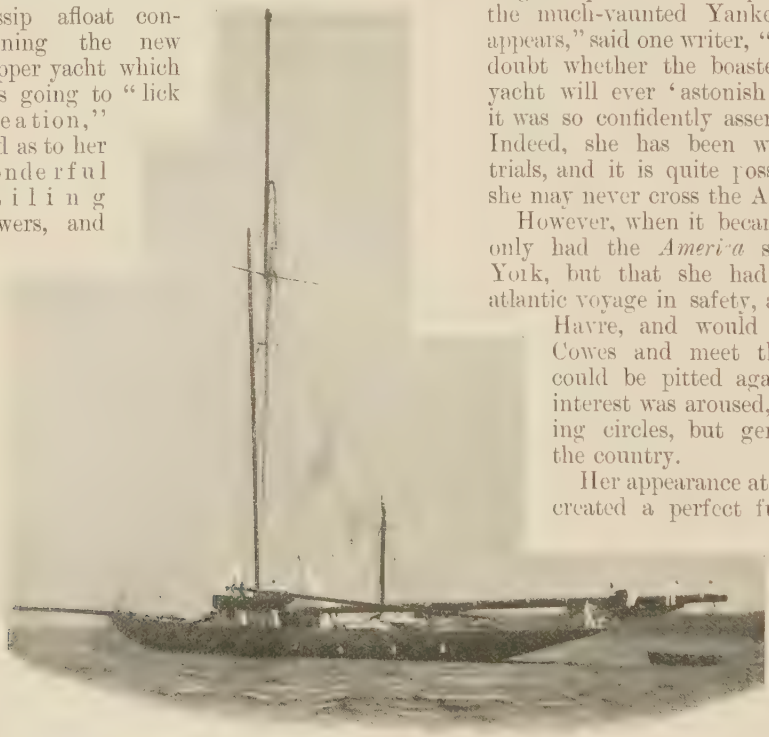


Photo by] [*West & Son, Southsea.*

THE "SHAMROCK": BENDING THE MAINSAIL.

When, at intervals, the news came to this country that the *America* had been beaten time after time by the sloop *Maria*, there was naturally a good deal of jubilation, and to some extent depreciatory comment, in the English press on the presumed failure of the much-vaunted Yankee boat. "There appears," said one writer, "to be considerable doubt whether the boasted Yankee clipper yacht will ever 'astonish the Britishers,' as it was so confidently asserted she would do. Indeed, she has been well beaten in her trials, and it is quite possible that, after all, she may never cross the Atlantic."

However, when it became known that not only had the *America* started from New York, but that she had made the transatlantic voyage in safety, and had arrived at Havre, and would certainly come to Cowes and meet the best boats that could be pitted against her, immense interest was aroused, not only in yachting circles, but generally throughout the country.

Her appearance at Cowes, on July 31, created a perfect furore. Thousands of spectators were on the look out for her arrival, and, as described by a special correspondent of a leading journal, "the graceful and easy way in which the *America* slipped through the shipping at once proclaimed her to be an exceptionally fast vessel." From the time that she made her advent in the Solent there were no more scornful observations made as to the capabilities of the "Yankee clipper." There is no doubt that she came as a complete revelation to the British shipbuilder, who at the same time was not slow to recognise the immense advantages for speed which she possessed. Indeed, on her first appearance in British waters it was at once brought home to unprejudiced judges that no British-built schooner then existent could possibly stand

the least chance with her. For, as stated by a prominent yachtsman of the day, English schooners of that time were not built for match sailing. "We have some very creditable schooners, but have not now, nor are we likely to have, any large vessel built for match sailing on the most modern and improved principles. In fact, our schooners have all high bulwarks and standing bowsprits, and are built and rigged more for comfort than for match sailing."

During the three weeks that the *America* was at Cowes, prior to the R.Y.S. Regatta, she gave in various trial spins such evidence of her sailing capacity and of her ability to defeat all possible competitors, that for a long time there was not found one to take up the trumpet-tongued challenge which "the New York Yacht Club, in order to test the relative merits of the different models of the schooners of the Old and the New World," put forth, in which they offered to sail the yacht *America* against any number of schooners belonging to any of the yacht squadrons of the Kingdom.

GETTING UNDER WAY.

One scarcely need state that the race fixed for Friday, August 22nd, 1851, the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup for yachts of all nations, was the one absorbing event of the Cowes week in that year. The Queen's Cup was sailed for on the Monday, and Prince Albert's Cup on the Wednesday, while a Subscription Cup was the race fixed for and sailed on Thursday. But for none of

Photos by] [*West & Son, Southsea.*

THE "SHAMROCK": A FAIR BREEZE.

these three events was the *America* qualified under the conditions to compete; but to show that interest centred in the specially organised Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, no fewer than eighteen boats were entered for the event. These were—

	Tons.		Tons.		Tons.
Beatrice,	161	*Titania*,	100	*Bacchante*,	80
Volante,	48	*Gipsy*,	160	*Freak*,	60
Arrow,	84	*Alarm*,	193	*Stella*,	65
Wyvern,	205	*Mona*,	82	*Eclipse*,	50
Ione,	75	*America*,	170	*Fernande*,	127
Constance,	218	*Brilliant*,	393	*Aurora*,	47

In the actual race, however, *Titania*, *Fernande*, and *Stella* did not start. Of the fifteen competitors who did get under way seven were schooners and eight cutters. The fifteen yachts were moored in two lines, and on the gun being fired the *America* purposely lagged behind and allowed all the others to get away in front of her. It was not long, however, before the Yankee clipper gave evidence of her sailing powers. In a quarter of an hour she had passed all but three, and coming round No Man's Buoy a bare two minutes behind the leading boat; off Brading Harbour she was only led by the *Volante*. Her steadiness and speed were wonderful. "Whenever the breeze," says a writer of the time, "took the line of her hull, all her sails set as flat as a drumhead, and without any careening or staggering she 'walked along' in admirable style, and at twenty-eight minutes past eleven she contrived, without any seeming difficulty, to slip by the *Volante* as she had done the rest, and away she went, keeping close to the Island." After this the *America* was never again headed, winning with the utmost ease, though owing to the wind dropping altogether at sundown she had to drift home for the last hour and a half. Owing to some blunder in the printing of the conditions of the race a protest was entered against her on the ground that she had not sailed the stipulated course, but it was eventually withdrawn, and the commodore of the N.Y.Y.C. was duly presented with the Cup.

While the race was in progress the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, with the Queen and other members of the Royal Family on board—including the Prince of Wales, a little boy in his tenth year, dressed in a white sailor's suit—steamed out to the Needles, accompanied by the *Fairy*, with Lord Alfred Paget on board.

The yachts not being in sight, the *Fairy* was deputed to go round the Needles and to signal to the *Victoria and Albert*, which had returned and lay to in Alum Bay, how the race was going. When at length the signal was made that the competitors were in sight, the question was put, "Who leads?" the answer being returned, "The *America*." To the further question, "Who is second?" came the reply, "There is no second"—a summing up of the situation which recalls

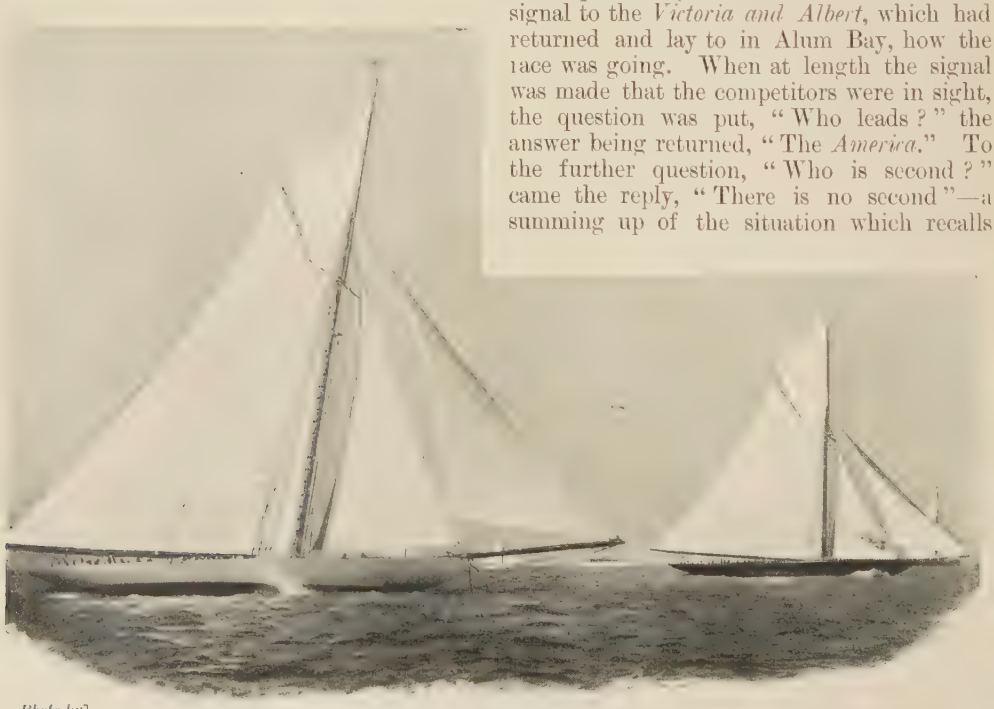


Photo by] [*West & Son, Southsea.*

THE TRIAL RACE BETWEEN THE "SHAMROCK" AND THE "BRITANNIA," THE LATTER LEADING.

Photo by] [*N. Lazarnick.*

RECENT TRIAL RACE BETWEEN THE "COLUMBIA" (THE AMERICAN YACHT THAT WILL RACE THE "SHAMROCK" FOR THE CUP THIS YEAR) AND THE "DEFENDER," THE LATTER LEADING.

the famous old-time placing—"*Eclipse* first, and the rest nowhere."

As is not infrequently the case under similar circumstances, all sorts and conditions of ridiculous rumours were put in circulation to account for the tremendous speed of the American boat, some persons even going so far as to seriously assert that she had a screw propeller under her keel which was worked by the crew. Curiously enough, having been commanded to Osborne for inspection by the Queen on the Saturday—the day after she had won the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup—she grounded on a bank off the harbour and carried away about thirty feet of her false keel, so that she had to go into dry dock for repairs, and thus was effectually able to dispose of the silly suggestion that her speed was to be accounted for by the use of a screw propeller.

While the great thing that struck Englishmen was the extraordinary speed and sailing power of the Yankee boat, the Americans appear to have been equally as much, if not more, impressed with the enthusiastic way in which their victory was received by their opponents. Subsequently, on the return of Commodore Stevens and his friends to America, Colonel Hamilton, one of the party who had brought the boat over to Cowes, in relating the circumstance of victory at a dinner of the New York Yacht Club, given to celebrate the event, speaking of the impression left on the Americans by the way the Britishers took their defeat, said, "The return of our vessel, far in advance of all the Squadron, was greeted with as much warmth of acclamation as if it had been in our own harbour; and it is only fair to say that fair play and a manly acknowledgment of defeat were never more honourably exhibited."

So interested was her Majesty the Queen in the American boat that she gave a Queen's Cup of £100 to be sailed for by the yachts of all nations on the Monday following. For this cup the *America* was entered, but did not compete owing to the lack of wind on the morning of the race-day, her owners not caring to risk the reputation of their boat on what might, from weather indications, eventually terminate in a drifting match.

But, nevertheless, on this day she accomplished her most astonishing performance in English waters. After the yachts had been started fully an hour, or more, a good breeze sprang up, and the *America* got under way and sailed after the competitors to give those on board of her an opportunity of seeing her race. She was not long before she caught them up, one after the other, and sailing over the prescribed course in advance of them all, came home 41 minutes before the winner, the *Alarm*, thus really defeating them all by 1 hour and 41 minutes!

On the following Thursday she sailed a match against Mr. Robert Stephenson's *Titania*, the only schooner that would meet

her challenge, but the *Titania* was outsailed at every point and beaten "all ends up!"

This was her last race in American ownership, and thus, to quote a leading journal of the time, "the match terminated in favour of the *America*, which, had anyone ventured to foretell a few weeks ago, he would have been looked upon as a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum; but even the most sceptical have now to admit the complete superiority of the American yacht over anything seen in these waters."

The *America* was not taken back to New York, but was sold to the Hon. John de Blaquiere for 5,000 sovereigns, but Commodore Stevens and his friends took the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup back to New York, and in memory of the famous victory of the *America* presented it to the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual challenge trophy, open to the yachts of all nations, to be held by no individual person, but to remain for the time being the property of the Club to which the yacht that last won it belongs, and when challenged for to be sailed for on the water of the club then holding it.

The second race for the America Cup took

Photo by] [*Walery, Regent Street.*

SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON.

Owner of the "Shamrock."

place on August 8th, 1870, in American waters. There were seventeen competitors, the *Cambria* being the only English yacht; all the others were owned by members of the New York Yacht Club.

The *Cambria* was a schooner of 188 tons, and was built by Michael Ratsey, of Cowes, for Mr. James Ashbury. The *Cambria* had won many races, and in July, 1870, she beat the *Dauntless*, a Yankee schooner, in a race across the Atlantic to New York. She failed, however, to win back the America Cup. The course for this event was through the Narrows, round Sandy Hook Lightship, and return. The *Cambria* was much impeded by other vessels. With one or two of these she came into collision, and as some of her canvas was carried away she lost all chance of winning the race. The winner was the *Magic*, a small schooner of 93 tons; the *Cambria* came in eighth.

THE AMERICA CUP.

The next America Cup Competition was in 1871. Mr. Ashbury was determined to have another try for the much-coveted Cup, and he accordingly commissioned Michael Ratsey to build him a schooner specially for the purpose. This was the *Livonia*, of 265 tons. She went to New York to compete for the Cup, and had a stormy crossing, but arrived without damage.

After the *Cambria's* effort in 1870 against seventeen American schooners, the New York Yacht Club decided, owing to numerous appeals, that only one vessel should in future matches for the Cup compete against the challenger. The Club, however, reserved the power to select the defender of the Cup on the morning of the race, according to the state of the weather. Needless to say, this arrangement did not find favour with English sportsmen.

In the 1871 race five matches were arranged, and the Club named four yachts as competitors—the *Sappho*, the *Dauntless* (keel boats), the *Palmer*, and *Columbia* (centre-board schooners).

On the day of the first match the wind was very light, and the Club selected the *Columbia*, "a light-weather centre-boarder," as the *Livonia's* opponent. The former won by 25 minutes. The second race gave

the challenger no chance, the American boat arriving at the winning post 3 hr. 7 min. 32 sec. ahead of the *Livonia*. In the third race the *Dauntless*, *Palmer*, *Sappho*, and *Columbia* were all disabled, and it was thought that the *Livonia* would have a "sail over." Mr. Osgood, the owner of the *Columbia*, however, determined to start his vessel, and the race came off: the result was a win for the *Livonia*, but it must be stated that on the return something went wrong with the *Columbia's* steering wheel, the clew of her main-topmast staysail, fore-sheet, and her fore-gaff topsail split, and shortly after she lowered her mainsail and gave up.

The fourth match was between the *Sappho* and the *Livonia*; the former won by over half an hour. In the fifth and last match the *Livonia* and the *Sappho* were competitors, and the victory lay with the latter, which ended the race twenty-six minutes ahead of *Livonia*.

The result of the five matches was that the Cup stayed in the States. It is stated that Mr. Ashbury's effort to win the Cup cost him in all £22,000. It may be mentioned that this was the last occasion on which an English schooner competed for the Cup. In subsequent contests the competitors were cutters.

Five years elapsed before England made another attempt to bring back to its shores the America Cup, but in 1876 the competitors were the Yankee schooner *Madeleine* and the Canadian schooner *Countess Dufferin*. The former was built by David Kirby, of Rye, New York, and launched in 1869. In her original form of a "sloop" she was a failure; and in 1870 she was changed to a schooner, and became a very fast racer, too fast indeed for the *Countess Dufferin*, which was proved to be quite her inferior.

After 1876, the next race for the Cup was held in 1881. The representative of America

Mr. William Fife, jun.
Designer of the "Shamrock."

The Hon. Charles Russell.
Representing Sir Thomas Lipton.

Mr. Hugh C. Kelly.
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, Royal Ulster Yacht Club.

Major Sharman-Crawford.
Vice-Commodore, Royal Ulster Yacht Club.

Mr. H. M. McGildowny.
Royal Ulster Yacht Club.

THE "SHAMROCK" CHALLENGE: DEPUTATION FROM THE ROYAL ULSTER YACHT CLUB AND SIR THOMAS LIPTON TO THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

was the *Mischief*, while the *Atalanta* was a Canadian sloop. The victory fell to the American yacht. The next race was held in September, 1885, the competing boats being the English cutter *Genesta* and the American cutter *Puritan*, the latter proving the victor.

In the year 1886, the competitors were the English yacht *Galatea* and the American cutter *Mayflower*. The latter was built by Burgess, and was considered a speedier boat than his *Puritan*. At any rate, she succeeded in holding the Cup for America.

In the year 1887 several of the most prominent Scottish yachtsmen joined hands in a determined endeavour to recover the America Cup, and one of the most hard-fought battles in the history of yachting was the result. When the *Thistle* left home she carried eleven winning flags, but she did not succeed in accomplishing the purpose for which she had been built, for she was defeated in both matches by the centre-board sloop *Volunteer*. After the 1887 struggle, the greatly coveted Cup enjoyed a season of rest until 1893, when the Earl of Dunraven, greatly to the delight of all Britishers, determined to see if he could not carry off the Cup.

In December, 1892, Lord Dunraven's challenge for his new *Valkyrie* to sail a series of races for the America Cup was accepted by the New York Yacht Club. At the same time that the *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, *Calluna*, and *Satanita* were being built in England, the Americans were building four new yachts, the *Colonia*, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, and *Pilgrim*, and great was the rivalry between the last four. The *Vigilant* was at last chosen as the "Defender of the Cup," and justified her country's faith by winning after a magnificent struggle; and thus the Cup remained in American waters.

In 1894 Lord Dunraven, having built a new yacht, *Valkyrie III.* (210 tons), sent a challenge to the New York Yacht Club for the America Cup, and races were arranged to take place in 1895. The other competitor was the *Defender*, a cutter of 202 tons, and five races were arranged.

The first took place off Sandy Hook on September 7th, when the *Defender* won by 8 min. 49 sec. Great annoyance was caused to both boats by the fleet of excursion steamers which accompanied the race and persistently hampered them, the stewards of the New York Yacht Club being unable to hold the steamers in check. The second race took place on September 10th, over a triangular course of thirty miles.

In the manœuvring before the start, the two vessels came into collision, and the *Valkyrie's* gaff struck and carried away the starboard top-mast shrouds of the *Defender*. Both, however, continued the race, the result of which was that the *Valkyrie* finished 2 min. 18 sec. ahead.

A controversy arose as to the foul, and the Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club, after going into the matter, adjudged the race to the *Defender*, on the ground that the *Valkyrie* had broken the racing rules, and was therefore to blame for the foul.

Lord Dunraven, immediately after the race, sent a letter to the America Cup Committee declining to sail his boat any more under the circumstances which prevailed during the first two races, on the ground that it was exceedingly dangerous to attempt to start two such large vessels in so confined a space and among moving steamers and tiny boats, and that the crowd of these vessels made it impossible to see the mark-boats, and hampered the competitors all along the course. In response to this appeal the Committee decided that no start should be made in the next race until the excursion boats were half a mile distant from the yachts.

This concession did not satisfy Lord Dunraven, who asked for a postponement of the race in order that arrangements could be made for the boats to race in clear water. This request the Committee were unable to grant.

In the third race, therefore, on the 12th, Lord Dunraven brought the *Valkyrie* down to the mark, but after crossing the line to give the Defender a start, he withdrew from the contest. Into the long and bitter controversy which ensued it is not necessary to enter.

On September 24th, 1895, Mr. C. D. Rose, a member of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, appeared as a challenger for the America Cup. He proposed to build a yacht to be called the *Distant Shore*, but after a good deal of correspondence, the challenge was withdrawn, and it was left for the enterprise and public spirit of Sir Thomas Lipton, acting in unison with the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, to make a fresh struggle for the prize in the current month with the specially built *Shamrock*. At the present moment the eyes of not only the yachting world, but also of that far larger public which takes a keen interest in all questions of healthy and inspiriting international sport, are fixed upon the *Shamrock* in her plucky attempt to rout the *Columbia* and bring this historic Cup back to British waters.

A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

By Ian Maclaren.*

Illustrated by Harold Copping.

No. V.—HIS PRIVATE CAPACITY.

IT is well enough for popular rulers like presidents to live in public and shake hands with every person: but absolute monarchs, who govern with an iron hand and pay not the slightest attention to the public mind, ought to be veiled in mystery. If Bulldog had walked homeward with his boys in an affectionate manner, and inquired after their sisters, like his temporary assistant, Mr. Byles, or had played with interesting babies on the North Meadow, as did Topp, the drawing-master—Augustus de Lacy Topp—who wore a brown velvet jacket and represented sentiment in a form verging on lunacy; or if he had invited his classes to drink coffee in a very shabby little home, as poor Moossy did, and treated them to Beethoven's Symphonies, then even Jock Howieson, the stupidest lad in the Seminary, would have been shocked, and would have felt that the Creation was out of gear. The last thing we had expected of Bulldog was polite conversation or private hospitality. His speech was confined to the class-room, and there was most practical; and his hospitality, which was generous and widespread, was invariably public. His *role* was to be austere, unapproachable, and lifted above feeling, and

"Walking by Bulldog's side, talking at his ease."

* Copyright, 1899, by John Watson, in the United States of America.

had it not been for Nestie he had sustained it to the day of his death.

Opinion varied about Bulldog's age, some insisting that he had approached his century, others being content with "Weel on to eighty." None hinted at less than seventy. No one could remember his coming to Muirtown, and none knew whence he came. His birthplace was commonly believed to be the West Highlands, and it was certain that in dealing with a case of aggravated truancy he dropped into Gaelic. Bailie McCallum used to refer in convivial moments to his schooldays under Bulldog, and always left it to be inferred that had it not been for that tender, fostering care, he had not risen to his high estate in Muirtown. Fathers of families who were elders in the Kirk, and verging on grey hair, would hear no complaints of Bulldog, for they had passed under the yoke in their youth, and what they had endured with profit—they now said—was good enough for their children. He seemed to us in those days like Melchizedek, without father or mother, beginning or end of days; and now that Bulldog has lain for many a year in a quiet Perthshire kirkyard, it is hardly worth while visiting Muirtown Seminary.

Every morning, except in vacation, he crossed the bridge at 8.45, with such rigid punctuality that the clerks in the Post Office checked the clock by him, and he returned by the way he had gone, over the North Meadow, at 4.15, for it was his grateful custom to close the administration of discipline at the same hour as the teaching, considering with justice that any of the Muirtown varlets would rather take the cane than be kept in, where from the windows he could see the North Meadow in its greenness, and the river running rapidly on an afternoon. It would have been out of place for Bulldog to live in a Muirtown street, where he must have been overlooked and could not have maintained his necessary reserve. Years ago he had built himself a house upon the slope of the hill which commanded Muirtown from the other side of the river. It was a hill which began with wood and ended in a lofty crag; and even from his house, half way up and among the trees, Bulldog could look down upon Muirtown, compactly built together on the plain beneath, and thinly veiled in the grey smoke which rose up lazily from its homes. It cannot be truthfully said that Bulldog gave himself to poetry, but having once varied his usual country holiday by a visit to Italy, he ever afterwards declared at dinner-table that Muirtown reminded him of Florence as you saw that city from Fiesole, with the ancient kirk of St. John rising instead of the Duomo, and the Tay instead of the Arno. He admitted that Florence had the advantage in her cathedral, but he stoutly insisted that the Arno was but a poor, shrunken river compared with his own; for, wherever Bulldog may have been born, he boasted himself to be a citizen of Muirtown, and always believed that there was no river to be found anywhere like unto the Tay. His garden was surrounded with a high wall, and the entrance was by a wooden door, and how Bulldog lived within these walls no one knew, but many had imagined. Spiug, with two daring companions, had once traced Bulldog home and seen him disappear through the archway, and then it was in their plan to form a ladder one above the other, and that Peter, from the top thereof, should behold the mysterious interior and observe Bulldog in private life; but even Spiug's courage failed at the critical moment, and they returned without news to the disappointed school.

Pity was not the characteristic of Seminary life in those days, but the hardest heart was touched with compassion when Nestie Molyneux lost his father and went to stay with Bulldog.

The Seminary rejoiced in their master; but it was with trembling, and the thought of spending the evening hours and all one's spare time in his genial company excited our darkest imagination. To write our copy-books and do our problems under Bulldog's eye was a bracing discipline which lent a kind of zest to life, but to eat and drink with Bulldog was a fate beyond words.

As it was an article of faith with us that Bulldog was never perfectly happy except when he was plying the cane, it was taken for granted that Nestie would be his solitary means of relaxation, from the afternoon of one day to the morning of the next, and when Nestie appeared, on the third morning after his change of residence, the school was waiting to receive him.

His walking across the meadow by Bulldog's side, with his hands in his pockets, talking at his ease and laughing lightly, amazed us on first sight, but did not count for much, because we considered this manner a policy of expediency and an act of hypocrisy. After all, he was only doing what every one of us would have done in the same circumstances—conciliating the tyrant and covering his own sufferings. We kept a respectful distance till Nestie parted with

"'Did ye say rabbits?'"

his guardian, and then we closed in round him and licked our lips, for the story that Nestie could tell would make any Indian tale hardly worth the reading.

Babel was let loose, and Nestie was pelted with questions which came in a fine confusion from many voices, and to which he was hardly expected to give an immediate answer.

"What like is the cane he keeps at home?" "Has Bulldog tawse in the house?" "Div you catch it regular?" "Does he come after you to your bedroom?" "Have ye onything to eat?" "Is the garden door locked?" "Could you climb over the wall if he was thrashing you too sore?" "Did he let you bring your rabbits?" "Have you to work at your lessons all night?" "What does Bulldog eat for his dinner?" "Does he ever speak to you?" "Does he ever say anything about the school?" "Did ye ever see Bulldog sleeping?" "Are you feared to be with him?" "Would the police take you away if he was hurting you?" "Is there any other body in the house?" "Would he let you make gundy (candy) by the kitchen fire?" "Have you to work all night at your books?" "Does he make you brush his boots?" "What do you call him in the house?" "Would you call him Bulldog for a shilling's-worth of gundy if the garden gate was open?" "Has he any apples in the garden?" "Would ye daur to lay a finger on them?" "How often have ye to wash your hands?" "Would ye get yir licks if yir hair wasna brushed?" And then Spiug interfered, and commanded silence that Nestie might satisfy the curiosity of the school.

"Haud yir blethering tongues!" was his polite form of address. "Noo, Nestie, come awa' wi' yir evidence. What like is't to live wi' Bulldog?"

"It's awfully g-good of you fellows to ask how I'm getting on with Bully," and Nestie's eyes lit up with fun, for he'd a nice little sense of humour, and never could resist the temptation of letting it play upon our slow-witted, matter-of-fact intellects. "And I declare you seem to know all about what h-happens. I'll j-just tell you something about it, but it'll make you creepy," and then all the circle gathered in round Nestie. "I have to rise at five in the morning, and if I'm not down at half-past, Bulldog comes for me with a c-cane" (Howieson at this point rubbed himself behind gently). "Before breakfast we have six 'p-props' from Euclid and two vulgar f-fractions" (a groan from the school); "for breakfast we've porridge and milk, and I have to keep time with Bulldog—one, two, three, four—with the spoonfuls. He's got the c-cane on the table." ("Gosh!" from a boy at the back, and general sympathy.) "He has the t-tawse hung in the lobby so

as to be handy." ("It cowes all.") "There are three regular c-canings every day, one in the morning, and one in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed." At this point Spiug, who had been listening with much doubt to Nestie's account, and knew that he had a luxuriant imagination, interfered.

"Nestie," he said, "ye're an abandoned little scoundrel, and ye're telling lees straicht forward," and the school went into the class-room divided in opinion. Some were suspicious that Nestie had been feeding their curiosity with highly spiced meat, but others inclined to believe anything of Bulldog's household arrangements. During the hour Spiug studied Nestie's countenance with interest, and in the break he laid hold of that ingenious young gentleman by the ear and led him apart into a quiet corner, where he exhorted him to unbosom the truth. Nestie whispered something in Spiug's ear which shook even that worthy's composure.

"Did ye say rabbits?"

"Lop-ears," said Nestie after a moment's silence, and Spiug was more confounded than he had ever been in all his blameless life.

"Ernest Molyneux, div ye kin whar ye 'ill go to if ye tell lees."

"I'm telling the t-truth, Spiug, and I never tell lies, but sometimes I compose t-tales. Lop-ear rabbits, and he feeds them himself."

"Will ye say 'as sure as death'?"—for this was with us the final and awful test of truth.

"As sure as death," said Nestie, and that afternoon Spiug had so much to think about that he gave almost no heed when Bulldog discovered him with nothing on the sheet before him except a remarkably correct drawing of two lop-eared rabbits.

Spiug and Nestie crossed the North Meadow together after school, and before they parted at the bridge Nestie entreated the favour of a visit in his new home that evening from Spiug; but, although modesty was not Spiug's prevailing characteristic, he would on no account accept the flattering invitation. Maybe he was going to drive with his father, who was breaking-in a new horse, or maybe he was going out on the river in a boat, or maybe the stable gates were to be shut and the fox turned loose for a run, or maybe——

"Maybe you are going to learn your l-lessons, Spiug, for once in your life," said Nestie, who, his head on one side, was studying Spiug's embarrassment.

"A'm to do naething o' the kind," retorted Spiug, turning a dark red at this insult. "Nane o' yir impidence."

"Maybe you're f-frightened to come," said Nestie, and dodged at the same time behind a lamp-post. "Why, Spiug, I didn't know you were f-frightened of anything."

"Naither I am," said Spiug stoutly; "an' if it had been Jock Howieson said that, I'd black his eyes. What sud I be frightened of, ye miserable little shrimp?"

"Really, I don't know, Spiug," said Nestie; "but just let me g-guess. It might be climbing the hill; or did you think you might meet one of the 'Pennies,' and he would fight you; or, Spiug—an idea occurs to me—do you feel as if you did not want to spend an hour—just a nice, quiet hour—all alone with Bulldog? You and he are such f-friends, Spiug, in the Seminary. Afraid of Bulldog? Spiug, I'm ashamed of you, when poor little me has to live with him now every day."

"When I get a grip o' you, Nestie Molyneux, I'll learn you to give me chat. I never was afraid of Bulldog, and I dinna care if he chases me round the garden wi' a stick, but I'm no coming."

"You *are* afraid, Spiug; you *dare* not come." And Nestie kept carefully out of Spiug's reach.

"You are a liar," cried Spiug. "I'll come up this very night at seven o'clock, but I'll no come in unless you're at the garden door."

Spiug had fought many pitched battles in his day, and was afraid neither of man nor beast, and his heart sank within him for the first time in his life when he crossed the bridge and climbed the hill to the residence of Mr. Dugald MacKinnon. Nothing but his pledged word, and a reputation for courage which must not be tarnished, since it rested on nothing else, brought him up the lane to Bulldog's door. He was before his time, and Nestie had not yet come to meet him, and he could allow his imagination to picture what was within the walls, and what might befall his unfortunate self before he went down that lane again. His one consolation and support was in the lop-eared rabbits; and if it were the case, as Nestie had sworn with an oath which never had been broken at the Seminary, that there were rabbits within that deadful enclosure, there was hope for him; for if he knew about anything, he knew about rabbits, and if anyone had to do with rabbits—and although it was incredible, yet had not Nestie sworn it with an oath?—there must be some bowels of mercy even in Bulldog. Spiug began to speculate whether he might

"Taken up to be introduced with the air of a dog going to execution."

not be able, with Nestie's loyal help, to reach the rabbits and examine thoroughly into their condition, and escape from the garden without a personal interview with its owner; and at the thought thereof Spiug's heart was lifted. For of all his exploits which had delighted the Seminary, none, for its wonder and daring, its sheer amazingness, could be compared with a stolen visit to Bulldog's rabbits. "Nestie," he murmured to himself, as he remembered that little Englishman's prodigal imagination, "is a maist extraordinary lecar, but he said 'as sure as death.'"

"Why, Spiug, is that you? You ought to have opened the door. Come along and shake hands with the master; he's just l-longing to see you." And Spiug was dragged along the walk between the gooseberry bushes, which in no other circumstances would he have passed unnoticed, and was taken up to be introduced with the air of a dog going to execution. He heard someone coming down the walk, and he lifted up his eyes to know the worst, and in that moment it appeared as if reason had deserted the unhappy Spiug. It was the face of Bulldog, for the light of that countenance could not be found on any other man within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Yes, it was Bulldog, and that Spiug would be prepared to swear in any court of justice. The nose and the chin, and the iron-grey whiskers and hair, and, above all, those revolving eyes. There could not be any mistake. But what had happened to Bulldog's face, for it was like unto that of another man? The sternness had gone out of it, and—there was no doubt about it—Bulldog was smiling, and it was an altogether comprehensive and irresistible smile. It had taken the iron lines out of his face and given his lips the kindliest of curves, and changed his nose of its aggressive air, and robbed the judicial appearance of his whiskers, and it had given him — it was a positive fact—another pair of eyes. They still revolved, but not now like the guns in the turret of a monitor dealing destruction right and left. They were shining and twinkling like the kindly light from a harbour tower. There never was such a genial and humorsome face, so full of fun and humanity, as that which looked down on the speechless Spiug. Nor was that all; it was a complete transformation. Where were the pepper-and-salt trousers and the formal black coat and vest, which seemed somehow to symbolise the inflexible severity of Bulldog's reign? and the hat, and the gloves, and the stick—what had become of his trappings? Was there ever such a pair of disreputable old slippers, down at the heel, out at the sides, broken at the seams, as those that covered the feet of Bulldog in that garden. The very sight of those slippers, with their suggestion of slackness and unpunctuality and ignorance of all useful knowledge and general Bohemianism, was the first thing which cheered the heart of Spiug. Those slippers would tolerate no problems from Euclid and would laugh a cane to scorn. Where did he ever get those trousers, and from whose hands did they originally come, baggy at the knee and loose everywhere, stained with garden mould and torn with garden bushes?

Without question it was a warm night in that sheltered place on the side of the hill; but would any person believe that the master of mathematics, besides writing and arithmetic, in Muirtown Seminary, was going about in his garden, and before the eyes of two of his pupils, without the vestige of a waistcoat. Spiug now was braced for wonders, but even he was startled with Bulldog's jacket, which seemed of earlier age than the trousers, with which it had no connection in colour. It may once have had four buttons, but only two were left now; there was a tear in its side that must have been made by a nail in the garden wall, the handle of a hammer projected from one pocket, and a pruning-knife from the other. And if there was not a pipe in Bulldog's mouth, stuck in the side of his cheek, "as sure as death!" There was a knife in his hand, with six blades and a corkscrew and a gimlet and the thing for taking the stones out of a horse's hoof—oath again repeated — and Bulldog was trying the edge of the biggest blade upon his finger. Spiug, now ascending from height to height, was not surprised to see no necktie, and would have been prepared to see no collar. He had now even a wild hope that when he reached Bulldog's head it might be crowned with a Highland bonnet, minus the tails; but instead thereof there was a hat, possibly once a wide-awake, so bashed, and shapeless, and discoloured, and worn so rakishly, partly on the back and partly on the side of his head. Spiug was inwardly satisfied, and knew that no evil could befall him in that garden.

"Spiug, my mannie, how are you?" said this amazing figure. "You've been long of coming. There's something like a knife, eh!" and Bulldog opened up the whole concern and challenged Spiug to produce his knife,

"Bulldog carried out a litter of young rabbits for inspection."

which was not so bad, for it had six departments, and one of them was a file, which was wanting in Bulldog's.

"Show the master your peerie, Spiug," said Nestie. "It's split more tops than any one in the school; it's a r-ripper," and Nestie exhibited its deadly steel point with much pride, while Spiug endeavoured to look unconscious as the owner of this instrument of war.

"Dod, I'll have a try myself," said Bulldog. "It's many a year since I've spun a top. Where's yir string?" and he strode up the walk winding the top, and the boys behind looked at one another, while Nestie triumphed openly.

"Are you f-frightened, Spiug?" he whispered. "Ain't he great? And just you wait; you haven't begun to see things yet, not h-half."

Upon the doorstep Bulldog spun the top with a right hand that had not lost its cunning, but rather had been strengthened by much cane exercise. "It's sleeping," he cried in huge delight. "If you dare to touch it, pity you!" but no one wished to shorten its time, and the three hung over that top with fond interest, as Bulldog timed

the performance with his watch, which he extricated from his trouser pocket.

"You are a judge of rabbits, Spiug," said the master. "I would like to have yir advice," and as they went down through the garden they halted at a place, and the robins came and sat on Bulldog's shoulder and took crumbs out of his hand, and a little further on the thrushes bade him welcome, and he showed the boys where the swallows had built every year, and they also flew round his head.

"If ye dinna meddle with them, the birds 'ill no be afraid o' you, will they, Dandie?" and the old terrier which followed at his heels wagged his tail and indicated that he also was on good terms with every living thing in the garden.

No one in the Seminary ever could be brought to believe it, even although Spiug tried to inculcate faith with his fists, that Bulldog had carried out a litter of young rabbits in his hat for inspection, and that, before the three of them laid themselves out for a supper of strawberries, Spiug had given to his master the best knowledge at his command on the amount of green food which might be given with safety to a rabbit of adult years, and had laid it down with authority that a moderate amount of tea-leaves and oatmeal might be allowed as an occasional dainty.

After the attack on the strawberries, in which Spiug greatly distinguished himself, and Bulldog urged him on with encouraging words, they had tarts and lemonade in the house, where not a sign of cane or tawse could be found. Bulldog drew the corks himself, and managed once to drench Spiug gloriously, whereat that worthy wiped his face with his famous red handkerchief and was inordinately proud, while Nestie declared that the thing had been done on purpose, and Bulldog threatened him with the tawse for insulting his master.

"Div ye think, Spiug, ye could manage a piece of rock before ye go," and Bulldog produced the only rock that a Muirtown man will ever think worth eating — Fenwick's own very best, thick, and pure, and rich, and well-flavoured; and when Spiug knew not whether to choose the peppermint, that is black and white, or the honey rock, which is brown and creamy, or the cinnamon, which in those days was red outside and white within, his host insisted that he should take a piece of each and they would last him till he reached his home.

"Spiug," and Bulldog bade farewell to his pupil at the garden gate, "you're the most aggravating little scoundrel in Muirtown Seminary, and the devilry that's in you I bear witness is bottomless: but you're fine company, and you 'ill, maybe, be a man yet, and Nestie and me will be glad to see you when ye're no engaged with yir study. You 'ill no forget to come, Peter."

Peter's tongue, which had been wagging freely among the rabbits, again forsook him, but he was able to indicate that he would seize an early opportunity of again paying his respects to Mr. Dugald MacKinnon in his own home; and when Bulldog thrashed him next day for not having prepared an exercise the night before, the incident only seemed to complete Spiug's pride and satisfaction.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

BUILDING MACAPA BRIDGE.

BY

W. T. STEAD.*

PART II.

THE task of bridging the continent of Africa by a railway has been facilitated by the necessities of war. Hosea Biglow's familiar saying about "civilisation getting a lift in the powder-cart" was seldom more appositely illustrated than by the recent war in the Soudan. When the Sirdar, General—now Lord—Kitchener, began to work out the carefully calculated plan of campaign which he had matured for striking down the Dervishes of the desert, he found himself confronted by this almost insuperable difficulty. The heart of the enemy was situate just 1,200 miles south of Cairo. To reach that heart and deal it a deadly blow, 1,200 miles (chiefly desert) had to be traversed by an army, every mouthful of whose food, to say nothing of its powder and shot, its forage, and all its other impedimenta, must be despatched from a base 1,200 miles to the rear of the fighting front. In the previous invasion of the Soudan Lord Wolseley had endeavoured to overcome this immense difficulty of transport by utilising the Nile and despatching an army in row-boats, past the cataracts, to Dongola. The experience of that expedition hardly justified the repetition of the experiment. If, therefore, the great blow was to be struck at the heart of Mahdism, the desert between Wady Halfa and Berber must be bridged by a railway. The building of that railway was the basis of the whole campaign. Without the railway the Khalifa would still have been supreme in the Soudan.† All the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men would have been powerless to reach the

† Lord Salisbury, speaking on May 17, said: "By the building of a railway across the country we have recently conquered Egypt and the Soudan. No doubt the Sirdar wielded many weapons, and no weapon less surely than that of his own splendid intelligence and skill. But if you go out of that and ask what material

A CUTTING NEAR MSONGAILUI.

* Copyright, 1899, by the S. S. McClure Co., in the United States of America.

Dervish despot behind his desert panoply. Fourteen years ago an attempt had been made to pierce the wilderness of arid sand which formed the Mahdi's invulnerable harness by means of a railway starting from Suakim. The rails were sent out, and the plant; but the line was never constructed, and has not been built even to this day.

General Kitchener was more fortunate. He began quietly, working steadily; and at last, after nearly two years' persistent labour, diversified by a couple of bloody battles, he succeeded in carrying his war-road across 350 miles of desert to the Atbara. There was comparatively little engineering to do. The desert is level. Its drawback is not difficult gradients, but the scantiness of water. Between the starting-point at Wady Halfa and the terminus at the Atbara there are only two wells. One place per 175 miles where you can quench your thirst under an African sun cannot be considered an ideal allowance. The line was constructed for the most part by the natives, the Egyptian soldiers lending a hand under English supervision. When the Dervishes were beaten in the earlier campaign, their disbanded soldiers eagerly sought employment in making the line along which a few months later a force of twenty-three thousand men was to be hurled against the capital of the Khalifa.

FORT UMLUGULU.

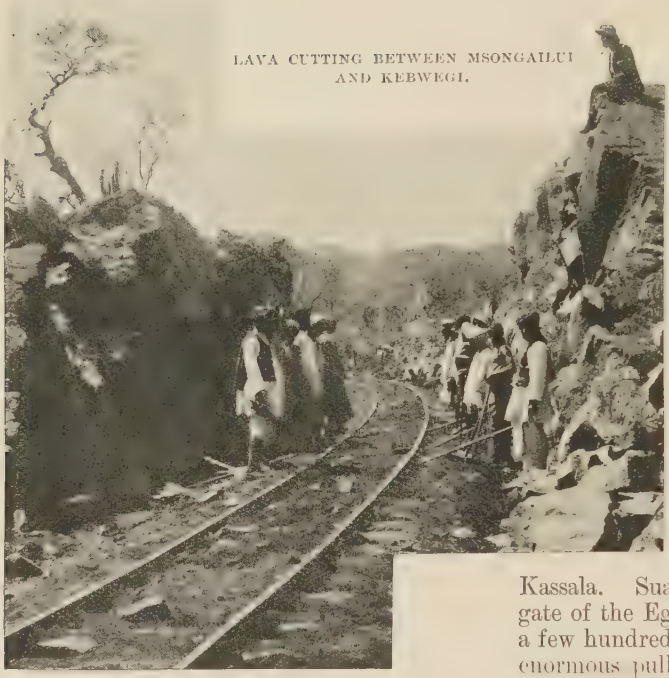
The children of the desert were filled with awe when first the silence of the primeval solitude was broken by the puffing of the steam engine. Down at the other end of the Cape to Cairo line the simple Matabele, when first confronted by a locomotive, were certain that the strange machine was worked by the labour of an indefinite number of oxen, which they assumed were shut up inside. Hence, when the engine stopped, they gathered in curious crowds waiting to see the door open and the oxen come out, nor could they for many days be persuaded that the power of the locomotive could come from other than the strength of the ox. The Arabs of the Soudan, more imaginative than the Matabele, saw in the fire-horses of the railway one of the Djinns of the Arabian Nights, harnessed by the magic of the Infidel to the long train of cars. The steam engine was to them a living, sentient being—of which belief there is curious evidence in the fact that on one occasion a Sheikh made an impassioned remonstrance against the cruelty of making so small an engine drag so huge a train!

Further progress was stopped by the difficulty of bridging the Atbara. It was decided to throw a bridge across the river before the July floods. The time was short. Tenders were invited from British bridge-builders on a specification which was so elaborate that when the tenders arrived it was discovered that the structure would take two years to erect, as it was not capable of being launched. Fresh tenders had to be invited in hot haste, and to the infinite

weapon he wielded, I say he won by the railway, and the railway alone. That railway, which he was able to build at the rate of about two miles a day, from Korosko to Khartoum, enabled him to succeed where with far larger forces and under other conditions he might have lamentably failed. I can imagine nothing more likely to exalt and satisfy the dreams of any railway engineer than the thought of what the Sirdar had in his hands. Conceive the power of building a railway at the rate of two miles a day across a country where there were no tunnels, hardly any cuttings, and no embankments, where you had an unlimited command of labour and no difficulties about money. Then they had the advantage of the splendid skill of the lieutenant, one of the Queen's subjects, of French extraction, in Canada, who is now the Railway Commissioner in Egypt, and whose wonderful skill enabled him to build this railway with a rapidity and facility which contributed in no small degree to the splendid success of the enterprise."

BULLOCK TEAM FORDING A RIVER ON THE ROUTE OF THE RAILWAY.

CARAVAN CROSSING THE MATOPPO HILLS.



LAVA CUTTING BETWEEN MSONGAILUI AND KEBWEGI.

dismay of the British public it was discovered that the Americans beat their rivals hollow, both as to time and as to price. The order was not a very large one. The total cost of the bridge was only £6,500. But no incident in recent years has brought home to the British public more forcibly the extent to which the British manufacturer has been beaten by his American rival than this matter of the Atbara bridge. No English firm could undertake to deliver the bridge either at the price or in the time which it was supplied by the Americans. Within thirty-seven days of the receipt of the order, the seven spans of the Atbara bridge left New York harbour for their destination in Egypt. The line south of the Atbara on to Khartoum is already in course of construction.

The ultimate route of the Khartoum railway is uncertain. Originally, the idea was entertained of carrying it along the Nile valley through Fashoda to Sobat, where the trunk line from the south was to have effected a junction. More careful examination of the proposed line of route has compelled a modification of this scheme. It is more likely that the railway will be deflected eastward, and, like the telegraph, will skirt the western frontiers of Abyssinia. There is also some talk of building the much discussed Suakim-Khartoum branch; but at present the notion is not to cross the desert to Berber, but to trend southward by Kassala. Suakim is undoubtedly the seagate of the Egyptian Soudan; and a line of a few hundred miles in length has always an enormous pull over its rival whose haulage exceeds a thousand miles.

The railway is often spoken of as the rival of the steamship. It would be more correct to regard it as the servant. A hundred years ago a great engineer was asked before a Parliamentary Committee why, in his opinion, had rivers been created? He answered without hesitation, "To feed

DISTRICT ENGINEER'S OFFICE, KEBWEGI.

canals." Railways with more truth may in like manner be said to be built to serve seaports. A railway without a seaport is like a plant without a root. Hence, even this transcontinental line will depend for its prosperity chiefly upon the number and facility of its points of access to the sea. Its northern terminus is Alexandria, once one of the greatest of all seaports, and still the most thriving harbour in the African continent. The southern terminus is at the base of Table Mountain. Between these two extreme ports, separated by 6,000 miles, there is at present only one port from which the Cape to Cairo line has access to the ocean. This is where the little 2-ft. gauge Beira-Salisbury railway crosses the malarial region of Portuguese South Africa, 200 miles south of the delta of the Zambesi. Beira is the natural seaport of Rhodesia. When Portugal sells her colonies, Beira, with Delagoa Bay, will pass into the hands of the English. But at present, satisfactory working arrangements enable the Rhodesians to receive and despatch merchandise across Portuguese territory to the Indian Ocean.

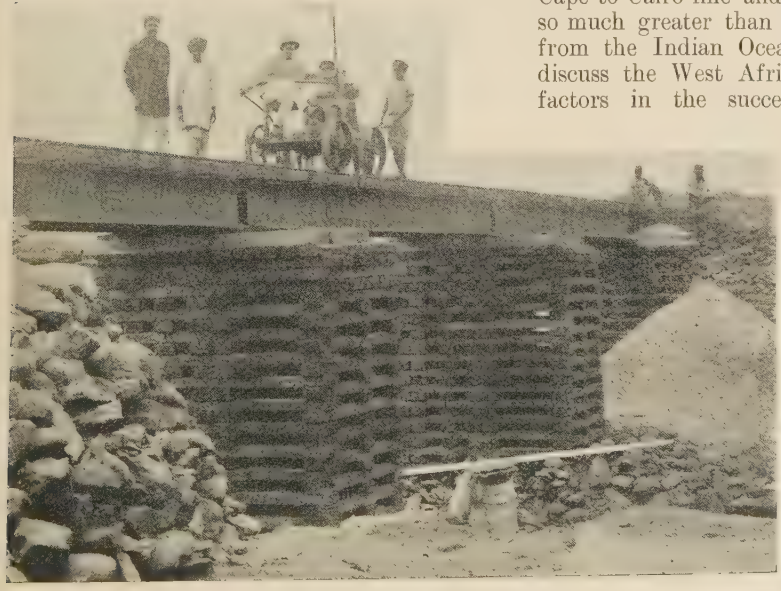
WATER TRAIN BETWEEN VOI AND MONGU.

When we turn from the railways from the sea-coast which actually exist to those which are already projected, or are partly constructed, we find that the Cape to Cairo railway may count upon having access to the sea by means of independent lines running westward into the interior on the East Coast at five different points. To the West Coast there is at present talk of two railways, one crossing German territory to the British post of Walfish Bay, the other stretching across the Congo Free State, which would unite the Atlantic with Lake Tanganyika. The latter is something more than a project, for the Belgians have partially surveyed the route, and the telegraph and telephone—the pioneers of the railway—have already linked the great inland lake with the Congo waterway. The distance, however, between the Cape to Cairo line and the Western Coast is so much greater than that which divides it from the Indian Ocean, that we need not discuss the West African lines as material factors in the success of Mr. Rhodes's project.

The railways from the East Coast which will feed the great trunk line are as follows :—

(1.) The Natal railways, which start from Durban and at present terminate in the Transvaal.

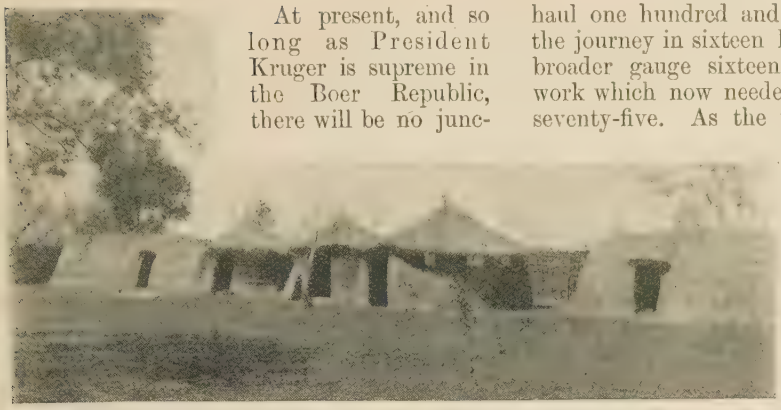
(2.) The Delagoa Bay railway, starting from the port of that name in Portuguese territory and terminating like the Natal railways in the Transvaal.



BRIDGE OVER THE TSHAU CULVERT.

RAILWAY TRACK THROUGH THE SASHI RIVER.

A TRAIN FORDING THE SASHI RIVER.



MAJOR CORYNDON'S CAMP, VICTORIA FALLS.

At present, and so long as President Kruger is supreme in the Boer Republic, there will be no junction between the Cape to Cairo line and the railways serving the Transvaal. But President Kruger's day is hastening to its close. Nothing is more certain in the future than that the federation of all South African States will be accomplished under British auspices. When that day comes, perhaps even before that day comes, the Transvaal railways will be joined to the great trunk line which runs northward just outside the frontier of the Republic.

(3.) The Beira railway, of which I have already spoken, crossing Portuguese territory, enters Rhodesia at Umtali, from which point it is in communication with Salisbury on the north and Buluwayo in the south-west.

The Beira railway is to be widened to 3 ft. 6 in., experience having shown that a 2 ft. gauge line cannot be worked at a profit. How important is the question of gauge may be seen from a statement made by Sir Charles Metcalfe as to the difference of the results in the haulage on 2 ft. and 3 ft. 6 in. gauge railways. On the 2 ft. gauge they could only haul twenty tons per locomotive, and it took three days to make the journey from Beira to Umtali. With a 3 ft. 6 in. gauge, one locomotive could haul one hundred and sixty tons and make the journey in sixteen hours. Hence in the broader gauge sixteen trains could do the work which now needed three hundred and seventy-five. As the result of the change in gauge the freight will be reduced from £11 to £8 per ton.

(4.) The German East African railway, which is still a subject for discussion at Berlin. This line, the preliminary survey of which has been undertaken, will start from Tabora, and, after crossing the German Protectorate, will throw out two branches, one terminating at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, the other at some post on the Victoria Nyanza. The first section of this line—only one-sixth of the whole—connects Tabora with Morgoro in Ukami. Although only 110 miles in length, it is estimated that it will cost £600,000 to build—an average of nearly £6,000 per mile. The cost of building the railway to the lakes cannot therefore be less than £4,000,000.

(5.) The British East African railway from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza. This line is now in course of construction. Three hundred miles, or nearly one-

LAYING THE RAILS TO BULUWAYO.

half of the entire lines, have been built across the lowlands nearest the sea at a cost of £1,750,000, which makes the average cost about the same as the German estimate. The remaining half, which is more difficult from an engineering point of view, will bring the total expenditure up to a sum far exceeding the original estimate of £3,000,000. The lake terminus of the Mombasa railway will be close to the German frontier on the eastern shore of the Victoria Nyanza. The Cape to Cairo line will pass on the western coast of the lake. Owing to the extraordinary perversity of the British Foreign Office, the gauge of the Mombasa line differs from that of all other African railways. The gauge of the Egyptian railways is 4 ft. 8 in. The gauge of the South African lines is 3 ft. 6 in. But the gauge of the Mombasa line is 3 ft. 3 in.*

(6.) Between Mombasa and Suakim on the Red Sea there is a stretch of 1,800 miles as the crow flies, a belt through which there will be no access to the sea. Not until we reach Suakim can the Cape to Cairo line extend a branch to the sea. Whether *via* Berber or *via* Kassala, there is no doubt but that the grand trunk will some day reach the sea at Suakim.

THE VICTORIA FALLS ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

In constructing the Cape to Cairo line it

* I cannot do better than quote here Lord Salisbury's brilliant description of the difficulties to be overcome in the making of this line :—

"Well, at present we are constructing, I cannot say with brilliant success, the Uganda railway across 550 miles of unknown country. We have a cutting, I am sorry to say, and embankments to undertake. With no great command of labour, and a limited supply of money, we don't go quite so fast as the Sirdar was able to build the Korosko and Khartoum railway, but the building is advancing steadily, with such accidents, of course, as in such a country you must perhaps expect. We suddenly discovered that we had a wrong notion of the configuration of the country, and that by altering it we were able to save 100 miles of our track. That shows the surprises that meet you in a new country. There are other surprises of a less agreeable kind. The whole of the works were put a stop to for three weeks because a party of man-eating lions appeared in the locality, and conceived a most unfortunate taste for all our porters. At last the labourers entirely declined to go on unless they were guarded by an iron entrenchment. Of course, it is difficult to work a railway on these terms. There were many other difficulties to encounter, such as no water, no food, and a great disinclination on the part of the natives to work for any consideration whatever. Yet, in spite of all those difficulties, we have completed more than half of the railway to the lake, and in the course of the year we shall have reached the lake. That means the subjugation, and therefore the civilisation, of the country. Nothing but that railway could give us a grip of the country which would enable us to take the responsibility of such a vast extent of territory."

A TROLLEY RUN BETWEEN TSHAU AND GUMANI.

NATIVE WORKMEN.

is to be expected that at first, at all events, its builders will avail themselves of the remarkable series of waterways which line their route. Even to this day, although the railway runs 350 miles south of Wady Halfa, the Egyptian Government is content to rely upon the Nile for the 200 miles which lie between Assouan and Wady Halfa. If Mr. Rhodes were to utilise all the lakes on his way, he would be able to get a lift of 400 miles on Lake Nyassa, 400 more along Tanganyika, and nearly 300 on the Victoria Nyanza, so that at least one-third of the gap yet to be bridged could be crossed by steamer. If, in addition to the lakes, he decided to utilise the Nile below Khartoum, it is possible to travel when the Nile is high 450 miles from Khartoum to Fashoda; and if the floating vegetation could only be cut through by steamer and the waterway kept clear, he might go by boat to the

THE FIRST TRAIN THAT ARRIVED AT BULUWAYO.

Albert Nyanza, which is 750 miles further south. By thus utilising both river and lakes, the distance to be covered by rail would be reduced to a little more than 1,000 miles. Mr. Rhodes's idea is, however, to carry the railway the whole distance, so as to avoid transhipment, and to escape the malarious marshes between Khartoum and the Albert Nyanza.

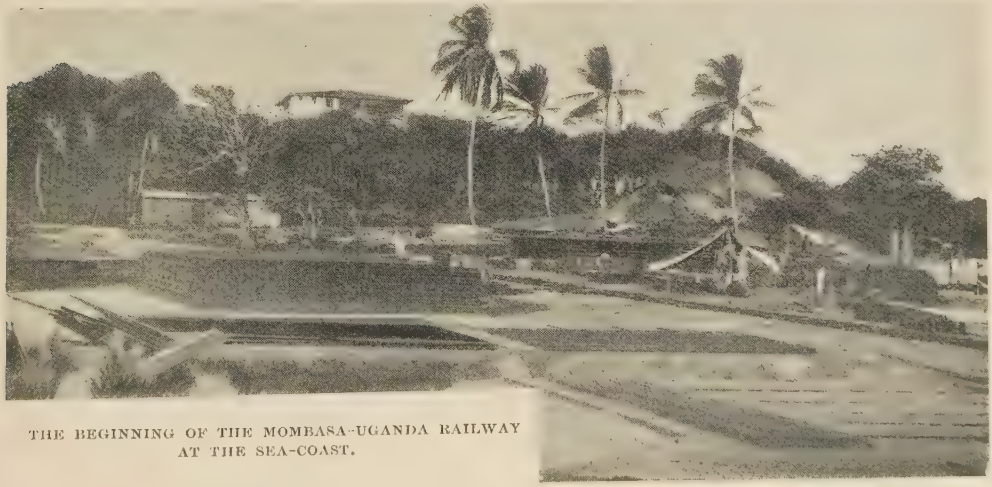
The essential and distinctive characteristic of the Cape to Cairo line is that, almost for the first time in the history of the British Empire, the piecemeal efforts of widely separated workers are visibly harmonised into a stupendous whole by the colossal conception of one master mind. Most of the achievements of the English have been more or less unconscious and unintended. In Seeley's phrase, we founded our Empire in a fit of absence of mind. But for Mr. Rhodes the Cape to Cairo line would have got itself built in sections, and it would never have been discovered that it was a Cape to Cairo line until the last gap had been bridged and the trains were actually running. This rule-of-thumb, happy-go-lucky method of procedure has for the first time given place to an attempt to carry out, step by step, the various parts of a vast conception. Whether the express train ever starts from Cairo to the Cape or not, the thought that some day it must start will dominate all the plans of all the engineers and pioneers who will be employed in opening up East Africa. All these schemes will first of all be considered from the standpoint of Mr. Rhodes's idea, and judged accordingly. And this is quite as true of the Germans as it is of the British. So great is the power of thought, that an abstract idea which was ridiculed by practical statesmen a few years ago as a visionary absurdity has now taken up its place in the world as one of the great factors governing the evolution of civilisation on a vast continent.

It is impossible in the scope of this article even to allude to the Empire of Rhodesia, a region many times vaster in extent than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which bears the name and attests the thaumaturgic might of its illustrious founder. Suffice it to say that the great adventure, in support of which private investors have sunk over seven millions sterling, in cheerful confidence that the ultimate results will bear fruit in solid dividends, is at last justifying the faith of its supporters. War, cattle-plague, famine—almost all imaginable misfortunes have afflicted the latest born of our Colonies. But one misfortune it escaped—it never lost faith in its founder or faith in its future;

LANDING MATERIALS FOR THE MOMBASA-UGANDA RAILWAY.

and by its faith it was saved. The gold mines are now realising results better than those hoped for when the land of Ophir was still unexplored; and in that circumstance, perhaps more than in any other, lies the chief hope for the speedy construction of the great trunk line.

Mr. Rhodes began his end of the line by building six hundred miles of railway from Vryburg in Bechuanaland to Buluwayo in Rhodesia. The construction was hurried because the cattle-plague, by destroying the oxen of South Africa, rendered transport impossible. The railway was not built by the Chartered Company—the East India Company of South Africa, which came into existence to enable Mr. Rhodes to execute his great designs—but the Company formed for its construction received a twenty years' subsidy from the Chartered Company of £10,000 per annum, and the Company besides guaranteed five per cent. interest on the first mortgage debentures and debenture stock. The cost of building the line was about £2,000,000, towards which the Imperial Government, through Sir William Harcourt (then Chancellor of the Exchequer) contributed £200,000. The line has been very successful, and its success has naturally led to a demand for a further extension. No practical proposal, it need hardly be said, has ever been made as yet to construct the Cape to Cairo line. All that is at present in negotiation is the construction of the northward extension of the Bechuanaland railway to the gold and coal regions of Rhodesia, which it is necessary to tap in the interests of the Colonists themselves. Even if there were no Cape to Cairo grand trunk line in the air, the building of the railway to the gold region of Gwelo and the valuable coal-field of the Mafungabusi district would be indispensable. The Bechuanaland Railway Company needs coal. At present it has to carry its fuel as well as its freight from the Cape to Rhodesia. Hence its cars return



THE BEGINNING OF THE MOMBASA-UGANDA RAILWAY AT THE SEA-COAST.

empty. When the Mafungabusi area is tapped, where seventy miles of coal-beds lie waiting the pick of the miner, not only will the railway find fuel, but it will also find mineral to fill the cars at present returned empty. The hundred miles from Buluwayo to Gwelo are all surveyed and pegged out ready for the constructor. From Gwelo to Mafungabusi, a distance of 150 miles, another section is surveyed, and will be taken in hand at once. Beyond Mafungabusi there are only 150 miles to cross before the line will reach the Zambesi. This river it is proposed that the line of route at present contemplated may be abandoned. The telegraph route, for instance, differs widely from that which the railway will follow. It is easy to sling a telegraph wire across ravines without regard to gradients which would baffle the engineer of a railway. The telegraph line crosses Portuguese territory at Tete, and makes its way to Blantyre, and then skirts Lake Nyassa to Karonga. The original design of the railway is to run it west of Zumbo, midway between Nyassa and Bangwoolo, along a healthy, open plateau which skirts the

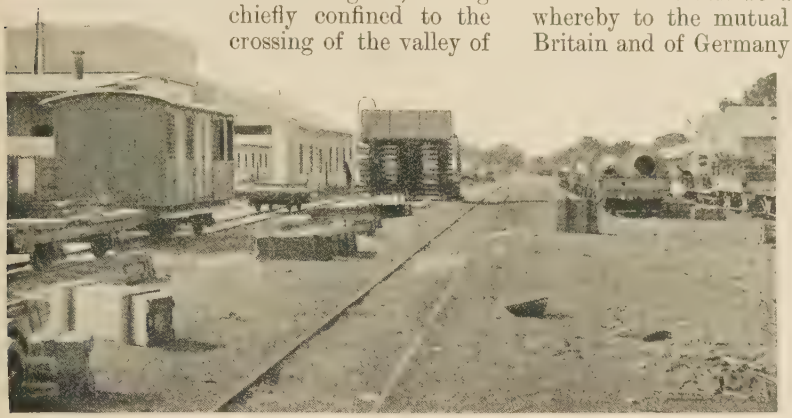
MACAPA BRIDGE—MOMBASA-UGANDA RAILWAY.

On the left is the partially completed iron bridge; on the right is the temporary timber viaduct, constructed for working purposes.

to bridge just outside the Portuguese frontier, about 500 miles east of the Victoria Falls, where a short bridge of a quarter of a mile will carry the line across the one great river it will meet on its northward way. Mr. Rhodes hopes to cross the Zambesi in five years' time.

Up to this point the Cape to Cairo line may be said to have materialised, or to be in a fair way to materialise. North of the Zambesi the line exists only on paper and in the imagination of Mr. Rhodes. No regular survey has been made, and it is quite possible Loango Valley, to Lake Cheroma, 220 miles north of the Zambesi. From thence it will strike 280 miles across country to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. The cost of constructing the line from Buluwayo to Tanganyika is estimated at about £3,000,000, 900 miles at about £3,000 per mile. Land costs nothing; labour is cheap. In the diamond mines Mr. Rhodes pays his stalwart natives as much as 300 dollars a year. But on the Zambesi labour is plentiful at eighteen dollars per annum. The men employed in pegging out the telegraph line between

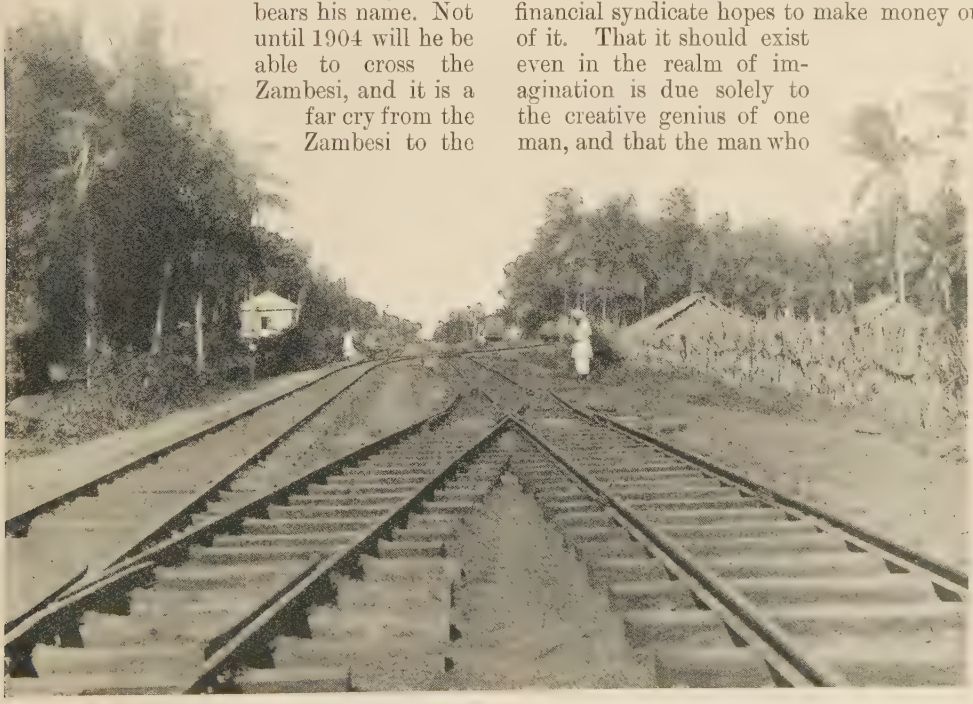
Nyassa and Tanganyika are paid in a currency of calico estimated at less than a dollar a month. The engineering difficulties are not great, being chiefly confined to the crossing of the valley of the Zambesi and the rapid descent from the plateau to the shores of the Tanganyika.



AN UP-COUNTRY STATION.

Nothing has yet been arranged with the German Government for the railway right of way across German East Africa. Mr. Rhodes is not worrying himself about what must be done five years hence. He is content to arrange for the immediate necessities of the Colony which bears his name. Not until 1904 will he be able to cross the Zambesi, and it is a far cry from the Zambesi to the southern frontier of German East Africa. What will happen then it is premature to discuss to-day. Mr. Rhodes no doubt believes that he will be able to arrange terms whereby to the mutual advantage of Great Britain and of Germany he will be permitted to carry his line through to Uganda. But while preparing for all eventualities, Mr. Rhodes, being a practical man, prefers to concentrate his energies on the next step, which in this case is the northward extension of the Bechuanaland railway to the Mafungabusi coalfield.

Such in brief is a sketch of the Cape to Cairo line. It is the first great trunk railway ever designed to span a continent from north to south. It is the first railway projected to cross the Equator at right angles, and the only railway in the world which has ever been designed to traverse territory across which no road, trade route, or human trackway has yet existed. No Government is at the back of it. No financial syndicate hopes to make money out of it. That it should exist even in the realm of imagination is due solely to the creative genius of one man, and that the man who



CHANGAMWE STATION.

COOLIES' TRAIN WITH MATERIALS AT SULTAN MOHAMED STATION.

only three years ago was stripped of all his official positions and solemnly censured by a Parliamentary Committee. But the greatness of Cecil Rhodes is not dependent upon official positions. His official positions, indeed, were only the certificates of an influence which existed before they were granted and which their withdrawal was powerless to affect. The Cape to Cairo railway is only the shadow of the African Colossus falling athwart the continent which is dominated by his personality.

[The striking photographs which accompany the foregoing article on the Cape to Cairo Railway emphasise the enormity of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's self-imposed task. For permission to utilise the photographs illustrating the Cape section of the main railroad to Cairo we are indebted to the British South Africa Company; and for those illustrating the Mombasa-Uganda section of the line we have to thank the Uganda Railway Commissioners.]

OPENING OF THE IRON RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE ADZIE RIVER: A RECENTLY COMPLETED PORTION OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO LINE.

Photo by] [*A. Allsebrook.*

DOLLIS HILL HOUSE, LOOKING TO SOUTH-EAST, SHOWING GLADSTONE'S BEDROOM, ALSO WINDOW OF LIBRARY BELOW.

A NEW PLEASURE-GROUND FOR LONDON:

DOLLIS HILL AND ITS MEMORIES OF GLADSTONE.

By E. T. Slater.

THE other day a Dutchman, leaving this country after a visit to London, felt troubled in spirit, and, longing to unburden his mind, he managed to buttonhole an English friend. "Why, this great city of yours," he said, "has a population as great as the whole of the population of Holland, where we think we are overcrowded enough! What is to become of you?" The Englishman could hardly give him a satisfactory answer, for the Dutchman had observed only too well. The population of London is going up by leaps and bounds, every year the overcrowding problem becomes more acute, and nowhere is the growth more visible than in the suburbs, where a greater London is eclipsing the London within the county area. It is high time to see that while the great city stretches out its arms wider and wider the building is to some extent controlled; and, above all things, it is necessary that before the land has reached a prohibitive price, proper provision should be made for the preservation of parks and open spaces.

One of the most interesting movements in this direction is that now on foot in the Willesden District to secure the Dollis Hill Estate as a Gladstone Park. No part of London is in greater need of breathing spaces. At the Doomsday survey the parish contained 200 souls; in Edward the Sixth's day, according to an augmentation roll, there were in the parish "of houselying people" 240, and at the beginning of this century still less than 800. But mark the rise during Queen Victoria's reign. In 1841 there were nearly 3,000 inhabitants; in 1871 over 15,000; in 1881 over 27,000; in 1891 over 60,000, and with a bound the population has gone up during the last eight years to over 100,000. No wonder the Willesden District Council thinks that the time for action has come, and that open spaces should be secured before it is too late. Already two good parks, Queen's Park and Roundwood Park, have been opened in different parts of the parish, and now the opportunity has come for providing a noble pleasure-ground in the northern region.

Just at the time when millions were mourning the death of Gladstone, last year, it was found that the owner of Dollis Hill, a spot linked by many associations to the great statesman, was ready to sell the house and estate of nearly one hundred acres for £50,000, a sum reasonable enough, considering the value of the land for building purposes. Efforts were at once made to raise the amount required, and it was urged that the estate should be

acquired, not only for its associations, but as a great public improvement. So strong was the case that the Middlesex County Council was induced to vote £12,500; Hampstead Vestry promised £1,000; Hendon District Council, £500; and an influential deputation waited upon the Parks Committee of the London County Council, with the result that the full Council sanctioned a grant of £3,500 on the ground that the park would be easily accessible to Londoners by 'bus or train. Then Willesden rose to the occasion and voted £30,000, and private subscriptions were promised amounting to about £500. This left some £2,500 to be provided; but rather than lose the opportunity a few public-spirited promoters of the movement came forward and furnished the necessary guarantee, and the agreement to purchase was forthwith completed. It is true there is something still to be done—a few thousands will be needed to lay out the estate as a public park; the £2,500 required to make up the purchase money has still to be actually subscribed, and some opposition has been started by a few aggrieved ratepayers, who, thinking little of the ultimate saving in life and health, object to so large an expenditure of public money. But the obstruction has met with little success and is condemned by all the more public-spirited residents in the district. It is hoped, too, that the owners of land adjacent to the new park will come forward and help, and then very soon the Gladstone Park will become an accomplished fact.

Photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

TREE BENEATH WHICH MR. GLADSTONE FREQUENTLY TOOK HIS MEALS.

Dollis Hill, with its lilied pool, its fair lawns and noble trees, is beautiful enough in itself. From the breezy hill where the house stands the eye wanders away westward over a richly wooded country, southward to Willesden, Brondesbury, and Kilburn, where long rows of brick and mortar are advancing dangerously nearer every day and threaten to cover the whole neighbourhood with an unbroken phalanx of houses. Eastward the view is bounded by the northern heights of London, where the flagstaff and the houses on the Heath can be plainly seen. To the north-east the view stretches away to Finchley, while behind to the north the view is shut in by the summit of the hill which on the other side slopes down to the Welsh Harp. But the spot will, above all, be interesting and will be the resort of pilgrims from many lands for its associations with one of the greatest names of the century.

Mr. Gladstone never lacked thoughtful and loving friends, and few were more devoted than the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, at whose invitation he often came to Dollis Hill for week-ends and frequently for long periods. His friend Sir Andrew Clark sent him there under two conditions—one when he had serious writing to do, the other when he was down in health; and the great physician would say in his pawky way, "The expedient never failed." Here the aged student diverged into various branches of learning—archæology, theology, and political meteorology are all said to have claimed his attention, and the fruits of his studies could be seen in the magazines of the time. During his visits there were held those historic receptions when the *élite* of this and many other countries were welcome,

irrespective of party, creed, or nationality. The gatherings on Saturdays have been well described by Mr. Escott.

"Many of the younger generation," he writes, "in the clubs, lobbies, and drawing-rooms of to-day owe something of the knowledge of their departed chief's scholarship, wisdom, and experience to those Saturday meetings in the hospitable grounds of Lord and Lady Aberdeen." And they came from many lands, too. On Saturday, May 14, 1887, the day on which the Queen opened the People's Palace in the East End, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone gave a garden party at Dollis Hill to the delegates to the Colonial Conference. Lord Granville, Mr. Childers, and others who have since passed away, were present on the occasion, as well as delegates from Newfoundland, Western Australia, the West Indies, and other Colonies. A few weeks later, on another Saturday, the aged statesman was receiving a deputation of Americans from New York, headed by Mr. Pulitzer, of the *New York World*, who came to present a silver trophy, in the shape of a casket three feet high, in recognition of Mr. Gladstone's services to the Irish cause. Among those present were Earl Spencer, Lord Herschell, Sir Charles Forster, and a number of his old friends, many of whom have since passed away.

Photo by] [*A. W. Dron, Brondesbury.*

THE FRONT DOOR, DOLLIS HILL HOUSE.

Photo by] [*A. W. Dron, Brondesbury.*

IN THE PARK.

Very pleasant descriptions have been given of his manner of life here. Always when it was fine meals would be taken in the open air. The small group of trees can be seen beneath which the table was spread, and between two fine elm trees hard by was strung the hammock where he would rest, not often day-dreaming, we may be sure, but

most likely either eagerly scanning a book or asleep, for there were few day-dreams in a mind so full of energy as his. It was on this spot that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain took what must have been their last meal together in those troublous days when the Home Rule scheme was coming to birth and both politicians hoped to adjust their differences; but thereafter each went his way politically, and who shall say how much history was made on that day in the quiet, shady garden beneath the trees?

In the little library, the window of which

Photo by] [*A. Allsebrook.*

DOLLIS HILL HOUSE, SOUTHERN PROSPECT, WITH THE GLADSTONE TREE IN THE FOREGROUND.

is shown in one of the illustrations, Mr. Gladstone would write and study, and when unwell a bed was set up in the room, where he could rest. The window above the library window, looking east, shows the bedroom which he used.

Sunday, of course, was strictly preserved as a day of rest. The house party would go to Willesden Church or to Harrow School Chapel, and very rarely, of course, would the service be missed. A very interesting light is thrown upon Mr. Gladstone's ways and habits in some notes which the Earl of Aberdeen has very kindly sent to us.

"The oftener that Mr. Gladstone went to Dollis Hill, the more did he seem to enjoy and appreciate the place. The prospect of resorting to this retreat—for instance, at the end of a busy week—was evidently looked forward to with pleasant anticipation, and it was characteristic that the sense of relaxation appeared to commence as soon as the drive from London had begun.

"He used to watch with interest, among other features of the journey, the number of omnibuses which were observed on the road, and amused himself by guessing beforehand the exact number that would be seen, the estimate varying according to the time of day. It need hardly be said that Mr. Gladstone quickly discovered and noted all the points of historic and other interest in connection with Dollis Hill—as, for instance, at the little church of Kingsbury-cum-Neasden, there are, as he maintained, Roman bricks in the wall of that extremely old edifice.

"The reason why Mr. Gladstone took to attending this little church instead of the parish church of Willesden, towards the end of a rather prolonged stay at Dollis Hill, is rather characteristic. The fact that he was in the habit of attending the parish church of course soon became known, and a con-

TREE PLANTED BY MRS. GLADSTONE.

siderable number of people used to congregate outside the church at the close of the service, so that he and Mrs. Gladstone, with the rest of their party, used to proceed through a sort of lane of people, all manifesting respectful salutations. On one occasion, as Mr. Gladstone was entering the carriage, there was a more audible demonstration in the form of a cheer. This kind of notice and publicity on Sunday, and in connection with his private attendance at church, was not agreeable to Mr. Gladstone, and was the original cause of his resorting during the remainder of that summer to the secluded and charmingly situated little church of Kingsbury-cum-Neasden. It is quite a considerable distance from what is now the centre of the village.

"The parish church of St. Mary's, Willesden, however, was one where Mr. Gladstone had so often worshipped that the parishioners placed a handsome brass memorial tablet within the church, with a very appropriate and gracefully worded inscription.

"The references to his habits in the matter of church attendance suggest another reminiscence. On a Sunday afternoon friends would frequently drive down from London to spend an hour or two in the grounds; Lord Spencer and other distinguished colleagues were frequent visitors. It often happened, however, that at about six o'clock, when the party were probably conversing on the lawn, it would be discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had somewhat mysteriously disappeared. This merely meant that they had slipped away to evening service, great care being taken to avoid attracting any

Photos by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

TREE PLANTED BY MR. GLADSTONE.

attention to this proceeding, partly in order to avoid interrupting the social converse that was going on, and also to avoid the natural purpose of the host and hostess to provide a carriage in the event of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone deciding to attend the evening service; but it need hardly be said that in such a case there generally happened to be a carriage waiting at a convenient spot on the way home, which was always utilised with appreciation.

"Amongst the numerous illustrations which appear in the memorial numbers of various journals after Mr. Gladstone's death, there is one which shows a very characteristic scene at Dollis Hill. The picture represents Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone in an open carriage, on the point of starting for London; the hour would be about 9.30 or 10.30 a.m. On the carriage arriving at the door at the appointed moment, Mr. Gladstone would probably be entering the hall to put on his hat, and perhaps calling at the same moment to Mrs. Gladstone to let her know that the carriage was ready. Mrs. Gladstone would certainly not have caused more than a moment's delay.

"The expression in Mr. Gladstone's face in his photograph is somewhat firm and set. The remark about the attitude of relaxation on the journey from London does not apply to that in the opposite direction. The sense of business and responsibility seem, as it were, to be present as soon as the start for the day's work was made.

"On this particular occasion, too, there would be the consciousness that the taking of the photograph was involving a delay, but no outward sign of impatience would be manifested, the photograph having been arranged for by the host, who stands in the doorway, apparently enjoying a complete immunity for the time from any official cares."

Once, indeed, we hear of the Sunday's rest being broken into, but the cause was a special one. On his way back from church, early in the summer of 1887 (April 6), he was buttonholed by an enterprising journalist in the Edgware Road, who cleverly drew him out on the new Closure rules, which had especially excited his indignation. The leader of the Opposition halted on his way, and in no unmeasured terms denounced the new rules. The question of Home Rule for Ireland, he declared, was not involved, nor anything else, but it was the dignity of the Chair. "The Chair! the Chair! the Chair!" he cried, and no doubt arrested the attention of passers by. These words, uttered with such feeling, caused some sensation at the time, and drew some severe comments from the *St. James's Gazette*. The incident well illustrates the reverence felt by the Old Parliamentary Hand for the traditions of the House, and we can be sure it was no light matter in Mr. Gladstone's estimation that would thus induce him to stop and pour out a flood of indignation on a calm Sabbath morning.

Photo by] [*W. Waite.*

KINGSBURY-CUM-NEASDEN CHURCH, WHERE GLADSTONE ATTENDED SERVICE.

Among the many characteristic incidents told by his friends there is one that will bear repeating. Calling one morning, and entering the hall, a friend heard the sound of music.

Telling the servant not to disturb him, he glanced into the drawing-room. Mrs. Gladstone was seated at the piano. Standing by her side, with one hand placed gently upon her shoulder, stood the venerable Premier, while they sang together, with evident delight, the old hymn, "Abide with me"; and as the scene imprinted itself upon the memory of the onlooker the closing words came, "The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide." Fortunate, indeed, would be the artist who could depict the whole pathos of the scene.

Photo by] [*A. Allsebrook.*

IN THE PARK.

Contrast with this another scene. Mr. Gladstone is wandering in the garden with Sir Andrew Clark. In the distance Lady Aberdeen can be seen entertaining a number of school children to tea beneath the elms. Suddenly Mr. Gladstone proposes a race to the tea-table. No sooner said than they are both off, and though the issue is at first doubtful, just as they are nearing the goal the Grand Old Man spurts and wins. Sometimes the visitor would find him in the midst of a tea-party given to the haymakers, serving them with piles of bread-and-butter and great cups of tea, and thoroughly enjoying his chats with the rustics. Afterwards he would, perhaps, address the assembled company with one of those charming impromptu speeches for which he was famous.

It was the open-air life that he loved above all else, but there were often delightful gatherings in the evening, when a few chosen friends came to dine with him. "There," says one who was present, "surrounded by old political and personal friends, by business and literary men, by young men just making their figure in Parliament, he led the conversation not on subjects of the day, not on the things that must have occupied his immediate attention, but on the great men of the past."

Photo by] [*A. Allsebrook.*

A FAVOURITE GARDEN SEAT OF MR. GLADSTONE'S.

The roll of eminent personages, by no means confined to his own party, who visited him here

would be too long to give. After the operation on his eyes, when he came to Dollis Hill to recuperate, the first to come was Lord Rosebery, soon followed by Mr. Arthur Balfour.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury came out to Dollis Hill once under rather strange circumstances well worth relating. One summer Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone oscillated between Dollis and a house in London in Carlton House Terrace, then, we believe, belonging to their devoted friend, Lady Frederick Cavendish. Mrs. Gladstone wrote from Dollis to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson to dine with them. She meant them to dine in London, but omitted to say so, while writing on Dollis Hill paper. When the evening came no Archbishop arrived. Mr. Gladstone, who, with his strict and punctual habits, disliked above all things waiting, yet waited till 9 p.m., saying, "I wouldn't do this for any man on earth except the Archbishop of Canterbury." Eventually the Bensons turned up, having driven all the way to Dollis Hill and back!

Photo by] [*A. Allsebrook.*

JACK SHEPPARD'S HOUSE.

We have been supplied on very good authority with another incident of the same period. One evening, when London was beclouded with fog, nothing daunted, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone set out to drive from Carlton House Terrace to Dollis. The journey was a long one. After much floundering in the fog, when the aged couple no doubt thought themselves well on their way to their country retreat, where fogs would no longer trouble, they found themselves, carriage and all, close to the top of the Duke of York's Steps. They were forced to Carlton House Terrace, and afterwards Mr. Gladstone was heard likening it to the "Retreat from Moscow."

Of course the experienced woodman delighted in the fine tree life to be seen at Dollis. In the late Lord Tweedmouth's time, long before Mr. Gladstone came to stay at Dollis, he is said to have taken an affection for the place, and an old gardener who has been at the house for thirty years declares that a pine tree on the east side was planted fifteen or twenty years ago by Mr. Gladstone. In the garden, close to a pretty winding pool, covered in the summer with water-lilies, a small fir tree flourishes which he planted immediately before the rejection of the Home Rule Bill in 1886, and the spade used by the Grand Old Woodman is religiously preserved as a valuable relic. Hereafter its fame will more than equal that of the Boscobel oak. On the edge of the garden to the west is a tree a little older, planted by Mrs. Gladstone and tended with equal care; and in a far corner of the grounds, near the greenhouses, is a rosery, prettily laid out, from which Mr. Gladstone was supplied with the historic buttonhole. When the park is open it will be these associations with the Grand Old Man which will draw pilgrims from far and near to see Dollis Hill. But it has some history apart from Mr. Gladstone. Here George Eliot used to meet her physician and friend, Sir Andrew Clark, and here one of the best scenes in "Daniel Deronda," when Herr Klesmer discouraged Gwendolen's efforts to sing, is laid either in the drawing-room or the garden. Mr. Escott identifies Herr Klesmer with the Herr Joachim of real life, and Gwendolen in the scene is said to be a lady who, in spite of the cold water thrown on her efforts, has by no means failed in her subsequent musical career.

The estate was formerly occupied by Lord Tweedmouth, the father of the Countess of

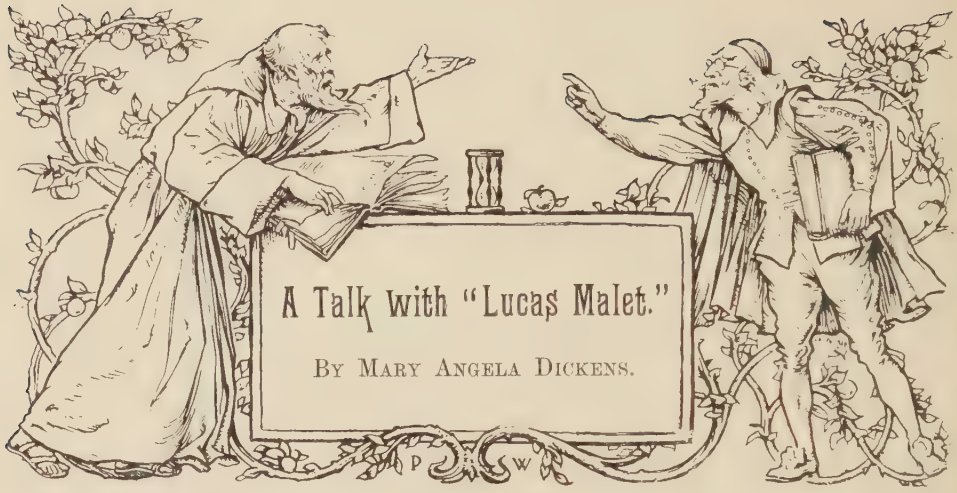
Aberdeen, who spent much of his time in this rural retreat, taking especial interest in the home farm and the preservation of the old manor house. From 1882 the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen were in possession for some fourteen years, during which the Gladstone visits took place, but in 1897, Lord Aberdeen having become Governor-General of Canada, the property was given up and has since been occupied under a long lease by Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, who has made a number of extensions to the house. Naturally attached to the spot by reason of its many associations with his old friend and leader, its natural beauty, and easy accessibility to London, Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid has yet generously consented to waive his rights in order to further a great public improvement and to aid in securing a Gladstone memorial in the best and most beneficial form that a memorial could possibly take.

One more interesting association should be mentioned ere we leave Dollis Hill. Behind the house, on the other side of the lane, and on the ground which rises to the hill where are now the Neasden Golf Links, stands an old manor, at present turned into a farm. Before the bicycle came, and when London lay miles away, this quaint old house was outside the ken of the world and was a favourite resort of Jack Sheppard. Hither, after some daring exploit, he could retreat and store his booty; but even in hiding his hands turned to wickedness, and the house is the scene of the murder of the farmer's wife, the story of which is told in Harrison Ainsworth's historic novel. In the room on the left as you enter the hall was a deep ingle-nook with an open fireplace and benches round, but the modern tenants of the house found it "so ugly" that the whole recess has been carefully boarded up. Some old coins were found in the walls lately, and several interesting features in the interior have been carefully copied by artists for the scenery of plays representing life in the days of highwaymen.

It is satisfactory to be assured that this charming spot, with its many associations, will be preserved as a recreation ground for the people for ever, and that there need be now no fear that the speculative builder will ruthlessly destroy the sylvan beauty of Dollis Hill. No form of memorial, we may be sure, would have better pleased Mr. Gladstone himself, for it was to the people that he gave a life's service, and the sorrows and joys of the multitude never failed to stir a sympathetic chord in his heart.

Photo by] [*A. Allsebrook.*

THE ROSERY, DOLLIS HILL.



A Talk with "Lucas Malet."

By Mary Angela Dickens.

IT is eight years, and more, since the name of Lucas Malet was in everyone's mouth, since everyone read, argued over, condemned, or applauded "The Wages of Sin." After the publication of "The Wages of Sin" Lucas Malet disappeared. Newspaper paragraphs reported that her health had given way, and her place in the literary world knew her no more for some five years; and then the silence was broken by the slight volume entitled, "The Carissima," which failed to make any great stir. So long a period of silence usually involves the passing of an act of oblivion in the public mind. It is necessary to make a pretty thick score on the life of your generation if any other than a most blurred and confused trace thereof is to be left by the passage of a much shorter space of time. "The Wages of Sin" made just such a mark as is by no manner of means to be obliterated. You were perfectly free to love it or loathe it, according to your individuality; but it was possible to no man to ignore it. And hence it comes that Lucas Malet's place remains to her, and her public waits—as a public very seldom does wait—until she shall choose to fill it once more.

To convey any just or adequate idea of Lucas Malet, the woman—in contradistinction to Lucas Malet, the vague entity associated in the public mind with "The Wages of Sin"—is a more or less hopeless task. Like her own Colthurst she is heavily charged with "demonic influence," and when you wish to put her into a nutshell, it becomes confusing.

To begin at the very beginning, however, Lucas Malet has one grave and fundamental quarrel with Fate. It turned her out a woman, and not a man! She herself is of opinion that Nature jumbled things up altogether in the construction of her whole family and distributed male and female characteristics at random!

And yet—that fundamental mistake once condoned—Lucas Malet should be rather grateful to Nature for her uncertainty. It has resulted in the balancing of a feminine nature with some of those qualities which a woman too often lacks. Courage, grip, force—join these masculine qualities to womanly intuition, delicacy of perception, and sympathy, and you get something probably finer and certainly rarer than the isolated masculine or the isolated feminine personality.

Lucas Malet's parentage is an open secret, probably, by this time. Everyone knows that she is Charles Kingsley's daughter, and everyone understands why she chose to present herself to the public under a pseudonym.

Brain power and ability come to her through both parents. Her mother's people were "bankers and that kind of thing," she says, and their capacity for shrewd, clear-headed common-sense is a noticeable heritage of their descendant. There was no lack of cultivation for this side of her nature in Lucas Malet's early girlhood; but one important factor was left out in its development—knowledge of that human nature on which common-sense must eventually be exercised.

"There were heaps and heaps of people always coming and going," Lucas Malet tells

you; "but I never really knew any of them. I had no friends of my own age, and just at the time when I should naturally have been going out, my mother was out of health. She could not go with me herself, and she did not like me to go with anyone else. I knew all the beasts about the place, and loved them dearly, dear things! but I knew nothing about my fellow-creatures."

And the deficiency was not made good—as it is in the case of many a girl who lives a far more lonely life than Kingsley's daughter ever did—by knowledge acquired through novel-reading. Novels were absolutely forbidden to Lucas Malet until she was over twenty years old. Theology, philosophy, science—anything and everything she might and did read, except novels. She was on intimate terms with all kinds of heresies, she had a considerable scientific training, she had made excursions into magic and the black art. It seems surprising that after all this she found her first introduction to fiction in the shape of the works of Miss Yonge and writers of the same school.

"LUCAS MALET."
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this absence of contact, either actual or vicarious, with the life of men and women. It is Lucas Malet's opinion that such isolation is wholly undesirable, and disastrous in its effects. And she speaks of the "tumbling, neck and crop, into life," which is bound, she says, to come sooner or later, with a vehement horror eminently characteristic of her. It is always very much easier to criticise the experience of another than to go through with it oneself, and it is only with a certain amount of tentative diffidence that one questions whether this curious training—and even the subsequent pain which it involved—were not actually to the advantage of Lucas Malet's remarkable personality; whether she does not owe to this something of that singular and total absence of the commonplace in her mental equipment which is her leading characteristic.

Freedom from the commonplace, and courage—these two traits should perhaps be linked together in an outline portrait of Lucas Malet. For courage, when all is said and done, is in her eyes practically the one thing needful.

"Everyone can have what he wants in this world," she says, "if he only wants it hard enough, and if he only has the courage to take it when it comes. It doesn't do to hesitate. And if you're afraid—why, it's all over with you. Keep your head, and know what you want when you see it. That's where women fail as a rule; they lose their heads and get confused, and then the moment goes by and never comes back again. Or they're afraid—there's a risk attached, and they daren't face it. That's the mistake. There's a risk attached to every venture, though it's forgotten afterwards. You must face the chance of going to the bottom if you want to come to the top!"

Lucas Malet, as distinct from Charles Kingsley's daughter, came into existence with the production of "Mrs. Lorimer." Up to this time it had seemed probable that her power would find an outlet on other lines—that she would become a painter. She studied as a girl in the Slade school, and did very well there.

She had never tried her hand at fiction until she began "Mrs. Lorimer." She began it because she was dreadfully dull, and wanted a little money; and she knew at once that she had found her line. She has written only a few books as yet, partly because Nature has enclosed her powerful personality in a delicate body, and she has had much ill-health. And she declares that she has no rush of plots. But the plots always have been, and probably always will be, ready to her hand when she wants them.

"Where do they come from?" she says. "Ah, who knows? I sometimes wonder whether our plots belong to people who have lived before us—our ancestors, you know, or something of that kind. There's no such thing as spontaneous generation, we know. They must have a beginning. They must come from somewhere. How are they suggested to us?"

A very fascinating theory is this, and in its curiously scientific tone, and in the matter-of-fact directness with which it is propounded, one traces the result of that early training in science which has had a distinct influence on Lucas Malet. It is very curious to see it working hand-in-hand with the imaginative faculty, but it presents itself again in connection with her characters.

"I never take my characters from real people," she says. "I suppose nobody ever does. But, of course, I often found a character on some trait or mood that I have observed, perhaps, in a casual acquaintance. And it has happened to me over and over again when I've done this that people have come to me and said, 'Oh, but you must have meant So-and-so in that character, because I've actually heard him say such-and-such a thing'—something which I had certainly never heard So-and-so say, but which had come naturally to the character, founded on some other slight trait which I had noticed in him. I suppose it comes of a scientific reasoning faculty—one argues things out with a deadly precision. Given certain premises, certain results are inevitable."

As to her methods, Lucas Malet is very simple and infinitely painstaking. She spends a day or two with her plot, and then she begins to write. The whole thing grows together, so to speak, and though the characters develop as the work goes on, she never changes, or wishes to change, the lines of the plot. She writes and re-writes as she goes; and then when the book is finished she writes it over again, and yet again, until she finds herself as near her own ideal as an artist may ever hope to be.

When she has finished her story, she takes her holiday after her own fashion—she travels. The true spirit of the traveller is in her, inasmuch as she is never so happy as when she is wandering over the face of the earth. But the true spirit of the traveller is not in her, inasmuch as she has no inclination whatever to rough it. She likes to go comfortably. She has been over the usual European ground, of course, and she has also spent some time in India, seeing the country and the people, not only on the surface, but "from the inside," as she herself expresses it.

With reference to her book, "The Carissima," she has a very distinct recollection of the manner in which the idea of the haunting dog, by whose presence the fever-ridden hero is cursed, occurred to her.

"I was standing in the doorway of the rectory at Clovelly one night," she says, "and I saw, galloping up the drive towards me, two green eyes. It was quite dark, and I couldn't see anything else for the moment but just these eyes moving towards me. Directly afterwards I saw it was my own dog, but it was very ghostly at the time, and I tried to see how it would work into a story. I couldn't get it then; but afterwards, when I had been ill myself, and knew what fever and delirium meant, I saw what would come of it."

One good gift—supremely good, as she herself would be the first to own—the gods have given to Lucas Malet. She is blessed with a keen sense of humour. The ridiculous appeals to her at once, and she laughs at herself or at other people with equal readiness.

"It's such a safeguard," she says. "I don't know how people go through life without it. It keeps one's sense of proportion in order, and carries one through when nothing else will."

It is a theory of Lucas Malet's that as men and women mature they revert to their hereditary instincts. Of herself she says that she finds herself grow nearer to her father with every year she lives; and she believes, moreover, that certain Irish traits which are her family inheritance grow stronger and stronger with her. But she has one pronounced characteristic, which is by no means Irish—she is the neatest woman, in all her works and ways, on the face of the earth.

Illustrated by

HENRY AUSTIN.

WAR had not actually been declared. Indeed, there were a few who still professed to believe that the differences might even now be arranged without the shedding of blood.

There is no need to enter into the rights and wrongs of the quarrel. It had begun in an alleged act of disrespect on the part of the people of Vandolia towards the Prince (hereditary) of Pegrim. This Prince Leopold, it will be remembered, had been the accepted *fancé* of the pretty daughter of King Guy of Vandolia, who, for her own part, had other views and intentions with regard to the disposal of her fair hand, the people of her native country siding strongly with her in the matter and against the King her father and the Prince of Pegrim, the suitor accepted by him. Thus it was that when the Prince visited the Vandolian Court, on invitation, of course, he had the misfortune to be hooted at in the streets and to be called many offensive names, and even, it is said, to be made the target for a discharge of eggs of indifferent quality.

This unhappy incident led to diplomatic representations, and though apologies were offered, these did not appear to be tendered with all the humility and sincerity considered requisite by the outraged Pegrimese.

Misunderstandings followed. Bitter correspondence occupied the wires for a few days. Then Pegrim complicated matters by suddenly demanding the settlement of a certain old-standing claim for compensation in a fishery dispute, and presented an ultimatum.

At the same time came news which greatly disquieted the brave Vandolians, who saw in this latest telegram from St. Louis, the Pegrimese capital, indication of coming disaster and, it might be, ruin.

As all the world is well aware, both Vandolia and Pegrim are South Pacific States of little importance to anyone but their own rulers and populations. Geographically their respective positions are, indeed, to be found upon a good map, if it be a fairly large one ; but neither in territorial area nor in available revenue is either State so considerable as to be a matter of much interest to the rest of the world.

The surprising news telegraphed most unexpectedly from St. Louis to Vando was nothing less than this, that Pegrim had purchased a first class battleship, in good condition, from the United States, who, having settled matters with Spain, with some assistance from this very vessel, the *Actæon*, were now selling off their old stock.

"Why, good Heavens!" exclaimed the Prime Minister at Vando, when this terrible telegram was read out to him, "where did they get the money from? They have no credit in New York, no more than we have!"

"The rascals must have negotiated a loan somewhere!" said the pale, scared clerk who had brought in the message. "I thought there must be something in the air, their conduct has of late been so very aggressive."

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"I'm afraid you are right," said the Minister. "We could have held them with our fleet, but for this, and they knew it; now——"

Venuzzia did not finish his speech; natural emotions choked his utterance.

Vandolia's fleet could certainly, as he declared, have accounted for that of Pegrim as it had existed up to this day; for as against the obsolete cruiser and two dangerous gunboats possessed by Pegrim there lay in Vandolia's principal harbour a fine old battleship, the *Monopole* (much out of date, of course, and in ill repair, but fairly seaworthy and with two enormous turrets, each provided with a stupendous gun); and besides the *Monopole* there were two torpedo boats, one of which had lost its torpedo tube and could therefore only be of use for the purpose of terrifying the enemy; while over and above these splendid vessels there were two which the Minister of Marine was accustomed to designate "third class cruisers." But, unfortunately, of these one was without engines, and the other was used as a hospital and prison, and was no more ready for a sudden naval campaign than its sister ship.

Naturally, all things considered, this sudden and unexpected purchase by the rival State of a battleship of proved efficiency appeared to Venuzzia, Prime Minister of Vandolia, like the first stroke of impending doom.

The war, if it came—as it surely must—to war, would be fought upon the high seas. Neither State possessed an army, if we except a militia regiment or so, employed more for the purpose of police duty than anything else. Soldiers would be useless in a Vando-Pegrimese war, for this reason, that between the frontiers of Vandolia and Pegrim there lies a third and very much larger State, but for which geographical and providential fact the two smaller States would long since have annihilated one another like the famous cats of Kilkenny. The rulers of this third State, Campania, had, moreover, made it a matter of full knowledge to both parties concerned, that if either should request Campania to allow its troops to march through her territory in order to fly at the throat of the other, Campania would see them—well, in diplomatic language, Campania would "withhold her consent."

So, then, the war, if to war it should come between them, must be fought upon the high seas, and thus it was that Vandolia found herself suddenly confronted by a problem. On the one hand was the ultimatum of Pegrim, requiring satisfaction for the fishery dispute; on the other hand lay war; and war, with the *Actæon* ready to sail out of harbour, fully armed and manned, would be practically over as soon as begun.

"His Majesty dining quietly with his family."

"We cannot possibly recede from our position!" said poor Venuzzia; "the honour of the nation demands that we should refuse to pay this million of dollars."

"We haven't the money, or anything like it," added the Minister of Finance.

"The ultimatum expires the day after to-morrow, at 7 p.m.," said Venuzzia. "I see

no way out of the difficulty ; it is an *impasse* ; we must inform his Majesty and learn his views upon the matter."

So to the King's palace the Cabinet repaired, and there they found his Majesty dining quietly with his family, which consisted of the Queen and his charming daughter, Princess Angela ; there was also a guest present, a German princeling, Otto von Elberhauser, a gay and gallant young man, but not at present in great favour with the King, because it was for this very suitor's sake that Angela, his daughter, had elevated her nose at the Prince of Pegrim, thus indirectly causing the political deadlock of the present moment.

The communication which Venuzzia had to make to the royal party naturally threw the family circle into a state of gloom bordering upon despair.

"We are lost!" said the Queen, weeping into her lace handkerchief.

"Yes—we are ruined—undone!" echoed his Majesty. "Oh, Angela. . . ."

To the surprise of all present Prince Otto von Elberhauser here suddenly interposed.

"Not a bit of it, your Majesty," he exclaimed quite bracingly ; "you are very far from ruined. War is not yet declared ; there are still forty-seven hours before us ; in that period much may be done!"

Prince Otto actually laughed, a circumstance which filled all present (excepting Princess Angela) with horror. It seemed a shocking thing that this person—practically the first cause of all the trouble at present confronting the State—should behave in a light and unseemly, nay, frivolous manner in the face of imminent disaster to those who were his hosts and upon whom he had himself brought this trouble.

"Does your Highness not discern," said the King gravely, but with perfect courtesy, "that these Pegrimese are minded to ruin us? It is, as Venuzzia declares, an *impasse*. Our exchequer is not overflowing ; we cannot pay their fishery claim if we would. Therefore they will declare war upon us in, as you rightly calculate, about forty-seven hours. Forty-seven hours may, in certain circumstances, be regarded as a considerable period of time ; for us it is as useless as a single half hour, for we can accomplish no more towards safeguarding our country in two days than we could accomplish in two minutes. We can neither build nor procure a battleship in forty-seven hours."

"With your Majesty's pardon," smiled Otto, "that is the very point upon which I venture to differ from your Majesty. I see no reason why we should not procure a battleship within the time stated."

King, Queen, and Cabinet gaped upon one another in bewildered silence. Was this man perpetrating a heartless and most ill-timed jest? What could he mean? Was he mad, or a fool?

"His Highness jests!" murmured Venuzzia. "Battleships are not to be picked up on the high seas for the asking, neither is there any harbour within a day's sail, or two days' sail, where such a vessel could at this moment be purchased by us ; and if there were, there is first the treasure to be found, and——"

"His Excellence will pardon me," said Otto, "but he is wrong in his premises. I know of a battleship, as fine and magnificent a vessel as he would desire to see, and this battleship may be procured without money and within the specified period, for she rides at anchor at this moment well within a twenty-four hours' sail, waiting, if I may say so, for us to lay claim to her."

Venuzzia glanced at his peers and at the King. Then his eyes returned to the face of Otto and he shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not follow his Highness!" he murmured.

"Then I will explain," laughed Otto. "The name of the harbour I refer to is St. Louis, and the vessel is the *Actæon*."

Had a bomb fallen in the midst of the party (to use a hackneyed expression) it could not have produced more amazement than Otto's words.

"How?—when?—I do not comprehend," muttered the old King. And Venuzzia sat with open mouth and wide eyes staring at Prince Otto and at his colleagues, but saying nothing.

"It is perfectly simple," said the German. "Here is an ultimatum ; good. At 7 p.m. the day after to-morrow, this ultimatum, if still disregarded by us, becomes, *ipso facto*, a declaration of war ; good again. At 7.15 of that evening Vandolia shall make the first move in the newly declared war, and that move will be the capture of the *Actæon* by a boat's crew of armed men, of whom I trust to be allowed to be one."

"But——" began Venuzzia, and remained silent, his mouth still open, but no sound coming therefrom.

"But," echoed one or two others of the King's bewildered advisers, "a boat's crew to seize a battleship? It is madness—it is impossible!"

"By no means," said Otto cordially. "Believe me that I speak upon particular knowledge. See, I have received a letter."

The Prince produced an envelope as he spoke, from which he drew a letter, which he laid upon the table.

"It is a letter from a friend in St. Louis," he explained. "My friend is the principal banker in the Pegrim capital. He bids me warn my kind hosts in Vandolia. 'They should be advised,' he writes, 'to accede to the terms of his Pegrimese Highness. As the friend of the Court, you would deal well by the King to counsel him to this effect, for the purchase of the *Actæon* is, in fact, a supreme act of policy which has laid the Vandolian power at our feet. Better to pay or promise the million dollars than to see every maritime city that his Majesty possesses laid in ruins. In confidence, I may tell you that within four hours of the declaration of war—that is, at eleven o'clock of the night of Wednesday—the *Actæon* will sail out upon her mission of devastation. Her triumph over the weakness of Vandolian resistance is certain. The Pegrimese intend to celebrate their victory beforehand, so sure are they, and justly, of their success. There is to be a great national banquet on the evening of Wednesday, when the officers and crew of the *Actæon* are to be the chief guests, and when they will be toasted as though already the conquering heroes which, since nothing can prevent it, they will prove within a short space of time. Oxen will be roasted whole; wine is to flow freely for all—etc., etc. From this you will realise how great, and withal how legitimate, is the confidence of the Pegrimese people in the strength of their cause, or—if you prefer it—of the armaments of the *Actæon*. Therefore, I say, as the friend of the Court of Vandolia, counsel them, if you can, to timely submission.'" Prince Otto folded his letter and pocketed it. "That is the particular information," he ended. "The question is, dare you act upon it? Of course, with a crew of some six or seven hundred men, the vessel is not likely to be left absolutely empty. There must be left on board a few at least. Steam will have to be got up by these while the others feast ashore, for at eleven the *Actæon* is due to sail."

* * * * *

The banquet on the following Wednesday evening was a grand success. It was a warm autumn evening, though somewhat dark, but those who were assembled at the *fête* in the public park could plainly distinguish the lines of the magnificent battleship lying nearly a mile out in the bay, for she was decorated gaudily with Chinese lanterns, and stood out—an edifice of twinkling light—against the blackness of the sky and water.

The great ship had been toasted a thousand times by individual banqueters and by groups of excited admirers. If a vessel can feel proud and flattered, she must surely have spent a royal evening, for every throat hailed her as defender and hero, as the country's darling and pride, as the saviour of the honour of the nation, and so on. Each banqueter awaited the supreme moment of national joy and triumph, when, at ten o'clock, the nation would salute the embodiment of its power—the pledge of imminent victory—with the discharge of a great many guns and rockets, which demonstration would just precede the embarkation of the crew, and be the signal for the break-up of the happy national gathering.

Officers and crew were preparing to depart. They pledged, in the last glasses of wine, their relatives, their lovers. It was time to begin their farewells, for in five minutes up would go the rockets and bang would go the guns, and then—away to battle and to glory! The partings would not be for long. In a couple of days Vandolia should be smoking in ashes, and within a week the *Actæon* would be back in harbour, her mission of destruction accomplished.

And now the psychical moment had arrived.

With a sudden startling swish and a great whirr up went the first rocket—the signal for the grand national salute.

Bang went the guns from the two small forts, one on each side of the harbour, answering one another. It was a very fine effect, and with the discharge of rockets well kept up in the foreground made altogether a notable demonstration, though undoubtedly a noisy one for sensitive ears. While this grand national salute was still in progress, the searchlight was suddenly switched on by the *Actæon*, and, sweeping up and down the sea-front, added enormously to the general effect of light and brilliance, as well as to the enthusiasm of the people, who yelled their delight at full lung power.

"That searchlight is a good idea," said the young Prince of Pegrim (the rejected swain of Princess Angela), who sat at table with Petrucchi, captain of the *Actæon*, on his left.

Petrucchi said nothing; he bowed. The

thing was a surprise to him; he did not quite understand why it had been done, for no orders had been left as to the searchlight. He agreed with the Prince, however, that the idea was a good one, and felt somewhat

"The searchlight was suddenly switched on."

grateful towards the young officer left in charge of the ship for having thought of it.

Suddenly, during a lull in the din of salutation from fort and sea-front, the very loud discharge of a big gun from on board the *Actæon* startled for an instant the assembled crowd, but was quickly greeted with a tremendous cheer.

"Aha! she is replying to our salutes!" cried the delighted inhabitants. "Good old *Actæon*—what a gun, eh? Only think of poor Vandolia peppered by our little nine-inch with the full charge in her—eh?—what?"

All Pegrim was thoroughly acquainted with the armament of the *Actæon;* the newspapers had made it their business to educate the people on this point.

"That must have been the nine-inch!" exclaimed the Prince. "What a terrific discharge! And did you observe the disturbance of the air above us? Why, it might have been a shell flying overhead!"

Captain Petrucchi had risen in his place.

"What the dickens——" he exclaimed, forgetting in his agitation that he was in the presence of royalty—"what the dickens is young Martinsen about?"

He did not say that a shell had actually flown over the heads of the feasters, but he knew it.

Bang went the salutes once more, and crash!—there followed a second discharge from the *Actæon*. This time a very remark-

able thing happened. The Admiralty building, looking out upon the grand sea-front of St. Louis, was a fine, ornate structure, quite new. A gigantic figure of Neptune ornamented the centre of the huge Doric porch. The *Actæon's* searchlight had illuminated this portion of the building with a blaze of radiance, as though calling attention to the fact that this day Pegrim, as mistress of the ocean—in so far, that is, as concerned her own share of it and that of Vandolia—claimed, henceforward, once and for ever, the special protection of the sea-god.

This delicate poetical allusion had been observed and appreciated by the people, whom it greatly delighted.

But at the second discharge of the *Actæon's* big gun it was seen, to the horror of all, that where, a moment before, great Neptune had surmounted the Doric porch, which was his footstool, there was now neither statue nor porch, but instead a heap of ruined masonry from which arose clouds of dust and smoke.

"'Arrest him!' shrieked the Prince."

"Good Heavens!" cried one and all, "there has been a terrible accident! The *Actæon's* gun was loaded, unknown to the gunners, with shell cartridge!"

The captain, Petrucchi, was in despair; he stood staring at the ruin, tearing his hair, weeping, and groaning.

"He has gone mad! Martinsen has gone mad!" he cried; and forthwith,

without greeting to prince or peer, he dashed away towards the jetty, shouting aloud for his officers to follow him. "Lieutenant Martinsen," he shouted, "whom I left in charge of the ship, has gone mad, and is bombarding the town!"

As to the bombardment, there was not much doubt of that, though, fortunately, no shells were directed among the teeming masses of the population, the feasters, and the spectators. Had Martinsen sent a shell or two among the crowd, that would have been disaster indeed! The two forts, however, were blown to pieces very quickly, and there was a sudden end to the saluting.

Then the people realised that something had gone seriously wrong on board the *Actæon*, and though she had now ceased firing, they stood no longer in crowds, but dispersed hither and thither, and discussed the situation in small groups, shivering and wondering, and watching the captain's cutter as it neared the great vessel which had suddenly behaved itself in so unseemly and surprising a fashion.

They saw the small boat reach the battleship, and watched the officers go aboard. Presently the cutter returned to the harbour, and there stepped ashore a stranger, who asked to be taken to the Prince of Pegrim.

The Prince was himself close to the landing-stage and was soon in conversation with the stranger, who, to his amazement, promptly bade the city surrender to *force majeure*, on pain of being blown to matchwood by the guns of his Majesty's ship *Actæon*.

"By our own ship?" exclaimed the Prince. "What do you mean, sir? Are you the mad Lieutenant Martinsen?"

"Pardon, Highness," said the other; "I am not Martinsen; neither is the *Actæon* any longer an item in your navy-list; she is already our prize of war; in the name of his Vandolian Majesty we captured the ship at 7.15 this evening, shortly after the declaration of war."

"Arrest him!" shrieked the Prince. But the stranger quickly flashed a lantern over his head, once, twice, and thrice. Instantly a gun from the big ship roared out in response to the signal. There was a cloud of dust and stones, and another bit of the Admiralty lay in ruins.

"*Donner und Blitzen-wetter!*" cried the Prince, who always preferred to swear in German. "We are lost!"

"Yes," said Otto, "you are lost, Highness; you had better give the necessary orders and come aboard at once with the members of your Cabinet."

* * * * *

The fishery dispute was settled presently, but not in the manner expected by his Pegrimese Majesty. On the contrary, the Vandolian treasury was the richer for the arrangement by the comfortable sum of two million dollars, and his own the poorer by exactly that sum. The marriage of Princess Angela was settled also, and settled in perfect accordance with the ideas of Prince Otto and of the charming Princess herself.

As for that fine ship, the *Actæon*, she floats at this moment in the pretty Vandolian harbour of Aqua-Pura, the pride and the delight of the nation that possesses her, and in her the mastery of the high seas—those, at least, which wash the shores of their own native country and of Pegrim, their natural enemy.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

By P. V. Bradshaw.

TRAWLING FOR SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES.

By Alexander Meek, M.Sc.

IT has been the fate of this country to take a leading part in imposing restrictions affecting the fisheries around our coast. From the time that licences were granted to enterprising Dutch fishermen, as far back as 1609 and 1636, arrangements have been made at various periods with our foreign neighbours with respect to in-shore fishing, culminating in the North Sea Convention of 1882. This convention, entered into with France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Denmark, gives to each of these "North Sea Powers" the exclusive right to the fishing in its own in-shore waters within what is defined as the "three mile limit." Norway and Sweden, however, claim a four mile limit from a line drawn outside the islands and also the right to the important cod fishery of the Lofoden Banks.

ON BOARD THE "LIVINGSTONE."

The international convention did not put a stop to the complaints of the line fishermen as to the scarcity of fish. The complaints were now directed against the home trawlers. They were accused of destroying the spawn, the young, and the food of the fishes in the in-shore waters. As a result of this, and for want of evidence to prove the contrary, Scotland began to close local areas to trawlers for experimental purposes, and this led the way to the general shutting out of the trawlers from the three mile limit practically all round this country.

The attention of naturalists at home and abroad was more and more being directed to the alleged diminution in the supplies of fishes. Surprisingly little was known not so many years ago, and speculation often took the form of groundless assertion. Opinions were many and facts were few. But so much has been done in recent years that we can now state very clearly the life-histories of our more important fishes. Experimental work has heaped up facts and figures showing the effects of closing the in-shore waters to trawlers, and leading to a better understanding of migrations and spawning grounds.

The usefulness of this work, though it was tardily recognised, led to the establishment of marine laboratories at different parts of our coast. This country, moreover, can now boast of two hatcheries — one started at Dunbar in 1894, but which is now being removed to the Bay of Nigg, near Aberdeen, and the other recently opened at Piel Island, off the coast of Lancashire. The establishment of hatcheries is plainly a confession that the seas are being overfished and indicates one way in which many naturalists and experts believe they may be, to some extent, replenished.

In the laboratories the problems of hatching, development and growth, the food of fishes, together with questions relating to their habits and the living forms associated

with them, are being freshly illumined by discoveries made every year, whilst at the same time trawling experiments have been conducted to try to demonstrate whether a diminution was actually taking place or not, and to take a share in the biological and physical investigations.

Comparative trials have been made in Scottish waters for the last twelve years in closed and open seas, and show that the closing of the in-shore waters to trawlers is certainly not conferring the benefit anticipated. Without entering into detail it may simply be mentioned that Lancashire has more recently thrown itself into the work of experiment, and a few trials have also been made in connection with the Marine Laboratory at Plymouth.

READY!

The Northumberland Sea Fisheries Committee have conducted a series of trawling excursions every year since 1892. The territorial waters on the coast of Northumberland were closed to trawlers in 1891, so that the figures obtained for each year illustrate what changes have occurred as a result of preserving these waters. They show recently a slight improvement, but the improvement is not nearly what we should expect if all that was said about the three mile limit had been true.

STEADY!

But the fact is, the in-shore areas are not what they were supposed to be. Far from providing a shelter to spawning fish, there are very few valuable fish, indeed, which spawn even partially within the limits. The trawler, moreover, cannot harm the ova of the common food fishes, for we now know that, with the exception of the herring and the catfish, if that can be called a common food fish, all these extrude eggs which float. In-shore areas are, therefore, of little or no benefit as a protection to spawn or to spawning fish. Contributing as they do to the

NOW!

fish supply of the open area outside them, they share in the general diminution which overfishing may give or has already given rise to. But it must be remembered that they do protect the young and many adults as well. It is not quite right to say, then, that the three mile limit is an absurdity. It has done good service in that it is an area entirely closed to a particular kind of fishing.

Let my reader now consider himself or herself (for ladies sometimes accompany us when the weather is suitable) invited to be one of our party on the day of one of the Northumberland trawling trips. We find when we get to the harbour at Blyth that the *Livingstone* is ready for starting, and as our companions have all arrived we accompany them on board. We are soon clear of the harbour, and head out to sea to round the "Sow and Pigs" buoy. Let me whisper that name, for we must not let Bob the engineer hear us mention it, else he'll be anticipating disaster the whole day. There is a superstitious notion among fisher people along this coast, that if they see or hear of a pig, it is a sign that the day's fishing will be a failure, or that some misfortune will happen. It has had the effect, I believe, on several occasions of keeping the fishermen at home.

The neat little trawl lying on the deck has a beam of 22 feet. There are two curved iron ends which run along the sea bottom like the runners of a sledge. They are connected at the top by the wooden beam. The large net is conical in shape. The upper part of the broad end is fastened to the beam and the lower half is weighted, usually with a heavy, thick rope, and hangs free, so as to drag along the bottom. You can clearly see, then, that when the trawl is being drawn along by the steamer the front end is like a great open mouth ready to receive the unwary fish. The net is provided with pockets also, which are designed to receive such of the more vigorous as may attempt to escape, and the "cod" end can be untied, so as to liberate the fish when the trawl is brought on board again.

We reach the bay, which is to be the scene of to-day's experiment, and the trawl is soon at its work on the bottom. Some of us during the time it is down get out fishing lines to fish for gurnards; or, if the day be warm, we may, as may be seen on page 281, indulge in an impromptu douche.

But sooner or later, according to the size of the bay, the notice is given to haul in the trawl. A steam capstan brings it to the surface, and then the gentlemen find that if they are getting a day at sea, they are expected to help in hauling the trawl on board. Many hands make light work, and there is a race to see which end will be up first. The net containing the fish is then drawn on board and a scene of excitement ensues until the fish are sorted out and the trawl returned once more to the sea. Besides fish which can be kept, a large portion of the contents consists of young fish which must be returned to the water without delay. It is gratifying to find when they are swept overboard that

ON DECK AGAIN.

they swim away at once, evidently none the worse for their journey in the trawl and their visit to the deck of the steamer.

EXAMINING THE SPOIL.

Among fish that are valuable from a domestic point of view are "other fish," which are chiefly interesting to the naturalist —such are the anglers, the spiny dogfishes, the stinging fishes or weevers, and specimens of many a rare marine animal.

While all this is going on little nets are being towed along on the surface, and another is attached to the beam of the trawl. These are made of a strong muslin-like material—"wireine" in this instance. The mouth of each is fastened to an iron hoop, and the other pointed end is tied round the neck of a bottle into which the minute organisms are swept.

The contents of these tow-nets are a never-failing source of interest to everyone on board, whether scientific or not. Minute crustacean life in abundance, beautiful pulsating medusoids, those transparent globular forms known scientifically as *Pleurobrachia* and their allies *Lesueuria*, with comb-like lines of cilia flashing in iridescent splendour, are among the specimens we see crowded together in our small bottle. But more important and none the less interesting are those small spheres scarcely to be distinguished in the water. They are the floating ova of some of the fishes. We do not get many of the valuable fishes' eggs so near the shore as this. Their spawning time draws to a close usually about the end of spring; and during spring, especially after a strong easterly wind or storm, we can get quite a quantity of the ova of the cod, haddock, whiting, and other food fishes in in-shore waters.

As we look at the myriad organisms we wonder that shipwrecked sailors should starve in the midst of plenty. We could imagine if such were to improvise a bag-like net out of a flag or something of the kind, and tow it gently along, they would get more than enough to at least keep away the risk of dying from starvation. The crustacean and other life on the surface of the ocean would yield a fairly good repast even though it were necessary to eat it uncooked. But as Haddon pointed out some years ago, and Herdman proved more recently on board an Atlantic liner, the surface life when cooked makes really good and palatable food.

With all this work going on the deck of the steamer presents a rather curious spectacle. Here we have bottles containing the living specimens in sea water, which are to be taken to the Marine Laboratory at Cullercoats, and reagents for killing and preserving such as seem valuable enough for investigation. A small dredge is used for obtaining a sample of the bottom and also for catching life on rougher ground. That board ruled in inch squares like a draught-board is used for

A COUNCIL OF STATE.

measuring the fish, whose food and condition as regards maturity are determined at the same time. Such are some of the things and doings around us as the steamer passes slowly up and down the bay. And when we lift our eyes from the scene on the steamer, we might still extend our description, for on the water itself we have such diving birds as the guillemot, razor-bill, and the yellow-billed puffin ; cormorants, solan geese, and flocks of ducks often fly past us, not to mention the gulls and terns which appeal to our ears as well as our eyes. Sometime during the day we have passed through or come near a school of porpoises or dolphins.

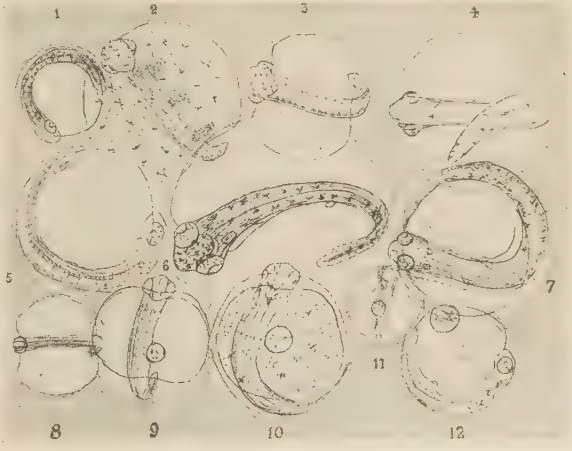
INDULGING IN AN IMPROMPTU DOUCHE.

As the naturalist department is getting together its statistics and material, some one naturally asks, "What are you going to do with all this?" The answer would be easier if the inquirer could look into the laboratory at Cullercoats on the following day. The floating or "pelagic" eggs have to be sorted out from the other products of the surface and midwater nets. Fortunately, though microscopic, the eggs of the various species differ in size and details of structure and pigmentation relating to the growing embryo and its yolk, which has been furnished to give it the necessary start in life until it is enabled to feed for itself. We can therefore determine the kinds and their relative numbers. The records here preserved indicate with remarkable comprehensiveness what forms spawn in or near the district, and to what extent, and the occasional eggs which circumstances of current and wind bring into our waters.

MASS OF THE DEMERSAL EGGS OF THE CAT-FISH. THE BALL MEASURES SEVEN INCHES IN DIAMETER.

The eggs which remain on the bottom are called "demersal," and may be fixed, as in the case of the herring, or movable, as in the form of the "cat" or "wolf" fish pictured here. This remarkable ball of eggs presents no point of attachment, and it must be a curious sight to the "denizens of the deep" to see this large yellow ball driven or rocked by currents into their midst.

The statistics and specimens are collected, then, to indicate how our local waters are faring from year to year, and to afford the material for solving a few of the still many unsolved problems relating to the sea and its inhabitants.



A GROUP OF PELAGIC EGGS.

1. Dab. 2. Sole. 3. Whiting. 4. Haddock.
5. Lemon Dab. 6. Plaice. 7. Cod.
8. Flounder. 9. Turbot. 10. Brill. 11. Five-bearded Rockling.
12. Ling.

THE SULTAN'S AIDE DE CAMP

By Rosalind Chambers

Illustrated by Warwick Goble.

I HAVE watched three Ambassadors reign over the English Embassy at Constantinople, and their different attitudes were instructive. The first always smiled when there was a difficulty. He smiled so sweetly and talked so pleasantly that it was a long time before you discovered that he had drifted off to quite another topic; then he sailed away in his yacht. The next (he was said to be the only man in the world who really understood the Eastern Question) became absent-minded and never heard an awkward query. The third put them himself, and no one answered him. Then he tried to hurry matters, but not a soul paid any attention to him. This led to a loss of English prestige in the East.

But when the S.Y. *Ailsa*, owner Mr. J. H. Castle, steamed up the Dardanelles, the second of these men was our representative at the Court of the Sublime Porte. Sir Henry Black was an odd man. He breakfasted at seven and read newspapers in at least a dozen languages while he did so. Through a tube into the office below he shouted tit-bits from them to his secretaries, who pretended to take an interest in them. In the intervals they made their books on the Derby and wrote home for the latest Gaiety *libretto*. Then Sir Henry swooped upon them, vowed they were useless and incapable, and ordered them back to England next day. They possessed their souls in silence, watched him out of the door, and—remained in Constantinople.

The junior was sent to take Sir Henry's card to the *Ailsa* with an invitation for a ball at the Embassy. He came back and reported to the other *attachés* that there was the prettiest girl possible on board, and that he could not think why he had not been anywhere about when the Castles had called. He meant to dance most of the evening with her, and said so, but Mr. Lowndes (second secretary and about to be promoted) remarked that he himself should expect to be introduced at once.

A reception at Constantinople collects specimens of more nationalities than can be

found anywhere else in Europe. Every Western country is represented, and in addition you find Asiatics and Africans, besides those who hover between, such as Bulgarians, Montenegrins, Greeks, etc. It is always strange to us to see Orientals dancing—dancing, too, precisely as we do ourselves, except that they still retain the inevitable fez. Bob, bob, bob, go the little tassels to the twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, of the partner's little feet. The fez is worn walking, riding, praying, dining, dancing, perhaps even sleeping; put the man who would wear it thus continuously into a hat and he will remove it on every occasion, as we do. And he would certainly take it off before dying, wherever he was, for Mahomet will not receive hats into Paradise.

This was the first ball that Mary Castle had ever been to at an Embassy, and she was charmed with it. The long corridors gave charming vistas of variously dressed people, while the babel of tongues (everyone in Constantinople speaks seven languages) added to the excitement. Moreover, she was a success. As a stranger people glanced at her, and the eyes that paused to look remained to admire. Even Sir Henry spoke to her more than he would otherwise have done. He was like the gentle pieman, "wonderfully active for so very stout a party," and his burly form was to be seen here, there, and everywhere, with a smile for all and a suitable word to each, always passing on without listening to the reply. He was untiring to the end, although his usual bedtime was eight o'clock; but the secretaries occasionally sighed gently as they thought of what he would be like next day.

The enthusiastic junior was not allowed to keep Miss Castle at all. He had barely secured a dance before Mr. Lowndes bore down upon him, fixing him so firmly with his steady eye that the young man begged at once to be allowed to introduce his senior. Miss Castle looked at him with the scornful criticism of extreme youth and decided that he was too stout.

"They were obliged to hire a *hamal* to take the things to the yacht."

"What a wonderful sight it is!" she said hastily, hoping to avoid dancing with him.

"Wonderful! everyone is struck by it the first time. Have you seen the ballroom?" he replied.

"I think these corridors are the prettiest. I like watching the people."

"They look the best from above, and, if you know the house well, you can get capital views. May I have number eleven?"

"Yes," answered Mary feebly, for she was no match at fencing with a diplomatist.

"And sixteen," he said quietly, writing his name down and handing her back the card.

"On one condition," she boldly insisted, feeling she was beaten at every point, but determined to secure something; "you must introduce me to one of those charming Turks."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it," he replied a trifle stiffly.

He was rather piqued that she should so evidently prefer a Turk—moreover, any Turk—to himself. "Here is one of the Sultan's thirty *aides-de-camp*—will he do? This is one of the cultured ten who speak French, or would you prefer him so Turkish that he cannot speak anything else?"

"This looks all my heart desires," she smiled, looking with evident satisfaction at the high-arched nose and firmly pencilled eyebrows of the gigantic man in a light blue uniform. Even the very long eyelashes and mobile mouth could not convey an effeminate expression to him, and she could exactly imagine how he would look when leading his men against a merciless cannonade from Maxim guns. He smiled when the secretary spoke to him, showing strong white teeth that told of perfect health.

The introduction completed, Miss Castle whisked away at once with the Oriental, while Mr. Lowndes remained behind alone. "There is nothing a woman likes so much as a Mohammedan," he sneered contemptuously, but presently he comforted himself with a handsome Jewess.

Meantime, Mary Castle was quite content with her Turk. He had such charming manners, was so good-looking, spoke French so beautifully, was so anxious to make her talk, that she babbled on quite forgetful of time. Just as someone else came to fetch her away he asked humbly whether mademoiselle would graciously grant the favour of another dance, and she bestowed it in a very different manner from the reluctant way in which she had given one to Mr. Lowndes. She was still with him when her father came to fetch her to go home.

"Papa," she said, "let me introduce you to—to Captain Selim Effendi." Then, knowing she had made a perfect haricot of his name and titles, she added in English, "Ask him to dinner to-morrow."

"How do you do?" said Mr. Castle, whose French was more fluent than grammatical. Then he waved his hand round. "*Très joli, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Everything is charming here," replied the Turk. An Englishman would have glanced at Miss Castle, but he looked straight before him.

"I am here on my yacht, my little vessel, and we should be so glad if you will dine with us some night."

"With great pleasure, sir."

"To-morrow — would that suit you? Seven thirty punctual. That's about one o'clock Turkish, isn't it? However, you must calculate that. Very pleased to see you. Good-night! How on earth did you get to know him?" he asked his daughter as they walked away, leaving the *aide-de-camp* bowing low in the Teutonic manner, with his heels close together.

"Mr. Lowndes introduced him," answered Mary, ignoring the fact that she had asked him to do so. "He is one of the Sultan's *attachés*."

"Then I suppose he's all right," remarked her father, who had a great respect for men in high places.

The dinner went off very well. The Oriental told them many interesting particulars concerning Eastern politics, habits, and customs, and was enthusiastic about the English nation.

"My father," he said, "fought in the Crimea side by side with you. We never forget that you helped us then. It was just after that that it was made criminal to call a Christian a *giaour*—an infidel."

"But that is what you call Osman Pasha, is it not?" inquired Mrs. Castle, whose memory was not of the clearest.

"*Ghazi*," corrected the Turk, without a smile. "That was given him after the last Russian war, about the same time that his Majesty gave him a daughter in marriage."

"Then is he a great prince?"

"His brother is a shoemaker, madam; but the hero of Plevna was worthy of every honour. In Turkey, unfortunately, there is no aristocracy whatever; nothing between the Sultan and the peasant, except temporary appointments."

Mrs. Castle was shocked.

"Let us," she said afterwards, "enjoy as much as we can of the Turks without inquiring into their horrors."

Mr. Castle interrupted before she had recovered herself.

"They tell me," he said, "that the pilgrimage to Mecca is personally conducted by Cook; is that true?"

"Arranged, monsieur, yes; but not personally conducted."

Mr. Castle began to collect his French for a long tirade upon the enterprise of the British nation, with inquiries into the number and tonnage of English and German vessels.

"There is a palace belonging to his Majesty," continued the *aide-de-camp's* musical voice before he was ready—"the *Bey ler bey*. It means Lord of lords, and is the largest here. If madam would allow me to be a Mr. Cook, and personally conduct you all over it, I should be most happy to do so."

He took them there in one of the Sultan's caïques, rowed by eight strong Turks dressed in crimson velvet and gold.

On Friday they met again at the Selamlik. Another day he found out that the French Embassy had got a firman to go over the treasury in the old Seraglio, and managed to have them included in the party. He went also and was amused at Mary's unaffected awe at the pearl and emerald throne, and the rugs formed of jewels instead of silks. The armoury especially interested Mr. Castle, and the book of poetry written on silk by hand in gold letters, which a man can hardly lift, fascinated Mrs. Castle. The dark shaft, where Abdul Hamid spent ten years of his life, was pointed out by a French secretary, for the *aide-de-camp* drew attention to nothing that detracted from his native land. Then they adjourned across to the Hall of Felicity, to the kiosk lined with Damascus tiles, and had rose-leaf jam, followed by coffee served in gold cups studded with diamonds.

Presently the weather changed and they did not meet for a few days. It sleeted a good deal, but cleared up again, and the Castles' last day in Constantinople was fine. Mary, in the meantime, had found an old magazine with a story of Arabia in it. It was a highly coloured poetical romance of a young Bedouin, madly in love with a gazelle-eyed beauty whose parents had promised her in marriage to an aged but wealthy sheikh. Ali, however, arrived on his long-tailed mare, seized the maiden, and carried her off. He was of course rewarded, not, as might be expected, with the parental bullet, but by the life-long devotion of a never-fading beauty. The theme was as hackneyed as it could be, but it was well written, and being read in the East gave it a certain realism.

The story was just enough in her mind to make the idea of talking to the *aide-de-camp* have a distinct excitement to a very young girl, so when she saw him sauntering across the bridge she gave him a sweet smile and blushed prettily.

We are going up to the bazaars for our last day's shopping," she told him. "Have you ever been into them?"

"Not often, mademoiselle," answered Selim, who greatly preferred the Grande Rue de Péra.

"We think them delightful; and the men do try so hard to understand our feeble attempts at Turkish."

"If mesdames and monsieur will graciously permit me to accompany them, I might be some use as a dragoman."

They all walked along together, while Mrs. Castle kept up a babble with the officer. Mary amused herself by watching him and placing him in the position of the Bedouin of the romance. He looked quite capable of it; and what fun running away would be, she thought, if it were not for the consequences! In the bazaars he was invaluable. Although he had probably never been there before, everyone knew him by sight, and not knowing whether he might not have been ordered there for some special purpose by the Sultan, the dealers did not dare to ask more than a fair price for anything. Thus the Castles were tempted into buying such a quantity of goods that they were obliged to hire a *hamal* to take the things to the yacht; a man who can carry a mahogany wardrobe on his back is not easily overladen.

They left by the gate near the merchants' mosque; the *muezzin* was being called from the minaret and men were crowding in to wash and pray. Selim and Mary stopped to watch them.

"They are very devout, many of these people," he said quietly.

"They are so much in earnest, and it is such a wonderful religion, that I cannot understand anyone wishing to turn them into Christians."

"But you are a Christian, are you not?"

"Oh, yes! Still, I can admire both."

"You are right, mademoiselle. The days have gone by when Moslems and Christians were enemies. They worship the same God and dwell side by side in peace. We have adopted your dress, your languages, your customs; we have abandoned some of our own; and there are many, myself among the number, who would never think of taking

more than one wife. We are generous, never angry, provided our wives are obedient, and we still love with that Eastern intensity which has no parallel on your Western shores. I am rich, in the confidence of his Majesty, I have every prospect of rising to the highest posts, and there is nothing that I would deny to my wife. I love you, mademoiselle. Though absent you are ever present with me, you are my light, my moon, my sun, my being. Without you I am in hell (*aux enfers*), with you I rise above the stars, above Paradise, I am a god. My love will never fade, never change. I ask to be allowed to cherish, to love you as my sacred wife."

Mary was utterly astounded. He was the first man who had ever spoken to her like this, and she was entirely unprepared for such an ending to what she considered a harmless little friendship.

"I am so sorry," she said nervously, "so very sorry, but I am afraid it is impossible. I never thought of it, and it is impossible."

"Take time to think it over." Then tenderly he added, "I would try to make you *very* happy."

"I am afraid that waiting would make no difference. Indeed I really could not."

They began to walk slowly on, Mary looking very uncomfortable, while the Turk, glancing down at her under his eyelids, felt that it was his nationality that was the barrier. He was too proud to say more and they remained silent.

"Where is my father?" exclaimed Mary suddenly.

"He must have gone on," replied Selim, who had watched her parents away before declaring himself.

Down the narrow, curving streets they walked, but they were the only Europeans in sight, and at last Mary, who never knew her way even in less complicated places than Stamboul, began to feel a little nervous. The sight of the sea reassured her somewhat, although they reached it by the Custom House, where she had never been before. But there were sailors about and she felt more at home. The *aide-de-camp's* uniform passed him everywhere and made all the boatmen anxious to secure him as a passenger. He chose a caïque, gave the man some instructions in Turkish, and they both sat down on the little red cushion.

"It is well our man is strong," said Selim after a few minutes, "for there is much current, and we have some way to go."

Mary's heart seemed to stand still. Here was she at dusk, alone with two Moslems, being carried into captivity. She had spurned his honourable offer of marriage, and he was now about to revenge himself. He would shut her up within high walls, make her a slave first, and afterwards, when tired of her, throw her into the Bosphorus. At least she could avert the former. Caïques are so easily upset that she only had to lean a little over the side and she could be drowned at once. But her parents! She put her elbows on her knees and dropped her face into them. Never would she see her dear father again, never kiss her mother, never be spoiled again by either! How they would miss her, too! how lonely they would feel without their one little ewe lamb!

Selim was moving beside her, but she heeded him not; she was too wretched to think about him.

"Mademoiselle is cold," he said quietly, and clasped his black and scarlet cloak around her.

He sat in his thin little blue uniform, smoking a cigarette, the bright speck at the end making everything look duskier still. A light in the darkness! Drowning was the only light in her darkness of horrors—that was what the spot signified to the poor little English girl. The water looked so cold; it was beginning to snow again, and life is very sweet at twenty. She shivered and hesitated. Was there no other alternative? Suicide is a dreadful thing. She thought of appealing to his generosity to restore her to her people, and glanced sideways at him. He looked so calm and determined that she felt more hopeless than ever, for Turks are known to be men of action. It was too dark for her to see his face clearly, but she fancied that she detected a gleam of satisfaction upon it. Whatever she did must be done suddenly, and must succeed, for she would have no second chance. She was dimly conscious that they were passing under the hull of a vessel, then they stopped. Plainly she was to be put on to some steamer and taken far away, where there would be no chance of her parents ever finding and releasing her. There was still time to upset the caïque; but the snow was dropping into the grey water, and her heart failed her. Selim stood up.

"Mademoiselle, will she not get out?"

"Tell me one thing truly," she moaned in agony; "where is this ship going to?"

"Ship going to, mademoiselle? But do you not recognise? This is your yacht. Your parents do not seem to have returned;

"Here was she at dusk, alone with two Moslems."

I will therefore send information to each of the landing-stages and all the cabs. Wherever they may be, within half an hour they will receive the information that you are here."

Mary looked up. Above the gangway stood the skipper and mate waiting to hand her on board, and never had their English faces seemed more welcome. She sprang out so hastily that the caïque must infallibly have capsized if the boatman had not been holding on to the yacht. Selim stepped up after her.

"Thank you so much for bringing me home, and for lending me your cloak, and for going to tell the others, and for everything!" cried Mary all in one breath.

"I have but fulfilled my duty, mademoiselle; only one thing now remains for me—namely, to say adieu. But remember that in distant Turkey there will always beat one heart that thinks, that dreams of you—of you alone—and that for ever. My pearl, adieu!"

He stooped quietly to kiss her hand, then got into the caïque and was rowed away. Mary stood looking after him until he had long disappeared into the darkness.

"I almost wish you had been English," at last she whispered softly, and tears came into her eyes, for a woman is never fonder of a man than when she has just refused him.

Next morning, as the sun rose, waking the pious Moslems to their devotions, a young Turkish officer stood at an upper window watching an English vessel drifting slowly towards the Dardanelles. As she passed behind the old Seraglio point he lifted his hands towards heaven.

"Light of my heart," he sighed, "the life to come is better and more durable! Worship God, my Lord and your Lord. If Thou punish them, they are surely Thy servants, and if Thou forgive them, Thou art mighty and wise. Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the King of the Day of Judgment!"

SCENTING THE STORM.—BY B. BOESE.

THE GREAT METEOR SHOWER OF 1899.

By Walter George Bell.

ONE talks about the great meteor-shower which falls due in November next with a certain amount of trepidation. A good many people have been looking out for meteor showers on the nights of November 14th and 15th for some years past, and being invariably disappointed in their expectations have come to regard those who predict these events with the ill odour which deservedly attaches to the false prophet. In old China they used to decapitate the astronomer who failed in his predictions. I do not anticipate such murderous treatment from the readers of the Windsor Magazine, even were the shower to fail us altogether, but it is well to make this reservation at the outset, that as we do not know so much of the movements of the Leonids as could be desired, it is possible that while we have a fine display this November, what is really the best part of the shower may be reserved until next year.

One wide distinction is to be drawn between the disappointments of past years and hopes of the present. What we have been expecting in past years has been merely the forerunners of the Leonid swarm—the heralds, as it were, whose arrival in flashes of light in our skies should bring us the message that the swarm itself is approaching. They might number a few dozens or a few hundreds within the little space of our limited horizon, and their appearance is of great interest to astronomers anxious to determine the length at which the swarm is drawn out, the division of the meteor streams, and the point in the sky from which they appear to come; but as a "shower" none of these could have been a very striking spectacle.

This year we expect the approach of the swarm itself, a vast procession of myriads upon myriads of flying stones, and if we are fortunate our earth, carrying all its inhabitants, will plunge headlong into the midst of it. Then we may see a spectacle of a lifetime.

Don't be alarmed! If meteors fall as thickly as raindrops from a clouded sky in April, we are amply protected by the atmosphere over our heads, in which the meteors are quickly dissipated into harmless vapour long before they have a chance of reaching the earth. Every night many hundreds of thousands of meteors rush into our atmosphere, but we know nothing of them except when looking skywards we at times may observe a particularly bright "shooting star." Each little "shooting star" is a meteor, coming from we know not where, to end its course far overhead. Although stones have fallen from the skies in considerable numbers, and, labelled as "aerolites," are to be seen in many museums, it is a noteworthy fact that with one single exception no stone has been known to fall during a meteor shower, and in that one case there is every reason to believe that it was an accidental coincidence, and had nothing to do with the shower that was in progress.

Two great meteor showers have already occurred in the present century, and the shower now approaching in the month of November will be the last. To convey an idea of what we may ourselves hope to witness, I cannot do better than describe what our fathers and grandfathers saw. An eye-witness in South Carolina of the Leonid shower of 1833 gives this account of it:—

"I was suddenly awaked by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of the three plantations, amounting in all to about six hundred or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause I heard a faint voice near the door, calling my name. I arose and, taking my sword, stood at the door.

"At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, 'Oh, my God, the world is on fire!' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me the most—the awfulness of the scene or the distressed cries of the negroes.

"Upwards of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless and some with the bitterest cries, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth; east, west, north, and south, it was the same."

This certainly is not lacking in picturesqueness.

Just thirty-three years after—in 1866—there was a return of the great shower. Many descriptions of it are preserved. I

THE GREAT BEAR.

RADIANT POINT OF THE LEONIDS.

give that by Sir Robert Ball, whose genius for the popular exposition of astronomy is unsurpassed, and whose name has been made a household world. This is what he says:-

"I shall never forget that night. On the memorable evening I was engaged in my usual duty at that time of observing nebulæ with Lord Rosse's great reflecting telescope. It was about ten o'clock at night, when an exclamation from an attendant by my side made me look up from the telescope, just in time to see a fine meteor dash across the sky. It was presently followed by another, and then again by others in twos and threes.

"For the next two or three hours we witnessed a spectacle which can never fade from my memory. The shooting stars gradually increased in number until sometimes several were seen at once. Sometimes they swept over our heads, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, but they all diverged from the east.

"As the night wore on the constellation Leo ascended above the horizon, and then the remarkable character of the shower was disclosed. All the tracks of the meteors radiated from Leo. Sometimes a meteor appeared to come almost directly towards us, and then its path was so foreshortened that it had hardly any appreciable length, and looked like an ordinary fixed star swelling into brilliancy and then as rapidly vanishing.

"Occasionally luminous trains would linger on for many minutes after the meteor had flashed across, but the great majority of the trains in this shower were evanescent. It would be impossible to say how many thousands of meteors were seen, each one of which was bright enough to have elicited a note of admiration on any ordinary night."

Such, then, is the great Leonid shower which, thirty-three years having elapsed, is due to return again in November, and for which we shall all have turned astronomers and be eagerly on the look out. I do not wish to appear pessimistic, but the admission must be made that the shower of 1833, by all accounts, was more brilliant than that which followed in 1866, but this is not necessarily evidence that the shower is appreciably dwindling. And, lest it be said that I am prone to exaggerate, it is well to mention that all the falling meteors shown in the accompanying drawing were not seen at the same moment.

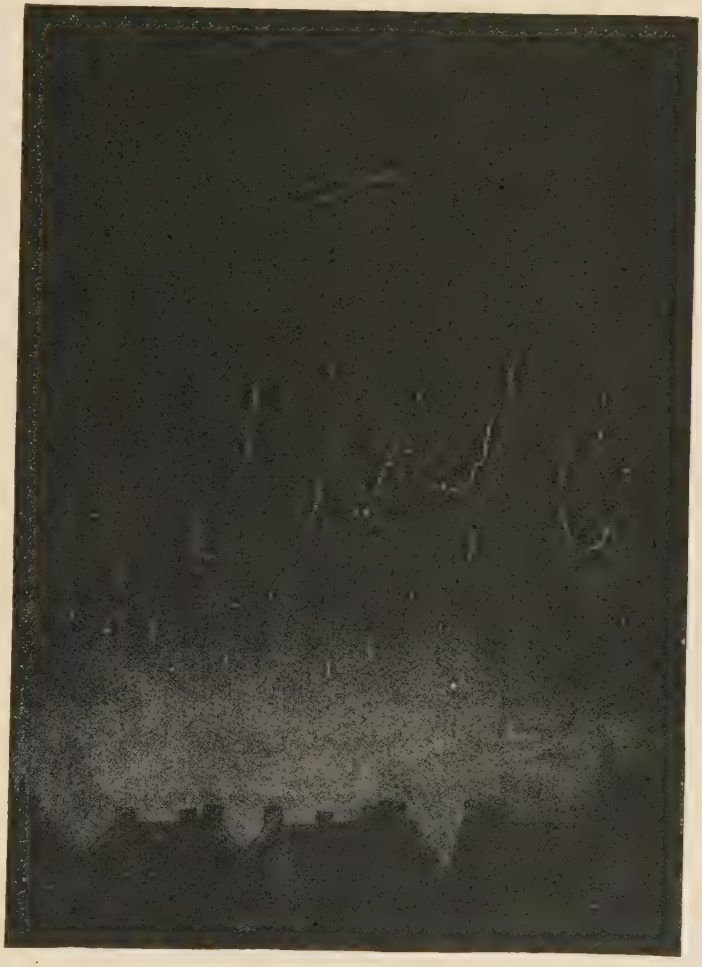
The periodicity of the Leonid shower is a comparatively recent discovery. It occurred in the year 1799, and again in 1833, and then for the first time the prediction seems to have been made that it had a period of about thirty-three years, and would be returning in 1866. The verification of the prediction in that year led to old records being hunted up, and numerous instances of the appearances of the shower were found, dating back several centuries. Historical records commence in 902 A.D. In that year King Ibrahim Ben Ahmed died, and Arabian chroniclers tell us "that night there were seen, as it were lances, an infinite number of stars, which scattered themselves like rain to right and left, and that year was called the Year of the Stars."

A veracious Portuguese chronicle gives a picturesque account of the shower which occurred in the year 1366 :—

"There was in the heavens a movement of the stars such as men never before saw or heard of. At midnight, and for some time after, all the stars moved from the east to the west, and after being collected together they began to move, some in one direction, and others in another. And afterwards they fell from the sky in such numbers and so thickly together that as they descended low in the air they seemed large and fiery, and the sky and air seemed to be in flames, and even the earth appeared as if ready to take fire."

The earliest historians of the shower speak of its coming in October. The institution of the New Style calendar has since picked up eleven days, and there has besides been a progressive shift of the orbit, as shown in the diagram overleaf.

One recalls the story of the old Northamptonshire farmer who, after the Leonid display of 1866 went out next night to see "if any of the stars were left in the sky." Of course, the meteors are entirely distinct from the fixed stars, which stand apart from them many millions of miles distant in the deep vault of the heavens, but this fact was not always grasped. All the old chroniclers write as though the stars themselves in their courses were showering down upon the earth.

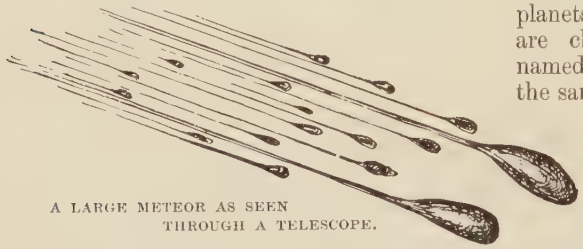


METEORS SEEN ON THE EARLY MORNING OF NOVEMBER 14TH, 1866.

The Leonids always arrive in our skies in the month of November, and for this reason are commonly known as "the November meteors," to distinguish them from the numerous other meteor streams which yield us inferior displays in all months of the year. On the nights of November 13th, 14th, and 15th the earth, in its journey round the sun, crosses the broad track of the meteors. These are the nights on which watch must be kept. It is a spectacle which anyone may enjoy, without need of telescopes or other paraphernalia. Any place where there is a good horizon and a clear sweep of sky—a hill for preference—will serve as an observing station. Meteors dash in lines of light in all directions across the sky, but all of them enter the earth's atmosphere as if coming straight from a point in the constellation Leo, so that anyone who watches this area of the sky is assured the best view of the display.

It is easily found. I take it that everybody knows the familiar constellation of the Plough, or Great Bear—or Charles's Wain, as it is called in some counties—which towards midnight is seen high overhead. This constellation is of great value in mapping the sky, because the last two stars in the Plough—those known as "the

pointers"—point up to the Pole Star, around which the whole heavens revolve. If the line of the pointers be carried, not upwards, but down towards the horizon, there will be seen a large group of bright stars, arranged



A LARGE METEOR AS SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

in the form of a sickle. This is the sickle of Leo, from which the Leonids take their name.

Leo rises above the horizon shortly before midnight, and as every hour passes climbs higher in the sky. Near the centre of the sickle is the radiant point from which all the Leonid meteors emerge.

I may add that the culmination of the shower is expected in the early morning hours of Tuesday, November 14th, and a night free from clouds is, of course, essential if the spectacle is to be viewed in its full grandeur. There will be a thin crescent moon.

We should have a display every year on these November nights when we cross their track if only the Leonids were about, but they cluster in a great swarm, and it is only when we plunge into the thick of the swarm that we get this brilliant spectacle in our skies. We cannot handle a meteor, because, as has been said, none fall to earth, but meteoric dust, the *débris* of meteors which have been destroyed over our heads, abounds, and from the larger aerolites which descend to earth we can form a pretty good idea of what their substance must be.

The Leonid swarm is composed of many myriads of flying stones, tiny specks of gravel or dust, and few of them probably larger than a pea, which are grouped in a great cluster some hundred thousand miles in thickness. Each moves on its separate path, and at a considerable distance from its neighbour—an atomic world complete in itself, obedient to the same forces which control the earth in its journey round the sun.

Whence the meteors originated one hesitates to suggest. Some astronomers have thought that they may be matter shot out from the depths of the earth at some remote age when volcanoes much more powerful than any that now survive were active, from some other world, or perhaps from the moon; but it seems more likely that they are an earlier form of matter out of which the sun itself and all its attendant planets were fashioned. We know that they are closely allied to comets. A comet, named after its discoverer Tempel, moves in the same path as the Leonids, and probably is the parent of the swarm.

Some hopes had been entertained that photography would enable us to get a picture of the swarm approaching, but apparently the meteors are too small in themselves, and too far apart, to reflect sufficient sunlight to leave its trace on the most highly sensitive plate, as failure has so far attended all efforts at the end.

We see the Leonids only after such long intervals by reason of the vast extent of the orbit along which they travel. We need some celestial milestones to convey an idea of what it is. On a fine night the planets stand out by their superior radiance among the stars, marking off distances in the great vault of the heavens. That nearest to us is Mars, "the ruddy god of war," easily to be distinguished as a bright speck of reddish light in the sky. Next comes Jupiter, the largest and brightest planet of them all.

Farther out still is Saturn, much fainter and less easy to identify, and then Uranus, too remote to be visible to the unaided eye—a goodly host. Out beyond these, beyond Uranus, towards the confines of the solar system, to a distance of 1,750,000,000 of miles from the earth, the meteors travel, sweeping in an ellipse so vast that they take thirty-three and a quarter years to pass over it.

When beyond Uranus the long outward journey of the meteors ends, and they turn again towards the sun, moving slowly at first, but each day increases their speed until they rush into our atmosphere with a velocity which makes the Leonids the brightest of all the systems of shooting stars. When they pass the earth they are travelling at a speed of about twenty-six miles a second. Remember that our earth is itself moving round the sun at a speed of eighteen miles a second. On this journey the earth encounters the meteors "front on," so that when they dash into our atmosphere they are moving at the almost inconceivable velocity of forty-four miles a second. Little wonder, then, that the intense heat which is set up by friction with the atmosphere dissi-

pates each of them in a second or two into a wisp of glowing vapour.

Of course, only a small proportion of the bulk are destroyed in our atmosphere; the rest travel round the sun and onwards in their interminable journey.

The Leonids have rather a romantic story. Little as it is that we see of them—for the flash of light which first tells us of their existence at the same moment tells us that they have ceased to exist—one of the most surprising discoveries made concerning them is that they are comparatively new-comers to the sun's family, and that probably at no distant time their splendour will have departed—distant, that is, as astronomical time is reckoned.

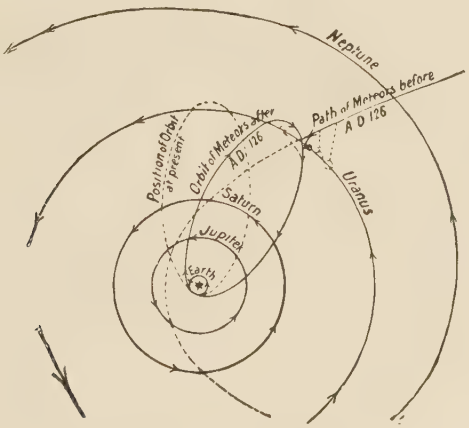
Ages ago they moved freely about in outer space, until their journeyings, or the movements of the sun itself, brought them within the sphere of the sun's attraction. The great French astronomer, Leverrier, calculated that in the year 126 A.D. the swarm approached the sun on a path very different from that in which they now move, and if undisturbed they would have circled round the sun and thence passed out of our system, probably never to return.

What, then, detained them? It happened that their path brought them very near to Uranus, so near as almost to graze him, and the gravitational force of that big plante dragged them out of their orbit and sent them off on a new journey round the sun in a closed ellipse in which they can never escape from the sun's dominion. The sun will hold them captive for all time, but the influence of that original pull by Uranus is still making itself felt on the swarm. Some of the stones were diverted into closer orbits than others, so that the swarm is ever extending in length along its path.

Dr. Stoney estimates that seventeen centuries hence the train of the Leonid meteors will have doubled its present length. That being so, it must follow that in the lapse of ages the swarm will be entirely broken up, and the meteors, instead of clustering as at present, will form a complete ring around the whole orbit.

Still there will be a Leonid shower, but it will be every November, instead of at intervals of thirty-three years, as at present, and its proportions will have so shrunk that it will have entirely lost its old magnificence, and one of the most striking glories of the heavens will have departed.

So, like much else in the skies, the great Leonid shower, which we anticipate with such great interest next November, can only be ranked as a temporary phenomenon, having its day and passing into the unseen.

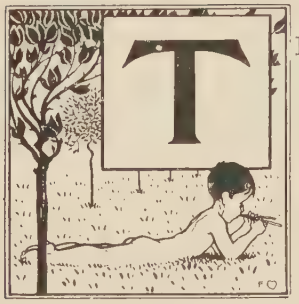


PATH OF THE LEONIDS.

THE NOBLENESS OF OSWALD.

By E. Nesbit.*

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.



THE part about his nobleness only comes at the end, but you would not understand it unless you knew how it began. It began, like nearly everything else just then, with treasure-seeking. We had several ideas about that time, but having so little chink always stood in the way. This was the case with H. O.'s idea of setting up a cocoanut shy on this side of the Heath, where there are none generally. We had no sticks or wooden balls, and the greengrocer said he could not book so many as twelve dozen cocoanuts without Mr. Bastable's written order. And when Alice dressed up Pincher in some of the dolls' clothes, and we made up our minds to take him round with an organ as soon as we had taught him to dance, we were stopped at once by Dicky's remembering how he had heard that an organ cost seven hundred pounds. Of course this was the big church kind, but even the ones on three legs cannot be got for one and sevenpence, which was all we had when we first thought of it. So we gave that up, too.

It was a wet day, I remember, and mutton hash for dinner, very tough, with pale gravy with lumps in it. I think the others would have left a good deal on the sides of their plates, although they know better, only Oswald said it was a savoury stew made of red deer that Edward shot. So then we were the children of the New Forest, and the mutton tasted much better. No one in the New Forest minds venison being tough and the gravy pale.

Then we had some liquorice water to wind up with, and then Dicky said, "This reminds me."

So we said, "What of?"

Dicky answered us at once, though his mouth was full of bread with liquorice stuck in it to look like cake. You should not speak with your mouth full, even to your own relations, and you should not wipe your mouth on the back of your hand, but on your handkerchief if you have one. Dicky did not do this. He said—

"Everyone in the world wants money. Some people get it. The people who get it are the people who see things. I have seen one thing."

Oswald said, "Out with it."

"I see that glass bottles only cost a penny. H. O., if you dare to snigger I'll send you round selling old bottles, and you shan't have any sweets except out of the money you get for them. And the same with you, Noel."

"Noel wasn't sniggering," said Alice in a hurry; "it is only his taking so much interest in what you were saying makes him look like that. Be quiet, H. O. Do go on, Dicky, dear."

So Dicky went on.

"There must be hundreds of millions of bottles of medicine sold every year, because all the different medicines say, 'Thousands of cures daily'; and if you only take that as two thousand, which it must be at least, it mounts up. And the people who sell them must make a great deal of money by them, because they are nearly always two and ninepence the bottle, and three and sixpence for one nearly double the size. Now the bottles, as I was saying, don't cost anything like that."

"It's the medicine that costs the money," said Dora; "look how expensive jujubes are at the chemist's."

"That's only because they're nice," Dicky explained; "nasty things are not dear. Look what a lot of brimstone you get for a penny, and the same with alum. We would not put the nice kinds of chemists' things in our medicines."

Then he went on to tell us that when we had invented our medicine we would write and tell the editor about it, and he would put it in the paper, and then people would send their two and ninepence, and three and six for the bottle nearly double the size, and then when the medicine had cured them they would write to the paper and their letters would be printed, saying how they had been sufferers for years and never thought to get

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"Dicky went right into the water with his boots on."

about again, but thanks to the blessing of our ointment——"

Dora interrupted and said, "Not ointment, it's so messy"; and Alice thought so, too. And Dicky said he did not mean it, he was quite decided to let it be in bottles. So now it was all settled, and we only had to invent the medicine. You might think that was easy, because of the number of them you see in the paper; but it is much harder than you think. First, we had to decide what sort of illness we should like to cure, and a "heated discussion ensued," like in Parliament.

Dora wanted it to be something to make the complexion of dazzling fairness; but we remembered what her face was like when she washed it with coal tar soap, and she agreed that perhaps it was better not. Noel wanted to make the medicine first and then find out what it cured; but Dicky thought not, because there are so many more medicines than there are things the matter with you, so it would be easier to choose the disease first.

Oswald would have liked wounds. I still think it was a good idea, and if we had done that, what followed would not have been so; but Dicky said, "Who has wounds, anyway — especially now there aren't any wars? We shouldn't sell a bottle a day!" So Oswald gave in, because he knows what manners are, and it was Dicky's idea. H.O. wanted a cure

for the uncomfortable feeling that they give you powders for, but we explained to him that grown-up people do not have this feeling, however much they eat, and he agreed. Dicky said he didn't care a straw what the loathsome disease was, as long as we settled on something; and then Alice said, "It ought to be something very common, and only one thing. Not the pains in the back and all the hundreds of things the people have in somebody's syrup. What's the commonest thing of all?"

"The girls used to read aloud to Noel all day."

And at once we all said, "Colds."

So that was settled.

Then we wrote out a label to go on the bottle. When it was written, it would not go on the vinegar bottle that we had got, but we knew it would go small when it was printed. It was like this:

BASTABLE'S

CERTAIN CURE FOR COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND SHORTNESS OF BREATH, AND ALL INFECTIONS OF THE CHEST.

One dose gives immediate relief.

It will cure your cold in one bottle, especially the large size at three and six.

Order at once of the Makers to prevent disappointment.

Makers:—D. O. R. A. N. and H. O. BASTABLE, 150, Lewisham Road, S.E.

A halfpenny for all bottles returned.

* * * * *

Of course the next thing was for one of us to catch a cold and try what cured it. We all wanted to be the one, but it was Dicky's idea, and he said he wasn't going to be done out of it, so we let him. It was only fair. He left off his vest that very day, and next morning he stood in a draught in his night-gown for quite a long while. And we damped his dayshirt with the nail-brush before he put it on. But all in vain. They always tell you that those things will give you cold, but we found that it was not so.

Next we all went over to the Park, and Dicky went right into the water with his boots on, and stood there as long as he could bear it, for it was rather cold, and we stood and cheered him on. He walked home in his wet clothes, which they say is a sure thing; but it was no go, though his boots were quite spoiled. And three days after Noel began to cough and sneeze.

So then Dicky said it was not fair.

"I can't help it," Noel said; "you should have caught the cold yourself, then it wouldn't have come to me."

And Alice said she had known all along that Noel oughtn't to have stood about on the bank cheering in the cold.

Noel had to go to bed, and then we began to make the medicines. We were sorry he was out of it, but he had the fun of taking the things.

We made a great many medicines. Alice made herb tea. She got sage and thyme and savory and marjoram, and boiled them all up together with salt and water; but she would put parsley in, too. Oswald is sure parsley is not a herb. It is only put on the cold meat, and you are not supposed to eat it. It kills parrots to eat parsley, I believe. I expect it was the parsley that disagreed so with Noel. The medicine did not seem to do the cough any good.

Oswald got a pennyworth of alum, because it is so cheap, and some turpentine, which everybody knows is good for colds, and a little sugar and an aniseed ball. These were mixed in a bottle with water, but Eliza threw it away, and I hadn't any money to get more things with.

Dora made him some gruel, and he said it did his chest good; but of course that was no use, because you cannot put gruel in bottles and say it is medicine. It would not be honest, and, besides, nobody would believe you.

Dick mixed up lemon juice and sugar and a little of the juice of the red flannel that Noel's throat was done up in. It comes out beautifully in hot water. Noel took this and he liked it.

Noel's own idea was liquorice, and we let him have it; but it is too plain and black to sell in bottles at the proper price. He liked H. O.'s medicine the best, which was silly of him, because it was only peppermints melted in hot water and a little cobalt to make it look blue. It's all right, because H. O.'s paint box is the French kind, with "*Couleurs non vénéneuses*" on it. This means you may suck your brushes if you want to, or even the paints, if you are a very little boy.

It was rather jolly while Noel had that cold. He had a fire in his bedroom, which opens out of Dicky's and Oswald's, and the girls used to read aloud to Noel all day; they will not read aloud to you when you are well. Father was away at Liverpool on business and Albert's uncle was at Hastings. We were rather glad of this, because we wished to give all the medicines a fair trial, and grown-ups are much too fond of interfering. As if we should have given him anything poisonous!

His cold went on—it was worst in his head, but it was not one of the kind when he has to have poultices and cannot sit up in bed. But when it had been in his head a week, Oswald happened to tumble over Alice on the stairs. When we got up she was crying.

"Don't cry, silly," Oswald said; "you know I didn't hurt you."

He was very sorry if he had hurt her; but you ought not to sit on the stairs in the dark and let other people tumble over you. You ought to remember how beastly it is for them if they do hurt you.

"Oh, it's not that, Oswald," Alice said. "Don't be a pig. I am so miserable. Do be kind to me."

So Oswald thumped her on the back and told her to shut up. He is never unkind to those in distress.

"It's about Noel," she said. "I'm sure he's very ill; and playing about with medicines is all very well, but I know he's ill—and Eliza won't send for the doctor; she says it's only a cold. And I know the doctor's bills are awful. I heard father telling Aunt Emily so in the summer. But he is ill, and perhaps he'll die, or something."

Then she began to cry again. Oswald thumped her again, because he knows how a good brother ought to behave, and said, "Cheer up." If we had been in a book, Oswald would have embraced his little sister tenderly and mingled his tears with hers.

Then Oswald said, "Why not write to father?"

And she cried more and more, and said, "I've lost the paper with the address. H. O. had it to draw on the back of, and I can't find it now. I've looked everywhere. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. No, I won't. But I'm going out. Don't tell the others; and, I say, Oswald, do pretend I'm in, if Eliza asks. Promise."

"Tell me what you're going to do," Oswald said. But she said, "No," and there was a good reason why not. So he said he wouldn't promise, if it came to that. Of course, he meant to, all right, but it did seem mean of her not to tell her kind brother. So Alice went out by the side door while Eliza was setting tea, and she was a long time gone. She was not in to tea. When Eliza asked Oswald where Alice was, he said perhaps she was tidying her corner drawer. Girls often do this and it takes a long time. Noel coughed a good bit after tea and asked for Alice. Oswald told him she was doing something, and it was a secret. Oswald did not tell any lies even to save his sister. When Alice came back, she was very tired, but she whispered to Oswald that it was all right. When it was rather late, Eliza said she was

going out to post a letter. This always takes her an hour, because she will go to the post-office across the Heath, instead of the pillar box. A boy once dropped fuses in our pillar box and burnt the letters. It was not any of us. Eliza told us about it. And when there was a knock at the door, we thought it was Eliza come back and that she had forgotten the back door key. We made H. O. go down to open the door, because it is his place to run about. His legs are younger than ours. And we heard boots on the stairs, besides H. O.'s—and we listened spell-bound till the door opened, and it was Albert's uncle, and he blinked as he came in, because we had made up such a jolly good fire.

"I am glad you've come," Oswald said; "Alice began to think Noel——"

Alice stopped him and her face was very red; her nose was shiny, too, with having cried so much before tea.

She said, "I only said I thought he ought to have the doctor. Don't you think he ought?" She got hold of Albert's uncle and held on to him.

"Let's have a look at you, young man," said Albert's uncle, and he sat down on the edge of the bed. It is a rather shaky bed. The bar that keeps it steady underneath got broken when we were playing burglars last winter. It was our crowbar. He began to feel Noel's pulse, and went on talking.

"It was revealed to the great Arab physician as he made merry in his tents on the pathless plains of Hastings that the Presence had a cold in its head. So he immediately seated himself on the magic carpet and bade it bear him hither, only pausing in the flight to buy a few sweetmeats in the Bazaar."

He pulled out a jolly lot of chocolates, and he had brought some butterscotch and grapes for Noel. When we had said, "Thank you," he went on—

"The physician's are the words of wisdom; it is high time this kid was asleep. I have spoken. Ye have my leave to depart."

So we bunked, and Dora and Albert's uncle made Noel comfortable for the night. Then they came to the nursery, which we had gone down to, and he sat down in the Guy Fawkes chair and said, "Now, then."

Alice said, "You may tell them what I did. I daresay they'll all be in a wax, but I don't care."

"I think you were very wise," said Albert's uncle, pulling her close to him to sit on his knee. "I am very glad you telegraphed."

So then Oswald understood what Alice's secret was. She had gone out and sent a telegram to Albert's uncle at Hastings. Afterwards she told me what she had put in the telegram. It was, "Come home. We have given Noel a cold, and I think we are killing him." With the address it came to tenpence halfpenny.

Then Albert's uncle began to ask questions, and it all came out, how Dicky had tried to catch the cold, and about the medicines and all. Albert's uncle looked very serious.

"Look here," he said, "you're old enough not to play the fool like this. Health is the best thing you've got. You ought to know better than to play about with it in this way. You might have killed your little brother."

"We gave him medicine," said Dicky, and then we had to tell him exactly what medicines.

"Well," he said, "you've had a lucky escape; but poor Noel——"

"Oh, do you think he's going to die?" Alice asked that, and she was crying again, and so were some of the others.

"No, no," said Albert's uncle; "but look here! Do you see how silly you've been? And I thought you promised your father——" and then he gave us a long talking-to. He can make you feel most awfully small. At last he stopped, and we said we were very sorry, and he said—

"You know I promised to take you all to the pantomime."

So we said, "Yes," and we knew but too well that now he wasn't going to. Then he went on—

"Well, I will take you if you like, or I will take Noel to the sea for a week to cure his cold. Which is it to be?"

Of course he knew we should say, "Take Noel," and we did, but Dicky told us afterwards he thought it was hard on H. O.

Albert's uncle stayed till Eliza came in, and then he said, "Good night," in a way that showed us all was forgiven and forgotten.

So we went to bed. It must have been the middle of the night when Oswald woke up suddenly, and there was Alice, with her teeth chattering, shaking him to wake him.

"Oh, Oswald," she said, "I am so unhappy. Suppose I should die in the night."

Oswald told her to go to bed and not gas. But she said, "I must tell you; I wish I'd told Albert's uncle. I'm a thief, and if I die to-night, I know where thieves go to."

So Oswald saw it was no good, and he sat

up in bed, though he was very sleepy, and said, "Go ahead."

So Alice stood shivering in her nightgown and said—

"I hadn't enough money for the telegram. So I took the bad sixpence out of the exchequer. And I paid for it with that and sixpence. Alice was very unhappy, but not so much as in the night; you can be very miserable indeed in the night if you have done anything wrong and you happen to be awake. I know this for a fact.

None of us had any money, except Eliza, and she wouldn't give us any unless we said

"He sold those flowers in penny bunches."

the fivepence I had, and I wouldn't tell you, because if you'd stopped me doing it I couldn't have borne it, and if you'd helped me, you'd have been a thief, too. And it's quite enough to have one of us a criminal robber. Oh, what shall I do?"

Oswald thought a minute and then he said—

"You'd better have told me. But I think it will be all right if we pay it back. Go to bed. Cross with you? No, stupid! Only, another time, you'd better not keep secrets." So she kissed Oswald, and he let her, and she went back to bed.

The next day Albert's uncle took Noel away, before Oswald had time to persuade Alice that we ought to tell him about the what for, and of course we could not do that, because of the honour of the family. And Oswald was anxious to get the sixpence to give to the telegraph people, because he feared that the badness of that sixpence might have been found out, and that the police might come up for Alice at any moment. I don't think I ever had such an

unhappy day. Of course we could have written to Albert's uncle, but it would have taken a long time, and every delay added to Alice's danger. We thought and thought, but we couldn't think of any way to get that sixpence. It seems a small sum, but Alice's liberty depended on it, and though Oswald was very anxious to be noble, he could not think of any good way. It was quite late in the afternoon when Oswald met his friend Mrs. Leslie on the Parade. She had a brown fur coat and a lot of yellow flowers in her hands. She stopped to speak to me, and asked how the poet was. I told her he had a cold, and I wondered if she would lend me the sixpence if I asked her, but I could not make up my mind how to begin to say it. She talked to Oswald for a bit, and then she suddenly got into a cab, and said, "I'd no idea it was so late," and told the man where to go. And just as she started she shoved the yellow flowers through the window and said, "For the sick poet, with my love," and was driven off.

Gentle reader, I will not conceal from you what Oswald did. He knew all about not disgracing the family, and he did not like doing what I am going to say; they were really Noel's flowers, only he could not have them sent to Hastings, and Oswald knew he would say, "Yes," if we asked him. Oswald sacrificed his family pride because of his little sister's danger. I do not say he was a noble boy—that is what others said of the way he behaved. I just tell you what he did, and you can decide for yourself about the nobleness.

He put on his oldest clothes. They are much older than any you would think he had if you saw him when he is tidy; and he took those yellow chrysanthemums, and he walked with them to Greenwich Station and waited for the trains bringing people from London. He sold those flowers in penny bunches and he got tenpence by it.

Then he went to the telegraph office and said to the lady there, "A little girl gave you a bad sixpence yesterday. Here are six good pennies."

The lady said she had not noticed it, and never mind, but Oswald knew that "honesty is the best policy," and he would not deign to take back the pennies. So she said she would put them in the plate on Sunday. She is a nice lady. I like the way she does her hair.

Then Oswald went home to Alice and told her, and she hugged him and said he was a dear, good, kind boy, and he said, "Oh, it's all right."

We bought peppermint bullseyes with the fourpence we had over, and the others wanted to know where we got the money, but we would not tell. Only afterwards, when Noel came home, we told him, because they were his flowers, and he said I was quite right. He made some poetry about it. I only remember one bit of it—

> The noble youth of high degree
> Consents to play a menial part,
> All for his sister Alice's sake,
> Who was so dear to his faithful heart.

But Oswald himself has never bragged about what he did.

* * * * *

We got no treasure out of this—unless you count the peppermint bullseyes.

VISITORS TO THE CAMP.

CAMPING OUT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By W. J. Kerslake Flinton.

SOME irreverent satirist once remarked that camping out was equivalent to "pigging it in the wood-yard." It is needless to add that the general organisation of this misguided individual was not sufficiently comprehensive to grasp, as it were, the varied delights that appeal so much to the experienced camper. Of course there may be some who cannot understand its fascinations, and therefore would not undergo the ordeal if the chance offered. But so are there those who hear no music in the roar of the ocean, nor see a charm in the western sunset.

As long as there are people who are strangers to the sweet sounds and sights of Nature, and who fail to appreciate any pleasurable emotion from such association, just so long will the world be divided into two sections—on the one hand the people who love the freedom of the camp, and the unfortunate candidates for our commiseration who do not on the other.

Camping has its votaries, in no mean dimensions, in this country, as many of our rivers bear testimony in season, and vacations spent in this fashion form delightful food for discussion at all times.

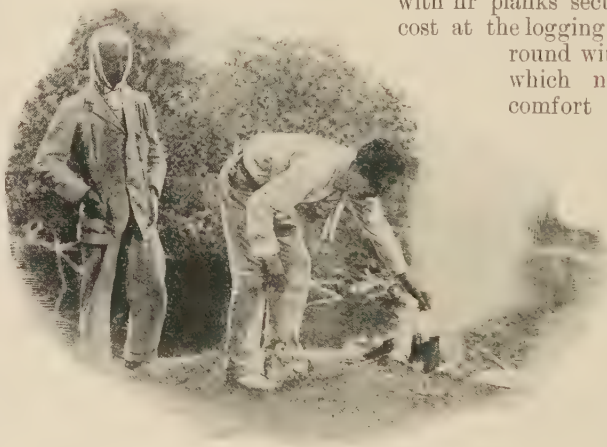
The climate in British Columbia, in the southern portion of the island and mainland especially, is mild, salubrious, and healthy, and superior to that of the south of England. During several months of the year the rainfall is heavy and long continued, with an annual average of, say, thirty inches on Vancouver Island, and forty-five in the lower mainland. As a large quantity of the timber in the vicinity of the towns is depleted year by year, this average is being gradually reduced. In this section of the province snow or frost is not often experienced, and vegetation remains green and the flowers bright through the greater part of every winter. Summer makes ample amends for any excess of moisture at other times, and may be said to begin in good earnest about June. For the space of four months the weather remains delightfully fine and hot, without variation whatever. The bush, on all sides, owing to heat and continued drought, becomes ignited, and some discomfort is caused thereby. It is then that the necessity of a change is felt, and the invitations are issued and the camp party made up.

Around the city of Vancouver many excellent sites for camp can be secured. On Greer's Beach, outside the entrance to False Creek, many hundreds encamp during the summer on the level stretch of land just above the water's edge, with a grand sweep of sand at low tide. Others travel further out into English Bay and select a site on the high ground on the south side.

We will now assume that our party is complete and some twenty strong. The boys have fixed on a spot just above the logging camp, with a creek dispensing pure crystal water within a hundred yards of it.

Our goods and chattels have all gone down to the boathouse in the Bay, and we are ready to embark. It will be seen that the party is rich in craft, as we can count no less than six strong Peterboro' or cedar canoes, a dug-out, and a substantial round-bottomed boat. Each of these is in turn despatched with an appointed load across the Bay, and in due course we are all safely located, bag and baggage, at "Camptown," our home for some weeks to come.

No time is lost on arrival, and a selected number of the party with axes and cross-cut saws start in and soon effect a clearance large enough to admit of the dining-tent, twenty-two feet by thirty feet, being run up. Into this we put all our available property, passed up, hand to hand, from the beach below. The tenderfoot finds thus early that his position is by no means a sinecure, and, lacking the experience and finished methods of his brethren, he has, perforce, to submit to much dictation which gives added zest to the proceedings. The ladies of our party, acting up to their reputation as respecters of law and order, are now engaged in a vain and fruitless endeavour to unearth the personal estate of its respective owners, and, as can be understood, the effort calls forth peals of merriment and is generally abandoned at an early stage.



PREPARING AFTERNOON TEA.

Meanwhile the ring of axes on the brush and standing timber gives evidence of other exertions outside, and before nightfall another big tent is ready, and arrangements made to receive its fair occupants. The beds are of stretched canvas on side poles with the cross supports firmly embedded in the ground, and, all being well secured, we foretell pleasant visitations to the Land of Nod. From the tenderfoot aforesaid, upwards, all have worked like Trojans this day, and the China cook's attempts in the hastily built kitchen in the rearground are thoroughly welcomed, and full justice is done to them. The men turn in and secure any soft spots available on the heap of stuffs in the dining-tent.

On the following morning we are early astir and the work of clearing is renewed. By breakfast time as many as six fresh tents have been erected, and our canvas colony is assuming fair dimensions. Some of the men, for business and other reasons, then take their departure for town by canoe, and those that are left continue the work of improvement. A quantity of strong fir is cut, brought in, and the framework of the kitchen set up and covered with strip canvas, with cedar shingles on the roof and weather side. The iron stove is reset and we are now at peace concerning that important department. The smiling visage of our heathen *chef* is sufficient warranty that the work is well ordered. Many of the tents are floored with fir planks secured at a trifling cost at the logging camp, or boarded round with cedar shakes, by which not a little extra comfort is gained. The provisions for the day are despatched from the city stores to the boathouse, and brought over when the canoes return in the evening, so that we enjoy all the luxuries of the town without inconvenience.

We still have plenty to occupy our time during the first week, as, after all is made snug above, a breakwater and shelter for the fleet must be constructed, steps leading to the beach cut and railed, and last, but not least, hammocks slung in quiet, peaceful nooks for the benefit of the weary. In the end a substantial fir railing is run round the cliff, rustic and other seats are set up, and our township is complete. Having by now thoroughly and conscientiously earned a respite from labour, both manual and physical, we disport ourselves as fancy dictates.

Our position is one of exceeeding beauty. Fifty feet below, the waters of the Bay are flashing and pulsing in the summer sunlight On the extreme left is the open stretch of the Gulf of Georgia, and fronting us and to our right is the coast range of mountains,

rearing themselves thousands of feet into the clear, cloudless sky, and serving as a natural and impressive background to the western limits of the city as seen above the rising ground.

To turn our attention to camp customs and entertainments, one great benefit derived is that our little colony completely ignores fashion in the matter

ROUND THE MIDNIGHT FIRE.

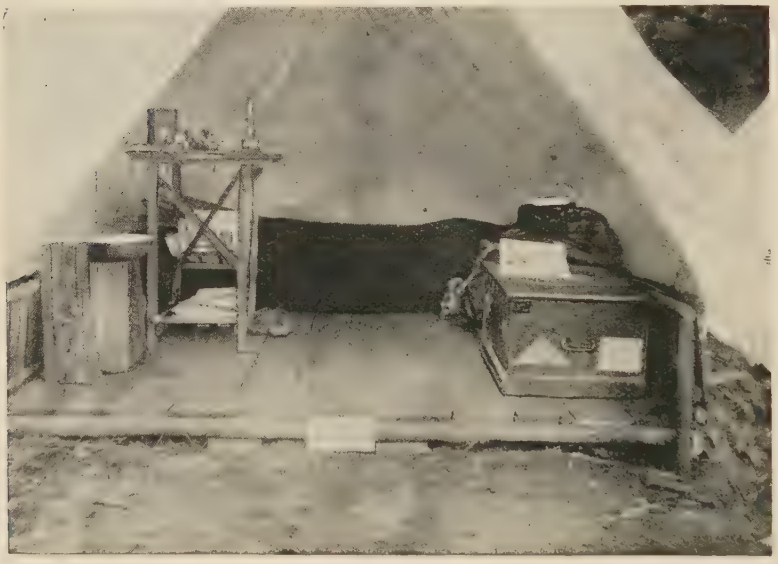
AFTER THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE.

of dress, and each member appears in what he or she at the moment considers the most rational attire. Life is now one cycle of pleasure. After the morning meal people sort themselves out, and little groups make their departure this way or that. Some take canoes and either paddle idly about on the still waters, or, armed with deep-sea tackle and the wriggling bait, proceed to the best of their ability to invade the fish life below. Big hauls of whiting are made, frequently to the number of 400 to 500 in a couple of hours, and if an assortment

VISITORS.

of lemon soles, flounders, black cod, tommy cod, *and* bull-heads (this latter the terror of the whiting enthusiast) are added, the thanks of the community are promptly bestowed. By the way, nobody really seems keenly partial to the delicacies of the bag, for, as far as our observation goes, the fish seldom arrive at the pan. Yet the blessings circulate, nevertheless. Our China boy tried it once, and once only. With a slight swell on he began to rock from side to side of the canoe in most dangerous fashion, lost the little colour he ever possessed, and remarked faintly, "Too muchee fishee." His meaning was clearly interpreted, and he was humanely landed, a sadder and a wiser man.

In July the salmon make their appearance,



A CAMP BEDROOM.

and at times the whole surface of the water is disturbed and studded with their shining bodies. They give no sport, as in these waters they have never been known to take a fly, and the only variety that can be secured by legitimate means is the Cohoe, that runs in August and September. With a rod and troll fair numbers can be taken. It is a good fighting fish and its flesh is excellent for the table. The ground smelt, a full-flavoured, succulent body, visits the sandy flats in huge shoals. Any quantity can be got by wading, without the use of a net, and catching them in the hands is great fun.

The woods behind the encampment contain a fair amount of game. A little off the logging trail willow grouse are found occasionally, with a few rabbits and wild pigeon to make up the bag. The mink, of the weasel tribe, abounds on the shores, and can be either shot or trapped. Bears have been seen by our own people at the creek, but an organised trip across their tracks failed to discover their whereabouts. Later in the season four fine skins were displayed at the logging camp near by—the result of too much daring on the part of Bruin's family. Berry-gathering is another delight for man and maid. Many kinds are found hereabouts, notably the salmon, cushion, wine, huckle, and blackberry, of which the pot makes no distinction, and the final offering in the shape of camp pudding is a joy to all partakers thereof.

A particularly interesting venture is the camp newspaper Sunday edition, rejoicing in the title of *The Camptown Review*. By this medium, with all the shortcomings of one's dear friends at heart, the opportunity is taken of paying back old scores and of opening the eyes of the general camp public to the fact that things, collectively speaking, are not really all they are supposed to be. Everyone enters into the fun with great gusto and the editorial sanctum is besieged with kindly offers of help. Advertisements of a unique and grotesque order flock in, the latest foreign and home news is freely parodied, and a visitors' list published in full, with various personal remarks appended to each name.

The camp fire lends cheer to the evening amusements. Massive logs have been stacked in the open space in the centre and ignited, and all and sundry are seated on rugs, with back boards erected for greater comfort. Many of our party are capable performers on the mandolin, guitar, or banjo, and the air resounds with their joyful twang. Every variety of coon, comic, coster, and sentimental lay is given in turn, interspersed with choruses

WASHING UP.

that all can attempt. Ah Sing sometimes takes a hand and chants a Chinese Wagnerism as discordant as it is monstrous, which in extent is accurately clocked at fifteen minutes. The poor boy is duly applauded and suitably refreshed as his deserts merit. Coffee is served, and then the party retires.

The red-letter day of the season is regatta day. Challenges are issued to our friends across the Bay to meet us in friendly rivalry both by land and water. A prompt acceptance follows. The events include high and long jumping, climbing the rope, single and double canoe and swimming races, with special contests for the ladies.

As all things, however pleasant, must have a termination, so it is with camping. In September the evenings begin to get damp and chilly, and the sea fogs are apt to make their annual appearance. A date is appointed and the word passed round to strike camp. Tents are lowered, baggage packed, useful lumber hidden in secure places for use in the following year, and the spot so recently fair and well ordered rendered a desolate waste again. Then back to town life once more, after a jolly and healthful sojourn of some ten weeks by the sea. To the dwellers and toilers in the heat-laden city it is an inestimable relief to be able to breathe the fresh sea air and have all the luxuries of the camp within half an hour's journey of the business centre. By this means the majority of the men-folk are able to attend strictly to their vocations without hindrance, and benefit by the changed mode of living.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP.

See page 582.]

"Joan stood rooted to the spot, her lips moving, but no words coming forth."

JOAN OF THE SWORD.

By S. R. Crockett.*

Illustrated by Frank Richards.

CHAPTER XLII.

THERESA KEEPS TROTH.

But they had reckoned without Theresa von Lynar.

Conrad and Joan came back from the ruined fortification, silent mostly, but thrilled with the thoughts of that which their eyes had seen, their ears heard. Each had listened to the beating of the other's heart. Both knew they were beloved. Nothing could alter *that* any more for ever. As they had gone out with Theresa watching them from the dusk of the garden arcades, their hands had drawn together. Eyes had sought answering eyes at each dip of the path. They had listened for the finest shades of meaning in one another's voices, and taken courage or lost hope from the droop of an eyelid or the quiver of a syllable.

Now all was changed. They knew that which they knew.

The orchard of the lonely grange on Isle Rugen was curiously out of keeping with its barren surroundings. Enclosed within the same wall as the dwelling-house, it was the special care of the Wordless Man, whose many years of pruning and digging and watering, undertaken each at its proper season, had resulted in a golden harvest of September fruit. When Joan and Conrad came to the portal which gave entrance from without, lo! it stood open. The sun had been shining in their eyes, and the place looked very slumberous in the white, hazy glory of a northern day. The path which led out of the orchard was splashed with cool shade. Green leaves shrined fair globes of fruitage fast ripening in the blowing air and steadfast sun. Up the path towards them as they stood together came Theresa von Lynar. There was a smile on her face, a large and kindly graciousness in her splendid eyes. Her hair was piled and circled about her head, and drawn back in ruddy golden masses from the broad white forehead. Autumn was Theresa's season, and in such surroundings she might well have stood for Ceres or Pomona, with apron full enough of fruit for many a horn of plenty.

Such large-limbed, simple-natured women as Theresa von Lynar appear to greatest advantage in autumn. It is their time when the day of apple-blossom and spring flourish is overpast, and when that which these foreshadowed is at length fulfilled. Then to see such a one emerge from an orchard close, and approach softly smiling out of the shadow of fruit trees, is to catch a glimpse of the elder gods. Spring, on the other hand, is for merry maidens, slips of unripe grace, buds from the schools. Summer is the season of languorous dryads at rest in the green gloom of forests, fanning sunburnt cheeks with green leafy boughs and their dark eyes full of the height of living. Winter is the time of swift lithe-limbed girls with heads proudly set, who through the white weather carry them like Dian the Huntress, their dainty chins dimpling out of softening furs. To each is her time and supremacy, though a certain favoured few are the mistresses of all. They move like a part of the spring when cherry blossoms are set against a sky of changeful April blue. They rejoice when dark-eyed summer wears scarlet flowers in her hair, shaded by green leaves and fanned by soft airs. Well-bosomed Ceres herself, smiling luxuriant with ripe lips, is not fairer than they at the time of apple-gathering, nor yet dainty Winter, footing it as lightly over the frozen snow.

Joan, an it liked her, could have triumphed in all these, but her nature was too simple to care about the impression she made, while Conrad was too deep in love to notice any difference in her perfections.

And now Theresa von Lynar, the woman who had given her beauty and her life like a little Valentine's gift into the hand of the

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man she loved, content that he should take or throw away as pleased him best—Theresa von Lynar met these two, who in their new glory of renunciation thought that they had plumbed the abysses of love, when as yet they had taken no more than a single sounding in the narrow seas. She stood looking at them as they came towards her, with a sympathy that was more than mere tolerance.

"Our Joan of the Sword Hand is growing into a woman," she murmured; and something she had thought buried deep heaved in her breast, shaking her as Enceladus the Giant shakes Etna when he turns in his sleep. For she saw in the girl her father's likeness more strongly than she had ever seen it in her own son.

"You have faced the sunshine!" Thus she greeted them as they came. "Sit awhile with me in the shade. I have here a bower where Maurice loved to play—before he left me. None save I hath entered it since that day."

So saying, she led the way along an alley of pleached green, at the far end of which they could see the solitary figure of Max Ulrich, in the full sun, bending his back to his gardening tasks, yet at the same time, as was his custom, keeping so near his mistress that a fluttered kerchief or a lifted hand would bring him instantly to her side.

It was a small, rustic, eight-sided lodge, thatched with heather, its latticed windows wide open and creeper-grown, to which Theresa led them. It had been well kept; and when Joan found herself within, a sudden access of tenderness for this lonely mother, who had offered herself like a sacrifice upon an altar, took possession of her.

For about the walls was fastened a dead child's pitiful armoury. Home-made swords of lath, arrows winged with the cast feathers of the woodland, crooked bows, the broken crockery of a hundred imagined banquets—these, and many more, were carefully kept in place with immediate and loving care. Maurice would be back again presently, they seemed to say, and would take up his play just where he left it.

No cobwebs hung from the roof; the bows were duly unstrung; and though wooden platters and rough kitchen equipage were mingled with warlike accoutrements upon the floor, there was not a particle of dust to be seen anywhere. As they sat down at the mother's bidding, it was hard to persuade themselves that Maurice von Lynar was far off, enduring the hardships of war or in deadly peril for his mistress. He might have been in hiding in the brushwood, ready to cry "Bo-peep" at them through the open door.

There was silence in the arbour for a space, a silence which no one of the three was anxious to break. For Joan thought of her promise, Conrad of Joan, and Theresa of her son. It was the last who spoke.

"Somehow to-day it is borne in upon me that Kernsberg has fallen, and that my son is in his enemy's hands!"

Joan started to her feet and thrust her hands a little out in front of her as if to ward off a blow.

"How can you know that?" she cried. "Who——? No; it cannot be. Kernsberg was victualled for a year. It was filled with brave men. My captains are staunch. The thing is impossible."

Theresa von Lynar, with her eyes on the waving foliage which alternately revealed and eclipsed the ruddy globes of the apples on the orchard trees, slowly shook her head.

"I cannot tell you how I know," she said; "nevertheless I know. Here is something which tells me." She laid her hand upon her heart. "Those who are long alone beside the sea hear voices and see visions."

"But it is impossible," urged Joan; "or, if it be true, why am I kept here? I will go and die with my people!"

"It is my son's will," said Theresa—"the will of the son of Henry the Lion. He is like his father—therefore women do his will!"

The words were not spoken bitterly, but as a simple statement of fact.

Joan looked at this woman and understood for the first time that she was the strongest spirit of all—greater than her father, better than herself. And perhaps because of this nobility and sacrifice stirred emulously in her own breast.

"Madam," she said, looking directly at Theresa von Lynar, "it is time that you and I understood each other. I hold myself no true Duchess of Hohenstein so long as your son lives. My father's compact and condition are of no effect. The Diet of the Empire would cancel them in a moment. I will therefore take no rest till this thing is made clear. I swear that your son shall be Duke Maurice and sit in his father's place, as is right and fitting. For me, I ask nothing but the daughter's portion—a grange such as this, as solitary and as peaceful, a garden to delve and a beach to wander upon at eve!"

As she spoke, Theresa's eyes suddenly brightened. A proud high look sat on the fulness of her lips, which gradually faded as some other thought asserted its supremacy. She rose, and going straight to Joan, for the first time she kissed her on the brow.

"Now do I know," she said, "that you are Henry the Lion's daughter. That is spoken as he would have spoken it. It is greatly thought. Yet it cannot be."

"It shall be!" cried Joan imperiously.

"Nay," returned Theresa von Lynar. "Once on a time I would have given my right hand that for half a day, for one hour, men might have said of me that I was Henry the Lion's wife, and my son his son! It would have been right sweet. Ah, God, how sweet it would have been!" She paused a moment as if consulting some unseen presence. "No, I have vowed my vow. Here was I bidden to stay and here will I abide. For me there was no sorrow in any hard condition, so long as he laid it upon me. For have I not tasted with him the glory of life, and with him plucked out the heart of the mystery? That for which I paid, I got. My lips have tasted

"It was a small, rustic lodge to which Theresa led them."

both of the Tree of Knowledge and of the Tree of Life—for these two grow very close together, the one to the other, upon the banks of the River of Death. But for my son, this thing is harder to give up. For on him lies the stain, though the joy and the sin were mine alone."

"Maurice of Hohenstein shall sit in his father's seat," said Joan firmly. "I have sworn it. If I live I will see him settled

there with my captains about him. Werner von Orseln is an honest man. He will do him justice. Von Dessauer shall get him recognised, and Hugo of Plassenburg shall stand his sponsor before the Diet of the Empire."

"I would it could be so," said Theresa wistfully. "If my death could cause this thing righteously to come to pass, how gladly would I end life! But I am bound by an oath, and my son is bound because I am bound. The tribunal is not the Diet of Ratisbon, but the faithfulness of a woman's heart. Have I been loyal to my prince these many years, so that now shame sits on my brow as gladly as a crown of bay, that I should fail him now? Low he lies, and I may never stand beside his sepulchre. No son of mine shall sit in his high chair. But if in any sphere of sinful or imperfect spirits, be it hell or purgatory, he and I shall encounter, think you that for an empire I would meet him shamed? And when he says, 'Woman of my love, hast thou kept thy troth?' shall I be compelled to answer 'No'?"

"But," urged Joan, "this thing is your son's birthright. My father, for purposes of state, bound my happiness to a man I loathed. I have cast that band to the winds. The fathers cannot bind the children, no more can you disinherit your son."

Theresa von Lynar smiled a sad, wise smile, infinitely patient, infinitely remote.

"Ah," she said, "you think so? You are young. You have never loved. You are his daughter, not his wife. One day you shall know, if God is good to you!"

At this Joan smiled in her turn. She knew what she knew.

"You may think you know," returned Theresa, her calm eyes on the girl's face, "but what I mean by loving is another matter. The band you broke you did not make. I keep the vow I made. With clear eye, undulled brain, willing hand I made it —because he willed it. Let my son Maurice break it, if he can, if he will—as you have broken yours. Only let him never more call Theresa von Lynar mother!"

Joan rose to depart. Her intent had not been shaken, though she was impressed by the noble heart of the woman who had been her father's wife. But she also had vowed a vow, and that vow she would keep. The Sparhawk should yet be the Eagle of Kernsberg, and she, Joan, a home-keeping housewife nested in quietness, a barn-door fowl about the orchards of Isle Rugen.

"Madam," she said, "your word is your word. But so is that of Joan of Kernsberg. It may be that out of the unseen there may leap a chance which shall bring all to pass, the things which we both desire—without breaking vows or loosing of the bands of obligation. For me, being no more than a daughter, I will keep Duke Henry's will only in that which is just!"

"And I," said Theresa von Lynar, "will keep it, just or unjust!"

Yet Joan smiled as she went out. For she had been countered and checkmated in sacrifice. She had met a nature greater than her own, and with the truly noble that is the pleasure of pleasures. In such things only the small are small, only the worms of the earth delight to crawl upon the earth. The great and the wise look up and worship the sun above them. And if by chance their special sun prove after all to be but a star, they say, "Ah, if we had only been near enough it would have been a sun!"

All the while Conrad sat very still, listening with full heart to that which it did not concern him to interrupt. But within his heart he said, "Woman, when she is true woman, is greater, worthier, fuller than any man—aye, were it the Holy Father himself. Perhaps because they draw near Christ the Son through Mary the Mother!"

But Theresa von Lynar sat silent and watched the girl as she went down the long path, the leafy branches spattering alternate light and shadow upon her slender figure. Then she turned sharply upon Conrad.

"And now, my Lord Cardinal," she said, "what have you been saying to my husband's daughter?"

"I have been telling her that I love her!" answered Conrad simply. He felt that what he had listened to gave this woman a right to be answered.

"And what, I pray you, have princes of Holy Church to do with love? They seek after heavenly things, do they not? Like the angels, they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

"I know," said Conrad humbly, and without taking the least offence. "I know it well. But I have put off the armour I have not proven. The burden is too great for me. I am a soldier—I was trained a soldier—yet because I was born after my brother Louis, I must perforce become both priest and holy cardinal. Rather a thousand times would I be a man-at-arms and carry a pike!"

"Then am I to understand that as a soldier you told the Duchess Joan that you

loved her, or that as a priest you forbade the banns? Or did you wholly forget the little circumstance that once on a time you yourself married her to your brother?"

"I did indeed forget," said Conrad, with sincere penitence; "yet must you not blame me too sorely. "I was carried out of myself——"

"The Duchess, then, rejected your suit with contumely?"

Conrad was silent.

"How should a great lady listen to her husband's brother—and a priest?" Theresa went on remorselessly. "What said the Lady Joan when you told her that you loved her?"

"The words she spoke I cannot repeat, but when she ended I set my lips to her garment's hem as reverently as ever to holy bread."

The slow smile came again over the face of Theresa von Lynar, the smile of a warworn veteran who watches the children at their drill.

"You do not need to tell me what she answered, my lord," she said, for the first time leaving out the ecclesiastic title. "I know!"

Conrad stared at the woman.

"She told you that she loved you from the first."

"How know you that?" he faltered. "None must hear that secret—none must guess it!"

Theresa von Lynar laughed a little mellow laugh, in which a keen ear might have detected how richly and pleasantly her laugh must once have sounded to her lover when her pulses beat to the tune of gladness and the unbound heart.

"Do you think to deceive me, Theresa, whom Henry the Lion loved? Have I been these many weeks with you two in the house and not seen this? Prince Conrad, I knew it that night of the storm when she bent her over the couch on which you lay. 'I love,' you say boldly, and you think great things of your love. But she loved first as she will love most, and your boasted love will never overtake hers—no, not though you love her all your life. . . . Well, what do you propose to do?"

Conrad stood a moment mutely wrestling with himself. He had never felt Joan's first instinctive aversion to this woman, a dislike even yet scarcely overcome—for women distrust women till they have vouched themselves innocent, and often even then.

"My lady," he said, "the Duchess Joan has showed me the better way. Like a man, I knew not what I asked, nor dared to express all that I desired. But I have learned how souls can be united, though bodies are separated. I will not touch her hand; I will not kiss her lips. Once a year only will I see her in the flesh. I shall carry out my duty, made at least less unworthy by her example——"

"And think you," said Theresa, "that in the night watches you will keep this charge? Will not her face come between you and the altar? Will not her image float before you as you kneel before the shrine? Will it not blot out the lines as you read your daily office?"

"I know it—I know it too well!" said Conrad, sinking his head on his breast. "I am not worthy."

"What, then, will you do? Can you serve two masters?" persisted the inquisitor. "Your Scripture says not."

A larger self seemed to flame and dilate within the young man.

"One thing I can do," he said—"like you, I can obey. She bade me go back and do my duty. I cannot bind my thought; I cannot change my heart; I cannot cast my love out. I have heard that which I have heard, and I cannot forget; but at least with the body I can obey. I will perform my vow; I will keep my charge to the letter, every jot and tittle. And if God condemn me for a hypocrite—well, let Him! He, and not I, put this love into my heart. My body may be my priesthood's—I will strive to keep it clean—but my soul is my lady's. For that let Him cast both soul and body into hell-fire if He will!"

Theresa von Lynar did not smile any more. She held out her hand to Conrad of Courtland, priest and prince.

"Yes," she said, "you do know what love is. In so far as I can I will help you to your heart's desire."

And in her turn she rose and passed down through the leafy avenues of the orchard, over which the westering sun was already casting rood-long shadows.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE WORDLESS MAN TAKES A PRISONER.

It was the hour of the evening meal at Isle Rugen. The September day piped on to its melancholy close, and the wild geese overhead called down unseen from the upper air that the storm followed hard upon their

backs. At the table-head sat Theresa von Lynar, her largely moulded and beautiful face showing no sign of emotion. Only great quiet dwelt upon it, with knowledge and the sympathy of the proven for the untried. On either side of her were Joan and Prince Conrad—not sad, neither avoiding nor seeking the contingence of eye and eye, but yet, in spite of all, so strange a thing is love once declared, happy within their heart of hearts.

Then, after a space dutifully left unoccupied, came Captains Boris and Jorian; while at the table-foot, opposite to the hostess, towered Werner von Orseln, whose grey beard had wagged at the more riotous board of Henry the Lion of Hohenstein.

Werner was telling an interminable story of the old wars, with many a "Thus said I" and "So did he," ending thus:—"There lay I on my back, with thirty pagan Wends ready to slit my hals as soon as they could get their knives between my gorget and headpiece. Gott! but I said every prayer I knew—they were not many in those days—all in two minutes' space, as I lay looking at the sky through my visor bars and waiting for the prick of the Wendish knife-points.

"But even as I looked up, lo! someone bestrode me, and the voice I loved best in all the world—no, not a woman's, God send him rest" ("Amen!" interjected the Lady Joan)—"cried, 'To me, Hohenstein! To me, Kernsberg!' And though my head was ringing with the shock of falling, and my body weak from many wounds, I strove to answer that call, as I saw my master's sword flicker this way and that over my head. I half rose from the ground, my hilt still in my hand—I had no more left after the fight I had fought. But Henry the Lion gave me a stamp down with his foot. 'Lie still, man,' he said; 'do not interfere in a little business of this kind!' And with his one point he kept a score at bay, crying all the time, 'To me, Hohenstein! To me, Kernsbergers all!'

"And when the enemy fled, did he wait till the bearers came? Well I wot, hardly! Instead, he caught me over his shoulder like an empty sack when one goes a-foraging—me, Werner von Orseln, that am built like a donjon tower. And with his sword still red in his right hand he bore me in, only turning aside a little to threaten a Wendish archer who would have sent an arrow into me on the way. By the knights who sit round Karl's table, he was a man!"

And then to their feet sprang Boris and Jorian, who were judges of men.

"To Prince Henry the Lion, hoch!" they cried. "Drink it deep to his memory!"

And with tankard and wreathed wine-cup they quaffed to the great dead. Standing up, they drank—his daughter also—all save Theresa von Lynar. She sat unmoved, as if the toast had been her own and in a moment more she must rise to give them thanks. For the look on her face said, "After all, what is there so strange in that? Was he not Henry the Lion—and mine?"

For there is no joy like that which you may see on a woman's face when a great deed is told of the man she loves.

The Kernsberg soldiers who had been trained to serve at table had stopped their duties and stood fixed in complete oblivion during the tale, but now they resumed them and the simple feast continued. Meanwhile it had been growing wilder and wilder without, and the shrill lament of the wind was distinctly heard in the wide chimney top. Now and then in a lull, broad splashes of rain fell solidly into the red embers with a sound like musket balls "spatting" on a wall.

Then Theresa von Lynar looked up.

"Where is Max Ulrich?" she said; "why does he delay?"

"My lady," one of the men of Kernsberg answered, saluting; "he is gone across the Haff in the boat, and has not yet returned."

"I will go and look for him—nay, do not rise, my lord. I would go forth alone!"

So, snatching a cloak from the prong of an antler in the hall, Theresa went out into the irregular hooting of the storm. It was not yet the deepest gloaming, but dull grey clouds like hunted cattle scoured across the sky, and the rising thunder of the waves on the shingle prophesied of a night of storm. Theresa stood a long time bareheaded, enjoying the thresh of the broad drops as they struck against her face and cooled her throbbing eyes. Then she pulled the hood of the cloak over her head.

The dead was conquering the quick within her.

"I have known a *man!*" she said; "what need I more with life now? The man I loved is dead. I thank God that I served him—aye, as his dog served him. And shall I grow disobedient now? No, not that my son might sit on the throne of the Kaiser!"

Theresa stood upon the inner curve of the Haff at the place where Max Ulrich was wont to pull his boat ashore. The wind was

behind her, and though the waves increased as the distance widened from the pebbly bank on which she stood, the water at her feet was only ruffled and pitted with little dimples under the shocks of the wind. Theresa looked long southward under her hand, but for the moment could see nothing.

Then she settled herself to keep watch, with the storm riding slack-rein overhead. Towards the mainland the whoop and roar with which it assaulted the pine forests deafened her ears. But her face was younger than we have ever seen it, for Werner's story had moved her strongly. Once more she was by a great man's side. She moved her hand swiftly, first out of the shelter of the cloak as if seeking furtively to nestle it in another's, and then, as the raindrops plashed cold upon it, she slowly drew it back to her again.

And though Theresa von Lynar was yet

"The dead was conquering the quick within her."

in the prime of her glorious beauty, one could see what she must have been in the days of her girlhood. And as memory caused her eyes to grow misty, and the smile of love and trust eternal came upon her lips, twenty years were shorn away; and the woman's face which had looked anxiously across the darkening Haff changed to that of the girl who from the gate of Castle von Lynar had watched for the coming of Duke Henry.

She was gazing steadfastly southward, but it was not for Max the Wordless that she waited. Towards Kernsberg, where he whose sleep she had so often watched, rested all alone, she looked and kissed a hand.

"Dear," she murmured, "you have not forgotten Theresa! You know she keeps troth! Aye, and will keep it till God grows kind, and your Theresa can follow—to tell you how well she hath kept her charge!"

A while she

was silent, and then she went on in the low, even voice of self communing.

"What to me is it to become a princess? Did he, for whose words alone I cared, not call me his queen? And I was his queen. In the black, blank day of my uttermost need he made me his wife. And I am his wife. What want I more with dignities?"

Theresa von Lynar was silent awhile and then she added—

"Yet the young Duchess, his daughter, means well. She has her father's spirit. And my son—why should my vow bind him? Let him be Duke, if so the Fates direct and Providence allow. But for me, I will not stir finger or utter word to help him. There shall be neither anger nor sadness in my husband's eyes when I tell him how I have observed the bond!"

Again she kissed a hand towards the dead man who lay so deep under the ponderous marble at Kernsberg. Then with a gracious gesture, lingeringly and with the misty eyes of loving womanhood, she said her lonely farewells.

"To you, beloved," she murmured, and her voice was low and very rich, "to you, beloved, where far off you lie! Sleep sound, nor think the time long till Theresa comes to you!"

She turned and walked back, facing the storm. Her hood had been blown from her head by the furious gusts of wind. But she heeded not. She had forgotten poor Max Ulrich and Joan, and even herself. She had forgotten her son. Her hand was out in the storm now. She did not draw it back, though the water ran from her fingertips. For it was clasped in an unseen grasp, and in an ear that surely heard she was whispering her heart's troth. "God give it to me to do one deed—one only before I die—that, worthy and unashamed, I may meet my King."

When Theresa re-entered the hall of the grange the company still sat as she had left them. Only at the lower end of the board the three captains conferred together in low voices, while at the upper Joan and Prince Conrad sat gazing full at each other as if souls could be drunk in through the eyes.

With a certain reluctance which yet had no shame in it, they plucked glance from glance as she entered, as if with difficulty detaching spirits which had been joined.

"He was holding by the arm a man with eyes bandaged and hands tied behind his back."

At which Theresa, recalled to herself, smiled.

"In all that touches not my vow I will help you two!" she thought, as she looked at them. For true love came closer to her than anything else in the world.

"There is no sign of Max," she said aloud,

to break the silence of constraint. "Perhaps he has waited at the landing-place on the mainland till the storm should abate—though that were scarce like him, either."

She sat down, with one movement of her arm casting her wet cloak over the back of a wooden settle which fronted a fireplace where green pine knots crackled and explosive jets of steam rushed spitefully outwards into the hall with a hissing sound.

"You have been down at the landing-place—on such a night?" said Joan, with some remains of that slight awkwardness which marks the interruption of a more interesting conversation.

"Yes," said Theresa, smiling indulgently (for she had been in like case—such a great while ago, when her brothers used to intrude). "Yes, I have been at the landing-place. But as yet the storm is nothing, though the waves will be fierce enough if Max Ulrich is coming home with a laden boat to pull in the wind's eye."

It mattered little what she said. She had helped them to pass the bar, and the converse could now proceed over smooth waters.

Yet there is no need to report it. Joan and Conrad remained and spoke they scarce knew what, all for the pleasure of eye answering eye, and the subtile flattery of voices that altered by the millionth of a tone each time they addressed one another. Theresa answered vaguely but sufficiently, and allowed herself to dream, till to her yearning gaze honest sturdy Werner grew misty and his bluff figure resolved itself into that nobler and more kingly which for years had fronted her at the table's end where now the chief captain sat.

Meanwhile Jorian and Boris exchanged meaning and covert glances, asking each other when this dull dinner parade would be over, so that they might loosen leathern points, undo buttons, and stretch legs on benches with a tankard of ale at each right elbow, according to the wont of stout war-captains not quite so young as they once were.

Thus they were sitting when there came a clamour at the outer door, the noise of voices, then a soldier's challenge, and Max Ulrich's weird answer—a sound almost like the howl of a wolf cut off short in his throat by the hand that strangles him.

"There he is at last!" cried all in the dining-hall of the grange.

"Thank God!" murmured Theresa. For the man wanting words had known Henry the Lion.

They waited the long moment of suspense till the door behind Werner was thrust open and the dumb man came in, drenched and dripping. He was holding by the arm a man as tall as himself, grey and gaunt, who fronted the company with eyes bandaged and hands tied behind his back. Max Ulrich had a sharp knife in his hand with a thin and slightly curved blade, and as he thrust the pinioned man before him into the full light of the candles, he made signs that, if his lady wished it, he was prepared to despatch his prisoner on the spot. His lips moved rapidly and he seemed to be forming words and sentences. His mistress followed these movements with the closest attention.

"He says," she began to translate, "that he met this man on the further side. He said that he had a message for Isle Rugen, and refused to turn back on any condition. So Max blindfolded, bound, and gagged him, he being willing to be bound. And now he waits our pleasure."

"Let him be unloosed," said Joan, gazing eagerly at the prisoner, and Theresa made the sign.

Stolidly Ulrich unbound the broad bandage from the man's eyes, and a grey badger's brush of upright stubble rose slowly above a high narrow brow, like laid corn that dries in the sun.

"Alt Pikker!" said Joan of the Sword Hand, starting to her feet.

"Alt Pikker!" cried in varied tones of wonderment Werner von Orseln and the two captains of Plassenburg, Jorian and Boris.

And Alt Pikker it surely was.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TO THE RESCUE.

But the late prisoner did not speak at once, though his captors stood back as though to permit him to explain himself. He was still bound and gagged. Discovering which, Max in a very philosophical and leisurely manner assisted him to relieve himself of a rolled kerchief which had been placed in his mouth.

Even then his throat refused its office till Werner von Orseln handed him a great cup of wine from which he drank deeply.

"Speak!" said Joan. "What disaster has brought you here? Is Kernsberg taken?"

"The Eagle's Nest is harried, my lady, but that is not what hath brought me hither!"

"Have they found out this my—prison? Are they coming to capture me?"

"Neither," returned Alt Pikker. "Maurice von Lynar is in the hands of his cruel enemies, and on the day after to-morrow, at sunrise, he is to be torn to pieces by wild horses."

"Why? Wherefore? In what place? Who would dare?" came from all about the table; but the mother of the young man sat silent as if she had not heard.

"To save Kernsberg from sack by the Muscovites, Maurice von Lynar went to Courtland in the guise of the Lady Joan. At the fords of the Alla we delivered him up!"

"You delivered him up?" cried Theresa suddenly. "Then you shall die! Max Ulrich, your knife!"

The dumb man gave the knife in a moment, but Theresa had not time to approach.

"I went with him," said Alt Pikker calmly.

"You went with him," repeated his mother after a moment, not understanding.

"Could I let the young man go alone into the midst of his enemies?"

"He went for my sake!" moaned Joan. "He is to die for me!"

"Nay," corrected Alt Pikker, "he is to die for wedding the Princess Margaret of Courtland!"

Again they cried out upon him in utmost astonishment—that is, all the men.

"Maurice von Lynar has married the Princess Margaret of Courtland? Impossible!"

"And why should he not?" his mother cried out.

"I expected it from the first!" quoth Joan of the Sword Hand, disdainful of their masculine ignorance.

"Well," put in Alt Pikker, "at all events, he hath married the Princess. Or she has married him, which is the same thing!"

"But why? We knew nothing of this! He told us nothing. We thought he went for our lady's sake to Courtland! Why did he marry her?" cried severally von Orseln and the Plassenburg captains.

"Why?" said Theresa, the mother, with assurance. "Because he loved her, doubtless. How? Because he was his father's son!"

And Theresa being calm and stilling the others, Alt Pikker got time to tell his tale. There was silence in the grange of Isle Rugen while it was being told, and even when it was ended for a space none spoke. But Theresa smiled well-pleased and said in her heart, "I thank God! My son also shall meet Henry the Lion face to face and not be ashamed."

After that they made their plans.

"I will go," said Conrad, "for I have influence with my brother—or, if not with him, at least with the folk of Courtland. We will stop this heathenish abomination."

"I will go," said Theresa, "because he is my son. God will show me a way to help him."

"We will all go," chorused the captains; "that is—all save Werner——"

"All except Boris——!"

"All except Jorian——!"

"Who will remain here on Isle Rugen with the Duchess Joan?" They looked at each other as they spoke.

"You need not trouble yourselves! I will not remain on Isle Rugen—not an hour," said Joan. "Whoever stays, I go. Think you that I will permit this man to die in my stead? We will go to Courtland. We will tell Prince Louis that I am no duchess, but only the sister of a duke. We will prove to him that my father's bond of heritage-brotherhood is null and void. And then we will see whether he is willing to turn the princedom upside down for such a dowerless wife as I!"

"For such a wife," thought Conrad, "I would turn the universe upside down, though she stood in a beggar's kirtle!"

But being loyally bound by his promise he said nothing.

It was Theresa von Lynar who put the matter practically.

"At a farm on the mainland, hidden among the salt marshes, there are horses—those you brought with you and others. They are in waiting for such an emergency. Max will bring them to the landing-place. Three or four of your guard must accompany him. The rest will make ready, and at the first dawn we will set out. There is yet time to save my son!"

She added in her heart, "Or, if not, then to avenge him."

Strangely enough, Theresa was the least downcast of the party. Death seemed a thing so little to her, even so desirable, that though the matter concerned her son's life, she commanded herself and laid her plans as coolly as if she had been preparing a dinner in the grange of Isle Rugen.

But her heart was proud within her with a great pride.

"He is Henry the Lion's son. He was born a duke. He has married a princess. He has tasted love and known sacrifice. If

he dies, it will be for the sake of his sister's honour. 'Tis no bad record for twenty years. These things *he* will count high above fame and length of days!"

* * * * *

The little company which set out from Isle Rugen to ride to Courtland had no thought or intention of rescuing Maurice von Lynar by force of arms. They knew their own impotence far too exactly. Yet each of the leaders had a plan of action thought out, to be pursued when the city was reached.

If her renunciation of her dignities were laughed at, as she feared, there was nothing for Joan but to deliver herself to Prince Louis. She had resolved to promise to be his wife and princess in all that it concerned the outer world to see. Their provinces would be united, Kernsberg and Hohenstein delivered into his hand.

On his part, Werner von Orseln was prepared to point out to the Prince of Courtland that with Joan as his wife and the armies and levies of Hohenstein added to his own under the Sparhawk's leadership, he would be in a position to do without the aid of the Prince of Muscovy altogether. Further, that in case of attack from the north, not only Plassenburg and the Mark, but all the Teutonic Bond must rally to his side.

Boris and Jorian, being stout-hearted captains of men-at-arms, were ready for anything. But though their swords were loosened in their sheaths to be prepared for any assault, they were resolved also to give what official dignity they could to their mission by a free use of the names of their master and mistress, the Prince Hugo and Princess Helene of Plassenburg. They were sorry now that they had left their credentials behind them, at Kernsberg, but they meant to make confidence and assured countenances go as far as they would.

Conrad, who was intimately acquainted with the character of his brother, and who knew how entirely he was under the dominion of Prince Ivan, had resolved to use all powers, ecclesiastical and secular, which his position as titular Prince of the Church put within his reach. To save the Sparhawk from a bloody and disgraceful death he would invoke upon Courtland even the dread curse of the Greater Excommunication. With his faithful priests around him he would seek his brother, and, if necessary, on the very execution place itself, or from the high altar of the cathedral, pronounce the dread "Anathema sit." He knew his brother well enough to be sure that this threat would shake his soul with terror, and that such a curse laid on a city like Courtland, not too subservient at any time, would provoke a rebellion which would shake the power of princes far more securely seated than Prince Louis.

The only one of the party wholly without a settled plan was the woman most deeply interested. Theresa von Lynar simply rode to Courtland to save her son or to die with him. She alone had no influence with Prince Louis, no weapon to use against him except her woman's wit.

As the cavalcade rode on, though few, they made a not ungallant show. For Theresa had clad Prince Conrad in a coat of mail which had once belonged to Henry the Lion. Joan glittered by his side in a corselet of steel rings, while Werner von Orseln and the two captains of Plassenburg followed fully armed, their accoutrement shining with the burnishing of many idle weeks. These, with the men-at-arms behind them, made up such an equipage as few princes could ride abroad with. But to all of them the journey was naught, a mere race against time—so neither horse nor man was spared. And the two women held out best of all.

But when, in the morning light of the second day they came in sight of Courtland, and saw on the green plain of the Alla a great concourse, it did not need Alt Pikker's shout to urge them forward at a gallop, lest after all they should arrive too late.

"They have brought him out to die," cried Joan. "Ride, for the young man's life!"

But all their careful plans and scrupulous intents were in a moment cast to the winds by the urgency of the need. Expecting to find themselves instantly captives, they found themselves instead among a stout and independent people, stirred to the highest point of hatred and excited disgust by the cruelty of the scene and the horror which they knew must too certainly ensue; angry also and apprehensive lest their Prince had delivered over their free German land to the Muscovite lord who was no better than a tyrant and a pagan.

The armour in which they saw their favourite Prince Conrad clad raised the highest hopes, not only among the populace, but in the army of Courtland itself. It had long been a standing toast in every guard-room, "To the succession of the cowl!" For they looked to their ideal knight, Conrad, that hero without stain, to deliver

their country from the degrading weakness and subservience of the reign of Louis, and especially from the intruding Muscovite and hated Cossack who had supplanted themselves as guards in the very palace of their Prince.

Hence the shouts of "Prince Conrad!" "Our deliverer!" "The true Prince!" "Down with Louis!" "Drive out the Russ!" which saluted them everywhere as the cavalcade advanced slowly through the press.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE TRUTH-SPEAKING OF BORIS AND JORIAN.

This is the report of Captains Boris and Jorian, which they gave in face of their sovereigns in the garden pleasaunce of the Palace of Plassenburg. Hugo and Helene sat at opposite ends of a seat of twisted branches. Hugo crossed his legs and whistled low, with his thumbs in the slashing of his doublet, a habit of which Helene had long striven in vain to cure him. The Princess was busy broidering the coronated double eagle of a new banner, but occasionally she raised her eyes to where on the green slope beneath, under the wing of a sage woman of experience, the youthful hope of Plassenburg led his mimic armies to battle against the lilies along the orchard wall, or laid lance in rest to storm the too easy fortress of his nurse's lap.

"Boris," whispered Jorian, "remember! Do not lie, Boris. 'Tis too dangerous. You remember the last time?"

"Aye," growled Boris. "I have good cause to remember! What a liar our Hugo must have been, so readily to suspect two honest soldiers!"

"Speak out your minds, good lads!" said Hugo, leaning a little further back.

"Aye, tell us all," assented Helene, pausing to shake her head at the antics of young Prince Karl; "tell us how you delivered the Sparhawk, as you call him, the officer of the Duchess Joan!"

So Boris saluted and began.

"The tale is a long one, Prince and Princess," he said. "Of our many and difficult endeavours to keep the peace and prevent quarrelling I will say nothing——"

"Better so!" interjected Hugo, with a gleam in his eye. Jorian coughed and growled to himself, "That long fool will make a mess of it!"

"I will pass on to our entry into Courtland. It was like the home-coming of a long-lost true prince. There was no fighting—alack, not so much as a stroke after all that pother of shouting!"

"Boris!" said the Princess warningly.

"Give him rope!" muttered Prince Hugo. "He will tangle himself rarely or he be done!"

"I mean by the blessing of Heaven there was no bloodshed," Boris corrected himself. "There was, as I say, no fighting. There was none to fight with. Prince Louis had not a friend in his own capital city, saving the Muscovite. And at that moment Prince Ivan the Wasp was glad enough to win clear off to the frontier with his Cossacks at his tail. It was a great pity we could not ride them down. But though Jorian and I did all that men could——"

"Ahem!" said Jorian, as if a fly had flown into his mouth and tickled his throat.

"I mean, your Highnesses, we did whatever men could to keep the populace within bounds. But they broke through and leaped upon us, throwing their arms about our horses' necks, crying, 'Our saviours!' 'Our deliverers!' God wot, we might as well have tried to charge through the billows of the Baltic when it blows a norther right from the Gulf of Bothnia! But it almost broke my heart to see them ride off with never a spear thrust through one single Muscovite belly-band!"

Here Jorian had a fit of coughing which caused the Princess to look severely upon him. Boris, recalled to himself, proceeded more carefully.

"It was all we could do to open up a way to where the young man Maurice lay stretched on the Cross of Death. They had loosed the wild horses before we arrived, and these had galloped off after their companions. A pity! Oh, a great pity!

"Then came the young man's mother near, she who was our hostess at Isle Rugen——"

"Why did you not abide at Kernsberg, as you were instructed?" put in Hugo at this point.

"Never mind—go on—tell the tale!" said Helene, who was listening breathlessly.

"We thought it our duty to accompany the Duchess Joan," said Boris, deftly enough; "where the king is, there is the court!"

And the two captains saluted very dutifully and respectfully, like machines moved by one spring.

"Well said for once, thou overly long one," growled Jorian under his breath.

"Go on!" commanded Helene.

"The young man's mother came near and threw a cloak across his naked body. Then Jorian and I unbound him and chafed his

"Hugo and Helene sat at opposite ends of a seat."

limbs, first removing the gag from his mouth; but so tightly had the cords been bound about him that for long he could not stand upright. Then, from the royal pavilion, where she had been brought for cruel sport to see the death, the Princess Margaret came running——"

"Oh, wickedness!" cried Helene, "to make her look on at her lover's death!"

"She came furiously, though a dainty princess, thrusting strong men aside. 'Way there!' she cried, 'on your lives make way! I will go to him. I am the Princess Margaret. Give me a dagger and I will prick me a way.'

"And, by Saint Stephen the holy martyr! if she did not snatch a bodkin from the belt of a tailor of the High Street and with it open up her way as featly as though she were handling a Cossack lance."

"And what happened when she got to him—when she found her husband?" cried Helene, her eyes sparkling. And she put out a hand to touch her own, just to be sure that he was there.

"Truth, a very wondrous thing happened!" said Jorian, whose fingers also had been twitching, "a mightily wondrous thing, Thus it was——"

"Hold your tongue, sausage-bag!" growled Boris, very low; "who tells this tale, you or I?"

"Get on, then," answered in like fashion Captain Jorian, "you are as long-winded and wheezy as a smith's bellows!"

"Yes, a strange thing it was. I was standing by Maurice von Lynar, undoing the cord from his neck. His mother was chafing an arm. The Lady Joan was bending to speak softly to him, for she had dismounted from her horse, when, all in the snapping of a twig, the Princess Margaret came bursting through the ring which Jorian and the Kernsbergers were keeping with their lance-butts. She thrust us all aside. By my faith, me she sent spinning like the young Prince's top there!"

"God save his Excellency!" quoth Jorian, not to be left out entirely.

"Silence!" cried Helene, with an imperious stamp of her little foot; "and do you, Boris, tell the tale without comparisons. What happened then?"

"Only the boy's mother kept her ground! She went on chafing his arm without so much as raising her eyes."

"Did the Princess serve Joan of the Sword Hand as she served you?" interposed Hugo.

"Marry, worse!" cried Boris, growing excited for the first time. "She thrust her aside like a kitchen wench, and our lady took it as meekly as—as——"

"Go on! Did I not tell you to spare us your comparatives?" cried Helene the Princess, letting her broidery slip to the ground.

"Well," said Boris, quickly sobered, "it was in truth a mighty quaint thing to see. The Princess Margaret took the young man in her arms and caught him to her. The Lady Theresa kept his wrist. They looked at each other a moment without speech, eye countering eye like knights at a——"

"Go on!" the Princess thundered, if indeed a silvern voice can be said to thunder.

"'Give him up to me! He is mine!' cried the Princess.

"'He is mine!' answered very haughtily the lady of the Isle Rugen. 'Who are you?' 'And you?' cried both at once, flinging their heads back, but never for a moment letting go with their hands. The youth, being dazed, said nothing, nor so much as moved.

"'I am his mother!' said the Lady Theresa, speaking first.

"'I am his wife!' said the Princess.

"Then the woman who had borne the young man gave him into his wife's arms without a word, and the Princess gathered him to her bosom and crooned over him, that being her right. But his mother stepped back among the crowd and drew the hood of her cloak over her head that no man might look upon her face."

"Bravo!" cried Helene, clapping her hands, "it *was* her right!"

"Little one," said her husband, pointing to the boy on the terrace beneath, who was lashing a toy horse of wood with all his baby might, "I wonder if you will think so when another woman takes *him* from you!"

The Princess Helene caught her breath sharply.

"That would be different!" she said, "yes, very different!"

"Ah!" said Hugo the Prince, her husband.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE FEAR THAT IS IN LOVE.

THUS the climax came about in the twinkling of an eye, but the universal turmoil and wild jubilation in which Prince Louis's power and government were swept away had really been

preparing for years, though the end fell sharp as the thunderclap that breaks the weather after a season of parching heat.

For all that the trouble was only deferred, not removed. The cruel death of Maurice von Lynar had been rendered impossible by the opportune arrival of Prince Conrad and the sudden revolution which the sight of his noble and beloved form, clad in armour, produced among the disgusted and impulsive Courtlanders.

Yet the arch-foe had only recoiled in order that he might the further leap. The great army of the White Czar was encamped just across the frontier, nominally on the march to Poland, but capable of being in a moment diverted upon the Princedom of Courtland. Here was a pretext of invasion ripe to Prince Ivan's hand. So he kept Louis, the dethroned and extruded prince, close beside him. He urged his father, by every tie of friendship and interest, to replace that Prince upon his throne. And the Czar Paul, well knowing that the restoration of Louis meant nothing less than the incorporation of Courtland with his empire, hastened to carry out his son's advice.

In Courtland itself there was no confusion. A certain grim determination took possession of the people. They had made their choice, and they would abide by it. They had chosen Conrad to be their ruler, as he had long been their hope; and they knew that now Louis was for ever impossible, save as a cloak for the Muscovite dominion.

It had been the first act of Conrad to summon to him all the archpriests and heads of chapels and monasteries by virtue of his office as Cardinal-Archbishop. He represented to them the imminent danger to Holy Church of yielding to the domination of the Greek heretic. Whoever was spared, the Muscovite would assuredly make an end of them. He promised absolution from the Holy Father to all who would assist in bulwarking religion and the Church of Peter against invasion and destruction. He himself would for the time being lay aside his office and fight as a soldier in the war which was before them. Every consideration must give way to that. Then he would lay the whole matter at the feet of the Holy Father in Rome.

So throughout every town and village in Courtland the war of the Faith was preached. No presbytery but became a recruiting office. Every pulpit was a trumpet proclaiming a righteous war. There was to be no salvation for any Courtlander save in defending his faith and country. There was no hope save in the blessed rule of Prince Conrad, at once worthy Prince of the Blood, Prince of Holy Church, and defender of our blessed religion. Prince Louis was a deserter and a heretic. The Pope would depose him, even as (most likely) he had cursed him already.

So, thus encouraged, the country rose behind the retiring Muscovite, and Prince Louis was conducted across the boundary of his princedom under the bitter thunder of cannon and the hiss of Courtland arrows. And the craven trembled as he listened to the shouted maledictions of his own people, and begged for a common coat, lest his archer guard should distinguish their late Prince and point their clothyard shafts at him as he cowered a little behind Prince Ivan's shoulder.

Meanwhile Joan, casting aside with an exultant leap of the heart her intent to make of herself an obedient wife, rode back to Kernsberg in order to organise all the forces there to meet the common foe. It was to be the last fight of the Teuton Northland for freedom and faith.

The Muscovite does not go back, and if Courtland were conquered Kernsberg could not long stand. To Plassenburg (as we have seen) rode Boris and Jorian to plead for help from their Prince and Princess. Dessauer had already preceded them, and the armies, disciplined and equipped by Prince Karl, were already on the march to defend their frontiers—it might be to go farther and fight shoulder to shoulder with Courtland and Kernsberg against the common foe.

And if all this did not happen, it would not be the fault of those honest soldiers and admirable diplomatists, Captains Boris and Jorian, captains of the Palace Guard of Plassenburg.

* * * * *

The presence of Prince Conrad in the city of Courtland seemed to change entirely the character of the people. From being somewhat frivolous they became devoted to the severest military discipline. Nothing was heard but words of command and the ordered tramp of marching feet. The country barons and knights brought in their forces, and their tents, all gay with banners and fluttering pennons, stretched white along the Alla for a mile and more.

The word was on every lip, "When will they come?"

For already the Muscovite allies of Prince Louis had crossed the frontier and were moving towards Courtland, destroying everything in their track.

The day after the deliverance of the Sparhawk, Joan announced her intention of riding on the morrow to Kernsberg. Maurice von Lynar and Von Orseln would accompany her.

"Then," cried Margaret instantly, "I will go, too!"

"The ride would be over toilsome for you," said Joan, pausing to touch her friend's hair as she looked forth from the window of the Castle of Courtland at the Sparhawk ordering about a company of stout countrymen in the courtyard beneath.

"I *will* go!" said Margaret wilfully. "I shall never let him out of my sight again?"

"We shall be back within the week! You will be both safer and more comfortable here!"

The Princess Margaret withdrew her head from the open window, momentarily losing sight of her husband and making vain her last words.

"Ah, Joan," she said reproachfully, "you are wise and strong—there is no one like you. But you do not know what it is to be married. You never were in love. How, then, can you understand the feelings of a wife?"

She looked out of the window again and waved a kerchief.

"Oh, Joan," she looked back again with a mournful countenance, "I do believe that Maurice does not love me as I love him. He never took the least notice of me when I waved to him!"

"How could he," demanded Joan, the soldier's daughter, sharply, "he was on duty!"

"Well," answered Margaret, still resentful and unconsoled, "he would not have done that *before* we were married! And it is only the first day we have been together, too, since—since——"

And she buried her head in her kerchief.

Joan looked at her a moment with a tender smile. Then she gave a little sigh and went over to her friend. She laid her hand on her shoulder and knelt down beside her.

"Margaret," she whispered, "you used to be so brave. When I was here, and had to fight the Sparhawk's battles with Prince Wasp, you were as headstrong as any young squire desiring to win his spurs. You wished to see us fight, do you remember?"

The Princess took one corner of her white and dainty kerchief away from her eyes in order to look yet more reproachfully at her friend.

"Ah," she said, "that shows! Of course, I knew. You were not *he*, you see; I knew that in a moment."

Joan restrained a smile. She did not remind her friend that then she had never seen "him." The Princess Margaret went on.

"Joan," she cried suddenly, "I wish to ask you something!"

She clasped her hands with a sweet petitionary grace.

"Say on, little one!" said Joan smiling.

"There will be a battle, Joan, will there not?"

Joan of the Sword Hand nodded. She took a long breath and drew her head further back. Margaret noted the action.

"It is very well for you, Joan," she said; "I know you are more than half a man. Everyone says so. And then you do not love anyone, and you like fighting. But—you may laugh if you will—I am not going to let my husband fight. I want you to let him go to Plassenburg till it is over!"

Joan laughed aloud.

"And you?" she said, still smiling good-naturedly.

It was now Margaret's turn to draw herself up.

"You are not kind!" she said. "I am asking you a favour for my husband, not for myself. Of course I should accompany him! *I* am free to come and go!"

"My dear, my dear," said Joan gently, "you are at liberty to propose this to your husband! If he comes and asks me, he shall not lack permission."

"You mean he would not go to Plassenburg even if I asked him?"

"I know he would not he, the bravest soldier, the best knight——"

There came a knocking at the door.

"Enter!" cried Joan imperiously, yet not a little glad of the interruption.

Werner von Orseln stood in the portal. Joan waited for him to speak.

"My lady," he said, "will you bid the Count von Löen leave his work and take some rest and sustenance. He thinks of nothing but his drill."

"Oh, yes, he does," cried the Princess Margaret; "how dare you say it, fellow? He thinks of me! Why, even now——"

She looked once more out of the window, a smile upon her face. Instantly she drew in her head again and sprang to her feet.

"Oh, he is gone! I cannot see him anywhere!" she cried, "and I never so much as heard them go! Joan, I am going to find him. He should not have gone away without bidding me good-bye! It was cruel!"

She flashed out of the room, and without waiting for tiring-maid or coverture, she ran downstairs, dressed as she was in her light summer attire.

Joan stood a moment silent, looking after her with eyes in which flashed a tender light. Werner von Orseln smiled broadly—the dry smile of an ancient war-captain who puts no bounds to the vagaries of women. It was an experienced smile.

"'Tis well for Kernsberg, my lady," said Werner grimly, "that you are not the Princess Margaret."

"And why?" said Joan a little haughtily. For she did not like Conrad's sister to be treated lightly even by her chief captain.

"Ah, love, love!" said Werner, nodding his head sententiously. "It is well that I ever trained you up to care for none of these things. Teach a maid to fence, and her honour needs no champion. Give her sword-cunning and you keep her from making a fool of herself about the first man who crosses her path. Strengthen her wrist, teach her to lunge and parry, and you strengthen her head. But you do credit to *your* instructor. You have never troubled about the follies of love. Therefore are ye Joan of the Sword Hand!"

Joan sighed another sigh, very softly this time, and her eyes, being turned away from Von Orseln, were soft and indefinitely hazy.

"Yes," she answered, "I am Joan of the Sword Hand, and I never think of these things!"

"Of course not," he cried cheerfully; "why should you? Ah, if only the Princess Margaret had had an ancient Werner von Orseln to teach her how to drill a hole in a fluttering jackanapes! Then we would have had less of this meauling!"

"Silence," said Joan quickly. "She is here."

And the Princess came running in with joy in her face. Instinctively Werner drew back into the shadow of the window curtain, and the smile on his face grew more grimly experienced than ever.

"Oh, Joan," cried the Princess breathlessly, "he had not really gone off without bidding me good-bye. You remember I said that I could not believe it of him, and you see I was right. One cannot be mistaken about one's husband!"

"No?" said Joan interrogatively.

"Never—so long as he loves you, that is!" said Margaret, breathless with her haste; "but when you really love anyone, you cannot help getting anxious about them. And then Ivan or Louis might have sent someone to carry him off again to tear him to pieces. Oh, Joan, you cannot know all I suffered. You must be patient with me. I think it was seeing him bound and about to die that has made me like this!"

"Margaret!"

Joan went quickly towards her friend, touched with compunction for her words, and resolved to comfort her if she could. It was true, after all, that while she and Conrad had been happy together on Isle Rugen, this girl had been suffering.

Margaret came towards her, smiling through her tears.

"But I have thought of something," she said, brightening still more; "such a splendid plan. I know Maurice would not want to go away when there was fighting, though I believe, if I had him by himself for an hour, I could persuade him even to that, for my sake."

A stifled grunt came from behind the curtains, which represented the injury done to the feelings of Werner von Orseln by such unworthy sentiments.

The Princess looked over in the direction of the sound, but could see nothing. Joan moved quietly round, so that her friend's back was towards the window, behind the curtains of which stood the war-captain.

"This is my thought," the Princess went on more calmly. "Do you, Joan, send Maurice on an embassy to Plassenburg till this trouble is over. Then he will be safe. I will find means of keeping him there——"

A stifled groan of rage came from the window. Margaret turned sharply about.

"What is that?" she cried, taking hold of her skirts, as the habit of women is.

"Someone without in the courtyard," said Joan hastily; "a dog, a cat, a rat in the wainscot—anything!"

"It sounded like something," answered the Princess, "but surely not like anything! Let us look."

"Margaret," said Joan, gently taking her by the arm and walking with her towards the door, "Maurice von Lynar is a soldier and a soldier's son. You would break his heart if you took him away from his duty. He would not love you the same; you would not love him the same."

"Oh, yes, I would," said Margaret, showing signs that her sorrow might break out afresh. "I would love him more for taking care of his life for my sake!"

"You know you would not, Margaret," Joan persisted. "No woman can truly and fully love a man whom she is not proud of."

"Oh, that is before they are married!" cried the Princess indignantly. "Afterwards it is different. You find out things then—and love them all the same. But, of course, how should I expect you to help me? You have never loved; you do not understand!" And, without another word, Margaret of Courtland, who had once been so heart-free and *débonnaire*, went out sobbing like a fretted child. Hardly had the door closed upon her when the sound of stifled laughter broke from the window-seat. Joan indignantly drew the curtains aside and revealed Werner von Orseln shaking all over and vainly striving to suppress his mirth with his hands pressed against his sides.

At sight of the face of his mistress, which was very grave, and even stern, his laughter instantly shut itself off. As it seemed, with a single movement, he raised himself to his feet and saluted. Joan stood looking at him a moment without speech.

"Your mirth is exceedingly ill-timed," she said slowly. "On a future occasion, pray remember that the Lady Margaret is a Princess and my friend. You can go! We ride out to-morrow morning at five. See that everything is arranged."

Once more Von Orseln saluted, with a face expressionless as a stone. He marched to the door, turned a third time and saluted, and with heavy footsteps descended the stairs communing with himself as he went.

"That was salt, Werner. Faith, but she gave you the back of the sword-hand that time, old kerl! Yet, 'twas most wondrous humorsome. Ha! ha! But I must not laugh—at least, not here, for if she hear me the Kernsbergers will want a new chief captain. Ha! ha! No, I will not laugh. Werner, you old fool, be quiet! God's grace, but she looked right royal. It is worth a dressing down to see her in a rage. Faith, I would rather face a regiment of Muscovites single-handed than cross our Joan in one of her tantrums!"

He was now at the outer door. Prince Conrad was dismounting. The two men saluted each other.

"Is the Duchess Joan within?" said Conrad, concealing his eagerness under the hauteur natural to a prince.

"I have just left her!" answered the chief captain.

Without a word Conrad sprang up the steps three at a time. Werner turned about and watched the young man's firm, lithe figure till it had disappeared.

"Faith of Saint Anthony!" he murmured, "I am right glad our lady cares not for love. If she did, and if you had not been a priest—well, there might have been trouble."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE BROKEN BOND.

Above, in the dusky light of the upper hall, Conrad and Joan stood holding each other's hands. It was the first time they had been alone together since the day on which they had walked along the sand-dunes of Rugen.

Since then they seemed to have grown inexplicably close together. To Joan, Conrad now seemed much more her own—the man who loved her, whom she loved—than he had been on the island. To watch day by day for his passing in martial attire brought back the knight of the tournament whose white plume she had seen storm through the lists when, a slim secretary, she had stood with beating heart and shining eyes behind the chair of Leopold von Dessauer, Ambassador of Plassenburg.

For almost five minutes they stood thus without speech; then Joan drew away her hands.

"You forget," she said smiling, "that was forbidden in the bond."

"My lady," he said, "was not the bond for Isle Rugen alone? Here we are comrades in the strife. We must save our fatherland. I have laid aside my priesthood. If I live, I shall appeal to the Holy Father to loose me wholly from my vows."

Smilingly she put his eager argument by.

"It was of another vow I spoke. I am not the Holy Father, and for this I will not give you absolution. We are comrades, it is true—that and no more! To-morrow I ride to Kernsberg, where I will muster every man, call down the shepherds from the hills, and be back with you by the Alle before the Muscovite can attack you. I, Joan of the Sword Hand, promise it!"

She stamped her foot, half in earnest and half in mockery of the sonorous name by which she was known.

"I would rather you were Joan of the Grange at Isle Rugen, and I your jerkined

"Joan indignantly drew the curtain aside and revealed Werner von Orseln."

servitor, cleaving the wood that you might bake the bread."

"Conrad," said Joan, shaking her head wistfully, "such thoughts are not wise for you and me to harbour. I may indeed be no duchess, and you no prince, but we must stand to our dignities now when the enemy threatens and the people need us. Afterwards, an it like us, we may step down together. But, indeed, I need not to argue, for I think better of you, my comrade, than to suppose you would ever imagine anything else."

"Joan," said Conrad very gravely, "do not fear for me. I have turned once from a career I never chose. Death alone shall turn me back this time."

"I know it," she answered; "I never doubted it. But what shall we do with this poor lovesick bride of ours?"

And she told him of her interview that morning with his sister. Conrad laughed gently, yet with sympathy; Margaret had always been his "little girl," and her very petulances were dear to him.

"It had been well if she would have consented to remain here," he said; "and yet I do not know. She is not built for rough weather, our Gretchen. We are nearer the enemy, and many things may happen. Our soldiers are mostly levies in Courtland, and the land has been long at peace. The burghers and country folk are willing enough, but—well, perhaps she will be better with you."

"She swears she will not go without her husband," said Joan. "Yet he ought to remain with you. I do not need him; Werner will be enough."

"Leave me Von Orseln, and do you take the young man," said Conrad; "then Margaret will go with you willingly and gladly."

"But she will want to return—that is, if Maurice comes, too."

"Isle Rugen?" suggested Conrad. "Send your ten men who know the road. If they could carry off Joan of the Sword Hand, they should have no difficulty with little Margaret of Courtland."

Joan clapped her hands with pleasure and relief, all unconscious that immediately behind her Margaret had entered softly and now stood arrested by the sound of her own name.

"Oh, they will have no trouble, will they not?" she said in her own heart, and smiled. "Isle Rugen? Thank you, my very dear brother and sister. You would get rid of me, separate me from Maurice while he is fighting for your precious princedoms. What is a country in comparison with a husband? I would not care a doit which country I belonged to, so long as I had Maurice with me!"

A moment or two Conrad and Joan discussed the details of the capture, while more softly than before Margaret retired to the door. She would have slipped out altogether but that something happened just then which froze her to the spot.

A trumpet blew without—once, twice, and thrice, in short and stirring blasts. Hardly had the echoes died away when she heard her brother say, "Adieu, best-beloved! It is the signal which tells me that Prince Ivan is within a day's march of Courtland. I bid you good-bye, and if—if we should never meet again, do not forget that I loved you—loved you as none else could love!"

He held out his hand. Joan stood rooted to the spot, her lips moving, but no words coming forth. Then Margaret heard a hoarse cry break from her who had contemned love.

"I cannot let you go thus!" she cried. "I cannot keep the vow! It is too hard for me! Conrad! I am but a weak woman after all!"

And in a moment the Princess Margaret saw Joan the cold, Joan of the Sword Hand, Joan Duchess of Kernsberg and Hohenstein, in the arms of her brother.

Whereupon, not being of set purpose an eavesdropper, Margaret went out and shut the door softly. The lovers had neither heard her come nor go. And the wife of Maurice von Lynar was smiling very sweetly as she went, but in her eyes lurked mischief.

Conrad descended the stair from the apartments of the Duchess Joan, divided between the certainty that his lips had tasted the unutterable joy and the fear lest his soul had sinned the unpardonable sin.

A moment Joan steadied herself by the window, with her hand to her breast as if to still the flying pulses of her heart. She took a step forward that she might look once more upon him ere he went. But, changing her purpose in the very act, she turned about and found herself face to face with the Princess Margaret, who was smiling subtly.

"You have granted my request?" she said softly.

Joan commanded herself with difficulty.

"What request?" she asked, for she had forgotten.

"That Maurice and I should first go with you to Kernsberg and afterwards to Plassenburg."

"Let me think—let me think—give me time!" said Joan, sinking into a chair and looking straight before her. The world was suddenly full of whirling vapour and her brain turned with it.

"I am in the midst of troubles. I know not what to do!" she murmured.

"Ah, it was quieter at Isle Rugen, was it not?" suggested Margaret, who had not forgiven the project of kidnapping her and carrying her off from her husband.

But Joan was thinking too deeply to answer or even notice any taunt.

"I cannot go," she murmured, thinking aloud. "I cannot ride to Kernsberg and leave him in the front of danger!"

"A woman's place is at home!" said Margaret in a low tone, maliciously quoting Joan's words.

"He must not fight this battle alone. Perhaps I shall never see him again!"

"A man must not be hampered by affection in the hour of danger!"

At this point Joan looked at Margaret as she might have done at a puppy that worried a stick to attract her attention.

"Do you know," she said, "that Prince Ivan and his Muscovites are within a day's march of Courtland, and that Prince Conrad has already gone forth to meet them?"

"What?" cried Margaret, "within a day's march of the city? I must go and find my husband."

"Wait!" said Joan. "I see my way. Your husband shall come hither."

She went to the door and clapped her hands. An attendant appeared, one of the faithful Kernsberg ten to whom so much had been committed upon the Isle Rugen.

"Send hither instantly Werner von Orseln, Alt Pikker, and the Count von Löen!"

She waited with the latch of the door in her hand till she heard their footsteps upon the stair. They entered together and saluted. Margaret moved instinctively nearer to her husband. Indeed, only the feeling that the moment was a critical one kept her from running at once to him. As for Maurice, he had not yet grown ashamed of his wife's open manifestations of affection.

"Gentlemen," said Joan, "the enemy is at the gate of the city. We shall need every man. Who will ride to Kernsberg and bring back succour?"

"Alt Pikker will go!" said Maurice instantly; "he is in charge of the levies!"

"The Count von Löen is young. He will ride fastest!" said the chief captain.

"Werner von Orseln, of course!" said Alt Pikker. "He is in chief command."

"What? You do not wish to go?" said Joan a little haughtily, looking from one to the other of them. It was Werner von Orseln who answered.

"Your Highness," he said respectfully, "if the enemy be so near, and a battle imminent, the man is no soldier who would willingly be absent. But we are your servants. Choose you one to go; or, if it seem good to you, more than one. Bid us go, and on our heads it shall be to escort you safely to Kernsberg and bring back reinforcements."

The Princess came closer to Joan and slipped a hand into hers. The wrinkle at the corner of Werner von Orseln's mouth twitched.

"Von Lynar shall go!" said Joan.

Whereat Maurice held down his head, Margaret clapped her hands, and the other two stood stolidly awaiting instructions, as became their position.

"At what hour shall I depart, my lady?" said Maurice.

"Now! So soon as you can get the horses ready!"

"But your Grace must have time to make her preparations!"

"I am not going to Kernsberg. I stay here!" said Joan, stating a fact.

Werner von Orseln was just going out of the door, confiding to Alt Pikker that as soon as he saw the Princess put her hand in their lady's he knew they were safe. At the sound of Joan's words he was startled into crying out loudly, "What?" At the same time he faced about with the frown on his face which he wore when he corrected an irregularity in the ranks.

"I am not going to Kernsberg. I bide here!" Joan repeated calmly. "Have you anything to say to that, Chief Captain von Orseln?"

"But, my lady——"

"There are no buts in the matter. Go to your quarters and see that the arms and armour are all in good case!"

"Madam, the arms and armour are always in good case," said Werner, with dignity; "but go to Kernsberg you must. The enemy is near to the city, and your Highness might fall into their hands."

"You have heard what I have said!" Joan tapped the oaken floor with her foot.

"But, madam, let me beseech you——"

Joan turned from her chief captain impatiently and walked towards the door of

her private apartments. Werner followed his mistress, with his hands a little outstretched and a look of eager entreaty on his face.

"My lady," he said, "thirty years I was the faithful servant of your father—ten I have served you. By the memory of those years, if I have served you faithfully——"

"My father taught you but little, if after thirty years you have not learned to obey. Go to your post!"

Werner von Orseln drew himself up and saluted. Then he wheeled about and clanked out without adding a word more.

"Faith," he confided to Alt Pikker, "the wench is her father all over again. If I had gone a step further, I swear she would have beat me with the flat of my own sword. I saw her eye on the hilt of it."

"Faith, I, too, wished that I had been better helmeted!" chuckled Alt Pikker.

"Well," said Werner, like one who makes the best of ill fortune, "we must keep the closer to her, you and I, that in the stress of battle she come not to a mischief. Yet I confess that I am not deeply sorry. I began to fear that Isle Rugen had sapped our lass's spirit. To my mind, she seemed somewhat over content to abide there."

"Ah," nodded Alt Pikker, "that is because, after all, our Joan is a woman. No one can know the secret of a woman's heart."

"And those who think they know, know the least!" concurred the much experienced Werner.

* * * * *

For a moment, after the door closed upon the men, Joan and Margaret stood in silence regarding each other.

"I must go and make me ready," said Margaret, speaking like one who is thinking deeply. Joan stood still, conscious that something was about to happen, uncertain what it might be.

"I shall see you before I depart," Margaret was saying, with her hand on the latch.

Suddenly she dropped the handle of the door and ran impulsively to Joan, clasping her about the neck.

"*I know!*" she said, looking up into her face.

With a great leap the blood flew to Joan's neck and brow, then as slowly faded away, leaving her paler than before.

"What do you know?" she faltered; and she feared, yet desired, to hear.

"That you love him!" said Margaret very low. "I came in—I could not help it—I did not know—when Conrad was bidding you good-bye. Joan, I am so glad—so glad! Now you will understand; now you will not think me foolish!"

"Margaret, I am shamed for ever—it is sin!" whispered Joan, with her arms about her friend.

"It is love!" said the wife of Maurice von Lynar, with glowing eyes and pride in her voice.

"I hope I shall die in battle——"

"Joan!"

"I a wife, and love a priest—the brother of the man who is my husband! I pray God that He will take my life to atone for the sin of loving him. Yet He knows I could neither help it nor yet hinder."

"Joan, you will yet be happy."

The Duchess shook her head.

"It were best for us both that I should die—that is what I pray for."

"May Heaven avert this thing—you know not what you say. And yet," Margaret continued in a more meditative tone, "I am not sure. If he were there with you, death itself would not be so hard; at all events, it were better than living without each other."

And the two women went into the attiring room with arms still locked about each other's waists. And as often as their eyes encountered they lingered a little, as if tasting the new knowledge which they had in common. Then those of Joan of the Sword Hand were averted and she blushed.

(*To be concluded.*)

ROTOMAHANA LAKE, WITH THE PINK TERRACE ON THE LEFT AND MT. TARAWERA IN THE DISTANCE.

A NEW ZEALAND VESUVIUS.

By G. R. Falconer.

FOR many years no visitor touring through New Zealand ever thought of leaving that interesting section of the British Empire without first making a pilgrimage to the Terraces of the Hot Lake District, about 180 miles distant from the town of Auckland. Although the journey was arduous at parts, all trouble was adequately repaid when once the little village of Wairoa, on the shores of Lake Tarawera, was reached. As the tourist glided along this magnificent expanse of water, bounded on each side by majestic mountains thickly clad with trees, scrub, ferns, and a rich wealth of exotic plants of various kinds, with the Holy Mountain of Tarawera, from which the lake takes its name, rearing its mighty crest three thousand six hundred feet into the air on the south-eastern side, he could not fail to be impressed with the solemn grandeur of the scene, unsurpassed for natural beauty in any other part of the world.

At Kaiwaka creek, ten miles from Wairoa, the boat was left, and the visitor wended his way to the White Terrace of Rotomahana. Measuring about twenty-five feet from side to side, there rose up a series of twenty platforms in the form of a gigantic stairway. Each terrace was perfectly horizontal and of dazzling whiteness. The top step was vertically eighty feet above the base, and was set three hundred feet back. From every platform bubbled copious clouds of steam to the accompaniment of subdued rumblings from a great cauldron that seethed and boiled below. Viewed from the front this colossal wonder of Nature was most impressive.

A remarkable regularity of formation gave a unique appearance to this great series of steps. A stream of boiling water continually flowed from the geyser, and as it fell slowly from tier to tier the silicates with which it was heavily charged became deposited, while on its exposure to the air the water crystallised into wonderful lacework designs of infinite variety and of such dazzling whiteness and purity that from a distance the terraces appeared as if constructed of snow,

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TERRACES.

and the exquisite tracery of their decoration seemed to be surely the handiwork of King Frost.

At Otukapuarangi, not very far from Rotomahana, was another terrace, constructed in precisely the same manner, only in this case, owing to the presence of some coloured substances in the silicious waters flowing from the geysers, the deposits were of a delicate pink hue—hence the name, "The Pink Terrace." The waters of this geyser, however, were much more highly charged with silicates and dripped down over the tiers much more slowly, forming huge basins which were called the "Coffee Cups." Maori women piloted visitors around these wonders of Nature and exacted a fee from every person for the privilege of exploring their beauties.

But, it may be asked, why is this brief description of these strange terraces written in the past tense? Unfortunately New Zealand no longer owns this unique spectacle. The Terraces are no more. As will be readily understood, the presence of hot springs and geysers in such profusion testifies to violent volcanic activity. The very agencies of Nature which originally built up such curious formations served, in turn, to wipe them from the face of the earth.

RIFT IN TOP OF TARAWERA CAUSED BY THE ERUPTION.

During the early part of June, 1886, the Maoris residing in the Hot Lake District were thrown into a state of alarm by the appearance of a phantom canoe on the waters of Tarawera. To their unsophisticated minds such a mystery could only foretell disaster, but the native fears were ridiculed by the English people living in the neighbourhood. For once, however, the superstition of the Maoris was confirmed, though the phantom canoe cannot be regarded as an explanation of what shortly followed.

At the time I was residing at Tauranga, which is about forty miles distant from Tarawera. It was the 10th of June and the night was clear and calm, though not cold, in view of the fact that it was the New Zealand winter. Heavy rumbling sounds, like rolls of distant thunder, filled the air. The earth trembled, but not sufficiently to cause any great alarm, for not a single chimney in the district was thrown down, and as earthquakes were of frequent occurrence, no notice was taken of the disturbances.

The next day dawned dull and gloomy. About half-past seven the morning grew darker, and a light grey ash, very fine, began to fall. The fowls went to roost again and silence reigned supreme, the ominous rumblings having by this time entirely ceased. In another half-hour Cimmerian darkness hung over the land, and the inhabitants of Tauranga were stricken with panic. Although we surmised that an eruption was taking place in the Hot Lake District, there were

A CAULDRON OF STEAM.

no definite tidings to that effect, so we could only wait to see what would happen next.

Presently, by the aid of a lantern, I succeeded in groping my way to the telegraph office — no easy task, for the darkness was such that it could be felt—and learned that a serious disturbance was taking place at Tarawera and Rotomahana. All my anxieties were now allayed, for there was no danger of Tauranga being overwhelmed, situated, as it was, forty miles away from the centre of the upheaval.

About eleven o'clock the darkness lifted until we could see about us once more. All around the ground was covered with a thin, filmy pall of very fine ash to the depth of about half an inch, and we found afterwards that the intense darkness was caused by a thick cloud of dust blown out by the volcano to a height so tremendous that it passed above us and dispersed over the country some miles away. One of the most salient characteristics of the darkness was the extreme cold with which it was accompanied—the thermometer at Tauranga registered five degrees of frost, and at Wairoa the cold was even much more intense. This is explained by the fact that the columns of steam, as they hissed out of the craters, expanded as they ascended, and absorbed their own heat, which became latent, so that the heat was abstracted from everything near.

THE WHITE TERRACE.
Photo by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

A day or two later Dr. Hector, the Government geologist, arrived at Tauranga,

THE PINK TERRACE.

and preparations to inspect the seat of the disaster were pushed rapidly forward. The survey party, in addition to Dr. Hector, included Mr. S. Percy Smith, surveyor-general, and Mr. Goldsmith, the Government surveyor. On the fourth day after the eruption we arrived at the Maori village of Wairoa, or, rather, what was left of it, for scarcely a vestige of the settlement was to be seen. From our explorations at this spot we could gauge fairly accurately the potency of the eruption.

Not a soul was to be seen, for the whole village had been crushed beneath the volcanic lava, though charred and battered remnants of the little village church and other buildings protruded above the surface of the deposit, which at first measured about four feet in thickness, but afterwards settled down to half that depth. From subsequent calculations, based on the results of the survey, it was estimated that no less than three-quarters of a cubic mile of solid matter had been blown out into the air by the force of the volcanic explosion. One young Englishman who was staying at the hotel at Wairoa was killed, and the sole survivors of the Tuhourangis, a Maori tribe that dwelt in the district and exacted tolls from tourists to the Hot Lakes, were destroyed.

We did not pursue our surveying any further than Wairoa that day, but returned to Ohinemutu. The road was almost impassable. When we reached Tikipatu bush, through which our path lay, we found the track almost destroyed. To make matters worse, now that the volcanic disturbances had to a great extent ceased, the air rushed over the land with cyclonic fury, uprooting, tearing, and breaking the trees that had survived the hail of rocks, like reeds, leaving here and there a gnarled and jagged trunk, denuded of branches and stripped of its bark.

The next day we set off for Rotomahana. As we approached the Hot Lakes huge cracks, extending hundreds of yards in length and about twelve inches in width, dissected the ground in all directions. These, however, were nothing in comparison to the handiwork of some previous earth movements, in which huge crevasses, fifty feet from side to side, were common sights.

THE TWO GOVERNMENT SURVEYORS AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER WERE THE FIRST PERSONS TO ASCEND THE BURNING MOUNTAIN.

The scene at Rotomahana was one of strange grandeur and desolation. The mighty upheaval of Nature had blown the wondrous Terraces to atoms. Steam was rising in large dense clouds from one end of the area to the other, a distance of about nine miles. Rotomahana was a yawning cauldron, from which a majestic column of steam hissed into the air. The ground was

MT. TARAWERA AND THE SOUTH-WEST ARM OF THE LAKE. THE VILLAGE OF TE ARIKI ON THE LEFT WAS BURIED UNDER THE LAVA.

completely stripped of vegetation and covered with lava from the mountain. Walking was a very laborious task. The lava was reduced to the consistency of flour, so that we sank in it nearly up to our knees.

When the hitherto quiet Tarawera mountain suddenly awoke from its lethargy and belched forth flames, smoke, steam, streams of mud, red hot masses of rock, and *débris* of all kinds, a tremendous rift was torn open by the explosion, extending from one end of the mountain to the other. Our illustration conveys in a very impressive manner the sight this gorge presented to us when we, the first persons to climb Tarawera after the eruption, reached the summit of the Holy Mountain. Only at one spot was there a narrow bridge, about a dozen yards in width, by which we could cross from one side of the yawning chasm to the other.

LAKE TARAWERA FOUR DAYS AFTER THE ERUPTION.

Thus was North Island suddenly shorn of its most peculiar feature. In six short hours the whole aspect of the country was changed. What had been one of the most beautiful spots in the world, not even sur-

THE DESTROYED VILLAGE OF WAIROA.

passed by the Yellowstone Cañon, became transformed into a barren country, carpeted with lava and furnished with *débris* shot out of the mountain's mouth. Geysers, however, still abound in profusion, and perhaps in the future, if Tarawera does not rise up again, another Pink Terrace may arise, step by step, to eclipse the memory of its famous original, for pink-coloured deposits are gradually forming tiers or terraces similar to those so suddenly overwhelmed. How long the massive structure will take to grow to anything like so great a size remains to be seen.

SURVEY PARTY WALKING ROUND THE GREAT STEAM CLOUD AT ROTOMAHANA.

The photographs illustrating this article, with the exception of the one showing the White Terrace, were taken by Mr. Charles Spencer, of Auckland, who at the time of the catastrophe was residing at Tauranga. When the survey party arrived at the township after the eruption, for the purpose of ascending the burning mountain, Mr. Spencer joined them in their interesting expedition.

LAKE TARAWERA AND DEVASTATED AREA AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

MR. THOMAS JUBBER was the representative of the Imperishable Life Insurance Company for Mickleton and twenty miles round. On a yearly salary of two hundred pounds *plus* commission he was able to live in comparative luxury, and, indeed, had contrived to save enough to make his projected union with Miss Julia Smithers, the bank manager's fair daughter, an event of the near future.

Mickleton is an unpretentious, though fairly prosperous town, in the midst of an agricultural district, and, so long as one does not soar to the heights of visiting with the county families, it is possible to dwell there on a moderate income and yet be a shining light in society.

And so Mr. Jubber found it. The fate of the Life Insurance representative is to spend his life in trying to buttonhole people who would rather not see him, and in conversing with them upon a subject they would rather NOT converse upon. He is, in fact, as popular as the income-tax collector, but lacks his authority.

However, Mr. Jubber appreciated the fact that personal popularity was more likely to secure him business than the undoubted merits of the Imperishable Life Insurance Company, so, from the beginning of his career, he laid himself out to conquer society in Mickleton.

In this he was entirely successful. He was a young man of many parts. He could sing, act, dance, play any game fairly well, and was an excellent organiser. In a very short time he became absolutely indispensable to the welfare of the community.

He was secretary of nearly every club and society in the town, and, as a rule, treasurer also. Whenever any work was to be done for which the reward held out was a "hearty vote of thanks," Mr. Jubber was suggested as the very best man to whom it could be entrusted, and Mr. Jubber invariably undertook it. He found his recompense in the substantial returns he was able to make to his head office, and the Imperishable Insurance Company, through Mr. Jubber, practically chased all competitors out of the Mickletonian field.

It was generally believed in the district that the prosperity of Mickleton was greatly retarded by one fact—it was not on the main line. The railway company that unfortunately monopolised the fortunes of Mickleton had, from a junction two miles distant, contemptuously thrown out a single line, up and down which ran a little train, the carriages being those that had been condemned as unfit for use anywhere else, and the engine one that ran indifferently tender first or in the legitimate manner. This had been a sore point with the Mickletonians for years. It was galling to their pride, and gave the place an "end of the world" and "no road to anywhere" sort of appearance.

Once upon a time they had been very near to mending their fortunes. A rival company had projected a plan whereby they might divert their main line through the heart of Mickleton, and, in local parlance, "open it up." Enthusiasm ran high in Mickleton over the scheme; meetings were held, committees appointed, and petitions prepared in support of the Bill. It so happened that, in the midst of this excitement, a Parliamentary election took place, and the member for Mickleton took his seat pledged to the hilt to support the new railway Bill with all the strength and influence he could bring to bear.

Whether he fulfilled his promise or not

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was a matter of opinion in Mickleton ; but, as a matter of fact, the Bill was thrown out, and his efforts to renew the struggle were not noticeable to the casual observer. Enthusiasm died away, discouragement gave rise to apathy, and the scheme became a thing of the past.

All this took place some years before Mr. Jubber's appearance in Mickleton. The matter was almost forgotten, the member quite forgiven, and the little train still ran up and down between the junction and the town. But Mr. Jubber, casting about for means whereby he might uphold and strengthen his popularity and influence in the interests of the Company he represented, saw possibilities in it.

He argued with himself that some day the Bill would be passed. Mickleton was a slow-moving place, but it was impossible for it to remain under such disabilities always. Would not the man by whose means the town gained this benefit earn the gratitude of Mickleton for ever? Would not the man who removed this great bar to her prosperity be the one who would rise with her, and share most largely in her good fortune? Yes, Mr. Jubber thought he would, and he determined to be that man.

His first move was to address a long letter on the subject to the *Mickleton Guardian*. This duly appeared, and was commented upon in an editorial as "a stirring article from our public-spirited townsman, Mr. Thomas Jubber."

This letter brought others, for the town of Mickleton possessed its share of citizens who loved to see their names in print. Public interest slowly awoke, and people began to remember dimly that there had once been something of the sort in the papers before.

The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, of which Mr. Jubber was the honorary secretary, discussed the topic at their next meeting, and passed a unanimous resolution to the effect that "the new railway Bill should be supported as a beneficial measure to the town, and one calculated to increase the trade of Mickleton."

The Parliamentary Debating Society (founded by Mr. Jubber) divided on the resolution, "That Her Majesty's Government, having thrown out the Mickleton Railway Bill, has lost the confidence of this House." The "Ayes" had it by a large majority, and the Government was theoretically ousted.

Having thus aroused the long-hidden enthusiasm of the Mickletonians, Mr. Jubber prepared a requisition to the mayor, calling upon him to convene a meeting of the citizens for the purpose of considering the railway accommodation. This lay for signature at Mr. Jubber's office, and every public-spirited citizen who climbed the stairs and appended his signature to the document departed with a prospectus of the Imperishable Life Insurance Company in his pocket.

The mayor called a meeting in accordance with the request, and, as the *Mickleton Guardian* said next day, "It was a thoroughly representative and, in many respects, a truly memorable meeting." The member for Mickleton had been invited to be present and address the meeting, but he contented himself with despatching a telegram, in which he regretted his inability to attend, but sent his best wishes. It may be noted that he did this on all occasions, except when he was aware that a General Election was imminent.

Numerous were the speeches delivered ; but, by common consent, the very best, the most effective, and the most enthusiastic, was the speech of Mr. Thomas Jubber. He had always enjoyed a reputation for possessing a wonderful flow of language—many a life policy had he secured by means of this gift—but on this occasion he surpassed himself. When he had conclusively proved that, with the new railway, Mickleton must be a commercial Paradise, without it, a desert, he turned upon the sitting member and, figuratively, rent him to pieces. He denounced his apathy, sneered at his ability, and wound up with a peroration expressive of such contempt for him and similar self-seekers that the audience were quite carried away and began to wonder how on earth such a man had ever been elected.

While the meeting was still cheering Mr. Jubber, the Liberal agent went out to the telegraph office and wired to the sitting member that, unless he did something to restore his popularity, and did it quickly, his chance of being re-elected member for Mickleton was small.

In response, the member sent a contribution of £20 to the mayor, asking him to be so good as to distribute it among the more deserving charities of the town. He also wrote a private letter to the agent, opining that it would all blow over before any election was necessary. This munificence was duly recorded in the local press ; but Mr. Jubber was on the spot, and holding meetings two or three times a week, condemning him and advocating the Bill.

To make matters worse, a sudden change took place in the political outlook, and a General Election became first possible, then probable, and finally a certainty.

Down to Mickleton came the sitting member in hot haste, cursing his luck and also his want of foresight. There he found his Conservative opponent—the man he had only *just* defeated at the last election—hard at work, and making all the capital he could by pledging himself to a loyal and undivided support of the new railway Bill. But the sitting member, if somewhat deficient in judgment, had plenty of courage. He threw himself boldly into the fray, and, undeterred by a few hostile receptions, explained away his previous conduct with considerable skill, and repledged himself with a greater show of conviction than before.

"The light leapt to Julia's eyes at once."

Since the previous election an Independent Labour Party had been formed. Nobody knew much about them, and as a political factor they were not considered. But they happened to number among them one or two very astute men, and they saw in the present crisis an opportunity of making their presence felt. So, after one or two secret conclaves, they formed their plans, the upshot being that a deputation waited upon Mr. Thomas Jubber and invited him to contest the seat as their candidate.

To say that Mr. Jubber was astonished is only to give him his due as a modest man. But he was also flattered, and this made him hesitate to decline the honour. So he asked for twenty-four hours' delay before he gave his final decision.

Then he did what, perhaps, was quite natural under the circumstances—he hied him to the home of Miss Julia Smithers and confided in her.

The light leapt to Julia's eyes at once. To be engaged to a member of Parliament—how delightful! And such a take-down for Blanche Potter, who had grown insufferable since her capture of the new curate!

Her conclusion was swift, and, more than that, it was absolute. If Thomas Jubber declined the invitation, he need never trouble

to come and see her again—that was all. So Thomas left the house under a solemn compact that he would contest the seat.

He felt somewhat embarrassed as he walked slowly home and tried to think out his position. He had never considered himself as a possible member of Parliament, and he was very doubtful as to how the post would fit in with an insurance berth at £200 a year and commission. Still, Julia was set upon it; and, after all, there was no earthly chance of an Independent Labour candidate being elected in Mickleton. All he could do would be to steal a few votes from the sitting member and thus ensure the return of the Conservative. This thought completely reassured him, and he went to bed determined on his line of action.

The public announcement of Mr. Jubber's candidature gave rise to much comment, and was not at first viewed with complete favour. In some mysterious way, however, the rumour spread that his object was merely to split the Liberal vote, and thus remove the member who was a sitting obstruction to the cause they all had at heart. This rumour might have been traced to Mr. Jubber himself.

He had a passing difficulty with his general manager. When that functionary heard of his subordinate's political ambition, he wrote him a very peremptory letter, giving him definitely to understand that the directors of the Imperishable Life Insurance Company had no intention of employing members of Parliament, and suggesting that he would be better occupied in canvassing for business than for votes.

In reply Mr. Jubber pointed out the absolute impossibility of election, and showed the manager that his action was entirely in the interests of the Company. The personal popularity he would gain by his gallant, though unsuccessful fight in a popular cause must surely influence increased business. So the manager, having no cause to grumble as to past results, acquiesced and awaited events.

It was a curious campaign. Questions of home and foreign policy were side issues, the main question being the new railway Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. All three candidates protested their unswerving allegiance to this cause, and it was merely a case of selecting the most trustworthy.

Mr. Jubber pursued the policy of fiercely attacking the *bona fides* of the sitting member, while generously admitting that his Conservative opponent was at one with himself on the all-absorbing topic. This made it a mere question of politics between them; and, the rest being equal, Mr. Jubber well knew that Conservatism was bound to secure more votes than Independent Labour principles.

There is no doubt that all would have happened as Mr. Jubber expected but for a last despairing effort on the part of the sitting member. Two days before the polling took place he played his trump card. This was a letter from the Conservative candidate to a London stockbroker instructing him to buy shares on his behalf in the monopolising railway.

How he managed to secure this document is still a mystery; but he made immense capital out of it. He read it out at his last meetings, he had it copied on posters and handbills, and flooded Mickleton with it. "Is this your disinterested advocate?" he asked in loud tones and large letters.

In vain the Conservative candidate explained that it was not for himself, but for a friend, for whom he wanted the shares, and fiercely denounced his opponent's tactics as dishonest and un-English. He did not deny the authenticity of the letter, and that was enough for Mickleton. He was a traitor.

Thus it came to pass that the electors were called upon to choose between three candidates, in two of whom they could not possibly have any faith. A great many of the voters marked their sense of the difficulty by abstaining from voting, the result being that the Independent Labour Party scored a triumphant win, and Mr. Thomas Jubber, M.P., was called upon to address an excited meeting from the balcony of the Mickleton Town Hall.

What he said he never knew, and, indeed, none of his hearers could make out; but the crowd cheered wildly, and those near him attributed his incoherence to natural excitement. Each reporter present wrote out a neat little speech according to his own ideas of what a successful candidate ought to say, and these various speeches duly appeared in the various papers as the actual words used by Mr. Jubber.

When it was all over the new member rushed home. He had a yearning to be alone and think. He was beginning to realise his position, and the magnitude of it appalled him. He saw that it was impossible, but, though he thought until his head ached, could see but one way out of it. He must at once apply for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and retire with all the

"Mr. Thomas Jubber, M.P., was called upon to address an excited meeting from the balcony of the Town Hall."

grace he could from an utterly untenable position.

Then he suddenly thought of Miss Julia Smithers, whom, in his excitement, he had actually forgotten for the first time in his life. He wondered what she would have to say about it, and thought, on the whole, he had better go round and see at once.

He found her in the seventh heaven of delight, and ready to marry him that very day if he wished it. Ever since the news had reached her she had been rehearsing before a pier-glass the curtsy and backward exit of ladies presented at Court. She had somewhat exaggerated notions of the privileges accorded to members of Parliament, and the personal friendship of the Royal Family was by no means beyond the range of her possibilities. Consequently, when Mr. Jubber rudely dashed her from her pinnacle by announcing his intention of withdrawing from his exalted post, the reaction was too much for her nerves, and Mr. Jubber had a lively time of it.

"'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'"

The contest was severe while it lasted; but the result was the one usual in all cases where the disputants are a determined young lady and the gentleman who adores her—Mr. Jubber yielded. He pledged himself to take the oath and seat, and went to bed that night as curious a mixture of elation and despondency as any one man could be.

The next day brought with it a fresh complication in the shape of a communication from his general manager, pointing out the impossibility of his attending to Parliamentary duties at Westminster and to insurance business in Mickleton at one and the same time. The letter ended by congratulating him heartily on his election, and asking him politely to send in his resignation.

"And some have greatness thrust upon them," groaned Mr. Jubber, as he read and re-read this missive.

While engaged in this agreeable occupation there broke in upon his reverie a certain Mr. Stelfox, the gentleman whom his party had employed as his agent in the conduct of the election. A very astute gentleman this, one to whom money was the only object, and who (unless report maligned him) had many scruples that money alone could remove.

"Well, sir," he exclaimed jovially, "we've given them a fair knock-down blow this time. They'll recognise now, I should think, that the Labour Party is a power in the land."

Of course Mr. Stelfox cared nothing for the Labour or any other party; but it was his humour to affect a great interest in any political creed to which pecuniary considerations temporarily attached him.

"I daresay they will," responded the new member, looking more like the vanquished than the victor.

"Oh, they are terribly cut up about it," said the agent. "They talk of a petition for bribery, and all that sort of thing."

"What?" exclaimed Jubber, starting up and looking hopeful for the first time since his election.

"But, of course, they've no earthly chance," went on Stelfox.

"Oh!" said Jubber, the light dying out of his eyes again.

"Why," said the other, looking at him curiously, "you actually look disappointed. What on earth is the matter with you?"

"Everything," groaned the unfortunate M.P. "Look here, Stelfox, I know I can trust you, and I must confide in somebody. Let me explain my real position."

"Go ahead," said Stelfox, swallowing the compliment as if he fully deserved it.

Thus encouraged, Jubber made a clean breast of the whole matter, concluding with, "I am anything but rich, as you know; but I have £100 or so saved up, and if you can get me out of this mess without annoying Miss Smithers, you can draw upon me up to that amount."

Stelfox listened attentively, whistled softly at the conclusion of the tale, and after a few minutes' deep thought gave it as his opinion that it might be managed. Then he departed, leaving with Mr. Jubber the first glimmer of hope he had experienced for days.

In the evening editions it was confidently stated that a petition was on foot to unseat the Labour member for breaches of the Corrupt Practices Act, and that some remarkably conclusive evidence had just come to light. Thereupon Mr. Jubber wrote to his manager, enclosing the cutting, and asking that the matter of his resignation might stand over for a few days.

The resignation was never necessary, for Mr. Jubber was not called upon to take his seat as the representative of Mickleton or anywhere else.

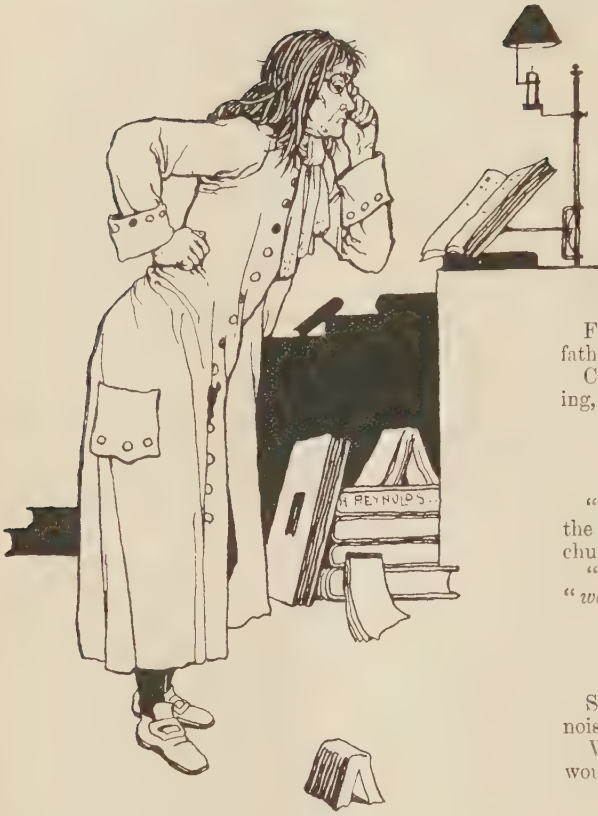
Mr. Stelfox (for an astute man) made a sorry appearance in the witness-box when the trial came on. Damning admissions were reluctantly extorted from him, and his only defensive plea was ignorance and extreme enthusiasm. Witnesses who had been bribed by him turned up and owned up; but one and all generously agreed that Mr. Jubber was the innocent victim of mistaken zeal, and had nothing to do personally with the political offences.

So Mr. Jubber was unseated and debarred from contesting the division for a lengthened period of years, which disability tended to heighten his joy. All Mickleton sympathised with him deeply, and he had some difficulty in assuming the depressed appearance expected of him under the circumstances.

It was, of course, a great blow to Miss Julia Smithers; but the catastrophe was one that called for pity, and as pity is akin to love, she soothed her own disappointment in her efforts—entirely successful—to console Mr. Jubber.

They are married now, and rank very high in Mickleton society. Mrs. Jubber, however, would be more popular among the Mickleton ladies but for her unfortunate habit of prefacing most of her remarks with "When my husband was member for Mickleton."

Mickleton is not yet on the main line, and the little train runs up and down between the town and the junction as usual.



THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

"A CORRESPONDENT informs us that vegetable marrows are very fattening for pigs. Never having tried them ourselves, however, we cannot speak from personal experience." This is what the agricultural editor wrote.

A STAID and decorous vicar, whose name it is more charitable to repress, recently amazed his congregation by announcing from the pulpit that he would not take up the time by giving out the special Lenten preachers, as they would all be found hanging in the church porch!

MRS. STORMYWEATHER, who had been engaged in a somewhat prolonged and heated dialogue with her husband, beat a dignified retreat so soon as she found she was getting the worst of the argument, and turned her attention to culinary matters as a balm for her ruffled soul.

"Jane," she said, "I want you to put on your things at once, and go out and see if you can get me a plaice."

"Yes'm," replied Jane, with alacrity. "And while I'm about it I may as well look for one for myself, too, for I'm blest if I can stand the master any more than you!"

FOND MOTHER: Isn't he the very image of his father?

CANDID FRIEND: That's just what I was thinking, poor little thing!

"Do you have matins in this church?" asked the High Church visitor of the verger of the village church.

"No, indeed," replied that dignitary, with scorn; "*we* has oilcloth, and right up the chancel, too!"

SALESMAN: Have you seen our new patent noiseless baby-carriages, sir?

WEARY-EYED FATHER: No; a noiseless baby would be more in my line, thank you.

GWENETH: He told me I was the most beautiful woman he had ever met.

MAISIE: Don't you feel afraid to trust your whole future to a man who could tell such a barefaced falsehood?

MRS. KNAGGLE: You so continually remind me of my poor dear first husband.

MR. KNAGGLE: I'd be willing to put up with that, if you didn't so continually remind me of him, too.

AN amusing story is told of a stranger who was once driving past Farringford, Tennyson's home in the Isle of Wight.

"Whose house is that?" he asked his driver.

"Nobody's in particular," was the reply.

"But who lives there?" persisted the stranger.

"Someone by the name of Tennyson," responded the driver.

"Tennyson? Why, he's one of the greatest men alive," and the stranger rose in the carriage, hoping to get a better view of the place.

"*Him* a great man?" snorted the contemptuous Jehu. "Why, he don't only keep one manservant, and even he can't sleep in the house!"

No help for it.

SHE: Why did you break off your engagement to Mrs. Brown?

HE: Oh, *I* did not—it was she. A case of incompatibility of complexion. She said my colour did not suit her furniture, don't you know.

YOUNG HUSBAND: What is a fellow to do when his wife takes refuge in weeping?

OLDER DITTO: There's simply nothing for it but to apply a cheque to her tears.

ALGY: How Miss Weedy has improved in appearance since she inherited her uncle's fortune.

REGGIE: Yes, she used to be so long and lanky; now she's "divinely tall."

MRS. COTTAGER: Good gracious, you don't mean to tell me you've got a pianner?

MRS. KITCHENER: I should rather think so! And you should jest 'ear the tone of it; it's for all the world like the Salvation Army band. If you wus to shut your eyes you wouldn't know 'em apart.

MRS. COTTAGER: You don't say so? But I didn't know as you could play.

MRS. KITCHENER: No more I can't, only I made my 'usband buy one; it do give the droring-room sech a stylish air.

AN EXHAUSTIVE DIAGNOSIS.

VICAR'S DAUGHTER: Good-morning, Mr. Jobson. We've not seen you lately. How have you been?

JOBSON: But poorly, miss, thank you all the same. You see, sometimes I feel *anyhow*, and other times I feel *nohow*, and then again there be times when I feel *kind of all-overish*.

THE ATTACK OF THE ABYSSINIAN WARRIORS ON THE REAR OF THE ITALIAN ARMY AT AMBA ALAGUI.

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

MENELIK-AND-HIS-PEOPLE

-BY-

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

HERE is Menelik of Ethiopia, victor over Italian regiments with Gatling guns and smokeless powder — a homely, pock-marked man, whose skin is black; whose hair is turning white, for he has passed the fifty-year point; massive in chest, strong in tread (though of a clumsy gait), with keen, restless eyes under threatening brows — a warrior in mien and build, as in fact. There is much of contradiction in Menelik, for tradition makes him a Hebrew by descent, from Solomon and Sheba's Queen, and yet he shows no sign of the Jew; straight nose and thick lips, sternness of glance, with kindness in the smile, a fighter and a patriarch, a Christian king in Africa.

MAP OF ABYSSINIA AND ADJACENT COUNTRIES.

Let no man think of this man as a ruler of negroes; say rather a ruler of dark-skinned Romans, some many shades lighter than himself, with classic cut of features, high brows, thin lips, straight hair, a purer type by far than Menelik himself, who shows a mingling of races, wherefrom, it may be, comes his strength. These Ethiopians wear the garment worn in Cæsar's time, their *chemma* being quite the Roman toga in form and way of draping. They go bareheaded for the most part, though some bind their brows with a white turban, and barefooted; that is, all save Menelik, who alone in the realm has taken to European shoes and European hat — symbols, one may believe, of his friendliness to Western innovations.

A country of lions and rugged men this Ethiopia, as the people call it, not Abyssinia, which is a disparaging word in use among the Arabs. An Ethiopian worthy to wear in battle the lion's skin that Menelik gives to the bravest must be one who can go three days without food, fighting the while or journeying over deserts and mountains; one who cares nothing for pain or death. It is a custom among these men, after battle or warlike manœuvres, to squat down on the ground in long line and fire their rifles in the air, barrels up, butts between the knees: no blank cartridges here, but balls that wound or kill whomsoever they strike in the

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descent. A cannon shot gives signal, and forthwith the firing starts far down the line, rolling nearer and nearer, until it swells into a roar of musketry about the Emperor himself, then dies away at the farther side. And the bullets come down upon soldiers or citizens as may be; for this firing, like as not, takes place in a crowded city.

"Would it not be wise, your Majesty," asked a French traveller, aghast at this reckless procedure, "to use blank cartridges?"

"Why so?" asked Menelik.

"It would economise rifle balls and save life."

"I do not mind losing a few rifle balls, if it makes my people despise them."

The Italians found at Adowa what these soldiers think of rifle balls; saw them come bounding on in the charge, pierced through and through with Mauser bullets, and go on fighting; saw the Emperor himself toward the close rush in, waving his sword, and kill with his own hands. The Abyssinians (to use the accepted word) go into battle with modern rifles, and know how to use them; but in the heat of action their spirit is to throw these down and come at the enemy man to man with sabre and shield. Each one carries on his left arm a convex buckler made of hippopotamus hide, so thick and tough that often a swift-flying projectile is deflected by it. Of 21,000 men, blacks and whites, who fought in this battle on the Italian side, about 1,000 escaped, about 3,000 were made prisoners, and the rest were killed.

And at Amba Alagui, which preceded their final disaster, the Italians found out what it means to fight an army that knows not shoes, but comes at you in your fortified place with perfect feet, with toes that can grip and cling. The Italians were on a hill rising from a plateau, impregnable, as they supposed, on three sides, and guarded on the fourth by strong artillery. Against these cannon the

THE SALUTE TO MENELIK.

Drawn by George Varian. Squatting on the ground, the Ethiopian soldiers fire with ball cartridges on signal from a cannon. If people are wounded by the falling bullets, Menelik considers that they are learning not to fear rifle balls.

MENELIK II., EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA.

From the study from life painted by Paul Buffet at Addis Aleba, the capital of Abyssinia.

black men would hurl themselves, and that would be the end of them. So reasoned the Europeans, but counted without black feet; for what the Abyssinians did was to take the hill from the rear, straight up the precipice, doing this stealthily, so as to give no alarm. And when enough of them had gained the vantage ground behind, they swept down like a wave upon the Italians, and the day was won.

Again, at the siege of Makelle, the Italians were able to judge what kind of a Christianity it is the Abyssinians practise. The Europeans were hemmed in by the Ras Makonnen and 15,000 soldiers. The situation was desperate, for water had been cut off and they were perishing of thirst. So the Italians sent forth their natives, 3,000 blacks, to propitiate, it might be, the Ras Makonnen, a famous Abyssinian general and cousin of Menelik. And the Ras Makonnen gave the natives drink and food, and let them

go their way. Then the whites, seeing their own case hopeless and that many were dying, came out to beg for terms, and were received by Menelik himself. "You have not been kind to me or mine," said he; "you have broken your pledged word, and drawn the sword against us. Nevertheless, I do not wish it said that Christians died here like dogs, so you may go." And he gave orders that the Italians should be cared for and supplied with mules for their journey, and he let them depart in peace.

Menelik is at once Emperor and High Priest. He bears the title of King of Kings, and a times of state wears around his head a lion's mane bound fast with green, and on this rests a crown of gold. The Christianity of the Abyssinians, which came to them about the fourth century, is no very different thing from that of some Western nations. They have priests to read the Scriptures and interpret the law; and they have made fast days, no less than 192 in the year, and observe them scrupulously. They have churches in all their cities, with mass on Sundays and services on saints' days, but attendance at these is not very general among the masses, although Menelik and his chief men attend regularly. On the other hand, the Golden Rule receives such practical and daily enforcement as is scarcely to be met with elsewhere. Let a quarrel arise between two neighbours, and the first passer-by is called upon to decide between them, his judgment being accepted as final. And time and again, in dealing with his enemies, Menelik has shown how justice should be tempered with mercy. Thieves and criminals are punished, with the approval of all, by the cutting off of a hand or a foot, which is deemed wiser and more humane than casting them into prison. And not only do those condemned to this punishment bear the sabre stroke without flinching, but they hold themselves like graven images while the bleeding stumps are afterwards thrust into boiling oil for perfect cauterisation.

To reach Menelik's capital, the city of Addis Abeba (which means "new flower"), the traveller from the eastern coast must journey hundreds of miles across the desert, then far back among rugged mountains. In theory, all this region belongs to Menelik; but practically the desert is left to independent tribes, often hostile, for the Ethiopians proper are mountaineers, and are seldom met with at low altitudes—indeed, they succumb to the fevers of the coast more easily than Europeans do.

"I came across the desert with ten soldiers to guard me," said the French artist, Paul Buffet, "with camels for beasts of burden, and mules for my men and myself to ride on. Horses would have died on the way, but mules will go several days without eating. If a carcass dropped, we would see the vultures swarm as by magic out of a clear sky, first black dots on the horizon, then coming nearer and nearer, and finally sweeping down from overhead in narrowing circles with an uncanny whistling of wings. And at night we would have the jackals and hyenas weeping and howling about our camp, and more than once we had trouble with the desert people at the springs."

M. Buffet spent about eighteen months in Menelik's kingdom, going in pursuance of the idea that there was the one place in the world where an artist might see with his own eyes how the ancient Romans used to drape their garments about them and what manner of garments these were. It is to him that I am indebted for much of the matter of this article, for he passed through Abyssinia not only with an eye to see, but with a mind to appreciate. I asked him about the lions in Abyssinia and the hunting of them.

"The country abounds in lions," he said, "both in the desert and on the mountains; but the people dislike to have Europeans hunt them, partly because a lion, when its mate is killed, becomes fierce and thirsts for human blood, partly because the Abyssinians have a superstitious reverence for the lion that amounts almost to worship. When a native makes his way through a region where lions are known to be, he goes forward talking to the invisible animals, assuring them of his profound respect, of his desire to serve them, of his admiration for their courage, for their beauty, and so forth, and humbly begging for safe conduct on his journey. A story is told of a post-carrier who was trotting along across the desert beside his laden camel, when suddenly an immense lion appeared before him. The man prostrated himself in fear, and then, rising timidly again, explained to the lion that he meant no harm, but was only a poor servant carrying letters down to the coast. 'See, your honour,' he went on, opening one of the mail-bags, 'there is nothing here that you want; I have no meat at all, nothing but papers.' And the lion, so it is said, having heard the man's story, lifted his nose with an approving sniff and walked off."

There are many Abyssinians, however, who have not this awe of the lion, but will

go against him willingly, attacking him with only the spear, and often even so coming off victorious. They delight also in elephant hunting, and go into the forest in bands, pursuing the great beasts fearlessly with only their spears and ordinary rifles. And although they slay many elephants in these hunts, it must be said that the elephants also slay many of them, and of ten who go in after ivory perhaps only five come out.

Full of original ways is Menelik. If a chief has displeased him in some slight manner, he calls him to the palace and settles the score at once with a heavy cane. He does not rebuke the offender, nor put him to public shame ; but, in a truly fatherly

THE RAS MAKONNEN, A FAMOUS ABYSSINIAN GENERAL AND COUSIN OF MENELIK.
Painted from life by Paul Buffet.

way, gives him a sound beating with his own strong hands, and the chief departs the better for it. Again, instead of getting reports about happenings in the city from his policemen or other subordinates, he finds out what is going on himself with the help of a powerful pair of field-glasses. With these in hand, he spends many hours in a tower built for the purpose, from which he can sweep the principal streets and open places. And as the people never know when the Emperor may be watching them, they are careful what they do.

AN ABYSSINIAN CAVALRYMAN ON THE WAR-PATH.
Painted from life by Paul Buffet.

Then he is constantly supervising all that goes on in the palace, making his tour of inspection at all times of the day or night through the narrow streets and among the countless little straw-covered buildings that compose the palace—for this is really only an agglomeration of separate structures, a small city within itself, with a population of three or four thousand. Now he stops at the kitchen, which is a building by itself, and sees what the cooks are doing. Now he looks in at the treasure-house, where the gold and precious things of the kingdom are guarded; now at the saddler's and blacksmith's; now he watches the women making hydromel, and now the children chanting their reading lessons in dull sing-song. Or, again, he walks through the gardens, where acres of fruit trees are growing, many of them specially imported from Europe. He loves every detail of gardening, and is particularly interested in experiments in irrigation, fertilising, and the like. If a Gatling gun arrives from abroad, he must set it up with his own hands and understand every detail of its working. If his watch gets out of order, he must take it apart himself and find out what the trouble is and how to remedy it. When he first saw a pair of European shoes he insisted upon having them taken apart piece by piece, so that he might have another pair made like them. When a visitor once suggested to him that these were details which he might safely leave to the care of others, Menelik replied: "If I did not look after these things myself, the waste would be enormous. The time will come, I hope, when I shall be able to leave less important things to those about me, but now nothing is unimportant."

One result of this untiring interest and

activity is that Menelik sleeps only three or four hours a day—he has no time to sleep more. He is exceedingly fond of games, especially those calling for bodily skill, and he often joins himself in the dangerous sport of javelin-throwing, in which horsemen going at full speed hurl lances at one another, often at the risk of life or limb. He is fond of rifle-shooting also; and formerly he used to amuse himself by playing with three full-grown lions which were allowed to roam free about the palace grounds, to the great disquietude of visitors. "Do they never kill anyone?" asked a European.

"Yes," answered Menelik, "they do occasionally; but whenever one of the lions kill a man, we kill the lion." He spoke of it as a matter of trivial moment. At the time of the great famine, about eight years ago, however, Menelik had them all killed, saying that he could not bear to feed wild beasts while his people were dying of hunger.

When Monsieur Buffet was in Abyssinia the Emperor had a young pet elephant that was allowed to wander about the city and pick up food as it pleased. This habit of the elephant's gave Monsieur Buffet a fine surprise one evening, and nearly frightened his cook into convulsions, for just as they were about to begin their evening meal, a black form appeared in the doorway of the cabin, and before anyone knew what was happening, everything eatable on the table had disappeared, including a dish of potatoes, an omelet, and an excellent chicken. Having thus satisfied his appetite, the elephant started to withdraw, but could not get through the door for the height of his head, and in his struggles to get out he all but carried off the fragile structure, like a big straw hat resting on his shoulders. When Menelik heard of this adventure he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. The elephant has since been sent as a gift to the President of France, and is now kept in the Paris Jardin des Plantes.

One visitor, observing that Menelik was exceedingly fond of playing draughts, told him about the game of billiards, and suggested that he should have a table brought to the palace.

"No," said Menelik; "if it is as fascinating a game as you say, I will not have it here, because I should waste too much time playing it."

Another traveller presented the Emperor with a phonograph, which Menelik studied with the greatest interest. "This brings Europe into Africa," he said, much pleased; "this is a new way of writing, so that you read with your ears instead of with your eyes."

The traveller went on to speak of the Röntgen rays, and said that he would have brought an apparatus for producing them had he not been warned that the Abyssinian priests would object to it. "That is not true," said Menelik. "I should be glad to have such an apparatus; we are no longer where we were twenty years ago."

Menelik's broad-mindedness and appreciation of the value to his country of knowledge from without is shown by the welcome accorded to Europeans visiting his country, and by the fact that several Europeans have filled posts of importance in his service.

One of the best times for seeing Menelik and his chief men is at the weekly gathering at the palace, the Sunday feasting, when the Emperor literally feeds his people. At ten o'clock in the morning, after the religious service, the great pillared dining-room is crowded with men (no women are received). They come in two hundred at a time, and seat themselves in groups, cross-legged, on the floor, heads bare, feet bare, some wearing a silken tunic under the *chemma*—these the richer ones—others wearing the *chemma* alone, and each showing more or less of his body as his social standing allows, for in Abyssinia, in proportion as a man is accounted proud and great he covers up his body; and so it is that Menelik alone, in all the gathering, wears over his *chemma* a black burnoose (a hooded cape reaching to the ankles), and shoes upon his feet (made in France), and a ribbon around his head, and lifts a fold of his *chemma* so as to hide the lower part of his face. Not that Menelik attaches great importance to pomps and ceremonies—indeed, he often laughs at them—but this is a custom of the country.

And on this occasion custom requires the Emperor to sit alone on an *alga*, a curtained and cushioned divan, spread with Persian tapestries. In a circle on the floor, guarding this divan, sit the generals, but rise to their feet whenever the Emperor makes sign that he will put food into his mouth, it being a matter of strict etiquette that no one shall look upon his superior when he is in the act of eating. Having risen, the generals hold up their *chemmas* with zealous care before their faces, thus forming from hand to hand a screen of white and red (the colours of the *chemmas*) that hides the Emperor both from the generals themselves and from the mass of the company, sitting outside their circle, while the Emperor takes bread or meat.

Meanwhile attendants are moving about from group to group distributing hydromel (honey wine) and bread. The latter is served in long, flat, oval vessels with a hollow at the centre filled with a sort of pepper sauce. One vessel of bread serves for each group, each man cutting away a chunk from the loaf and dipping it into the common well of sauce. Then great pieces of beef are brought around, quite raw, and each man cuts off a piece to his liking, and stripping it into shreds, swallows it thus with the bread. The quantity of raw beef that an Abyssinian can dispose of on such an occasion is surprising. If need be, he can live for days without meat, getting on quite well with a handful of flour, some dried peas, and a bit of pepper for his day's rations. But, when the chance offers, he can eat as much meat in a day as a European would eat in ten.

The Sunday feasting occupies a great part of the day, the Emperor remaining seated on his *alya* until all who care to come have been fed, often five or six hours. While he waits he talks freely with those sitting about him, especially with any Europeans who may be present, discussing with keenest interest the latest news from the distant civilised world, and asking endless questions as to recent discoveries and inventions. Most charming in his manner at such times, his voice is sweet and insinuating, his eye full of intelligence, and altogether he impresses the visitor as a man of unusual force and understanding.

PAUL BUFFET'S CARAVAN CROSSING THE KASAM RIVER ON THE WAY FROM THE COAST TO ADDIS ABEBA.
Drawn by George Varian after a sketch from life by Paul Buffet.

THE STOLEN DAY.

By Mayne Lindsay.*

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

TWO men, standing in the shadow of the verandah, were being surveyed by Mignon Delarue, her nose tip-tilted from her retreat in the depths of a long-armed chair. She wore a piqué riding habit and a muslin-covered pith hat, with strings tied under her chin—an unbecoming costume to anyone else, but one which showed her mischievous face and plump little figure to advantage. She was curled up in restful indifference in the chair's embrace, but her eyes were alert and wicked. The two young men continued to stand before her.

"Mother goes to Barukhabad by the 6.50 to-morrow, breakfasts with the Blakes, tiffins with the Champions, doesn't come back till dinner. . . . *I* want to make the most of my time, too. Suggest a plan, please."

Mr. Archibald Cotter, joint magistrate, looked his disapproval of the undutiful inflection of her remarks. He was a sober-minded, conscientious young man, as befitted a person of his responsible position, and he felt that the flippant tone of his superior officer's daughter was disrespectful to the superior officer's wife. Nevertheless, having been dragged at chariot wheels long enough to have learned discretion, he said nothing.

Bobby Lankester, however, was not so scrupulous. Bobby was a cousin, which gave him an advantage; he was twenty-one to Cotter's twenty-five, which made him reckless; and a certain cousinly similarity of tastes, born in part of early childhood together, made him join with the whole heart of youth in Mignon's flights of energy. He was a policeman, and as he had been pitchforked into the Department by his uncle without undergoing the refining process of examination, he still retained the genial spirit of boyhood. He beamed now and spoke responsive.

"A whole day off? Good! Let's go huntin'. There's an old grey jackal that lives——"

"No go," said Mignon emphatically. "Bimi's lame from the last day. Mr. Cotter, say something."

"Doesn't your mother want you to do anything for her?" said Cotter gravely.

Mignon looked at him for a moment with silent scorn. Then she turned to Bobby.

"Suggest another plan—quick!"

"Rats."

"Too messy; and I don't like killing little things that squeak."

"Well then—grand idea! Borrow old Sher Afzul's boat, start early, sail down the river as far as we can get, shoot *magar*" (crocodile), "and take our tiffin."

"That sounds good." Mignon bit her riding-whip approvingly. "But how are we to get back?"

"Oh, bother gettin' back," said Bobby. "I hate thinking such a long way ahead. It's a rippin' plan, *I* think."

"It's nothing of the kind," said Cotter, aghast. "Don't do it, Miss Delarue, for Heaven's sake! The river is not safe for a boat further than the ferry, and March is too hot to spend a day in the blazing sun. I know your father and mother——"

"They're away."

Cotter groaned.

"Besides—— Look here, Lankester, you've got your work. I can't go, of course, and I wouldn't if I could, because I think it is a mad project altogether, and you—you mustn't. It's leading Miss Delarue into danger, no less."

"Danger?" said Mignon, with sparkling

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eyes. "My dear Mr. Cotter, you could not recommend the scheme more strongly. It shall be done. I will be ready at seven to-morrow morning, Bob."

"I refuse to allow it."

"Oh!" Mignon's mouth gripped at the corners. She rose from the chair with all the dignity she could muster, and she looked squarely at Cotter. "I'm going, if I have to go alone. That won't be, though, for Bobby can easily get through his morning's work in half an hour, and you will be detestable—priggish—horrible—if you interfere with him after that. Come along, Bob; I'm going to feed the dogs."

She swept off, and Lankester, after a deprecating look at Cotter, who returned it with an angry glare, clanked his spurred heels after her. Their voices, interspersed with feminine laughter, died away across the compound.

Cotter thrust his hands savagely into his pockets and stared with unseeing eyes at the dazzling sunshine. His heart was not in tune with the beauty of the northern Indian winter, with the ripple of light upon the orange trees, the gurgle of ebbing water in the little channels about the flower-beds, the heavy scent of roses and of stephanotis. It was sore and angry; sore, because Mignon had once more put him into a false position; angry, because he, who would have given all he owned to further her pleasure, had yet been forced, for the thousandth time, into opposition. He was jealous, too, of the easy familiarity between the cousins, and of the way in which Lankester, the latest arrival, had thrust him from his hard-won position of friend and playmate. Faizpur was a tiny station. The Delarues and he, and two other unobtrusive officials, had been the European population for more than a year, and until Bobby's appearance it had been a little Paradise. Now Mignon drove a pair, and the jar of conflicting influences caused much intemperate jibbing.

"He doesn't know the river! He's a young idiot!" Cotter thought of the sleepy, treacherous, sandy stream that cut the district, and remembered the desert wastes into which it wound beyond the city. "They might be upset in that crazy old tub—drowned—eaten—anything! Confound it all, what am I to do?"

And, as usual in his later dilemmas, he found no answer to the question.

* * * * *

"Ease her! Luff her! Steady—steady! . . . Oh, I say, Mignon, isn't it grand?"

Sher Afzul's country-built craft, a flat-bottomed creation that it would have been impossible to classify, waddled slowly down stream with the help of breeze and current, and her two occupants, mushroom-shaded under huge sun hats, cotton-clad, and greatly daring, watched the flat roofs of Faizpur slip into the shimmering distance. Melon-beds gave place to ricefields, and slowly, slowly, as the sun climbed above the level landscape, cultivation and villages were thrust back by the spreading sand, the coarse reeds and grass, and the white, eye-blinding loneliness of the riverside desert. The river snaked on, a swift current in the middle, and, for the rest, a breadth of sand-choked shallows, on whose shores was sterile desolation. The sun beat upon the sail, and a smell of sand and muddy water filled the adventurers' nostrils.

"Im—mense," said Mignon, wrinkling her face in the glare. A clean-cut chin was all that the hat shadow left to her companion's sight. "Mr. Cotter must be feeling very sorry he didn't come. I suppose"—the hat turned towards the white dots that made Faizpur—"I suppose he is baking in *kacheri*, and that the glitter of spiky sunshine away there—can't you see it, Bobby?—must be the sun on a bit of the court-house glass."

"Awful rot, his stayin' back. Tell you what, Mignon, Cotter may be beastly clever, but he is really rather an ass; and I believe he's a bit of a funk, too."

"Nothing of the kind," said Mignon, sitting suddenly upright with an alertness that surprised herself. "It's horrid to say that, Bobby. You know quite well it's untrue."

"What! Didn't you say to him yesterday that he was afraid to come? I heard you; and it was after that he went off in such a wax and sulked the whole evening."

"That's quite different. People—ladies—are allowed to say things they don't exactly mean when they are annoyed."

"Then you didn't think——?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, girls *are* queer." Bobby cuddled his chin in his fist and looked long and thoughtfully at his cousin.

"Don't stare," said Mignon rudely. A red flush descended from the hidden face and peeped chinwards, and her hands fidgeted with an idle rope.

"You're blushing," said the unabashed Bobby. "My hat! is that because you remember how disgustingly rude you were yesterday? Because, anyway, whether you

"The two young men continued to stand before her."

told a whacker or whether you didn't, you were, you know. Sayin' ladies are allowed to do it don't alter the situation."

"Mr. Cotter was very rude to me."

"Told you that you ought to be ashamed to deceive your own mother, didn't he? Oh, Lord! Well, I don't wonder you were mad. And from him, too!"

"What do you mean by 'from him'?" Mignon disregarded the question, and pounced like a hawk upon a chicken.

"I mean to say, a fellow that's a funk—no, well, an—a—that is—oh, you know. A chap that can't do anything but mug up law and languages, and is scared out of his life by a jest like this one——"

There was a moment's pause. Mignon sprang up, seized the rickety helm, and gave a vicious tug that sent the boat sprawling across the channel and made the sail prop itself against the mast in a protest of limp inaction.

"Here, I say!" said Bobby, bewildered. "What are you doing?"

"Going home," said Mignon, in a low, determined tone: "going ashore. Anywhere to get away from hearing you speak another syllable against Mr. Cotter. I forbade you, too. Mr. Cotter is a *man*, and not a disreputable, hobbledehoyish, uncouth schoolboy!"

Whatever faults may have been the share of Bobby Lankester, quick offence and bad temper were not numbered among them. He flushed a little, for Mignon had hit below the belt, but he did not retaliate.

The boat lurched and wallowed.

"Give her her head, for goodness sake!" said Bobby, hauling at the sheet. "Hard-a-port, Mignon. Don't be an idiot, there's a dear girl. You can't possibly land on a sandbank ten miles from anywhere, and it's beastly risky, this yawin' in mid-current."

Mignon threw a look of defiance at him, and then, as if a spasm of common sense clutched her, she swung the tiller over, and the boat staggered back with reluctance into its midway passage down the channel. Bobby sat down heavily and wiped a streaming brow.

"Near shave!" he said. "Don't fool with the hellum again, Mignon, I say. Might have been no end of a beastly shipwreck. And then old——"

He stopped.

"I know what you were going to say," resumed Mignon. She re-established herself in the stern, as if there had been no extravagant steersmanship to record. "You need not say it."

"I won't. Let's make a bargain. For the sake of general peace, and because it's a shame to spoil a rippin' bit of fun like this, we'll leave old Cotter out of the conversation altogether. Don't know how it is, but we always snap when we talk of him, and then you get so beastly huffy. And he will crop up, too—can't think why. Truth, I don't think he's half a bad sort—there! Now, is it pax?"

"H'm. . . . Well, yes," said Mignon.

So the storm blew over, and the Argonauts sailed on, peaceful and perspiring, while Faizpur's minarets dropped into the quivering haze of the horizon. The world, Mr. Cotter, everything else but the dry, hot sandscape and the winking sun jewels in the river, seemed to fall into dreamland.

Mignon, who never did things by halves, lolled in the comfortable stern with—last sign of the revolting daughter—a cigarette between her lips. Bobby sucked at a briar and crouched in the bottom of the boat, his hands busy with amateur navigation. Half an hour passed, and then he knelt up suddenly and snatched at his rifle.

"*Magar!* No, no, not there. On the sandbank, high up. He's making for the water. Quick, oh, quick!"

Mignon, who had seized the rifle, gazed blankly at the foreshore, her bewildered eyes seeing nothing but the brown stretch and the reeds. Then she became aware that a log-shaped, sand-hued object, which was hard to be distinguished from its surroundings, was precipitating itself with extraordinary velocity towards the river. She swung the rifle to her shoulder, steadied it, and fired.

Bobby clapped his hands.

"Bravo! You got him mightily neatly, old girl. Another five yards and he would have flopped into the water, an' been seen no more. 'And the funeral will be tomorrow.'"

He laughed and shouted his applause, and Mignon contemplated her game with complacency. The crocodile had made one headlong dying effort to reach safety, and it had failed. He struggled convulsively at the lip of the water and gave up the ghost in a whirl and a fury. He relapsed in death to even greater obscurity than before, and the onward sweep of the boat soon left him invisible to eyes that strained to see the last of him.

"Look at the undertaker," said Bobby, pointing skywards to where a black dot was circling towards the sand. "That was an

awfully smart job, Mignon. My turn next. We'll wait till after the next shot, and then we'll have tiffin. I'm as dry as a bone, and there's a kind of sinking in my innerds."

"I'm hungry myself," said Mignon. "We must have come a very long way. Bobby, be reasonable for a moment. How are we to get back?"

"Go on to Gangaghat and take the 4.30 mail up. I can send the boat back by a coolie."

"Yes. It's a long way, though." Mignon yawned and her eyes wandered in the direction of the vanished Faizpur. She was beginning to flag now that the glow of triumph had passed away, and an uneasy qualm, which might have been the pricking of conscience, troubled her soul. She thought back angrily to Cotter's protests, and she set her discomfort down to their irritating after-smart. Why had he translated a little sporting frolic into such disagreeable English? Who had set Mr. Cotter to be her conscience keeper, and who, how, why was it that his grave expostulations brought rebellion and compunction in their train, in never varying rotation? It was all his fault; for, if he did but know it, his sober appeals stirred her always, forthwith, to most ingenious wickedness. Was it, Mignon reflected, that she was by nature depraved, or was it the working of a mysterious antagonism that drove her to rebellion and remorse? She pulled herself together and frowned. *Remorse!* . . . Oh, decidedly, it must be time for lunch.

"Yah, yah, yah!" gibbered Bobby in excited interruption. "What a whopper! Chuck out the cartridge, Mignon, and hand up the gun. Drat the boat, it must look after itself till I've polished him off!"

His excitement was great, and Mignon, with the memory of her success still strong within her, lost the savourless feeling that had troubled her, as she leaned forward to watch. She saw the living log that sunned itself upon the bank, and she marked, with something of Bobby's exultation, that it drowsed there placidly, unconscious of the boat and the marksman.

"Bobby fired his second shot."

". . . Going to fire when we draw level, if the brute will only wait. . . How the stream winds here! Keep the boat's head straight."

"I—can't." Mignon breathed hard, tugging at the stubborn helm. "The current is fearfully strong. Oh, Bobby, fire now! There's an island thing right in the way, and we shall run into it if you don't slacken sail."

"Eh?"

It was doubtful if Bobby heard her, for the beast on the bank had stirred, and the rifle was being sighted. "There—got him! No, dash it all, I've missed!"

The log had transported itself with a swift ugly motion to submarine safety. The brown water seethed and eddied, circles spreading as if a giant had tossed a boulder into it, and Bobby fired his second shot in vain. It spattered upon the river hard by where the crocodile had dived, but no tinge of blood crimsoned the agitated surface, and no carcass bobbed, belly upwards, for a sign of slaughter done.

Bobby swayed upon his feet, the smoke curling in a blue spiral before him. He continued to gaze ruefully at the circling water, and to wave the rifle as if he hoped to see the *mugar* pop out for a target again.

"Bobby!" Mignon's voice was hard and stifled. "We're going—to be upset! Look! —the stream—the island—o-oh! Can't you do anything?"

Lankester sprang to the sheet. He had knotted it with the amateur's clumsy fingers, which had formed a slip-knot that tightened at their grasp. The current drove the boat and swept it forward like a chip upon a mill stream.

"Helm over!"

"It won't go."

The boat began to curl her tail round, scorpion-wise; in another second it would be either the island or—more disastrous shipwreck. They were puppets in the hands of the river, and she, with a capricious mercy, chased them by a side eddy out of the mid-current into shallow waters. Next moment the boat struck sand, careened over, and the voyage ended with a downcasting of the Argonauts as they sprang, spurred by the instinct of self-preservation, pell-mell on to the narrow spit.

The shock bewildered them. They looked vaguely about at their surroundings.

On the right hand the low bank seemed to their anxious minds immeasurably far away; there was an intervening sheet of water—whether deep or shallow, who could tell?—that put the shore so far from them that even the reed beds were only blurs of light and shade. On the left they could see shoals, more plainly marked by the tinges of the spreading river. But, right or left, the sandy scrub which stood for solid earth was far beyond them, and all that their position permitted them to see was waste and water—waste and water, and the twenty-foot spine of sandbank upon which they had fallen.

And they were hopelessly wrecked, without prospect of escape! The maliciousness of Fate was complete; for even as they gathered themselves up and looked about them, the boat, with a shudder of relief at its enlightened burden, was lapped by the swirl of the current from its anchorage. It lurched, heaved, floated, and bobbed away awkwardly, to twirl into mid-stream and so out of reach.

Mignon gave a cry of despair. Lankester dashed thigh deep into the water in a vain effort to catch the disappearing craft. His feet felt steeps and quicksands below them, and he splashed back to the islet as the boat slid over the river beyond recovery. It mocked the voyagers for a little, rocking indecisively to and fro some fifteen yards from them, and then a breeze bellied the sail, and, darting off like a swallow, Sher Afzul's tub drove shorewards and wrecked itself, permanently this time, on the water edge of the distant reeds. The sail continued to flap in derision, a dab of white against the monotone of the yellow, heat-quivering background.

"Confound you!" yelled Bobby, shaking his fist at the thing, as if it were something that could be pricked by his objurgation. "Confound you!" he shouted again, in impotent anger.

They stood side by side and gazed forlornly at the scene. The sun beat down upon them, the sand was hot under their feet, there was not a boulder to shelter against, and there was neither resource upon the sandbank, nor sign of life or hope of assistance to be culled from the glaring desert at which they stared.

Mignon did not speak for a long time, the air being amply filled by Bobby's profanity. The full meaning of the catastrophe soaked into her brain as she noted the desolation of the jungle and river that encompassed her. The banks were not a highway; there was not a village to be seen within the horizon; it was in the last degree improbable that anyone would pass within a mile of them.

"He, too, stood watching the widening circles."

And, meanwhile, they had no food, no shelter from the fierce heat, no——

Mignon's heart jumped. A brown snout had lifted itself out of the water a few yards away. It sank again, but slowly, and a few bubbles drifted down the stream. The shock of terror that throbbed through the girl sickened her, and she turned white to the lips. Bobby's flow of execrations had been frozen at the source, and he, too, stood motionless, watching the widening circles.

"Bobby! Will that—thing—attack us?"

"Lord, no!" Bobby moistened his dry lips, and spoke with a confidence he was very far from feeling. His knowledge of the ways of *magars* was vague, and all he found in his memory were the childish stories of the contents of their stomachs. These were not reassuring. There seemed a blank between his nurse's long-ago tales and the present moment, and that glimpse of a scaly snout had bridged across the years. But for Mignon's sake and his own reassurance he emphasised his denial.

"Good Heavens, no! Brutes won't touch white people, or live ones either, 'cept they're in the water. You're safe enough from *that*. Only, how the deuce are we going to get away from here?"

Mignon collapsed upon the sand. Her knees were shaking under her, and it was a very forlorn face that looked out under the big sun-hat.

"Oh, I do hope you're right! Oh, I do hope we shan't be eaten! But even if we aren't—oh, Bobby, Bobby, how shall we escape?"

The tremor in her voice spurred Bobby with an intolerable pang. He was full of fury with himself, the boat, the universe; it was unbearable to him that Mignon should have to suffer for his carelessness. There

was a deep tenderness under his cousinly familiarity, and here, in the face of misfortune, he felt himself no longer *bon camarade*, but man and protector. His sense of helplessness lashed him to sarcasm.

"If I could tell you that we wouldn't stay here long."

"I wish I hadn't come," said Mignon. "I wish I had taken Mr. Cotter's advice. It is very strange that whenever I go against his judgment something always goes wrong."

"That is, whenever you trust to me, I suppose?" snapped Bobby. "Why don't you say what you mean? If Cotter had had any spunk he would have come with us and taken the helm, and then this wouldn't have happened."

"He was right and we were wrong."

"Oh, of course! He always is right. He growls and scowls and prophesies, and he's awfully clever; I wear my soul-case thin sweatin' round for you, and I get all the blame for everything."

"I'm not blaming you."

"Yes, you are." Bobby's consciousness of guilt made him ready to anticipate condemnation. "You think it is all my fault, and I'm a beastly fool for getting you into the hole, and I don't care a rap what happens to you. But it's not true—about my not caring. It's because I love you——"

He broke off. The excitement of the catastrophe, of which the actual thought was momentarily thrust out of mind by his emotions, the exasperation of his impotency, and the sight of the downcast Mignon, had brought about a premature revelation. He caught his breath at the words and then jerked out a defiant iteration.

"Yes, I love you! I didn't mean to say that, but you see it's come. I meant to wait—to wait until I was older, and a better fellow, and – and—till I could do something to show. . . . And this"—he looked round him bitterly—"*this* is what I've done!"

Mignon jumped up and caught him by the arm.

"I'm very sorry."

"Sorry? Sorry for what? It's I that should be sorry. Don't touch me, Mignon! Why do you look like that? By God, it's hard!"

He strode from point to point of the sandspit and then came back and faced her.

"Mignon, tell me truth! If I hadn't been a double-dyed ass, if I'd really taken care of you, if I had waited for ages, could you have——"

"Oh, Bobby, don't! Haven't we something else to think of now?"

"Tell me truth!"

He looked at her with strained, eager eyes, and searched in the depths of hers for his answer. But it was only commiseration, a certain impatience, and—odd in the man-compelling Mignon—fear that he found. She shook her head and turned her face away.

"Is it Cotter?"

The soft mood flared into anger. And this was the Bobby who had scrutinised her blushes with schoolboy curiosity an hour before!

"How dare you, Bobby! You are mad, I think. Go away and try to forget, as I shall, the wild things you have been saying. . . . No, I am not going to speak to you again; you have gone too far. Go away!"

"It *is* Cotter," muttered Bobby, and with that he dropped his head and walked to the further end of the sandbank. A chilling conviction that he had once more dashed himself headlong into mischief stole over him. He threw himself down on the sand and began to run the grains through his fingers, his eyes searching the foreshore.

He was not inactive from want of will; it was because he saw, with Mignon, that no effort of theirs could bring about their escape. He did not signal, for his eye could sweep the desert to its outer rim, and see no sign of human life to which he could appeal. The sail continued to flap in derision a hundred yards away. There was nothing to do but wait, wait, wait, until—until what? Bobby dropped the sand and gnawed his nails. There was despair at his heart. . . . To think that, in this hour of desolation and peril, he had made himself impossible to Mignon!

The object of his concern sat, meanwhile, at the other end of the sandspit, a prey to mixed and unpleasant feelings. She, too, was angry with herself now that the escapade had brought disaster; she was sore with the thought of the reproaches that would come when they were restored to the world, and, all the while, there was the stab of fear at the idea that they might not be found until too late. Mignon had a conviction that Mr. Cotter would know how to act when night fell and they did not return; she pictured to herself their rescue in the dawn by a boat that he would urge onwards and direct. But it was only midday now, and there was the burning afternoon's exposure, and the fever mists of evening, and the chill

of the night to be baffled. The horror of the *magar's* proximity was a peril of which the thought perpetually crept up and was as often thrust sharply back.

She remembered that she was hungry; and so, since heart and stomach are neighbouring organs, to consideration of the aberration of Bobby Lankester. It was desperately silly; yes, and irritating. Bobby could never learn the temperate use of time and place; it was in keeping with his character that he had spluttered out his passion at this untoward season; and it was like him also to ruin his cause by a flash of impertinence. Deep in her heart Mignon knew that it was not his declaration—is any woman above the secret triumph?—but the last barb that rankled. She would have pardoned him his outburst for all sakes, but the thing that could not be forgotten was the rude violence of his query. She felt the heat of open shame.

"'Kiss her,' he said, and turned his back."

An hour, two hours, passed. Bobby had left his post once and crossed to Mignon, been repulsed by a quick word over shoulder, and returned to the company of his devils. He had tried to slip his white jacket over her back to protect it from the sun, but she had thrust him back, though she felt dizzy and faint, and scorched by the shadeless glare. She dipped her palm into the water and drank the muddy stuff; her hunger had passed, giving place to a throat dryness and a dazed, sick sensation that made her feel unnerved and feeble. She blinked up at the sun, too proud to ask the time of Bobby, and guessed that it must be past three o'clock. There was as yet no abating of the heat; rather it seemed more tyrannical than at first.

They sat on, back turned to back; gloomy, angry, severed by the sand strip and the will

of Mignon. Bobby was in a fever to help her and encourage her; he looked at her once or twice wistfully, but the unrelenting back daunted him. And Mignon crouched upon the sand with a pale, miserable face, the very ghost of the morning's girl. Another hour dragged past.

"Bobby! What is that on the right bank—far—a long way off?"

Bobby leapt to her side. He could hardly believe his ears. She had spoken to him!

"Where?" he said, unable to grasp more than the one fact for the second.

"Follow my finger and look!" said Mignon in an excited voice that showed that she, at any rate, had thrust his ill-starred love venture and its sequel into the background. "What is it?"

"A horse—a man—riding fast—nearer, nearer. It's——" He stopped. The name choked him. He could not swallow the last drop of his cup of bitterness.

"It's Mr. Cotter," said Mignon calmly. "I knew he would come. He will help us now."

"He will if he can," said Bobby, trying to assume an ordinary tone and an indifferent manner. "But how will he get at us?"

"Mr. Cotter," said Mignon, with a look upwards that was the final lash of punishment, "will find a way."

She waved her handkerchief, and presently, as he drew into full view, the horseman, galloping still, tossed a vigorous arm in answer.

Another two minutes brought him to the bank opposite the islet and within shouting ken. They could see his face—a shaded dab under a helmet—but not his features.

Cotter made a speaking trumpet of his hands. There floated across the water—

"Is—Miss—Delarue—safe?"

"Yes!" boomed Bobby in answer.

"Right!" from Cotter. "I'm going to unship the mast and push the boat up stream."

He trotted down the bank, and the Argonauts watched him with eager eyes.

"Something wrong," said Bobby, as Cotter paused upon the bank, a stone's throw further inland than, but parallel with, the boat. He made an advance riverwards, and retraced his steps.

"I see," said Mignon half aloud, as if she were talking to herself; "the boat has stuck among the reeds, and they are in the water, deeper, perhaps, than a man's height, though it all looks like dry land from here. It must be thirty yards from the true shore at least."

The difficulty puzzled the rescuer. He advanced once more, stopped, hesitated, and retreated again.

"Too deep to walk through," commented Bobby. "What comes now?"

"He is taking off his coat. He is going to swim. Oh, no—no, surely not! The brown snout—remember the *magars!* Oh, Bobby, shout—shout for all you are worth, and tell him!"

Bobby bellowed, and the figure on the bank appeared to listen.

"All right!" Cotter waved his hand and nodded. "I know."

The sun glittered on a spurt of water, and his head alone remained visible, forging steadily towards the boat.

"How could he?" wailed Mignon. She watched the head with anxious eyes, and she breathed loud and fast, locking and unlocking her hands. "He knows, he must know the danger. And it's all my fault!"

Bobby was dumb with tumultuous sympathy. He could only follow her eyes and wait through what seemed like a lifetime of apprehension, too.

They were still staring, oblivious to the dazzle of the water and their own bodily afflictions, when a ripple stirred the surface of the river, some thirty feet from the boat. Cotter, at a slightly shorter distance on the landward side, was swimming cautiously down a clear passage through the rushes. The ripple broadened, and something brown and stumpy rose and sank again.

The suggestion in the incident was too much for Mignon. She remained standing for a few seconds, and then she flung herself upon the sand, burying her face and covering her ears as if to shut out the world beyond.

Bobby did not speak or look at her. He was feeling very sick, and he gulped spasmodically as he watched the other man's head. It drew steadily nearer to them. The brown snout did not reappear. Another half minute of suspense, and Cotter's arm rose from the water and clutched the boat. He swung leg over taffrail, hoisted himself up, and waved his hand to show he was in safety. Then he set to work briskly to unship the mast and prepare for his next move.

"He's safe," said Bobby. "Thank God! Mignon, do you hear? He's in the boat at last."

The reaction was great, and his face shone with his relief, and with appreciation of the daring act that he had just witnessed. He

forgot the afternoon's interlude and turned with beaming countenance to shake hands, dance, shout—anything to express his exultation.

But the ways of women are proverbially strange. Mignon's face, which was turned to the busy Cotter, showed no corresponding rapture; on the contrary, it was very white, and her lips were pouting and trembling. She was sitting up, twisting her handkerchief into a ball, her eyes far from the sandbank, and on anything rather than Bobby. She burst into a torrent of sobs and incoherencies.

Was it the discipline of the ordeal he had blundered through that made Bobby understand? Was it the sympathy of experience that held him back from inopportune speech? He could not have told; but he averted his gaze from the penitent, and stole to the other end of the island, shutting his ears resolutely to the few words that were intelligible and to the meaning that they were ready to convey.

Cotter found him there half an hour later, and, in response to his frantic signals, steered to him and landed at his feet. He had, presumably, the vials of wrath all unbottled; but something in Bobby's face and in the attitude of the doleful figure across the sandspit made him step ashore without explosion.

"Is she ill?" were his first words.

"No," said Bobby. "She feels bad, that's all. Oh, Cotter, old man, I've been a beast, and you're no end of an awful brick! Well, anyway, I'm done, and you've got your reward. Go across, for goodness sake, and put things right."

"But—but!" said Cotter. He gave a nervous look at the girl's attitude, that expressed neither knowledge of his arrival nor his existence. "What am I to do?"

Bobby was inspired.

"Kiss her," he said, and turned his back.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK ON BOARD H.M.S. *CRESCENT*.

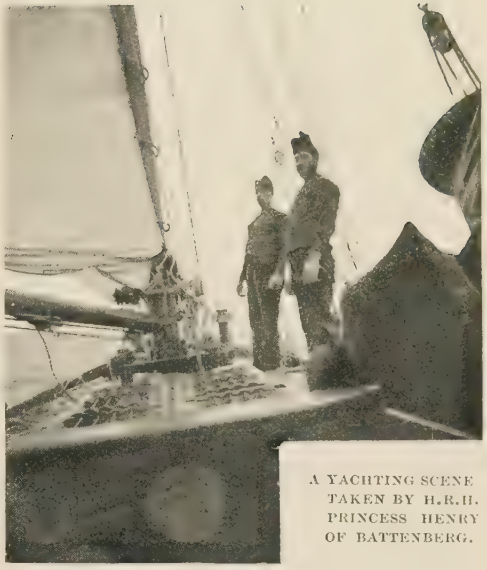
Photo by West & Sons, Southsea.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A ROYAL HOBBY.

By A. Wallis Myers.

IT is surely a gratifying sign of the democratic tendencies of the Royal Family when we find its members zealously taking up the hobbies and amusements in which the most ordinary individual amongst us may indulge. Nor is it the less pleasing to note that English Royalty, having once made up its mind to inveigle itself into the mysterious pleasures of a new hobby, will invariably master every detail of the game until something very near perfection has been attained.

The result is that the snapshot photographs, taken by members of our own Royal Family, which illustrate this article are specimens not only of the outcome of natural artistic taste, but are also the result of careful and minute study of a fascinating science. Since the days when a cigar box and spectacle lens were used to obtain an image on a sensitive plate the march of photographic art has been nothing short of wonderful;



A YACHTING SCENE TAKEN BY H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

public interest in the camera has never waned—it may, in fact, be said to have only just begun.

Looking back upon the last half century, the influence which photography has exerted over the sister arts of drawing and painting is seen to be immense, and at the same time

AN ALPINE SCENE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

it has been most beneficial. Glance where you may, the utility of the camera is brought vividly home to the mind. In scientific pursuits, in pathology, astronomy, and meteorology, to name only a few of the "ologies," its instrumentality to first discoveries is undeniable; in the Army and Navy it is a very faithful agent; to the traveller bent upon scientific research it is indispensable; and to the tourist abroad for pleasure what more delightful companion and permanent record than the trusty camera?

A SWISS VILLA IN WINTER. TAKEN BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

Turning to the work of Royal photographers, one's interest is immediately aroused by the admirable series of Swiss views which H.R.H. the Duchess of York took some time ago when travelling on the Continent with the Duke. Both in artistic technique and in distinctive outline there is very little to find fault with in these photographs. In the one depicting a snow-covered Swiss villa, her Royal Highness has certainly brought her kodak to bear on the most artistic view of this picturesque house. It is not every amateur photographer who could have snapped with such effective portraiture and careful outline the picture of the peasant boy resting against the low stone wall, so characteristic of the land of hills. Were it coloured and on canvas, it might justifiably pass as an effort of fine art worthy of the attention of any Hanging Committee at the Academy.

The Duchess of York, it is interesting to note, is a most enthusiastic amateur in the art of picture reproduction. In selecting her own subjects, in diligent study of point of view, in focusing — perhaps the most important point of all — and in releasing the shutter, Princess May has made herself quite proficient; and the Duke of York, who has himself "pressed the button" on more than one occasion, is nearly as interested as his popular wife in the final results of expeditions with a hand-camera.

In like manner, and with quite as much zealous interest, we find the "lens of life" employed by other members of the Royal Family. The Princess of Wales is a photographer of more than ordinary ability; she and her daughters keep their kodaks busily employed on every possible occasion; and were the Royal portfolio of views and photos — which must now have reached the bulk of a large collection — to be thrown open to public view, the biographical work of our future historians and writers would be substantially assisted and, one ventures to think, uniquely benefited. At the time of Prince Charles of Denmark's visit to England before his marriage, Princess Maud's camera was kept continually busy. Often the Royal lovers might have been seen starting

for a ramble in the Norfolk lanes and fields, their cameras slung across their backs, and their trained eyes ever on the alert to detect a subject, be it pasture, peasant, or prince, on which their photographic zeal might be expended. At an exhibition of amateur photos held by the Eastman Kodak Co., some short time ago, in Regent Street, there were exhibited many excellent specimens of kodak pictures taken by the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of York, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Charles of Denmark, besides an admirably executed set by Princess Victoria of Wales, for all the daughters of our future Queen are equally devoted to this fascinating pastime. Many distinguished Royalties have stood before the camera of the Princess of Wales, who, it can easily be imagined, would have but little difficulty in securing a numerous *clientèle*, while her winning, fascinating manner would immediately dispel all those traditional drawbacks associated with having one's photograph taken. The Prince himself has, of course, been captured by the Princess, likewise the Czar of Russia, the Duke of York, little Prince Edward of York, and many other important personages.

THE DUKE OF FIFE AND HIS TWO CHILDREN.

MAR LODGE, N.B.

Princess Victoria of Wales, besides manipulating her kodak on land, has, like H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, taken the little leather-covered black box to sea with her on some of her yachting trips, and I have been permitted to look through a series of sea-pictures that display a remarkable talent for marine photography, which would do credit to any of our professional photographers. On her father's boat, Princess Victoria "snapped" her sister very effectively, seated in a deck chair, while she has also taken several of the officers.

Speaking of water pictures reminds me that the Princess of Wales secured a fine impression of the harbour of her native place, Stockholm, with the small steamers plying here and there, and the masts and sails of the bigger merchant vessels clear in the background. Ships, indeed, appear to be popular subjects with our Royal amateur photographers. We find a very distinct reproduction of the deck of a yacht and two of its sailors, the work of Princess Henry of Battenberg, who is as much interested in outdoor photography as any of her more juvenile relations. Princess Beatrice is said to have much pleased the Queen by her prowess in taking good pictures, and there is little doubt that her Royal Highness inherits much of the late Prince Consort's love for pictures and everything connected with art. Another Royal princess who has become a successful photographer is the Duchess of Fife. Both in London and in Scotland the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales has manipulated her camera on the most varied subjects: she has taken a very pretty little group of the Duke of Fife in

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES STROLLING IN THE GROUNDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

Highland costume, and his small daughters in dainty white frocks and hats. Moreover, the Duchess, in a garden picture, has "snapped" the Prince and Princess of Wales together, the other members of the group being the younger members of the Duff family and a fine white spaniel, which appears to make an excellent "baby."

It has been stated that the pictures reproduced here were all taken by the kodak make of camera; it has also to be mentioned that the proprietors of this popular incubating instrument, the Eastman Kodak Co., are also responsible for developing, printing, toning, and mounting the Royal photographs—difficult and delicate work which is accomplished at their Harrow factory, in Middlesex. It was my pleasure to visit this remarkable building, which employs about four hundred hands, and to learn something concerning the method of producing the Royal and thousands of other photographs in their finished form. Mr Harold Senier, the manager of the Harrow works, told me that a finished kodak print, before finding its final resting-place in the family album, or more imposing frame, had passed through a long and varied career. It starts life in the cotton-fields of the Southern States of America, whence comes the raw material that eventually, after many chemical processes, becomes celluloid, and by ingenious machinery is formed into the thin, clear sheet which is the backbone of a kodak negative. After this has been duly coated with the sensitive emulsion, machines of almost human intelligence cut it and spool it into what is known pretty widely as "cartridge spools."

Eight thousand negatives a day are what the skilled operators at Harrow have to deal with in developing alone: and oh, what a variety of negatives! Some exposed an absurd fraction of the correct time; some done to death in the matter of exposure—and all unknown to the poor developer, who is expected to produce charming results from every negative alike. A visit to the developing, printing, spotting, and retouching rooms, and a glance at the many adept fingers deleting a smudge here and painting in cloud effects there, would dispel any illusion that the final result of the snapshot is wholly dependent on the ardent photographer who works the camera. It is satisfactory to hear, however, that the Royal negatives give but little trouble, and though, it is needless to say, great care and minute precision are bestowed upon them, they would rank—indeed, *did* rank at the recent exhibition—among the foremost amateur efforts which have been entrusted to Messrs. Eastman to develop.

But to return to our brief historic sketch. After being duly retouched, if required, the negative is ready for the printer, or, to be more exact, printeress. Here again, in some instances, dodges known to the art are employed to make the "best possible." White and blank skies are relieved by judiciously adding white or grey clouds; unevenly exposed negatives are so shaded during printing that perfectly even prints are the result.

After the print has passed through the hands of the "toner"—who can also, by a careful selection of bath to suit the subject, very considerably change the colour of the final picture—it is necessary to decide

PRINCESS OF WALES. VICTORIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

PRINCE OF DEN- CHARLES MARK.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

what surface the finished print must have, whether matte or glossy; and of these two kinds there may be several degrees. Then ensues the trimming and mounting, at which final stages many original defects may be reduced or entirely overcome. Horizon lines that exhibit a tendency to climb up hill may, by cutting down the picture, be forced to resume their normal position; a badly balanced picture may be substantially improved; too much sky or a superfluity of foreground may be corrected, and then the whole made to harmonise by a proper tint or shade of mount. And even after mounting the hand of the alert artist may detect a little spot or blemish which may be judiciously eliminated, a wrinkle here which can be deftly painted over.

But after all is said and done in regard to the expert treatment of certain of these exposures, it remains to be admitted that ninety per cent. of the innumerable film and kodak photographs sent for development and printing require only plain, straightforward treatment such as could be carried out with perfect ease and certainty by any intelligent person.

To give some evidence, in conclusion, of the enormous extent of business done at Harrow, which is, of course, a direct index to the ever-widening advance popular photography is daily making, one has simply to state that the paper-coating departments are capable of an output of sixty-nine miles of coated paper, forty-one inches wide, per week, which, if cut up into

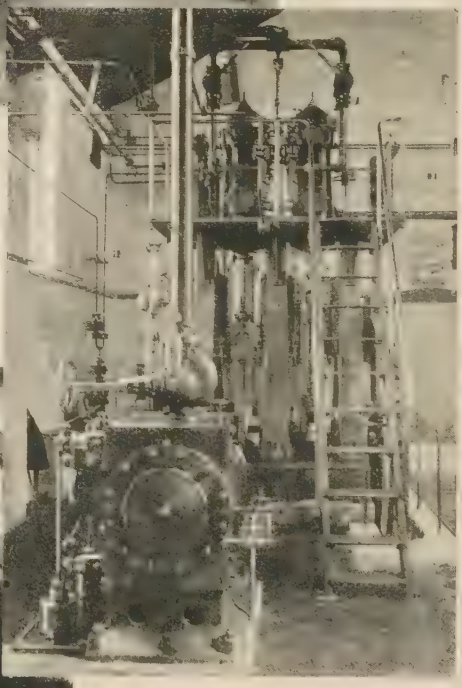
A LANDSCAPE AND STUDY OF A PEASANT BOY. BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

cabinet size, the sheets laid end to end, would cover a distance of 690 miles. In the summer months over 7,000 prints are produced every day. What a powerful factor is the sun!

Quite recently the many branches of the Eastman business in America and in England have been amalgamated under the catchword "Kodak" Limited.

That the Royal picture-makers are not ashamed of their work is fairly evident from the fact that many of the snapshots they have created figure in frames on the walls of Royal residences, where distinguished visitors may inspect and admire them. The Queen herself has a special bureau at Windsor in which repose morocco-bound albums containing a whole series of snapshots, the work of her daughters and grandchildren. And all the Royalties whose photographs are reproduced here have a gold-embossed album, in which copies of their own and their relatives' snapshots are beautifully engraved. This little book is marked "Royal Edition," and was prepared exclusively for Royal patronage; such being the case, I refrain from describing it further. There are, of course, more photographs—and some of them magnificent works of art—passing through the portals of palaces than perhaps anywhere else in the world; but if one dipped into the extensive heap day by day, it would be a difficult task to discover more effective snapshots than those which fill the pages of this unique *édition de luxe*.

TOUCHING UP THE ROYAL NEGATIVES.



THE REFRIGERATING MACHINERY.

PRINTING OFF THE ROYAL NEGATIVES.

In a subsequent article it is intended to reproduce some of the best amateur efforts in photography of well-known people. It need only be mentioned at present that, amongst others, the Duchess of Bedford, Lord Battersea, the Earl of Dartmouth, Lady Gertrude Molyneux, the Princess de Poix, Sir Thomas Bazley, and Sir James Pender—a group of enthusiastic photographers—have all kindly lent specimens of their own handiwork for reproduction in these pages. The simple statement that the subjects pictorially treated were found in all quarters of the globe is an index to the versatility and popularity of the present-day camera. The day is not far distant when the *entourage* of a luxurious traveller will be incomplete without a silver-plated dark-room on wheels.

A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

By Ian Maclaren.*

Illustrated by Harold Copping.

No. VI.—THE DISGRACE OF MR. BYLES.

BULLDOG'S Southern assistant had tried the patience of the Seminary by various efforts to improve its mind and manners, but when he proposed at the beginning of the autumn term to occupy Saturdays with botanical excursions to Kilspindie Woods, which, as everybody knows, are three miles from Muirtown and a paradise of pheasants, it was felt that if there was any moral order in the universe something must happen. From the middle of September, when the school opened, on to the beginning of October, when football started, our spare time was given to kites, which we flew from the North meadow in the equinoctial gales gloriously. Spiug had one of heroic size, with a figure of a dragon upon it painted in blue and yellow and red—the red for the fire coming out of his mouth—and a tail of eight joints, ending in a bunch of hay fastened with a ribbon. None but a sportsman like Spiug could have launched the monster from the ground—bigger than Peter by a foot—and nursed him through the lower spaces till he caught the wind, and held him in the higher as he tore upwards and forwards till he was but the size of a man's hand in the clear autumn sky. Then Peter would lie down upon his back, with his hands below his head, and the stick with the kite string beneath his feet, and gaze up at the speck above, with an expression so lifted above this present world that a circle of juniors could only look at him with silent admiration and speculate whether they would ever become so good and great.

"Peter would lie on his back, with his hands below his head."

It must not be thought, however, that kite-flying was chiefly done upon your back, for it gave endless opportunities for intricate manœuvres and spectacular display. When Peter was in the vein he would collect twelve mighties—each with a kite worth seeing—and, bringing the kites low enough for the glory of their size and tails to be visible, they would turn and wheel and advance and retire, keeping line

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and distance with such accuracy that Sergeant McGlashan would watch the review with keen interest and afterwards give his weighty approval. Then the band would work their way up to the head of the meadow in the teeth of a north-wester, and forming in line, with half a dozen yards between each boy, would let the kites go and follow them at the run as the kites tore through the air and almost pulled their owners' arms out of the sockets. It was so fine a demonstration that the women bleaching their clothes would pick up half a dozen of the goodman's shirts to let Spiug keep his course—knowing also that he would have kept it otherwise over the shirts—and golfers, who expect everyone to get out of their way on pain of sudden death, would stop upon the putting-green to see the kites go down in the wind with the laddies red-faced and bareheaded at their heels. If the housewives shook their heads as they spread out the shirts on the grass again—weighing them down with clean stones that they might not follow the kites—it was with secret delight, for there is no wholesome woman who does not rejoice in a boy and regard his most vexatious mischief with charity. And old Major MacLeod, the keenest of golfers and the most touchy of Celts, declared that this condemned old Island was not dead yet when it could turn out such a gang of sturdy young ruffians. And it was instead of such a mighty ploy that Mr. Byles proposed to take the Seminary for a botanical excursion.

It was in the mathematical class-room that Mr. Byles announced the new departure, and, even if Bulldog had not been keeping watch with an inscrutable countenance, the school was too much amazed to interrupt. Having touched on the glories of the creation amid which we lived, Mr. Byles pointed out, in what the newspapers call "neat and well chosen terms," that it was not enough to learn mathematics as they all did so diligently —Jock Howieson's eye turned instinctively to Bulldog's cane—but they must also know some natural science in order to become, as he hoped they would, cultured men—Spiug was just able to cast a longing glance at Thomas John. That no pursuit was easier and more delightful than botany, especially among wild flowers. That on Saturday he proposed to go with as many as would join him to ransack the treasures of Kilspindie Woods. That these woods were very rich, he believed, in flowers, among which he mentioned wild geraniums—at which the school began to recover and rustle. That the boys might dry the geraniums and make books for Christmas presents with them, and that he hoped to see a herbarium in the Seminary containing all the wild flowers of the district. The school was now getting into good spirits, and Bulldog allowed his eye to fall on Spiug. That any boy who desired to improve his mind was to put on his oldest suit and bring a bag to carry the plants in and be in front of the Seminary at nine to-morrow. Then Bulldog brought his cane down on the desk with energy and dismissed the school, and Nestie told Peter that his mouth had begun to twitch.

Outside the school gathered together on the terrace around the Russian guns, which was our Forum, and after five seconds' pause, during which we gathered inspiration from each other's faces, a great shout of laughter went up to the sky, full-toned, unanimous, prolonged. Any sense of humour in the Seminary was practical, and Mr. Byles's botany class, with expeditions, was irresistible.

"Geranniums!" cried Howieson, who was immensely tickled; "it cowes a'. An' what was the ither flooer—'herbarries'? It's michty; it'ill be poppies an' mustard seed next. Spiug, ye'ill be making a book for a present to Bulldog."

"Tak care o' yirsel," Bauldie shouted to the Dowbiggins, who were making off, as mass meetings did not agree with them, "an' see ye dinna wet yir feet or dirty yir hands. Ye'ill get yir wheeps at home if ye do. Give us a bit o' Byles, Nestie," and then there was instant silence, for Nestie had a nice little trick of mimicry which greatly endeared him to a school where delicate gifts were rare.

"S-silence, if you please," and Nestie held up his hand with Mr. Byles's favourite polite deprecating gesture. "I hear a smile. Remember, d-dear boys, that this is a serious s-subject. Do p-please sit quiet, Peter McGuffie; your fidgetin' is very t-tryin' indeed, and I 'ope, I mean h-hope, you will make an effort to l-learn. This, my l-lads, is a common object of Nature which I 'old, that is hold, in my h-hands—Howieson, I must ask you not to annoy Thomas John Dowbiggin—the c-colour is a lovely gold, and yet—no talking, if you please, it is r-rude—we pass it every day without n-notice. Each boy may take a dandelion h-home to his sister. Now go hout . . . or rather out, quietly."

"Gosh, it's just Byles to the ground!" cried Bauldie; and Johnston passed a half stick of gundy to Nestie to refresh him after

"Byles was equipped with a large canvas bag and a hammock net."

his labours. "Are ony o' you chaps goin'? It wud be worth seein' Byles traking thro' the Kilspindie woods, with thae bleatin' sheep o' Dowbiggins at his heels, carryin' an airm-ful o' roots and sic like."

"You'ill no catch me tramping oot at the tail o' Byles and a litter o' Dowbiggins!" -and Jock was very emphatic. "Dod, it'ill just be like a procession o' MacMuldrow's lassies, two and two, and maybe airm in airm!"

This fearful and malignant suggestion settled the matter for the Seminary, as a score of its worthies marching across the bridge in the interests of science, like a boarding-school, would be a scandal for ever. So it was agreed that a body of sympathisers should see the Byles expedition off next morning, and then hold a field day of kites in the meadow.

The deterioration of the best is the worst, and that means that when a prim, conventional, respectable man takes in his head to dress as a Bohemian, the effect will be remarkable. Byles had been anxious to show that he could be quite the gay rustic when he pleased, and he was got up in a cap, much crushed, and a grey flannel shirt, with a

collar corresponding, and no tie, and a suit of brown tweeds, much stained with futile chemical experiments. He was also equipped with a large canvas bag, slung over his shoulder, and a hammock net, which, he explained, could be slung from a tree and serve as a resting-place if it were damp beneath. The Dowbiggins had entered into the spirit of the thing, and were in clothes reserved for their country holidays. They had each an umbrella, large and bulgy, and altogether were a pair of objects to whom no one would have lent a shilling. Cosh, whose attack on Nestie made him a social outcast, had declared himself a convert to natural science, and was sucking up to Byles, and two harmless little chaps, who thought that they would like to know something about flowers, made up the Botanical Society.

They were a lonely little group standing on the terrace, while Mr. Byles was securing a trowel and other instruments of war from his room, but a large and representative gathering of the Seminary did their best to cheer and instruct them.

Howieson insisted that the bottle of milk which bulged from the bag of the younger Dowbiggin contained spirituous liquors, and warned the two juniors to keep clear of him and to resist every temptation to drinking. He also expressed an earnest hope that a rumour flying round the school about tobacco was not true. But the smell on Dowbiggin's clothes was horrid. Cosh was affectionately exhorted to have a tender care of his health and personal appearance, not to bully Lord Kilspindie's gamekeepers, nor to put his foot into a steel trap, nor to meddle with the rabbits, nor to fall into the Tay, but, above all things, not to tell lies.

Thomas John was beset with requests—that he would leave a lock of his hair in case he should not return, that he would mention the name of the pawnbroker from whom he got his clothes, that he would bring home a bouquet of wild flowers for Bulldog, that he would secure a supply of turnips to make lanterns for Halloween, that he would be kind to Mr. Byles and see that he took a rest in his net, that he would be careful to gather up any "h's" Mr. Byles might drop on the road, and that he should not use bad language under any circumstances.

"Never mind what those boys say, Thomas," said Mr. Byles, who had come out in time to catch the last exhortation; "it is far better to himprove, I mean cultivate, the mind than to fly kites like a set of children; but we all hope that you will have a nice fly, don't we, boys?" And sarcasm from so feeble a quarter might have provoked a demonstration had not Byles and his flock been blotted out by an amazing circumstance. As the botanists started, Spiug, who had maintained an unusual silence all morning, joined the body along with Nestie, and gave Mr. Byles to understand that he also was hungering for scientific research. After their friends had recovered themselves they buzzed round the two, who were following the Dowbiggins with an admirable affectation of sedateness, but received no satisfaction. Spiug contented himself with warning off a dozen henchmen who had fallen in by him with the idea of forming a mock procession and then giving them a wink of extraordinary suggestiveness. But Nestie was more communicative, and explained the situation at length—

"Peter was a b-botanist all the time, but he did not know it; he fairly loves g-geraniums, and is sorry that he wasted his time on k-kites and snowballs. We are going to impwove our m-minds, and we don't want you to trouble us." But this was not knowledge.

It remained a mystery, and when Jock and Bauldie tailed off at the bridge, and Spiug, half way across, turned round and winked again, it was with regret that they betook themselves to their kites, and more than once they found themselves casting longing glances to the distant woods, where Spiug was now pursuing the study of botany.

"Bauldie," said Jock suddenly, as the kites hung motionless in the sky, "this is weel enough, but tak' my word for't it's nothing to the game they're playin' in yon woods."

"Div ye mean howkin' geranniums? for I canna see muckle game in that: I would as soon dig potatoes." Bauldie, though a man of his hands, had a prosaic mind and had little imagination.

"Geranniums! ger—— havers, that's no' what Spiug is after, you bet. He's got a big splore (exploit) on hand or he never crossed Muirtown Brig in such company. Man, Bauldie, I peety Byles, I do. Peter'ill lose the lot o' them in the woods or he'ill stick them in a bog, or"—and Jock could hardly hold his kite—"what div ye say to this, man? he'ill row them over to Woody Island and leave them there till Monday, with naething but bread and milk and the net to sleep in." And the joy of Jock and Bauldie at this cheerful prospect was rather a testimony to

their faith in Peter's varied ability than a proof of sympathy with their fellow-creatures.

If Spiug was playing the fox he gave no sign on the way to the woods, for he was a model of propriety and laid himself out to be agreeable. He showed an unwonted respect for the feelings of the Dowbiggins, offering to take the expedition by the nearest way to the treasures, and especially insisting on the number and beauty and tameness of the pheasants, till Mr. Byles was charmed and was himself surprised at the humanising influence of scientific pursuits.

Nor had Peter boasted vainly of his wood lore, for he led them by so direct a way that, before they came to the place of flowers, the expedition — except Nestie and the two little chaps, whom Spiug sent round to a selected rendezvous, as being next door to babies — had climbed five dykes, all with loose stones, fought through three thickets very prickly indeed, crawled underneath two hedges, crossed three burns, one coming up to the knees, and mired themselves times without

"He enlarged on the cruelty of sport."

so that these two young gentlemen relaxed the vigilant attention with which they usually regarded Spiug, and he was quite affable with Cosh. As for the master, Peter simply placed himself at Mr. Byles's service, expatiating on the extent of the woods and their richness in flowers—"just fair scatted up wi' geranniums and the rest o' them": number. Cosh had jostled against Spiug in leaping from one dry spot to another and come down rolling in the mud, which made his appearance from behind wonderful; Spiug, in helping Thomas John out of a very entangling place, had been so zealous that the seat had been almost entirely detached from Thomas John's trousers, and although Mr.

Byles had done his best with pins, the result was not edifying ; his brother's straw hat had fallen in the exact spot where Spiug landed as he jumped from a wall, and was of no further service, and so the younger Dowbiggin—"who is so refined in his ways," as his mother used to say—wore as his head-gear a handkerchief which had been used for cleaning the mud from his clothes. Upon Mr. Byles, whom fate might have spared, misfortunes had accumulated. His trousers had been sadly mangled from the knee downwards as he crawled through a hole, and had to be wound round his legs with string, and although Spiug had pulled his cap out of a branch, he had done his work so hastily as to leave the peak behind, and he was so clumsy, with the best intentions, that he allowed another branch to slip, which caught Mr. Byles on the side of the head and left a mark above his eye, which distinctly suggested a prizefight to anyone not acquainted with that gentleman's blameless character. Peter himself had come unscathed from the perils of land and water, save a dash of mud here and there and a suspicion of wet about his feet, which shows how bad people fare better than good. The company was so bedraggled and discouraged that their minds did not seem set on wild flowers, and in these circumstances Peter, ever obliging and thoughtful, led the botanists to a pleasant glade, away from thickets and bogs, where the pheasants made their home and swarmed by hundreds. Mr. Byles was much cheered by this change of environment, and grew eloquent on the graceful shape and varied plumage of the birds. They were so friendly that they gathered round the party, which was not wonderful, as a keeper fed them every day, but which Mr. Byles explained was due to the instinct of the beautiful creatures, "who know, my dear boys, that we love them." He enlarged on the cruelty of sport, and made the Dowbiggins promise that they would never shoot pheasants or any other game, and there is no reason to doubt that they kept their word, as they did not know one end of a gun from another, and would no sooner have dared to fire one than they would have whistled on Sunday. A happy thought occurred to Mr. Byles, and he suggested that they should now have their lunch and feed the birds with the fragments. He was wondering also whether it would be wrong to snare one of the birds in the net, just to hold it in the hand and let it go again.

When things had come to this pass—and he never had expected anything so good—Spiug withdrew unobtrusively behind a clump of trees, and then ran swiftly to a hollow where Nestie was waiting with the juniors.

"Noo, my wee men," said Peter to the innocents, "div ye see that path? Cut along it as hard as ye can leg, and it 'ill bring you to the Muirtown Road, and never rest till you be in your own houses. For Byles and these Dowbiggins are carryin' on sic a game wi' Lord Kilspindie's pheasants that I'm expectin' to see them in Muirtown jail before nicht. Ye may be thankful," concluded Peter piously, "that I savit ye from sic company."

"Nestie," Peter continued, when the boys had disappeared, "I've never clypit (told tales) once since I cam to the Seminary, and it's no' a nice job, but div ye no think that the head keeper should know that poachers are in the preserves?"

"It's a d-duty, Peter," as they ran to the keeper's house, "especially when there's a g-gang of them and such b-bad-looking fellows—v-vice just written on their faces. It's horrid to see boys so young and so w-wicked."

"What young prodigals are yon comin' skelpin' along, as if the dogs were aifter them?" and the head keeper came out from the kennels. "Oh, it's you, Spiug—and what are you doin' in the woods the day? there's no eggs now." For sporting people are a confederacy, and there was not a coachman or groom, or keeper or ratcatcher, within twelve miles of Muirtown, who did not know Mr. McGuffie senior, and not many who did not also have the acquaintance of his hopeful son.

"Nestie and me were just out for a run to keep our wind richt, an' we cam on a man and three boys among the pheasants in the low park."

"Among the what? Meddlin' with Lord Kilspindie's birds?"

"Well, I dinna ken if they were juist poachin', but they were feedin' them, and we saw a net."

"Sandie," shouted the head keeper, "and you, Tom, get up out of yir beds this meenut; the poachers are after the pheasants. My word, takin' them alive, as I'm a livin' man, to sell them for stock: and broad daylight; it beats everything. He 'ill be an old hand, frae Dundee maist likely. And the impidence o't, eleven o'clock in the forenoon an' the end o' September. Dod: it's a depairture in poachin'." And as the sight of Mr. Byles burst on his view, surrounded by trustful birds, and the two Dowbiggins trying very

"Mr. Byles seated between the head keeper and the driver."

feebly to drop the net on a specially venturesome one, the head keeper almost lost the power of speech.

"Dinna let us interrupt you," and Mr. Byles looked up to see three armed keepers commanding their helpless party, and one of them purple with rage. "I hope we don't intrude; maybe we could give you a hand in catchin' the birds, and if a spring-cart would be of ony use . . . confound your cheek!

"Gathering flowers, are ye, and gave the pheasants a biscuit, did ye, and the boys thought they would like to stroke one, would they? How is that, lads? I've seen two or three poachers in my time, but for brazen-faced lyin' I've never seen your match. Maybe you're a Sabbath-school out for a trip, or an orphan asylum?

"Assistant mathematical master at the Seminary, that's what you are, is it, ye awfu' like blackguard, an' the laddies are the sons o' a respectable Free Kirk minister, the dirty dogs? Are ye sure ye're no' the principal o' Edinburgh University? Tak yir time and try again. I'm enjoyin' it. Is't by the hundred ye sell them, and wud it be a leeberty to ask for whose preserves? Dash the soople tongue o' ye.

"If ye dare to put yir hand in a pocket, I'll lodge a charge o' shot in ye: we'ill hae nae pistol-work in Kilspindie Woods. Come along wi' ye, professor an' students, an' I'll give ye a ride into Muirtown, an' we 'ill just be in time to catch the magistrate. He hasna tried a learned institution like this since he mounted the bench. March in front, but dinna try to run, or it will be the waur for ye. Ma certes, sic a band o' waufies!"

Then those two officers of justice, Peter and Nestie, having seen all without being seen, now started for Muirtown to gather the kite-players and as many of the Seminary as could be found to see the arrival of the botanists. They were brought in a large spring-cart—Mr. Byles seated between the head keeper and the driver, in front, and the other three huddled like calves in the space behind—a mass of mud, tatters, and misery, from which the solemn, owl-like face of Thomas John, whose cap was now gone also, looked out in hopeless amazement. As they were handed over to the police the Seminary, which had been at first struck dumb, recovered speech and expressed itself with much vivacity.

"Who would have thought Byles had as much spirit? Sall, he 'ill be rinnin' horses at Muirtown Races yet;" "For ony sake walk backwards, Thomas—yir breeks are barely decent;" "The pheasants have been hard on yir legs, Cosh;" "Where's the geranniums?" "Has his Lordship kept yir bonnet, Dowbiggin?" "It 'ill be a year's hard labour." For boys are only in the savage state, and the discomfiture of such immaculate propriety was very sweet to the Seminary.

So powerful was the evidence of the head keeper, who saw in Mr. Byles's effort a new and cunning form of poaching he was not prepared for, and so weird was the appearance of the prisoners, that the Bailie on duty was for sentencing them at once, and would hardly wait for the testimony of friends. It took the sworn testimony of the Rector of the Seminary and poor Dr. Dowbiggin, summoned from their studies in hot haste and confusion of face, to clear the accused, and even then the worthy magistrate thought it proper, as Scots magistrates do, to administer a rebuke and warning so solemn that it became one of the treasures of memory for all Seminary lads.

"After what I have heard I cannot convict you, and you may go this time; but let me never see you here again in such circumstances. It's fearsome to think that an educated man"—this to Byles—"instead of setting an example to the laddies under your charge, should be accused of a mean and cunning offence against the laws of the land, and I cannot look at your face without having grave doubts. And to think that the sons of a respected minister of the Kirk should be found in such company, and with all the appearance of vagrants, must be a great trial to their father, and I am sure he has the sympathy of Muirtown. As for you, Cosh, I never expected to see the son of a brother Bailie in such a position, and all I can hope is that this will be a lesson to you to keep clear of evil companions and evil ways, and that you may live to be a respectable citizen. But do not presume on your escape to-day—that is all I have to say."

Outside the court-room the head keeper caught Spiug and gave him his mind.

"Ye're a limb o' Satan, Peter McGuffie, and that English-speakin' imp is little better. My belief is that this has been a pliskie (trick) o' yours frae beginning to end, and I just give ye one word o' advice—don't let me catch you in Kilspindie Woods, or it will be the worse for you."

THE END.

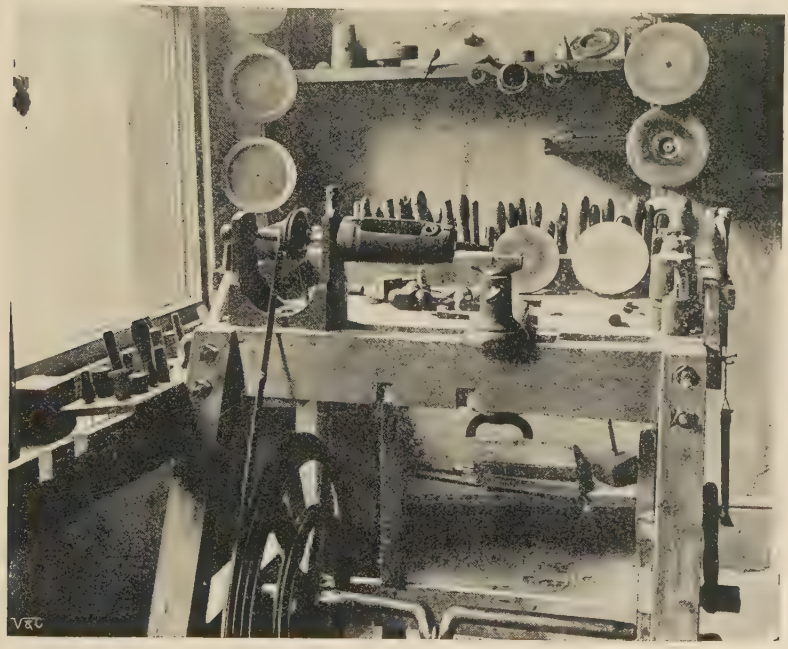
THE MAKING OF A PIPE.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

Photographs by C. Pilkington.

OF what wood is your pipe composed? If this question were propounded to the many million smokers in the country, probably ninety-nine per cent. of them would unhesitatingly reply, "Why, briar, of course."

But the so-called briar pipe is not made of briar at all. This may sound rather paradoxical, but nevertheless, such is the case. "Briar" is a corruption of the French word *bruyère*, meaning heath, and the misnamed briar is in reality the root of the heather. This peculiar corruption, like many others, is solely due to the English tradesman, who, on finding the correct word *bruyère* somewhat difficult for the British tongue to negotiate, quickly reduced it to the more convenient "briar," and the wood has been known by that name ever since.



PIPEMAKER'S BENCH AND TOOLS.

This heather thrives in great profusion on the rocky slopes of the Tuscan Alps in North Italy, and on the mountain sides in Corsica; a little is also to be found in Algeria, though this is not of a sufficiently high quality to be used for the best English pipes. A few years ago the plants flourished on the French side of the Jura Mountains, but this supply has long since been exhausted. The only briar to be obtained, at the present day, from France, grows in the Alpes Maritimes, near Nice, but even in this neighbourhood the root is so scarce that it would not pay the peasants to work it. Hence there is no such wood as "French briar," notwithstanding the frequent announcements to the contrary.

The Swiss side of the Jura Mountains was formerly the home of snuff-box making, nattily turned from the root-wood of the box tree, which, as is well known, is extremely hard and durable. The demand for these snuff-boxes was so great that the box-wood was exhausted, and the peasants thereupon experimented with other woods found in the neighbourhood, so as to prevent the industry dying out from lack of the necessary material. Many root-woods were tried, but none were found to equal the heather in the essential characteristics. This wood, indeed, proved even more suitable for the work than the boxwood hitherto employed. After a time the natives manufactured their pipes from the newly discovered heather, and these rapidly displaced the crude clay pipes which had formerly been in vogue among them. When the Jura heather became exhausted the peasants had to seek pastures new in order to carry on their industry, and the

Tuscan Alps then came into prominence. Snuff-boxes, however, soon became obsolete commodities, and the peasants consequently devoted their whole attention to pipe-making.

In the early days the communal authorities of the various districts permitted the peasants to cut the tops off the heather plants for the purpose of making brooms, for which the bushy branches are eminently suited. This continual pruning had the effect of considerably developing the root of the plants, for the simple reason that the sap which would otherwise have nourished the branches was forced to expend itself upon the roots. At the proper season of the year the natives were allowed to dig up these roots. By this means vast tracts of land, hitherto only the abode of the heather and other wild plants, were gradually cleared and opened up for the cultivation of vines and other agricultural produce, the authorities congratulating themselves upon the fact that all this was being accomplished without the expenditure of a single penny for labour. In the course of time, however, it came to the ears of the communal officials that the peasants were growing rich on the sale of the heather roots, which had hitherto been regarded as so much useless vegetation. When they discovered the real purposes for which it was utilised, and the high commercial value of the wood, they promptly repealed all permissions that had been granted for the destruction of the *bruyère*. To-day a vastly different state of things exists; the peasants have to pay to the authorities a certain sum for permission to clear the heather from a certain tract of land.

It must not be supposed, however, that the ordinary, wild, straggling heather root is of any use for the manufacture of pipes. The plant has to be cultivated as carefully as other agricultural produce. The branches above the ground constantly undergo a severe pruning, while the tendrils of the roots, or *ébauchons* as they are called in the vernacular, are also kept cut back. The result is that the main root is rather bulbous in form, as may be seen from one of our illustrations, and this is what is required for pipe manufacture.

THE LARGEST BRIAR ROOT EVER FOUND; WEIGHT FIFTY-SIX POUNDS.

Previous to the year 1883 there was scarcely a single briar pipe manufactured in England. They were all foreign made goods. In the latter part of that year Mr. J. S. Weingott, the well known tobacco merchant of Fleet Street, conceiving the possibilities that lay in such a non-competitive and unopposed field, determined to manufacture pipes in England for the English consumer. His enterprise, at first, was regarded askance by others in the trade, while many of the preternaturally sage prognosticated disaster. Undeterred by these ominous forebodings, Mr. Weingott started his industry, and although it was an uphill struggle at first, he has now one of the largest pipe factories in the country, and has a large colonial export trade. "Only sixteen years have elapsed since I started my factory," remarked Mr. Weingott, "and yet to-day the industry has grown to such proportions that the men employed in this trade throughout the country have instituted a Pipemakers' Union." This is clearly an instance of what enterprise and energy may attain, since Britain has won a strong industry from the foreigner.

Probably few smokers realise the amount

A FINE SPECIMEN OF HEATHER ROOT AS PULLED FROM THE GROUND.

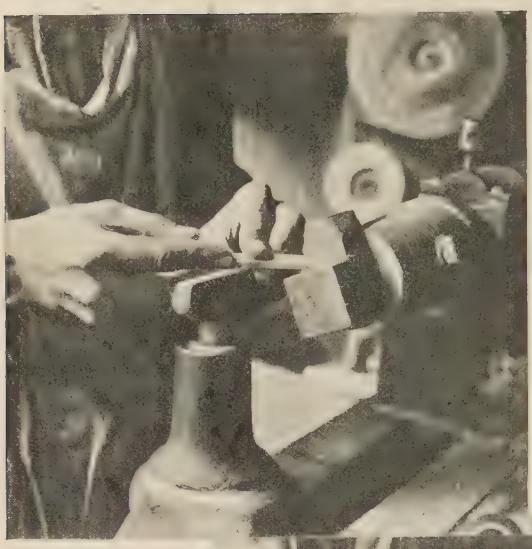
of labour expended upon the manufacture of a conventional briar pipe of the bulldog pattern.

"The pipe essentially consists of two pieces," said Mr. Weingott, "the bowl and the mouthpiece. The bowl of the pipe is first made, and then the other parts fitted to it." This is where the English pipe is so vastly superior to the foreign-manufactured article. In England the entire pipe is finished by one man, who is thus able to ensure correct and tight fitting of the various parts, so that the pipe when finished possesses a beautifully symmetrical outline. In the case of the foreign article, each man makes a different part—by the gross or thousand, it may be remarked *en passant*—and thus when it comes to the final fitting up the whole article has a disappointing, hotch-potch appearance, though strenuous endeavours are made to cover up the bad workmanship by attractive mountings.

LARGE SPECIMENS OF BULBOUS BRIAR ROOTS.

SECTION OF BRIAR ROOT, SHOWING FORMATION OF BIRD'S-EYE GRAIN.

"When the roots have been dug up," said Mr. Weingott, "all the useless parts are cut away, so as to reduce freightage charges in shipment, and are divided up into small blocks of various shapes and sizes; they are then scalded, some of the clayey soil in which the roots



TURNING THE BLOCK OF BRIAR.

grew being put into the water with them. This drastic treatment is to drive out most of the sap. On their removal from the scalding bath the blocks are stacked and dried and finally sorted into varieties of shapes and sizes, each variety being known by some trade term.

"The long, thin sections of briar are sent to the French market, because the Frenchman, who smokes at leisure, prefers a long pipe, while the Englishman, who smokes everywhere and under any circumstances, prefers a short, thick, stumpy pipe; consequently the small, thick blocks are invariably reserved for the English market."

The Tuscan briar is despatched from Leghorn, which port is most convenient to the district where the heather is grown. The major portion of the Corsican heather is also sent to London *viâ* Leghorn. The Corsican briar, except for a slight difference in colour, is equal to the Italian product in every respect, and the manufacturer is equally satisfied with either briar.

SHAPING THE BOWL.

"What is the usual number of pipes made out of each root of briar?"

"Two, as a rule; but then we have to cut out the pipes very dexterously from the block, so as to avoid waste. Many briar roots, however, are only sufficiently large to enable one bowl to be cut. The best pieces of briar are those that have grown in clefts of rock. In these cases, owing to its inability to burst the rock or to extend its roots, it is more perfectly formed, while such stunted growth also increases the toughness and durability of the wood."

When the blocks arrive at the factory they are spread out to dry, and covered with sacks to keep the atmosphere away from them and to prolong the drying as much as possible. The blocks are dried slowly and without applied heat, and consequently are not so liable to split or to warp. Therefore the longer they take to dry the better; but, on the other hand, they must not be over-dried. The blocks are then sorted out into sizes according to the various pipes that are required. After this

ROUNDING THE STEM.

ROUGH GRINDING AWAY OF PARTS THAT CANNOT BE TURNED.

classification they are ready for the pipemaker.

The lathe plays a very prominent part in the manufacture of the pipe. The operator takes the rough block of briar and firmly secures it in a kind of wooden clamp, technically known as a "chuck." The wheel whirls round, the workman deftly manipulates his chisels, and the upper part of the block rapidly assumes the contour of the bowl. The cavity is cleanly and quickly hollowed out, the bore drilled, and the stem of the pipe duly rounded. Of course there are some parts of the pipe that cannot be turned, and these are removed by grinding down upon, first, a rough emery board, and afterwards a circular steel file, affixed to the lathe in place of the "chuck." The final operation is the polishing of the bowl with powdered pumice-stone. It is almost incredible the rapidity with which a pipe is fashioned, the article being turned out complete in a very few minutes.

"The most skilful artisans in this trade," remarked Mr. Weingott, "are either the Austrians or the French. The pipemakers are a very select, small body, and observe every precaution to prevent their trade being learned by outsiders. They will have no apprentices, and if I introduced any boys into my factory I should have to pay them the Union minimum wage, which is two pounds a week. On the other hand, the workmen are clever, and they earn high wages."

When the bowls have been turned they are stored away in order to become thoroughly seasoned. A good bowl ought to have at least two years' seasoning before proceeding with the pipe. "In one or two special cases," said Mr. Weingott, "I have allowed the briar as long as eight years in which to season. At the present moment I have 30,000 pipes now seasoning. As a rule, we keep on adding the new bowls to one end, and take away the necessary pipes from the other end of the seasoning stock. The bowls darken a little in this process, and when taken away to be finished one or

SMOOTHER GRINDING ON STEEL DISC

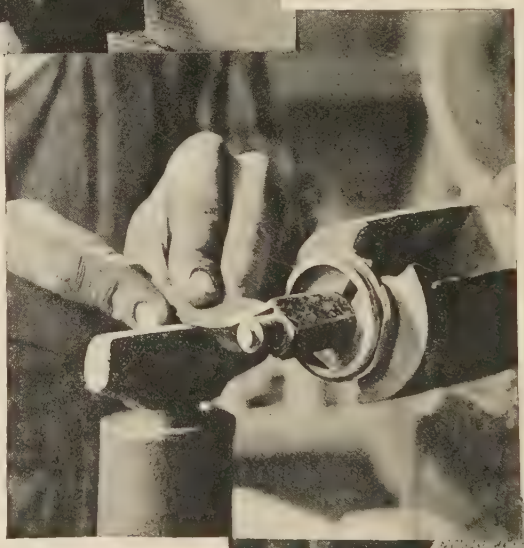
POLISHING WITH POWDERED PUMICE.

CUTTING SHEET VULCANITE FOR MOUTHPIECE.

two will be found to have warped. If the warp has taken an outward direction —that is to say, the pipe has bulged—it is immediately relegated to the furnace to be burned, for it is absolutely of no further use ; but, on the other hand, if the bowl has warped inwards, strange to say, the pipe has become stronger and more durable, and only wants, perhaps, turning a little smaller to make it perfect in shape once again."

The bowl of the pipe finished, the operator next devotes his attention to the mouthpiece. This may be of amber, vulcanite, horn, or Whitby jet, according to the quality of the pipe, but vulcanite is the most common substance for this purpose. This is a composition of indiarubber and sulphur. The materials are added together when melted to boiling point and then pressed out into large sheets varying from about three-eighths to seven-eighths of an inch in thickness, by hydraulic power registering a pressure of something like sixty tons per square inch. The indiarubber has lost all its elasticity when transformed into vulcanite, the composition is not inflammable, and, what is more important, is not readily broken, owing to the abnormal pressure it has undergone in the hydraulic press.

The vulcanite is cut into long, narrow strips sufficient in thickness to make the necessary pipe. The "push," that is the part which slides lightly into the stem, of the briar—all Mr. Weingott's pipes are fitted in this manner, instead of the two parts being screwed together—is first carefully turned. This in itself is a delicate operation, as the "push" has to be turned to a perfect exactitude, so that the mouthpiece shall neither slide too loosely nor too tightly into the stem of the bowl. Then the stem of the mouthpiece is ground and filed to the requisite shape, the bore drilled, and the "nib" at the end which is to be placed in the mouth deftly fashioned. When the mouthpiece is fitted to the bowl the completed pipe is polished upon the "buff," which is composed of a great number of circular pieces of calico secured upon an



ROUNDING THE "PUSH."

GRINDING STEM INTO ROUGH SHAPE.

axletree. The edges of the discs are frayed, and this soft surface affords a better polishing medium than even the soft chamois leather.

"In the case of the German and other foreign cheap pipes," commented Mr. Weingott, "the vulcanite mouthpiece is not turned, but moulded, and only permitted to contract in the natural course of things while hardening. What is the result? The smoker in a short time bites into the mouthpiece, and the soft, pulpy vulcanite leaves a nauseous taste in the palate. To give you an instance of the vast difference in value between the moulded and the turned class of goods. The mouthpieces for the foreign-manufactured common Army pattern pipe cost from eightpence to fourteenpence per dozen; the same article turned from compressed vulcanite costs from eight and sixpence to nine and sixpence per dozen, because of the amount of hand labour involved in its manufacture." Certainly this striking difference in prices is sufficient to prove the immense superiority of English over foreign goods.

FILING DOWN INTO SMOOTH SHAPE.

POLISHING WITH POWDERED PUMICE.

FINAL POLISHING OF COMPLETE PIPE.

Even the little silver band covering the fitting of the mouthpiece into the stem of the bowl has to pass through six stages of manufacture before it is finished. The workman takes the little strip of silver, hall mark outwards, and roughly solders the ends together. It is then rounded to eliminate all dents and bruises, the end plate is fixed in position, filed down, and the band finally polished. Mr. Weingott, picking up a finished silver-mounting, said, "This is only a simple operation, as you have seen for yourself, but no foreigner can perform the operation so neatly as an Englishman. All foreign pipes that are silver-mounted have to have that part of the manufacture performed in London, for the English silversmith has no one in the world to equal him at that work. If you go into any jewellers' shop in Paris, Berlin, or any other Continental city, you will find that the English goods are the finest, are the most in demand on account of their beautiful workmanship, and are

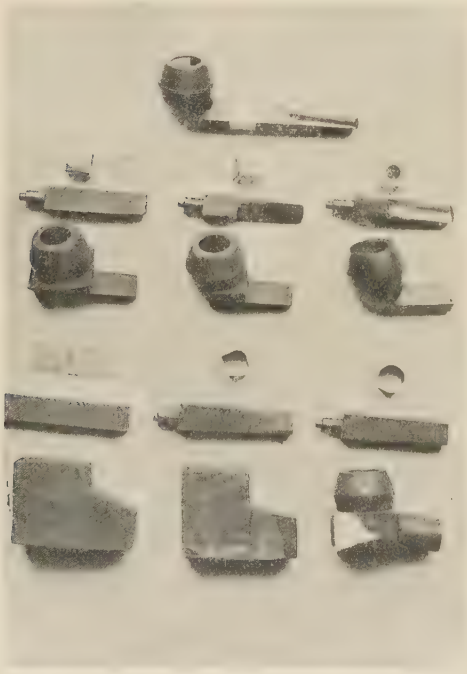
also the most expensive articles to purchase. Foreign pipes, if intended for export, are first sent to England to be silver-mounted, returned to the country where they were manufactured, and then shipped to their destination."

"Do you have many pipes spoiled while passing through the various stages of manufacture?" I inquired.

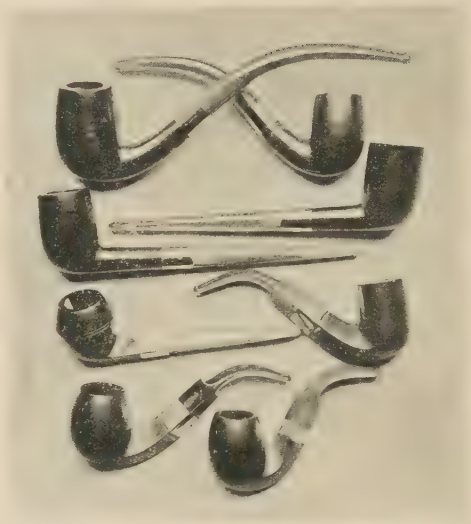
"No," replied Mr. Weingott. "You see, the briar is extraordinarily hard, and the workmen are so skilful at their work that the pipes rendered useless through mishaps in manufacture are very few and far between. But yet there is a tremendous amount of waste.

"When the blocks arrive over here they are at once sorted. Out of one gross of blocks I rarely ever get more than three or four pieces of wood good enough for the very finest class of pipes; about a dozen good briars for fine quality pipes; and perhaps as many as four dozen pieces of wood for the ordinary everyday pipe. The remaining seven dozen pieces of wood are thrown into the furnace, and, I might mention, help considerably to generate the necessary steam power for the machinery. The prevailing defect, I may mention by the way, is generally in the form of a crack in the wood."

"But cannot that crack be artificially stopped with some material?" I asked.



THE SEVEN STAGES OF A PIPE.

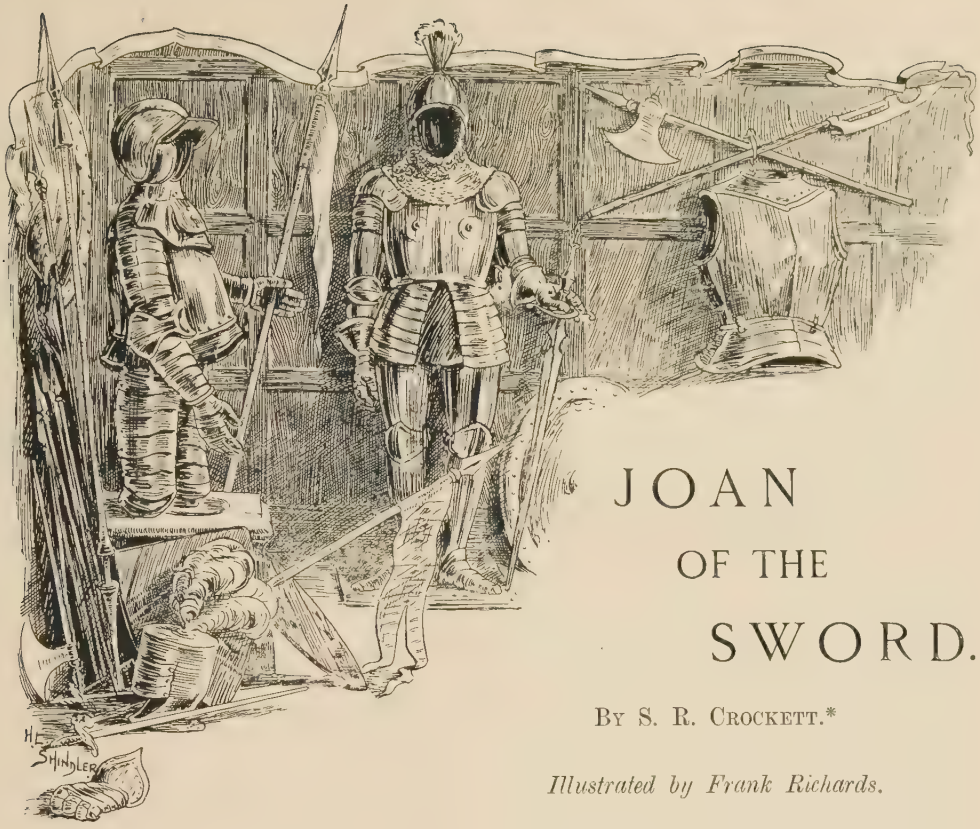


FINE GOLD-MOUNTED BRIARS, RANGING FROM ONE TO FOUR GUINEAS EACH.

"By unscrupulous cheap and foreign firms; but the Englishman is a good judge of a pipe. He detests flaws of any kind. I used to sell these defective blocks of briar at a penny per piece, and have sent away as many as 40,000 condemned briars at a time, but now I burn them all. The briars were sent abroad, and the cracks and flaws stopped with putty or some other composition, and then steeped in a strong solution of permanganate of potash, which deeply coloured the wood and made the defect invisible except on close inspection. All those briars you see of chestnut colour have passed through the permanganate of potash bath or some other dye, and are then varnished, and you may rest assured that there is a defect somewhere—they would not be that colour if it were not so, because natural briar, although it becomes dark with age and exposure, displays distinctly the natural grain."

"What is the average life of a briar pipe?"

"You may take it for granted that a briar pipe will last you as many years as it costs you shillings. The briar pipe that is mostly in demand is that with a bowl cut the straight way of the grain. This, I may tell you, is not the most reliable kind of pipe, as the sudden expansion by the heat, and contraction of the wood when you stop smoking, cause it to split in a short time. The most durable briar is that which is cut the crosswise of the grain, showing what is commonly known as the 'bird's-eye' grain. This is practically everlasting as regards wear."



JOAN OF THE SWORD.

By S. R. Crockett.*

Illustrated by Frank Richards.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

JOAN GOVERNS THE CITY.

IT was night in the city of Courtland, and a time of great fear. The watchmen went to and fro on the walls, staring into the blank dark. The Alla, running low with the droughts, lapped gently about the piles of the Summer Palace and lisped against the bounding walls of the city.

But ever and anon from the east, where were the camps of the opposed forces, there came a sound, heavy and sonorous, like distant thunder. Whereat the frighted wives of the burghers of Courtland said, "I wonder what mother's son lies a-dying now. Hearken to the talking of Great Peg, the Margraf's cannon!"

At the western or Brandenburg Gate there was yet greater fear. For the news had spread athwart the city that a great body of horsemen had paused in front of it, and were being held in parley by the guard on duty, till the Lady Joan, Governor of the city, should be made aware.

"They swear that they are friends"—so ran the report—"which is proof that they are enemies. For how can there be friends who are not Courtlanders. And these speak an outland speech, clacking in their throats, hissing their s's, and laughing 'Ho! ho!' instead of 'Hoch! hoch!' as all Christians do!"

The Governor of the city, roused from a rare slumber, leaped on her horse and went clattering with an escort through the unsleeping streets. When first she came the folk had cheered her as she went. But they were too jaded and saddened now.

"Our Governor, the Princess Joan!" they used to call her with pride. But for all that she found not the same devotion among the easy Courtlanders as among her hardy men of Hohenstein. To these she was indeed the Princess Joan. But to those in Castle Kernsberg she was Joan of the Sword Hand.

When at last she came to the Brandenburg Gate she found before it a great gathering of the townsfolk. The city guard manned the walls, fretted with haste and falling over each other in their uncertainty. There was yet no strictness of discipline among these trainbands, and, instead of waiting for an officer

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to hail the horsemen in front, every soldier, hackbutman, and halberdier was shouting his loudest, till not a word of reply could be heard.

But all this turmoil vanished before the first fierce gust of Joan's wrath like leaves blown away by the blasts of January.

"To your posts, every man! I will have the first man spitted with arrows who disobeys—aye, or takes more upon himself than obedience to orders. Let such as are officers only abide here with me. Silence beneath in the tower there!"

Looking out, Joan could see a dark mass of horsemen, while above them glinted in the pale starlight a forest of spearheads.

"Whence come you, strangers?" cried Joan, in the loud, clear voice which carried so far.

"From Plassenburg we are!" came back the answer.

"Who leads you?"

"Captains Boris and Jorian, officers of the Prince's bodyguard."

"Let Captains Boris and Jorian approach and deliver their message."

"With whom are we in speech?" cried the unmistakable voice of long Boris.

"With the Princess Joan of Hohenstein, Governor of the city of Courtland," said Joan firmly.

"Come on, Boris; those Courtland knaves will not shoot us now. That is the voice of Joan of the Sword Hand. There can be no treachery where she is."

"Ho, below there!" cried Joan. "Shine a light on them from the upper sally port."

The lantern flashed out, and there, immediately below her, Joan beheld Boris and Jorian saluting as of old, with the simultaneous gesture which had grown so familiar to her during the days at Isle Rugen. She was moved to smile in spite of the soberness of the circumstances.

"What news bring you, good envoys?"

"The best of news," they said with one accord, but stopped there as if they had no more to say.

"And that news is——"

"First, we are here to fight. Pray you tell us if it is all over!"

"It is not over; would to Heaven it were!" said Joan.

"Thank God for that!" cried Boris and Jorian, with quite remarkable unanimity of piety.

"Is that all your tidings?"

"Nay, we have brought the most part of the Palace Guard with us—five hundred good lances, and all hungry-bellied for victuals and all monstrously thirsty in their throats. Besides which, Prince Hugo raises Plassenburg and the Mark, and in ten days he will be on the march for Courtland."

"God send him speed! I fear me in ten days it will be over indeed," said Joan, listening for the dull, recurrent thunder down towards the Alla mouth.

"What, does the Muscovite press you so hard?"

"He has thousands to our hundreds, so that he can hem us in on every side."

"Never fear," cried Boris confidently; "we will hold him in check for you till our good Hugo comes to take him on the flank."

Then Joan bade the gates be opened, and the horsemen of Plassenburg, strong men on great horses, trampled in. She held out a hand for the captains to kiss, and sent the burgomaster to assign them billets in the town.

Then, without resting, she went to the wool market, which had been turned into a soldiers' hospital. Here she found Theresa von Lynar, going from bed to bed smoothing pillows, anointing wounded limbs, and assisting the surgeons in the care of those who had been brought back from the fatal battlefields of the Alla.

Theresa von Lynar rose to meet Joan as she entered, with all the respect due to the city's Governor. Silently the young girl beckoned her to follow, and they two went out between long lines of pallets. Here and there a torch glimmered in a sconce against the wall, or a surgeon with a candle in his hand paused at a bedside. An indistinct sough of moaning came from all about, and in a distant window-bay, unseen, a man distract with fever jabbered and fought.

Never had Joan realised so closely the reverse side of war. Never had she so longed for the peace of Isle Rugen. She could govern a city. She could lead a foray. She was not afraid to ride into battle, lance in rest or sword in hand. But she owned to herself that she could not do what this woman was doing.

"Remember, though I am silent now, when all is over I shall keep my vow!" Joan began, as they paused and looked back down the long alley of white pillows, tossing heads, and torn limbs lying very still on palliasses of straw. Without, some of the riotous youth of the city were playing martial airs on twanging instruments.

"And I also will keep mine!" responded Theresa briefly.

"I am Duchess and city Governor only till the invader is driven out," Joan continued. "Then Isle Rugen is to be mine, and your son shall sit in the seat of Henry the Lion!"

"Isle Rugen shall be yours!" answered Theresa.

"And when you are tired of Castle Kernsberg you will cross the wastes and take boat to visit me, even as at the first I came to you!" said Joan, kindling at the thought of a definite sacrifice. It seemed like an atonement for her soul's sin.

"And what of Prince Conrad?" said Theresa quietly.

Joan was silent for a space, then she answered with her eyes on the ground.

"Prince Conrad shall rule this land as is his duty—Cardinal, Archbishop, Prince—what more can he wish? There shall be none to deny him so soon as the power of the Muscovite is broken. He will be in full alliance with Hohenstein. He will form a blood bond with Plassenburg. And when he dies, all that is his shall belong to the children of your son, Duke Maurice, and his wife Margaret!"

Theresa von Lynar stood a moment weighing Joan's words, and when she spoke it was a question that she asked.

"Where is Maurice to-night?" she asked.

"He commands the Kernsbergers in the camp. Prince Conrad has made him provost-marshal."

"And the Princess Margaret?"

"She abides in the river gate of the city which Maurice passes often upon his rounds!"

A strange smile passed over the face of Theresa von Lynar.

"There are many kinds of love," she said; "but not after this fashion did I, that am a Dane, love Henry the Lion. Wherefore should a woman hamper a man in his wars? Sooner would I have died by his hand!"

"She loves him greatly," said Joan, with a new sympathy. "She is a princess and wilful. Moreover, not even a woman can prophesy what love will make another woman do!"

"Aye!" retorted Theresa, "I am with you there. But to help a man, not to hinder! Let her strip herself naked that he may go forth clad. Let her fall on the wayside stones that he may march over her body to victory. Let her efface herself that no breath may sully his great name. Let her die unknown—aye, make of herself a living death—that he may increase and fill the mouths of men. That is love—the love of women as I have imagined it. But this love that takes and will not give, that hampers and sends not forth to conquer, that keeps a man within arm's length, like a dog straining upon a leash—pah! that is not the love I know!"

She turned sharply upon Joan, all her body quivering with excitement.

"No, nor yet is it your way of love, my Lady Joan!"

"I shall never be so tried, like Margaret," answered Joan, willing to change her mood. "I shall never be wed in aught but name!"

"God forbid," said Theresa, looking at her, "that such a woman as you should die without living!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE WOOING OF BORIS AND JORIAN.

"JORIAN," said Boris, adjusting his soft underjerkin before putting on his body armour, "thou art the greatest fool in the world!"

"Hold hard, Boris," answered Jorian. "Honour to whom honour—thou art greater by a foot than I!"

"Well," said the long man, "let us not quarrel about the breadth of a finger-nail. At any rate, we two are the greatest fools in the world."

"There are others," said Jorian, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the women's apartments.

"None so rounded and tun-bellied with folly!" cried Boris, with decision. "No two donkeys so fatly thistle-fed as we—to have the command of five hundred good horsemen, and yet miss the chances of as warm a fight as ever closed——"

"That is just it," cried Jorian; "our Hugo had no business to forbid us to engage in the open before he should come."

"'Hold the city,' quoth he, shaking that bullet head of his. 'I know not the sort of general this priest-knight Conrad may be, and till I know I will not have my Palace Guard flung like a can of dirty water in the face of the Muscovites. Therefore counsel the Prince to stand on the defensive till I come.'"

"And rightly spoke the son of the Red Axe," assented Boris; "only our good Hugo should have sent other men than you and I to command in such a campaign. We never could let well alone all the days of us!"

"Save in the matter of marriage or no marriage!" smiled Boris grimly.

"A plague on all women!" growled the little fat man, his rubicund and shining face lined with unaccustomed discontent. "A plague on all women, I say! What can this Theresa von Lynar want in the Muscovite camp, that we must promise to convey her safe through the fortifications, and then put her into Prince Wasp's hands?"

"Think you that for some hatred of our Joan—you remember that night at Isle Rugen—or some ill purpose of her own (she loves not the Princess Margaret either), this Theresa would not betray the city to the enemy?"

"Tush!" Jorian had lost his temper and answered crossly. "In that case, would she have called us in? It were easy enough to find some traitor among these Courtlanders, who, to obtain the favour of Prince Louis, would help to bring the Muscovite in. But what, if she were thrice a traitress, would cause her to fix on the two men who of all others would never turn knave and spoil-sport—no, not for a hundred vats of Rhenish bottled by Noah the second year after the Flood!"

"Well," sighed his companion, "'tis well enough said, my excellent Jorian, but all this does not advance us an inch. We have promised, and at eleven o' the clock we must go. What hinders, though, that we have a bottle of Rhenish now, even though the vintage be younger that you say? Perhaps the 'patron' was more respectable!"

* * * * *

Thus in the hall of the men-at-arms in the Castle of Courtland communed the two captains of Plassenburg. All the time they were busy with their attiring, Boris in especial making great play with a tortoiseshell comb among his tangled locks. Somewhat more spruce was the arraying of our twin comrades-in-arms than we have seen it. Perhaps it was the thought of the dangerous escort duty upon which they had promised to venture forth that night; perhaps——

"May we come in?" cried at this moment an arch voice from the doorway. "Ah, we have caught you! There—we knew it! So said I to my sister not an hour agone. Women may be vain as peacocks, but for prinking, dandifying vanity, commend me to a pair of foreign war-captains. My lords, have you blacked your eyelashes yet, touched daintily your eyebrows, scented and waxed those *beautiful* moustaches? Sister, can you look and live?"

And so, to the two soldiers, standing stiff as at attention with their combs in their hands, enter the sisters Anna and Martha Pappenheim, more full of mischief than ever, and entirely unsubdued by the presence of the invader at their gates.

"Russ or Turk, Courtlander or Franconian—Jew, proselyte, or dweller in Mesopotamia, all is one to us. So be they are men, we will tie them about our little fingers!"

"Why," cried Martha, "whence this grand toilet? We knew not that you had friends in the city. And yet they tell me you have been in Courtland before, Sir Boris?"

"Marthe," cried Anna Pappenheim, with vast pretence of indignation, "what has gotten into you, girl? Can you have forgotten that martial carriage, those limbs incomparably knit, that readiness of retort and delicate sparkle of Wendish wit, which set all the table in a roar, and yet never bring the blush to maiden's cheek? For shame, Marthe!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jorian suddenly, short and sharp, as if a string had been pulled somewhere.

"Ho! ho!" thus more sonorously Boris.

Anna Pappenheim caught her skirts in her hand and spun round on her heel on pretence of looking behind her.

"Sister, what was that?" she cried, looking anxiously beneath the settles and up the wide throat of the chimney. "Methought a dog barked."

"Or a grey goose cackled!"

"Or a donkey sang!"

"Ladies," said Jorian, who, being vastly discomposed, must perforce try to speak with an affectation of being very much at his ease, "you are pleased to be witty."

"Heaven mend our wit or your judgment!"

"And we are right glad to be your butts. Yet have we been accounted fellows of some humour in our own country and among men——"

"Why, then, did you not stay there?" inquired Martha pointedly.

"It was not Boris and I who were not able to stay without," retorted Jorian, somewhat nettled, nodding towards the door of the guard-room.

"Well said!" cried frank Anna. "He had you there, Marthe. Pricked in the white! Faith, Sir Jorian pinked us both, for indeed it was we who intruded into the gentlemen's dressing-room. Our excuse is that we are tirewomen, and would fain practise our office

when and where we can. Our Princess hath been wedded and needs us but once a week. Noble Wendish gentlemen, will not you engage us ? "

She clasped her hands, going a step or two nearer Boris as if in appeal.

" Do, kind sirs," she said, " have pity on two poor girls who have no work to do. Think—we are orphans and far from home ! "

The smiles on the faces of the war-captains broadened. " Ho ! ho ! Good ! " burst out Boris.

" Ha ! ha ! Excellent ! " assented Jorian, nodding, with his eyes on Martha.

Anna Pappenheim ran quickly on tip-toe round to Boris's back and peered between his shoulders. Then she ran her eyes down to his heels.

" Sister," she cried, " *they* do it. The noise comes from somewhere about them. I saw their jaws waggle distinctly. They must of a surety be wound up like an arbalist. Yet I cannot find the string and trigger ! Do come and help me, good Marthe ! If you find it, I will dance at your wedding in my stocking-feet ! "

And the gay Franconian reached up and pulled a tag of Boris's jerkin, which hung down his back. The knot slipped, and a circlet of red and gold, ragged at the lower edges, came off in her hand, revealing the fact that Boris's noble *soubreveste* was no more than a fringe of broidered collar.

" Ha ! ha ! ha ! " laughed Jorian irrepressibly. For Boris looked mightily crestfallen to have his magnificence so rudely dealt with.

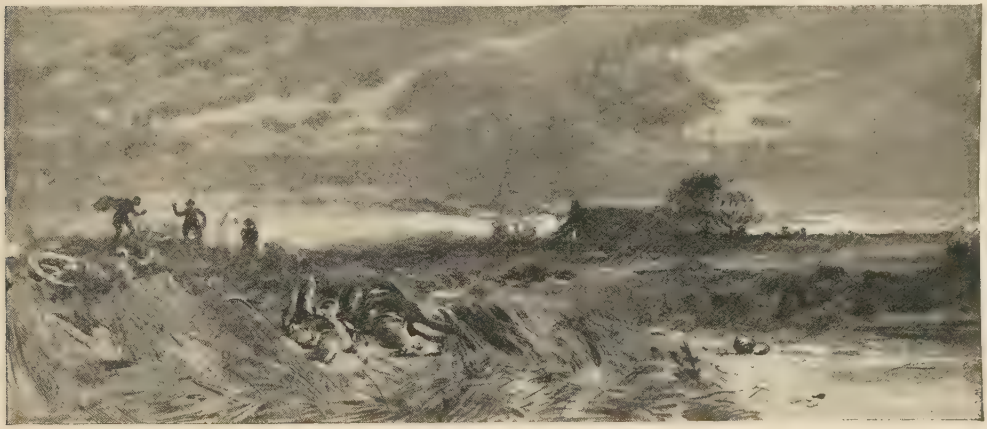
Anna von Pappenheim clapped her hands. " I have found it," she cried. " It goes likes this. You touch off the trigger of one, and the other explodes ! "

Boris wheeled about with fell intent on his face. He would have caught the teasing minx in his arms, but Anna skipped round behind a chair and threatened him with her finger.

" Not till you engage us," she cried. " Hands off, there ! We are to array and disarray you—not you us ! "

Then the two gamesome Southlanders stood together in ludicrous imitation of Boris and Jorian's military stiffness, folding their hands meekly and casting their eyes downward like a pair of most ingenuous novices listening to the monitions of their Lady Superior. Then Anna's voice was heard speaking with almost incredible humility.

" Will my lord so great and noble deign to express a preference which of us shall be his handmaid ? "



" The rain fell on many wounded."

But they had ventured an inch too far. The string was effectually pulled now.

" I will have this one—she is so merry ! " cried solemn Boris, seizing Anna Pappenheim about the waist.

" And I this ! She pretendeth melancholy, yet has tricks like a monkey ! " said Jorian, quickly following his example. The girls fended them gallantly, yet, as mayhap they desired, their case was quite hopeless.

" Hands off ! I will not be called 'this one,' " cried Anna, though she did not struggle too vehemently.

" Nor I a monkey ! Let me go, great Wend ! " chimed Martha, resigning herself as soon as she had said it.

In this prosperous estate was the courtship of Franconia and Plassenburg, when some instinct drew the eyes of Jorian to the door

of the guard-room, which Anna had carefully left open at her entrance, in order to secure their retreat.

The Duchess Joan stood there silent and regardant.

"Boris!" cried Jorian warningly. Boris lifted his eyes from the smiling challenge upon Anna's upturned lips, which, after the manner of your war-captains, he was stooping to salute.

Unwillingly Boris lifted his eyes. The next moment both the late envoys of Plassenburg were standing up as stiffly as if they had still been men-at-arms, while Anna and Martha, blushing divinely, were busy with their needlework in the corner, as demure as cats caught sipping cream.

Joan looked at the four a while without speaking.

"Captains Boris and Jorian," she said sternly, "a messenger has come from Prince Conrad to say that the Muscovites press him hard. He asks for instant reinforcements. There is not a man fit for duty within the city save your command. Will you take them to the Prince's assistance immediately? Werner von Orseln fights by his side. Maurice and my Kernsbergers are already on their way."

The countenances of the two Plassenburg captains fell as the leathern screen drops across a cathedral door through which the evening sunshine has been streaming.

"My lady, it is heartbreaking, but we cannot," said Boris dolefully. "Our lord Prince Hugo bade us keep the city till he should arrive!"

"But I am Governor. I will keep the city," cried Joan; "the women will mount halberd and carry pike. Go to the Prince! Were Hugo of Plassenburg here he would be the first to march! Go, I order you! Go, I beseech you!"

She said the last words in so changed a tone that Boris looked at her in surprise.

But still he shook his head.

"It is certain if Prince Hugo were here he would be the first to ride to the rescue. But Prince Hugo is not here, and my comrade and I are soldiers under orders!"

"Cowards!" cried Joan, "I will go myself. The cripples, the halt, and the blind shall follow me. Thora of Bornheim and these maidens there, they shall follow me to the rescue of their Prince. Do you, brave men of Plassenburg, cower behind the walls while the Muscovite overwhelms all and the true Prince is slain!"

And at this her voice broke and she sobbed out, "Cowards! cowards! cowards! God preserve me from cowardly men!"

For at such times and in such a cause no woman is just. For which high Heaven be thanked!

Boris looked at Jorian. Jorian looked at Boris.

"No, madam," said Boris gravely; "your servants are no cowards. It is true that we were commanded by our master to keep his Palace Guard within the city walls against his coming, and these must stay. But we two are in some sense still Envoys Extraordinary, and not strictly of the Prince's Palace Guard. As Envoys, therefore, charged with a free commission in the interests of peace, we can without wrongdoing accompany you whither you will. Eh, Jorian?"

"Aye," quoth Jorian; "we are at her Highness's service till ten o' the clock?"

"And why till ten?" asked Joan, turning to go out.

"Oh!" returned Jorian, "there is guard-changing and other matters to see to. But there is time for a wealth of fighting before then. Lead on, madam. We follow your Highness!"

CHAPTER L.

THE DIN OF BATTLE.

It was a strange, uncouth band that Joan had got together in a handful of minutes in order to accompany her to the field upon which, sullenly retiring before the vastly more numerous enemy, Conrad and his little army stood at bay. Raw, lathy lads, wide-hammed from sitting cross-legged in tailors' workshops; prentices too wambly and knock-kneed to be taken at the first draft; old men who had long leaned against street corners and rubbed the doorways of the cathedral smooth with their backs; a sprinkling of stout citizens, reluctant and much afraid, but yet more afraid of the wrath of Joan of the Sword Hand.

Joan was still scouring the lanes and intricate passages for laggards when Boris and Jorian entered the little square where this company was assembled, most of them embracing their arbalists as if they had been sweeping besoms, and the rest holding their halberds as if they feared they would do themselves an injury.

The nose of fat Jorian went so high into the air that, without intending it, he found himself looking up at Boris; and at that moment Boris chanced to be glancing at

Jorian down the side of his high arched beak.

To the herd of uncouth soldiery it simply appeared as though the two war-captains of Plassenburg looked at each other. An observer on the opposite side would have noted, however, that the right eye of Jorian and the left eye of Boris simultaneously closed.

When they turned their regard upon the last levy of the city of Courtland their faces were grave.

"Whence come these churchyard scourings, these skulls and crossbones set up on end?" cried Jorian, in face of them all. And this saying from so stout a man made their legs wamble more than ever.

"Rotboss rascals, rogues in grain!" Boris took up the tale; "faith, it makes a man scratch only to look at them! Did you ever see their marrows?"

The two captains turned away in disgust. They walked to and fro a little apart, and Boris, who loved all animals, kicked a dog that came his way. Boris was unhappy. He avoided Jorian's eye. At last he broke out.

"We cannot let our Lady Joan set forth for stricken field with such a following of mumpers and tun-barrels as these!" he said.

Boris confided this, as it were, to the housetops. Jorian apparently did not listen. He was clicking his dagger negligently in its sheath, but from his next word it was evident that his mind had not been inactive.

"What excuse could we make to Hugo, our Prince?" he said at last. "Scarcely did he believe us the last time. And on this occasion we have his direct orders."

"Are we not still Envoys?" queried Boris.

"Extraordinary!" twinkled Jorian, catching his comrade's idea as a bush of heather catches moor-burn.

"And as Envoys of a great principality like Plassenburg—representatives of the most noble Prince and Princess in all this Empire, should we not ride with retinue due and fitting? That is not taking the Palace Guard into battle. It is only affording protection to their Excellencies' representatives."

"That sounds well enough," answered Boris doubtfully, "but will it stand probation, think you, when Hugo scowls at us from under his brows, and you see the bar of the fifteen Red Axes of the Wolfmark stand red on his forehead?"

"Tut, man, his anger is naught to that of Karl the Miller's Son. We have stood that. Why should we fear our quiet Hugo?"

"Aye, aye; in our day we have tried one thing and then another upon Karl and have borne up under his anger. But then Karl but cursed and used great horned words, suchlike as in his youth he had heard the wagoners use to encourage their horses up the mill brae. But Hugo—when he is angry he says nought, only the red bar comes up slowly, till it grows so dark and so fiery you wish he would order you to the scaffold at once and be done with it!"

"Well," said Jorian, "at all events, there is always our Helene. I think, whatever we do, she will not forget old days—the night at the Earth-houses belike and other things. I think we may risk it!"

"True," meditated Boris, "you say well. There is always Helene. The Little Playmate will not let our necks be stretched! Not at least for succouring another Princess in distress."

"And a woman in love?" added Jorian, who, though he followed the lead of the long man in great things, had a shrewder eye in more intimate matters.

"Eh, what's that you say?" said Boris, turning quickly upon him. He had been regarding with interest a shackle-kneed varlet dandling a halberd in his arms as if it had been a fractious bairn.

But Jorian was already addressing the company before him.

"Here, ye unbaked potsherds—dismiss, if ye know what that means. Get ye to the walls, and if ye cannot stand erect, lean against them, and hold brooms in your hands that the Muscovite may take them for muskets and you for men if he comes nigh enough. Our Lady is not Joan of the Dish-clout, that such draught-house ragpickers as you should be pinned to her tail. Set bolsters on the walls! Man the gates with faggots. Cleave beech billets half in two and set them athwart wooden horses for officers. But insult not the sunshine by letting your shadows fall outside the city. Break off! Dismiss! Go!"

As Jorian stood thus before the levies and vomited his insults upon them, a gleam of joy passed across chops hitherto white like fish-bellies with the fear of death. Bleared eyes flashed up with relief. And there ran a murmur through the ragged ranks which sounded like "Thank you, great captain!"

* * * * *

In a short quarter of an hour the drums

of the Plassenburg Palace Guard had beaten to arms. From gate to gate the light sea-wind had borne the cheerful trumpet call, and when Joan returned, heartless and downcast, with half a dozen more mouldy rascals, smelling of muck-rakes and damp stable straw, she found before her more than half the horsemen of Plassenburg armed cap-a-pie in burnished steel. Whereat she could only look at Boris in astonishment.

"Your Highness," said that captain, saluting gravely, "we are only able to accompany you as Envoys Extraordinary of the Prince and Princess of Plassenburg. But as such we feel it our duty, in order properly to support our state, to take with us a suitable attendance! We are sure that neither Prince Hugo nor yet his Princess Helene would wish it otherwise!"

Before Joan could reply a messenger came spurring up the narrow streets along which the disbanded levies, so vigorously contemned of Jorian, were hurrying to their places upon the walls with a detail of the Plassenburg men behind them, driving them like sheep.

Joan took the letter and opened it with a jerk.

"From High Captain von Orseln to the Princess Joan.

"Come with all speed, if you would be in time. We are hard beset. The enemy are everywhere about us. Prince Conrad has ordered a charge!"

The face of the woman whitened as she read, but at the same moment the fingers of Joan of the Sword Hand tightened upon the hilt. She read the letter aloud. There was no comment. Boris cried an order, Jorian dropped to the rear, and the retinue of the Envoys Extraordinary swung out on the road towards the great battle.

Outnumbered and beaten back by the locust flock which spread to either side, far outflanking and sometimes completely enfolding his small army, Prince Conrad had till now maintained himself by good generalship and the high personal courage which stimulated his followers. The hardy Kernsbergers both horse and foot whom Maurice had brought up proved the backbone of the defence. Besides which Werner von Orseln had striven by rebuke and chastening, as well as appeals to their honour, to impart some steadiness into the Courtland ranks. But save among the free knights from the landward parts, who were driven wild by the sight of the ever-spreading Muscovite desolation, there was little stamina among the burghers. They were, indeed, loud and turbulent upon occasion, but they understood but ill any concerted action. In this they differed from their fellows of the Hansa League, or even from the clothweavers of the Netherland cities.

As Joan and the war-captains of Plassenburg came nearer they heard a low, growling roar like the distant sound of the breakers on the outer shore at Isle Rugen. It rose and fell as the fitful wind bore it towards them, but it never entirely ceased.

They dashed through the fords of the Alla, the three hundred lances of the Plassenburg Guard clattering eagerly behind them. Joan led, on a black horse which Conrad had given her. The two war-captains with one mind set their steel caps more firmly on their heads, and as his steed breasted the river bank Jorian laughed aloud. Angrily Joan turned in her saddle to see what cause for mirth the little man had found. But with quick instinct she perceived that he laughed only as the war-horse scents the battle from afar. He was once more the born fighter of men. Jorian and his mate would never be generals, but they were the best tools any general could have.

They came nearer. A few wreaths of smoke, hanging over the yet distant field, told where Russ and Teuton met in battle array. A solemn, slumberous reverberation heard at intervals split the dull, general roar apart. It was the new cannon which had come from the Margraf George to help beat back the common foe. Again and again broke in upon their advance that appalling sound, which set the inward parts of men quivering. Then they began to pass limping men hasting cityward, with fleeing and panic-stricken wretches who looked over their shoulders as if they saw the Muscovite steel flashing at their backs.

A camp-marshal or two was trying to stay the cravens, beating them over the head and shoulders with the flat of their swords; but not a man of the Plassenburgers even looked towards them. Their eyes were on that distant tossing line dimly seen amid clouds of dust, and those strange wreaths of white smoke which went upward from the cannon's mouths. The roar grew louder; there were gaps in the fighting line; a banner went down amid great shouting. They could see everywhere the glint of sunshine upon armour.

"Kernsberg!" cried Joan, her sword high

in the air as she set spurs to her black stallion and swept onward a good twenty yards before the rush of the horsemen of Plassenburg.

Now they began to see the arching arrow-hail, grey against the skyline like gnat swarms dancing in the dusk of summer trees. The quarrels buzzed. The great catapults, still used by the Muscovites, twanged like breaking viol cords.

The horses instinctively quickened their pace to take the wounded in their stride.

"There!" cried Jorian, couching his lance, "there by the cannon is where we will get our bellyful of fighting."

He pointed where, amid a confusion of fighting men, wounded and struggling horses, and the great black tubes of the Margraf's cannon, they saw the sturdy form of Werner von Orseln, grown larger through the smoke and dusty smother, bestriding the body of a fallen knight. He fought as one who with a branch fights a swarm of angry

"A pair of Cossacks riding to and fro."

There—there was the thickest of the fray, where those great cannon of the Margraf's thundered and were instantly wrapped in their own white pall.

Joan's quick glance about her for Conrad told her nothing of his whereabouts. But the two war-captains, more experienced, perceived that the Muscovites were already everywhere victorious. Their wings outflanked and overlapped the slender array of Courtland. Only about the cannon and on the far right did any seem to be making a stand.

bees, striking every way with a desperate courage.

The charging squadrons of Plassenburg divided to pass right and left of the cannon. Joan first of all, with her sword lifted and crying, not "Kernsberg" now, but "Conrad! Conrad!" drave straight into the heart of the Cossack swarm. At the trampling of the horses' feet the Muscovites lifted their eyes. They had been too intent to kill to waste a thought on any possible succour.

Joan felt herself strike right and left.

Her heart was crazed within her so that she set spurs in her steed and rode him forward, plunging and furious. Then a blowing wisp of white plume was swept aside, and through a helmet (broken as a nut is cracked and falls apart) Joan saw the fair head of her Prince. A trickle of blood wetted a clinging curl on his forehead and stole down his pale cheek. Werner von Orseln, begrimed and drunken with battle, bestrode the body of Prince Conrad. His defiance rose above the din of battle.

"Come on, cowards of the North! For once taste good German steel! To me, Kernsberg! To me, Hohenstein! Curs of Courtland, would ye desert your Prince? Curses on you all, swart hounds of the Baltic! Let me out of this and never a dog of you shall ever bite bread again!"

And so, foaming in his battle anger, the ancient war-captain would have struck down his mistress. For at that moment he saw all things red and his heart was bitter within him.

With all the power that was in her, right and left Joan smote to clear her way to Prince Conrad, praying that if she could not save him she might at least die with him.

But by this time Captains Boris and Jorian, leaving their horsemen to ride at the second line, had wheeled and now came thrusting their lances freely into Cossack backs. These last, thus taken in the rear, turned and fled.

"Hey, Werner, good lad, do not slay your comrades! Down blade, old Thirsty. Hast thou not drunken enough blood this morning?" So cried the war-captains as Werner dashed the blood and angry tears out of his eyes.

"Back! back!" he cried, as soon as he knew with whom he had to do. "Go back! Conrad is slain or hath a broken head. They were striking at him as he lay to kill him outright. Ah, viper, would you sting?" (He thrust a wounded Muscovite through as he was crawling nearer to the Prince with a broad knife in his hand.) "The beaten curs of Courtland broke at the first attack. Get him to horse! Quick, I say. My Lady Joan! what do you in this place?"

For even while he spoke Joan had dismounted and was holding Conrad's head on her lap. With the soft white kerchief which she wore on her helm as a favour she wiped the wound on his head. It was long, but did not appear to be very deep.

As Werner stood astonished, gazing at his mistress, Boris summoned the trumpeter who had wheeled with him.

"Sound the recall!" he bade him. And in a moment the clear notes rang out.

"He is not dead! Lift him up, you two!" Joan cried suddenly. "No, I will take him on my steed. It is the strongest, and I the lightest. I alone will bear him in."

And before any could speak she sprang into the saddle without assistance with all her old lightness of action, most like that of a lithe lad who chases the colts in his father's croft that he may them ride bareback.

So Werner von Orseln lifted the head and Boris the feet, bearing him tenderly that they might set him upon Joan's horse. And so firm was her seat (for she rode as the Maid rode into Orleans with Dunois on one side and Gilles de Rais on the other), that she did not even quiver as she received the weight. The noble black looked round once, and then, as if understanding the thing that was required of him, he gentled himself and began to pace slow and stately towards the city. On either side walked tall Boris and sturdy Werner, who steadied the unconscious Prince with the palms of their hands.

Meanwhile the Palace Guard, with Jorian at its head, defended the slow retreat, while on the flanks Maurice and his staunch Kernsbergers checked the victorious advance of the Muscovites. Yet the disaster was complete. They left behind them the dead, they left the camp, they left the munitions of war. They abandoned the Margraf's cannon and all his great store of powder. And there were many that wept and some that cursed as they fell back, and heard the wailing of the women and saw the fear whitening on the faces they loved.

Only the Kernsbergers bit their lips and watched the eye of Maurice, by whose side a slim page in chain-mail had ridden all day with visor down. And the men of the Palace Guard prayed for Prince Hugo to come.

As for Joan, she cared nothing for victory or defeat, loss or gain, because that the man she loved lay on her breast, bleeding and very still.

Yet with great gentleness she gave him down into loving hands and afterwards stood marble-pale beside the couch while Theresa von Lynar unlaced his armour and washed his wounds. Then, nerving herself to see him suffer, she murmured over to herself, once, twice, and a hundred times, "God help me to do so and more also to those who have wrought this—specially to Louis of Courtland and Ivan of Muscovy."

"Abide ye, little one—be patient. Ven-

geance will come to both!" said Theresa. "I, who do not promise lightly, promise it you!"

And she laid her hand on the girl's shoulder. Never before had the Duchess Joan been called "little one!" Yet for all her brave deeds she laid her head on Theresa's shoulder, murmuring, "Save him—save him! I cannot bear to lose him. Pray for him and me!"

Theresa kissed her brow.

"Ah," she said, "the prayers of such as Theresa von Lynar would avail little. Yet she may be a weapon in the hand of the God of Vengeance. Is it not written that they that take the sword shall perish by the sword?"

But already Joan had forgotten vengeance. For now the surgeons of Courtland stood about, and she murmured, "Must he die? tell me, will he die?"

And as the wise men silently shook their heads, the crying of the victorious Muscovites could be heard outside the wall.

Then ensued a long silence, through which broke a gust of iron-throated laughter. It was the roar of the Margraf's captured cannon firing the salvo of victory.

CHAPTER LI.

THERESA'S LAST SECRET.

THAT night the whole city of Courtland cowered in fear before its triumphant enemy. At the nearest posts the Muscovites were in great strength, and the sight of their burnings and harryings fretted the souls of the citizens on guard. Some came near enough to cry insults up to the defenders.

"You would not have your own true Prince. Now ye shall have ours. We will see how you like the exchange!"

This was the cry of some renegade Courtlander, or of a Muscovite learned (as ofttimes they are) in the speech of the West.

But within the walls and at the gates the men of Kernsberg and Hohenstein rubbed their hands and nudged each other.

"Brisk lads," they said one to another; "let us make our wills and send them by pigeon post. For me, I am leaving Gretchen my Book of Prayers, my Lives of the Saints, my rosary, and my belt pounced with golden eye-holes——"

"Methinks that last will do thy Gretchen most service," said his companion, "since the others have gone to the vintner's long ago!"

"Thou art the greater knave to say so," retorted his companion; "and if by God's grace we come safe out of this, I will break thy head for thy roguery!"

* * * * *

The Muscovites had dragged the captured cannon in front of the Plassenburg Gate, and now they fired occasionally, mostly great balls of quarried stone, but afterward, as the day wore later, any piece of metal or rock they could find. And the crash of wooden galleries and stone machicolations followed, together with the scuttling of the Courtland levies from the posts of danger. A few of the younger citizens, indeed, were staunch, but for the most part the Plassenburgers and Kernbergers were left to bite their lips and confide to each other what their Prince Hugo or their Joan of the Sword Hand would have done to bring such cowards back to reason and right discipline.

"An it were not for our own borders and that brave priest-prince, no shaveling he," they said, "faith, such curs were best left to the Muscovite. The plet and the knout were made for such as they!"

"Not so," said he who had maligned Gretchen; "the Courtlanders are yea-forsoothing knaves enough, truly; but they are Germans, and need only to know they must to be brave enough. One or two of our Karl's hostelries, with thirteen lodgings on either side, every guest upright and a-swing by the neck—these would make of the Courtlanders as good soldiers as thyself, Hans Finck!"

But at that moment came Captain Boris by and rebuked them sharply for the loudness of their speech. It was approaching ten of the clock. Boris and Jorian had already visited all the posts, and were now ready to make their venture with Theresa von Lynar.

"No fools like old fools!" grumbled Jorian sententiously, as he buckled on his carinated breastplate, that could shed aside bolts, quarrels, and even bullets from powder guns as the prow of a vessel sheds the waves to either side in a good northerly wind.

"'Tis you should know," retorted Boris, "being both old and a fool."

"A man is known by the company he keeps!" answered Jorian, adjusting the lining of his steel cap, which was somewhat in disarray after the battle of the morning.

"Ah!" sighed his companion, "I would that I had the choosing of the company I am to keep this night!"

"And I!" assented Jorian, looking solemn for once as he thought of pretty Martha Pappenheim.

"Well, we do it from a good motive," said Boris; "that is one comfort. And if we lose our lives, Prince Conrad will order many masses (they will need to be very many!) for our soul's peace and good quittance from purgatory!"

"Humph!" said Jorian, as if he did not see much comfort in that, "I would rather have a box on the ear from Martha Pappenheim than all the matins of all the priests that ever sung laud!"

"Canst have that and welcome—if her sister will do as well!" cried Anna, as the two men went out into the long stone passage. And she suited the deed to the word.

"Oh! I have hurt my hand against that hard helmet. It serves me right for listening! Marthe!"—she looked about for her sister before turning to the soldiers—"see, I have hurt my hand," she added.

Then she made the tears well up in her eyes by an art of the tongue she had.

"Kiss it well, Marthe!" she said, looking up at her sister as she came along the passage towards them, swinging a lantern as carelessly as if there were not a Muscovite in the world.

But Boris forestalled the newcomer and caught the small white hand in the soft leathern grip of his palm where the mail stopped to take in the sword-handle.

"*I* will do that better than any sister!" he said.

"That, indeed, you cannot; for only the kiss of love can make a hurt better!"

Anna glanced up at him with wet eyes, a maid full of innocence and simplicity. Most certainly she was all unconscious of the danger in which she was placing herself.

"Well, then, I love you!" said Boris, who did his wooing plainly.

And did not kiss her hand.

Meanwhile the others had wandered to the end of the passage and now stood by the turnpike staircase, the light of Martha Pappenheim's lantern making a dim haze of light about them.

Anna looked at Boris as often as she could.

"You really love me?" she questioned. "No, you cannot; you have known me too brief a space. Besides, this is no time to speak of love, with the enemy at the gates!"

"Tush!" said Boris, with the roughness which Anna had looked for in vain among all the youth of Courtland. "I tell you, girl, it *is* the time. You and I are no Courtlanders, God be thanked! In a little while I shall ride away back to Plassenburg, which is a place where men live. I shall not go alone. You, little Anna, shall come, too!"

"You are not deceiving me?" she murmured, looking up upon occasion. "There is none at Plassenburg whom you love at all?"

"I have never loved any woman but you!" said Boris, settling his conscience by adding mentally, "though I may have thought I did when I told them so."

"Nor I any man!" said Anna, softly meditative—making, however, a similar addition.

Thus Greek met Greek, and both were very happy in the belief that their own was the only mental reservation.

"But you are going out?" pouted Anna, after a while. "Why cannot you stay in the Castle to-night?"

"To-night of all nights it is impossible," said Boris. "We must make the rounds and see that the gates are guarded. The safety of the city is in our hands."

"You are sure that you will not run into any danger!" said Anna anxiously. She remembered a certain precariousness of tenure among some of her previous—reservations. There was gay Fritz Wünch, who had laughed at the red beard of a Prussian baron; Wilhelm of Bautzen, who went once too often on a foray with his uncle, Fighting Max of Castelnau——

For answer the staunch war-captain kissed her, and the girl clung to her lover, this time in real tears. Martha's candle had gone out, and the two had perforce to go down the stair in the dark. They reached the foot at last, after many delays.

"No, none of them were like him," she owned that night to her sister. "He takes you up as if he would break you in his arms. And he could, too. It is good to feel!"

"Jorian also is just like that!" answered Martha. Which shows the use Jorian must have made of his time at the stairhead, and why Martha Pappenheim's light went out.

"He swears he has never loved any woman before."

"Jorian does just the same."

"I suppose we must never tell them——

"Marthe—if you should dare, I will—— Besides, you were just as bad!"

"Anna, as if I would dream of such a thing!"

And the innocents fell into each other's arms and embraced after the manner of women, each in her own heart thinking how

"The grey beard fell helplessly forward upon the table."

much she preferred "the way of a man with a maid"—at least that form of it cultivated by the stout war-captains of Plassenburg.

Without, Boris and Jorian trampled along through a furious gusting of Baltic rain, which came in driving sheets from the north and splashed its great drops equally upon the red roofs of Courtland, the tented Muscovites drinking victory, and upon the dead men afield. Worse still, it fell on many wounded, and so bitter it was that to such even the thrust of the thievish camp-follower's tolle-knife was merciful. Never could monks more fitly have chanted, "Blessed are the dead!" than concerning those who lay stiff and unconscious on the field where they had fought, to whose ears the reddened Alla sang in vain.

Attired in her cloak of blue, with the hood pulled low over her face, Theresa von Lynar was waiting for Boris and Jorian at the door of the market-hospital.

"I thank you for your fidelity," she said quickly. "I have great need of you. I put a great secret into your hands. I could not ask one of the followers of Prince Conrad, nor yet a soldier of the Duchess Joan, lest when that is done which shall be done to-night, the Prince or the Duchess should be held blameworthy, having most to gain or lose. But you are of Plassenburg and will bear me witness!"

Boris and Jorian silently signified their obedience and readiness to serve her. Then she gave them their instructions.

"You will conduct me past the city guards, out through the gates, and take me towards the camp of the Prince of Muscovy. There you will leave me, and I shall be met by one who in like manner will lead me through the enemy's posts."

"And when shall you return, my Lady Theresa? Until morning we will wait for you!"

"Thank you, gentlemen. You need not wait. I shall not return!"

"Not return?" cried Jorian and Boris together, greatly astonished.

"No," said Theresa very slowly and quietly, her eyes set on the darkness. "Hear ye, Captains of Plassenburg—I will give you all my mind. You are trusty men, and can, as I have proved, hold your own counsel."

Boris and Jorian nodded. There was no difficulty about that.

"Good!" they said together as of old.

As they grew older it became more and more easy to be silent. Silence had always been easier to them than speech, and the habit clave to them even when they were in love, when silence is by no means golden.

"Listen, then," Theresa went on. "You know, and I know, that unless quick succour come, the city is doomed. You are men and soldiers, and whether ye make an end amid the din of battle, or escape for this time, is a matter wherewith ye do not trouble your minds till the time comes. But for me, be it known to you that I am the widow of Henry the Lion of Kernsberg. My son Maurice is the true heir to the Dukedom. Yet, being bound by an oath sworn to the man who made me his wife, I have never claimed the throne for him. But now Joan his sister knows, and out of her true heart she swears that she will give up the Duchy to him. If, therefore, the city is taken, the Muscovite will slay my son, slay him by all their hellish tortures, as they have sworn to do for the despite he put upon Prince Ivan. And his wife, the Princess Margaret, will die of grief when they carry her to Moscow to make a bride of her whom they have made a widow. Joan will be a prisoner, Conrad either dead or a priest, and Kernsberg, the heritage of Henry the Lion, a fief of the Czar. There is no help in any. Your Prince would succour, but it takes time to raise the country, and long ere he can cross the frontier the Russian will have worked his will in Courtland and upon my son. Now I see a way—a woman's way. And if I fall in the doing of it, well—I but go to meet him for the sake of whose children I freely give my life. In this thing bear me witness."

"Madam," said Boris gravely, "we are but plain soldiers. We pretend not to understand the great matters of State of which you speak. But rest assured that we will serve you with our lives, bear true witness, and in all things obey your word implicitly."

"You cannot do more," she answered, content with their faces.

Without difficulty they passed through the streets and warded gates. Werner von Orseln, indeed, tramping the inner rounds, cried "Whither away?" Then, seeing the lady cloaked between them, he added after his manner, "By my faith, you Plassenburgers beat the world. Hang me to a gooseberry bush if I do not tell Anna Pappenheim ere to-morrow's sunset. As I know, she will forgive inconstancy only in herself!"

They plunged into the darkness of the outer night. As soon as they were beyond the gates the wind drave past them hissing level. The trees roared black overhead. At

first in the swirl of the storm the three could see nothing; but gradually the watchfires of the Muscovite came out thicksown like stars on the rising grounds on both sides of the Alla. Boris strode ahead, peering anxiously into the night, and a little behind Jorian gave Theresa his hand over the rough and uneven ground. A pair of ranging stragglers, vultures that accompany the advance of all great armies, came near and examined the party, but retreated promptly as they caught the glint of the watchfires upon the armour of the war-captains. Presently they began to descend into the valley, the iron-shod feet of the men clinking upon the stones. Theresa walked silently, steeped in thought, laying a hand on arm or shoulder as she had occasion. Suddenly tall Boris stopped dead and with a sweep of his arm halted the others.

"There!" he whispered, pointing upward.

And against the glow thrown from behind a ridge they could see a pair of Cossacks riding to and fro ceaselessly, dark against the ruddy sky.

"Gott! would that I had my arbalist! I could put holes in those knaves!" whispered Jorian over Boris's shoulder.

"Hush!" muttered Boris; "it is lucky for Martha Pappenheim that you left it at home!"

"Captains Boris and Jorian," Theresa was speaking with consummate quietness, raising her voice just enough to make herself heard through the roar of the wind overhead, for the nook in which they presently found themselves was sheltered, "I bid you adieu—it may be farewell. You have done nobly and like two valiant captains who were fit to war with Henry the Lion. I thank you. You will bear me faithful witness in the things of which I have spoken to you. Do you, Captain Boris, take this ring from me, not in recompense, but in memory. It is a bauble worth any lady's acceptance. And you this dagger!" She took two of the latter from within her mantle, and gave one to Jorian. "It is good steel and will not fail you. The fellow of it I will keep against my needs!"

She motioned them backward with her hand.

"Abide there among the bushes till you see a man come out to meet me. Then depart, and till you have good reason keep the last secret of Theresa, wife of Henry the Lion of Kernsberg and Hohenstein!"

Boris and Jorian bowed themselves as low as the straitness of their armour would permit.

"We thank you, madam," they said; "as you have commanded, so will we do!"

And as they had been bidden they withdrew into a clump of willow and alder whose leaves clashed together and snapped like whips in the wind.

"Yonder woman is braver than you or I, Jorian," said Boris, as crouching they watched her tall figure climb the ridge. "Which of us would do as much for any on the earth?"

"After all, it is for her son. If you had children, who can say——?"

"Whether I may have children or no concerns you not," returned Boris, who seemed unaccountably ruffled. "I only know that I would not throw away my good life for a baker's dozen of them!"

Upon the skyline Theresa von Lynar stood a moment looking backward to make sure that her late escort was hidden. Then she took a whistle from her gown and blew upon it shrilly in a lull of the storm. At the sound the war-captains could see the Cossacks drop their lances and pause in their unwearying ride. They appeared to listen eagerly, and upon the whistle being repeated one of them threw up a hand. Then between them and on foot the watchers saw another man stand, a dark shadow against the brightness of the watchfires. The sentinels leaned down to speak with him, and then, lifting their lances, they permitted him to pass between them. He was a tall man, clad in a long caftan which flapped about his feet, a sheepskin posteen or winter jacket, and a round cap of fur, high-crowned and flat-topped, upon his head.

He came straight towards Theresa as if he expected a visitor.

The two men in hiding saw him take her hand as a host might that of an honoured guest, kiss it reverently, and then lead her up the little hill to where the sentinels waited motionless on their horses. So soon as the pair had passed within the lines, their figures and the Cossack salute momentarily silhouetted against the watchfires, the horsemen resumed their monotonous ride.

By this time Jorian's head was above the bushes and his eyes stood well nigh out of his head.

"Down, fool!" growled Boris, taking him by the legs and pulling him flat; "the Cossacks will see you!"

"Boris," gasped Jorian, who had descended so rapidly that the fall and the weight of his plate armour had driven the wind out of him, "I know that fellow. I have seen him before. It is Prince Wasp's physician,

Alexis the Deacon. I remember him in Courtland when first we came hither!"

"Well, and what of that?" grunted Boris, staring at the little detached tongues of willow-leaf flame which were blown upward from the Muscovite watchfires.

"What of it, man?" retorted Boris. "Why, only this. We have been duped. She was a traitress, after all. This has been planned a long while."

"Traitress or saint, it is none of our business," said Boris grimly. "We had better get ourselves within the walls of Courtland, and say nothing to any of this night's work!"

"At any rate," added the long man as an afterthought, "I have the ring. It will be a rare gift for Anna."

Jorian looked ruefully at his dagger, holding it between the rustling alder leaves, so as to catch the light from the watchfires. The red glow fell on a jewel in the hilt.

"'Tis a pretty toy enough, but how can I give that to Marthe? It is not a fit keepsake for a lady!"

"Well," said Boris, suddenly appeased, "I will barter you for it. I am not so sure that my pretty spitfire would not rather have it than any ring I could give her. Shall we exchange?"

"But we promised to keep them as souvenirs?" urged Jorian, whose conscience smote him slightly. "One does not tell lies to a lady—at least where one can help it."

"It depends upon the lady!" said Boris practically. "You can tell your Marthe the truth if you like. I will please myself with Anna. Hand over the dagger."

So wholly devoid of sentiment are war-captains when they deal with keepsakes.

CHAPTER LII.

THE MARGRAF'S POWDER CHESTS.

It was indeed Alexis the Deacon who met the Lady Theresa. And the matter had been arranged, just as Boris had said. Alexis the Deacon, a wise man of many disguises, remained in Courtland after the abrupt departure of Prince Ivan. Theresa had found him in the hospital, where, sheltered by a curtain, she had heard him talk with a dying man—the son of a Greek merchant domiciled in Courtland, whose talent for languages and quick intelligence had induced Prince Conrad to place him on his immediate staff of officers.

"I bid you reveal to me the plans and intents of the Prince," Theresa heard Alexis say, "otherwise I cannot give you absolution. I am priest as well as doctor."

At this the young Greek had groaned and turned aside his head, for he loved the Prince. Nevertheless, having the fear of eternity upon him, he spoke into the ear of the physician all he knew, and as reward received a sleeping draught which induced the sleep from which none awaken.

And afterwards Theresa had spoken also.

So it was this same Alexis—spy, priest, surgeon, assassin, and chief confidant of Ivan Prince of Muscovy—who, in front of the watchfires, bent over the hand of Theresa von Lynar on that stormy night which succeeded the crowning victory of the Russian forces in Courtland.

"This way, madam. Fear not. The Prince is eagerly awaiting you — both Princes, indeed," Alexis said, as he led her into the camp through lines of lighted tents from which curious eyes looked at them out of the darkness. "Only tell them all that you have to tell, and, trust me, there shall be no bounds to the gratitude of the Prince, or of Alexis the Deacon, his humble servant."

Theresa thought of what this boundless gratitude had obtained for the young Greek, and smiled. She desired no more. They came to an open space before a lighted pavilion. Before the door stood a pair of officers trying in vain to shield their gay attire under scanty cloaks from the hurtling inclemency of the night. Their ready swords, however, barred the way.

"To see the Prince—his Highness expects us," said Alexis, without any salute. And without further objection the two officers stood aside, staring eagerly and curiously under the hood of the lady's cloak which Alexis escorted so late to the tent of their master.

"Ha!" muttered one of them confidentially as the pair passed within, "I often wondered what kept our Ivan so long in Courtland. It was something more than his wooing of the Princess Margaret, I will wager!"

"Curse the wet!" growled his fellow, turning away. He felt that it was no time for speculative scandal.

Theresa and her conductor stood within the tent of the commander of the Muscovite army. The glow of light, though it came only from candles set within lanterns of horn, was great enough to be dazzling to her eyes. She found herself in the immediate presence of Prince Ivan, who rose with his usual lithe

grace to greet her. An older man, with a grey, pinched face, sat listlessly with his elbow on the small camp table. He leaned his forehead on his palm and looked down. Behind, in the half dark of the tent, a low, wide divan with cushions was revealed, and all the upper end of the tent was filled up with a huge and shadowy pile of kegs and boxes, only partially concealed behind a curtain.

"I bid you welcome, my lady," said Prince Ivan, taking her hand. "Surely never did ally come welcomer than you to our camp to-night. My servant Alexis has told me of your goodwill—both towards ourselves and to Prince Louis." (He indicated the sitting figure with a little movement of his hand, sufficiently contemptuous.) "Let us hear your news, and then will we find you such lodging and welcome as may be among rough soldiers and in a camp of war."

As he was speaking Theresa von Lynar loosened her long cloak of rough blue, its straight folds dank and heavy with the rains. The eyes of the Prince of Muscovy grew wider. Hitherto this woman had been but to him a common traitress, possessed of great secrets, doubtless to be flattered a little, and then—afterwards—thrown aside. Now he stood gazing at her, his hands resting easily on the table, his body a little bent. As she revealed herself the pupils of his eyes dilated and amber gleams seemed to shoot across the irises. He thought he had never seen so beautiful a woman. As he stood there, sharpening his features and moistening his lips, Prince Ivan looked exceedingly like a beast of prey gloating upon a prey which comes of its own accord within reach of his claws.

But in a moment he had recovered himself, and came forward with renewed reverence.

"Madam," he said, bowing low, "will you be pleased to sit down? You are wet and tired."

He went to the flap of the pavilion and pushed aside the dripping curtain.

"Alexis!" he cried, "call up my people. Bid them bring a brazier, and tell these lazy fellows to serve supper in half an hour on peril of their heads!"

He returned and stood before Theresa, who had sunk back as if fatigued on an ottoman covered with thick furs. Her feet nestled in the bearskins which covered the floor. The Prince looked anxiously down.

"Pardon me, your shoes are wet," he said. "We are but Muscovite boors, but we know how to make ladies comfortable. Permit me!"

And before Theresa could murmur the Prince had knelt down and was unloosing the latchets of her shoes.

"A moment!" he said, as he sprang to his feet with the lithe alertness which distinguished him. Prince Ivan ran to a corner where with the brusque hand of a master he tossed a score of priceless furs to the ground. He rose again and came towards Theresa with a flash of something scarlet in his hand.

"You will pardon us, madam," he said, "you are our guest—the sole lady in our camp. I lay it upon your good nature to forgive our rude makeshifts."

And again Prince Ivan knelt. He encased Theresa's feet in dainty Oriental slippers, small as her own, and placed them delicately and respectfully on the couch.

"There, that is better!" he said, standing over her tenderly.

"I thank you, Prince!" She answered the action more than the last words, smiling upon him with her large graciousness; "I am not worthy of so great favour."

"My lady," said the Prince, "it is a proverb of our house that though one day Muscovy shall rule the world, a woman will always rule Muscovy. I am as my fathers were!"

Theresa did not answer. She only smiled languidly at the Prince, leaning a little further back and resting her head upon the palm of her hand. The servitors brought in more lamps, which they swung along the ridge-pole of the roof, and these shedding down a mellow light enhanced the ripe splendour of Theresa's beauty.

Prince Ivan acknowledged to himself that he had spoken the truth when he said that he had never seen a woman so beautful. Margaret?—ah, Margaret was well enough; Margaret was a princess, a political necessity, but this woman was of a nobler fashion, after a mode more truly Russ. And the Prince of Muscovy, though he loved his fruit with the least touch of over-ripeness, would not admit to himself that this woman was one hour past the prime of her glorious beauty. And indeed there was much to be said for this judgment.

Theresa's splendid head was nobly set against the dusky skins. Her rich hair of Venice gold, escaping a little from the massy carefulness of its ordered coils, had been blown into wet curls that still clung to her white neck and tendrilled about her broad, low brow. The warmth of the tent and the soft luxury of the rich rugs had brought a

flush of red to a cheek which yet tingled with the volleying of the Baltic raindrops.

"Alexis never told me this woman was so beautiful," he said to himself. "Who is she? She cannot be of Courtland. Such a marvel could not have been hidden from me during all my stay there!"

So, with his customary directness, he addressed himself to making the discovery.

"My lady," he said, "you are our guest. Will you deign to tell us how more formally we may address you. You are no Courtlander, as all may see!"

"I am a Dane," she answered, smiling; "I am called the Lady Theresa. For the present let that suffice. I am venturing much to come to you thus! My father and brothers built a castle upon the Baltic shore on territory that has been the inheritance of my mother. Then came the reivers of Kernsberg and burned the castle to the ground. They burned it with fire from cellar to roof-tree, And they slackened the fire with the blood of my nearest kindred!"

As she spoke Theresa's eyes glittered and altered. The Prince thought that he could read easily the meaning of that excitement. How was he to know all that lay behind?

"And so," he said, "you have no good-will to the Princess Joan of Hohenstein—and Courtland."

"Or to any of her favourers?" he added after a pause.

At the name the grey-headed man, who had been sitting unmoved by the table with his elbow on the board, raised a strangely wizened face to Theresa's.

"What"—he said, in broken accents, stammering in his speech and grappling with the words as if, like a wrestler at a fair, he must throw each one severally—"what—who has a word to say against the Lady Joan, Princess of Courtland? Who wrongs her has me to reckon with—aye, were it my brother Ivan himself!"

"Not I, certainly, my good Louis," answered Ivan easily. "I would not wrong the lady by word or deed for all Germany from Bor-Russia to the Rhine-fall!"

He turned to Alexis the Deacon, who was at his elbow.

"Fill up his cup—remember what I bade you!" he said sharply in an undertone.

"His cup is full, he will drink no more. He pushes it from him!" answered Alexis in the same half-whisper. But neither, as it seemed, took any particular pains to prevent their words carrying to the ear of Prince Louis. And, indeed, they had rightly enough judged. For the momentary flash of manhood died out on the meagre face. The arm upon which he had leaned swerved limply aside, and the grey beard fell helplessly forward upon the table.

"So much domestic affection is somewhat belated," smiled the Muscovite.

Prince Ivan regarded Louis of Courtland with disgust. "Look at him! Who can wonder at the lady's taste? He is a pretty Prince of a great province. But if he live he will do well enough to fill a chair and hold a golden rod. Take him away, Alexis!"

"Nay," said Theresa, with quick alarm, "let him stay. There are many things to speak of. We may need to consult Prince Louis later."

"I fear the Prince will not be of great use to us," smiled Prince Ivan. "If only I had known, I would have conserved his princely senses more carefully. But, in cases like his, the light wine of our country is dangerous."

He glanced about the pavilion. The servants had not yet retired.

"Convey his Highness to the rear, and lay him upon the powder barrels!" He indicated with his hand the array of boxes and kegs piled in the rearward dusk of the tent. The servitors did as they were told; they lifted Prince Louis and would have carried him to that grim couch, but, struck with some peculiarity, Alexis the Deacon suddenly bent over the lax body and thrust his hand into the bosom of the princely habit, now tarnished thick with wine stains and the juice of spilled meats.

"Excellency," he said, turning to his master, "the Prince is dead! His heart does not beat. It is the stroke! I warned you it would come!"

Prince Ivan strode hastily towards the body of Louis of Courtland.

"Surely not?" he cried, in seeming astonishment. "This may prove very inconvenient. Yet, after all, what does it matter? With your assistance, madam, the city is ours. And then what matters dead prince or living prince? A garrison in every fort, a squadron of good Cossacks pricking across every plain, a tax-collector in every village—these are the best securities of princedom. But, after all, this is like our good Louis. He never did anything at the right time all his life."

Theresa stood on the other side of the dead man as the servitors lowered him for the inspection of their lord. The weary, wrinkled face had been smoothed out as with the passage of a hand. Only the left

corner of the mouth was drawn slightly down, but not so much as to be disfiguring.

"I am glad he spoke of his wife at the last," she murmured. And she added to herself, "This falls out well—it relieves me of one necessity."

"Spoken like a woman!" cried Prince Ivan, looking admiringly at her. "Pray forgive my bitter speech, and remember how long I have borne with this man's slavering dotardism!"

He turned to the servitors and directed them with a motion of his hand towards the back of the pavilion.

"Drop the curtain," he said abruptly.

And as the silken folds dropped heavily down they fell upon the career and regality of Louis Prince of Courtland, hereditary Defender of the Holy See.

The men did not bear him far. They placed him upon the boxes of powder for the Magraf's cannon, which for safety and dryness Ivan had ordered to be brought to his pavilion. The dead man lay in the dark, open-eyed, as if staring at the circling shadows as the servitors moved athwart the supper table at which a woman sat eating and drinking with her heart's enemy.

* * * * *

Theresa von Lynar sat directly opposite the Prince of Muscovy. The board sparkled with mellow lights reflected from the lanterns above. The servitors had departed. Only the measured tread of the sentinels was heard without. They were alone.

And then Theresa had spoken. Very fully she told what she had learned of the defences of the place, which gates were guarded by the Kernsbergers, which by the men of Plassenburg, which by the remnants of the broken army of Courtland. She spoke in a hushed voice, the Prince sipping and nodding as he looked into her eyes. She gave the passwords of the inner and outer defences, the numbers of the defenders at each gate, the plans of Prince Conrad for bringing provisions up the Alla—indeed, everything that a besieging general needs to know.

And so soon as she had told the passwords the Prince asked her to pardon him a moment. He struck a silver bell and with scarce a moment's delay Alexis entered.

"Go," said the Prince; "send one of our fellows familiar with the speech of Courtland into the city by the Plassenburg Gate. The passwords are '*Henry the Lion*' at the outer gate and '*Remember*' at the inner port. Let the man be dressed in the habit of a countryman, and carry with him some wine and provend. Follow him and report immediately."

While the Prince was speaking he had never taken his eyes off Theresa von Lynar, though he had appeared to be regarding Alexis the Deacon. Theresa did not blanch. Not a muscle of her face quivered. And within his Muscovite heart, full of treachery as an egg of meat, Prince Ivan said, "She is no traitress, this fair dame; but a simpleton with all her beauty. The woman is speaking the truth."

And Theresa was indeed speaking the truth. She had expected some such test and was prepared. But she only told the defenders' plans to one man; and as for the passwords, she had arranged with Boris that at the earliest dawn these were to be changed and the forces redistributed.

While these two waited for the return of Alexis, the Prince encouraged Theresa to speak of her wrongs. He watched with nodding approbation the sparkle of her eye as she spoke of Joan of the Sword Hand. He noted how she shut her lips when Henry the Lion was mentioned, how her voice shook as she recounted the cruel end of her kin.

Though at ordinary times most sober, the Prince now added cup to cup, and like a Muscovite he grew more calmly bitter as the wine mounted to his head. He leaned forward and laid his hand upon his companion's white wrist. Theresa quivered a little, but did not take it away. The Prince was becoming confidential.

"Yes," he said, leaning towards her, "you have suffered great wrongs, and do well to hate them with the hate that craves vengeance. But you shall be satisfied. To-morrow and for many to-morrow's to-morrows you and I shall have our hearts' desire upon our enemies. Yes, for many days. Sweet—sweet it shall be—sweet, and very slow; for I, too, have wrongs, as you shall hear."

"Truly, I did well to come to you!" sighed Theresa, giving her hand willingly into his. He clasped her fingers and would have kissed them but for the table between.

"You speak truth." He hissed the words very bitterly. "Indeed, you did better than well. I also have wrongs, and Ivan of Muscovy will show you a Muscovite vengeance!

"This Prince Conrad of theirs baulked me of my revenge and drove me from the city. Him will I take and burn at the stake in his priest's robes, as if he were saying mass—or, better still, in the red of the cardinal's habit

with his hat upon his head. And ere he dies he shall see his paramour carried to her funeral. For I will give you the life of the woman for whose sake he thwarted Ivan of Muscovy. If you will it, no hand but yours shall have the shedding of the blood of your house's enemy, Joan of Kernsberg. Is not this your vengeance already sweet in prospect?"

"It is sweet indeed!" answered Theresa.

"Your Highness!" said the voice of Alexis at the tent door, "am I permitted to speak?"

"Speak on!" cried Ivan, without relaxing his clasp upon the hand of Theresa von Lynar. Indeed, momentarily it became a grip.

"The man went safely through at the Plassenburg Gate. The passwords were correct. The man who challenged spoke with a Kernsberg accent!"

The Prince's grasp relaxed.

"It is well," he said. "Now go to the captains and tell them to be in their posts about the city according to the plan—the main assault to be delivered by the gate of the sea. At dawn I will be with you! Go! Above all, do not forget the passwords—first '*Henry the Lion!*' Then '*Remember!*'"

Alexis the Deacon saluted and went.

The Prince rose and came about the table nearer to Theresa von Lynar. She drew her breath quickly and checked it as sharply with a kind of sob. Her left hand went to her side as naturally as a nun's to her rosary. But it was no rosary her fingers touched. The action steadied her, and she threw back her head and smiled up at him debonairly as though she had no care in the world.

Theresa repeated the passwords slowly and audibly.

"'*Henry the Lion!*' '*Remember!*' Ah!" (she broke off with a laugh) "I am not likely to forget." Ivan laid his hand on her shoulder, glad to see his ally so resolute.

"All in good time," he said, sitting down on a stool at her feet and taking her hand—her right hand. The other he did not see. Then he spoke confidentially.

"One other revenge I have which I shall keep to the last. It will be as sweet to me as yours to you. I shall draw it out lingeringly that I may drain all its sweetness. It is to be done upon the upstart springald whom the Princess Margaret had the bad taste to prefer to me. Not that I cared a jot for the Princess. My taste is far other" (here he looked up tenderly); "but the Princess I must wed—as maid or widow I care not. I take her provinces, not herself; and these must be mine by right of fief and succession as well as by right of conquest. After that the way is clear. The piece of carrion which men called by a prince's name was carried behind that curtain a while ago. Conrad the priest, who is a man, shall die like a man. And I, Ivan, and Holy Russia shall enter in. By the right of Margaret, sole heir of Courtland, city and province shall be mine; Kernsberg shall be mine; Hohenstein shall be mine. Then mayhap I may try a fall for Plassenburg and the Mark with the Executioner's Son and his little housewife. But sweeter than all shall be my revenge upon the man I hate—upon him who took his betrothed wife from Ivan of Muscovy."

"Ah," said Theresa von Lynar, "it will indeed be sweet! And what shall be your worthy and terrible revenge?"

"I have thought of it long—I have turned it over, this and that I have thought of—the smearing with honey and thereafter the anthill, of trepanning and the worms on the brain—but I have thought at last of something that will make the ears of the world tingle——"

He leaned forward and whispered into the ear of Theresa von Lynar the terrible death he had prepared for her only son. She nodded calmly as she listened, but a wonderful joy lit up the woman's face.

"I am glad I came hither," she murmured; "this is worth it all."

Prince Ivan took her hand in both of his and pressed it fondly.

And you shall be gladder yet," he said. "My Lady Theresa, I have something to say. I had not thought that there lived in the world any woman so like-minded, even as I knew not that there lived any woman so beautiful. Together you and I might rule the world. Shall it be together?"

"But, Prince Ivan," she interposed quickly, but still smiling graciously, "what is this? I thought you were set on wedding the Princess Margaret. You were to make her first widow and then wife."

"Theresa," he said, looking amorously up at her, "I wed for a kingdom. But I *marry* the woman who is my mate. It is our custom. To you I must give the left hand, it is true, but with it the heart, my Theresa!"

He was on his knees before her now, still clasping her hand.

"You consent?" he said, with triumph already in his tone.

"'The password, Prince—do not forget the password! You will need it to-night!'

"I do not say you nay!" she answered, with a sigh.

He kissed her hand and rose to his feet. He would have taken her in his arms, but a noise in the pavilion disturbed him. He went quickly to the curtain and peeped through.

"It is nothing," he said, "only the men come to fetch the powder for the Margraf's cannon. But the night speeds apace. In an hour we assault."

With an eager look on his face he came nearer to her.

"Theresa," he said, "a soldier's wooing must needs be brisk and speedy. Yours and mine yet swifter! Our revenge beckons us. Do you abide here till I return—with those good friends whose names we have mentioned. But now, ere I go forth, pledge me your love. This is our true betrothal. Say, 'I love you, Ivan!' that I may keep it in my heart till my return!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but Theresa turned quickly, finger on lip. She looked anxiously towards the back of the tent where lay the dead prince. "Hush!" she said, "I hear something!"

Then she smiled upon him—a sudden radiance like sunshine through rain clouds.

"Come with me—I am afraid of the dark!" she said, almost like a child. For great is the guile of woman when her all is at stake.

Theresa von Lynar opened the latch of a horn lantern which dangled at a pole and took the candle in her left. Then she gave her right hand with a certain gesture of surrender to Prince Ivan.

"Come!" she murmured, and led him within the inner pavilion. A dim light sifted through the open flap by which the men had gone out with their load of powder. Day was breaking and a broad crimson bar lay across the path of the yet unrisen sun. Theresa and Prince Ivan stood beside the dead. He had been roughly thrown down on the pile of rough boxes which contained the powder manufactured by the Margraf's alchemysts according to the famous receipt of Bartholdus Schwartz. The lid of the largest chest stood open, as if the men were returning for yet another burden.

"Quick!" she said, "here in the presence of the dead, I will whisper it here, here and not elsewhere."

She brought him round with the gentle compulsion of her hand till he stood in a little angle where the red light of the dawn shone on his dark and handsome face. Then she put an arm strong as a wrestler's about him, pinioning him where he stood. Yet the gracious smile on the woman's lips held him acquiescent and content.

She bent her head.

"Listen," she said, "this have I never done for any man—no, not so much as this! And for you will I do much more. Prince Ivan, you speak true—death alone must part you and me. You ask me for a love pledge. I will give it. Ivan of Muscovy, you have plotted death and torture—the death of the innocent. Listen! I am the wife of Henry of Kernsberg, the mother of the lad Maurice von Lynar whom ye would slay by horrid devices. Prince, truly you and I shall die together—and the time is *now!*"

Vehemently for his life struggled Prince Ivan, twisting like a serpent, and crying, "Help! Help! Treachery! Witch, let me go, or I will stab you where you stand." Once his hand touched his dagger-hilt. But before he could draw it there came a sound of rushing feet. The forms of many men stumbled up out of the gleaming blood-red of the dawn.

Then Theresa von Lynar laughed aloud as she held him in her grasp.

"The password, Prince—do not forget the password! You will need it to-night. I, Theresa, have not forgotten. It is '*Henry the Lion! Remember!*'"

And Theresa dropped the naked candle she had been holding aloft into the great chest of dull black grains which stood open by her side.

* * * * *

And after that it mattered little, though at the same moment beyond the Alla the trumpets of Hugo Prince of Plassenburg blew their first blast.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH VISIBLE.

"So," said Pope Sixtus amicably, "your brother was killed by the great explosion of Friar Roger's powder in the camp of the enemy! Truly, as I have often said, God is not with the Greek Church. They are schismatics!"

He was a little bored with this young man from the North, and began to remember the various distractions which were waiting him in his own private wing of the Vatican. Still, the Church needed such young war-gods as this Prince Conrad. There were signs,

too, that in a little she might need them even more.

The Pope's mind travelled fast. He had a way of murmuring broken sentences to himself which to his intimates showed how far his thoughts had wandered.

It was the Vatican gardens in the month of April. Holy Week had passed, and the mind of the Vicar of Christ dwelt contentedly upon the great gifts and offerings which had flowed into his treasury. Conrad could not have arrived more opportunely. Beneath, the eye travelled over the hundred churches of Rome and the red roofs of her palaces—to the Tiber no longer tawny, but well-nigh as blue as the Alla itself; then further still to the grey Campagna and the blue Alban Hills.

Beyond answering questions Conrad said little in answer to his companion. He was too greatly astonished by what he heard. He had expected a saint, and he had found himself talking politics and scandal with an Italian prince.

He looked down upon an excavation over which thousands of men crawled, thick as ants about a mound when you thrust your stick among their piled pine-needles on Isle Rugen. Already at more than one point massive walls began to rise. Architects with parchment rolls in their hands went to and fro talking to overseers and foremen of the works. The architects were clad in black cloaks reaching below the waist, and making inky blots on the white earth which contrasted with the striped blouses of the overseers and the naked bodies and red loin-cloths of the workmen.

Conrad blessed his former sojourns in Italy which had enabled him to follow the fast-running river of the Pontiff's half-unconscious meditation. This was couched not in crabbed, monkish Latin, but in the free Italic to which as a boy the Head of the Church had been accustomed.

"So your brother is dead!—(Yes, yes, he told me before). And a blessing of God, too! I never liked my brothers. Nephews and nieces are better, so be they are handsome. What, you have none? Then you are the heir to the kingdom—you must marry—you must marry!"

Conrad suddenly flushed fiery red.

"Holy Father," he said nervously, his eyes on the Alban Hills, "it was concerning this that I made pilgrimage to Rome—that I might consult your Holiness!"

The Pontiff nodded amicably and looked about him. At the far end of the garden, in a creeper-enclosed arbour similar to that in which they sat, the Pope's personal attendants congregated. These were mostly gay young men in particoloured raiment, who jested and laughed without much regard for appearances, or at all fearing the displeasure of the Church's Head. As Conrad looked, one of them stood up and tossed over the wall a delicately folded missive, winged like a dart and tied with a riband of fluttering blue. Then, the moment afterwards, from beneath came the sound of girlish laughter, whereat all the young men, save one, craned their necks over the wall and shouted jests down to the unseen ladies on the balcony beneath.

All save one—and he, a tall, stern-faced, dark young man in a plain black soutane, walked up and down in the sun, with his eyes on the ground and his hands knotting themselves behind his back. The fingers were twisting nervously in and out, and he pursed his lips in meditation. He did not waste even one contemptuous glance on the riotous crew in the arbour.

"Aha—you came to consult me about your marriage," chuckled the Holy Father. "Well, what have you been doing? Young blood—young blood! Well, once I was young myself. But young blood, when it is rich, must pay. I am your father confessor. Now proceed. (This may be useful—better, better, better!)."

And with a wholly different air of interest the Pope poured himself a glass of the rich wine and leaned back, contemplating the young man with a sort of paternal kindliness. The thought that he had certain peccadillos to confess was a relish to the rich Sicilian vintage, and created, as it were, a common interest between them. For the first time Pope Sixtus felt thoroughly at ease with his guest.

"I have, indeed, much to confess, Holy Father—much that I could not pour into any ears but thine."

"Yes—yes—I am all attention," murmured the Pontiff, his ears pricking and twitching with anticipation, and his famous likeness to a goat coming out in his face. "Go on! Go on, my son. Confession is the breathing health of the soul! (If this young man can tell me aught I do not know—by Peter, I will make him my private chaplain!)."

Then Conrad summoned up all his courage and put his soul's sickness into the sentence which he had been conning all the way from the city of Courtland.

"My father," he said, very low, his head

bent down, "I, who am a priest, have loved the Lady Joan, my brother's wife!"

"Ha," said Sixtus, pursing his lips, "that is bad—very bad. (Bones of Saint Anthony! I did not think he had the spirit!) Penance must be done—penance and payment! But hath the matter been secret? There has, I hope, been no open scandal; and of course it cannot continue now that your brother is dead. While he was alive, all was well; but dead—oh, that is different! You have now no cloak for your sin! Such open sores do the Church grievous harm! I have always avoided such myself!"

The young man listened with a swiftly lowering brow.

"Holy Father," he said, "I think you mistake me. I spoke not of sin committed. The Princess Joan is pure as an angel, unstained by evil or the thought of it! She sits above the reach of scandalous tongues!"

("Humph—what, then, is the man talking about? Some cold northern snowdrift! Strange, strange! For a moment I thought he had been a lad of spirit!")

But aloud Sixtus said, with a surprised accent, "Then why do you come to me?"

"Sire, I am a priest, and even the thought of love is sin!"

"Tut-tut; you are a prince-cardinal. In Rome that is a very different thing!"

He turned half round in his seat and looked with a certain indulgent fondness upon the group of gay young men who were conducting a battle of flowers with the laughing girls beneath them. Two of them had laid hold of another by the legs and were holding him over the trellised balcony that he might kiss a girl whom her companions were elevating from below for a like purpose. As their young lips met the Pontiff slapped his purple silk on his thigh and laughed aloud.

"Ah, rascals, merry rascals!" (Here he sighed.) "What it is to be young! Take an old man's advice, 'Live while you are young.' Yes, live and leave penance alone, for old age is sufficient penance in itself. (Tut—what am I saying? Let his pocket do penance!) He who kissed was my nephew Girolamo, ever the flower of the flock, my dear Girolamo. I think you said, Prince Conrad, that you were a cardinal. Well, most of these young men are cardinals (or will be, so soon as I can get the wherewithal to set them up. They spend too much money, the rascals!)."

"These are cardinals? And priests? queried Conrad, vastly astonished.

The Holy Father nodded and took another sip of the perfumed Sicilian.

"To be a cardinal is naught," he said calmly. "It is a step—nothing more. The high road of advancement, the spirit of the time. When I have princedoms for them all, why, they must marry and settle—raise dynasties, found princely houses. So it shall be with you, son Conrad. For see how the matter stands. Your brother was alive—Prince of Courtland—married to this fair lady (what was her name? Yes, yes, Joanna). You, a younger son, must be provided for, the Church supported. Therefore you received that which was the hereditary right of your family—the usual payments to Holy Church being made. You were Archbishop, Cardinal, Prince of the Faith. In time you would have been Elector of the Empire and my assessor at the Imperial Diet. That was your course. What harm, then, that you should make love to your brother's wife? Natural—perfectly natural. Fortunate, indeed, that you had a brother so complaisant——"

"Sir," said Conrad, half rising from his seat, "I have already had the honour of informing you——"

"Yes, yes, I forgot—padron an old man. (Ah, the rascal, would he? Served him right! Ha, ha! well smitten—a good girl!)."

Another had tried the trick of being held over the balcony, but this time the maiden below was coy, and, instead of a kiss, the youth had received only a sound smack on the cheek fairly struck with the palm of a willing hand.

"Yes, I remember. It was but a sin of the soul. (Stupid fellow! stupid fellow! Girolamo is the true Della Rovere. He would not have been served so.) Yes, a sin of the soul. And now you wish to marry? Well, I will receive back your hat. I will annul your orders—the usual payments being made, of course. I have so many expenses—my building, the decorations of my chapel, these young rascals—ah, little do you know the difficulties of a Pope. But whom do you wish to marry? What, your brother's widow? Ah, that is bad—why could you not be content——? Pardon, your pardon, my mind is again wandering.

"*Tsut—tsut*—this is a sad business, a matter infinitely more difficult, forbidden by the Church. What? They parted at the church door? A wench of spirit, I declare. I doubt not something like that one who smote Pietro just now. I wonder not at you, saving at your moderation—that is, if you speak the truth."

"I do speak the truth!" said Conrad, with northern directness, beginning to flush again.

"Gently—gently," smiled Sixtus; "there are many minutes in a year, many people make a world. I have never seen a man like you before. Be patient, then, with me. I am giving you a great deal of my time. It will be difficult, this marriage—difficult, but not impossible. Peter's coffers are very empty, my son."

The Pontiff paused to give Conrad time to speak.

"I will pay into the treasury of the Holy Father on the day of my marriage a hundred thousand ducats," said Conrad, blushing deeply. It seemed like bribing God.

The Vicegerent of Christ stretched out a smooth white hand, and his smile was almost as gracious as when he turned it upon his nephew Girolamo.

"Spoken like a true prince," he cried, "a son of the Church indeed! Her works—the propagation of the Faith, the Holy Office—these shall benefit by your generosity."

He turned about again and beckoned to the tall young man in the black soutane.

"Guliano, come hither!" he cried, and as the young man came he explained in his low tones, "My nephew; a dull dog, but will be great. He throttled a ruffian who attacked him on the street; so, one day, he will choke this Italy between his hands. He will sit in this chair. Ah, there is one thing that I am thankful for, and it is that I shall be dead when our Julian is Pope. I know not where I shall be—but anything were preferable to being in Rome under Julian—purgatory or—— Yes, my dear nephew, this is Prince Conrad of Courtland! You are to go and prepare documents concerning this noble prince. I will instruct you as to their nature presently. Await me in the hither library."

The young man had been looking steadily at Conrad while his uncle was speaking. It was a firm and manly look, but there was cruelty lurking in the eyes and in the curve of the upper lip. Guliano della Rovere looked more *condottiere* than priest. Nevertheless, without a word he bowed and retired.

When he was gone the Pope sat a moment absorbed in thought.

"I will send him to Courtland with you. (Yes, yes, he is staunch and to be trusted with money.) He will marry you and bring back the—the—benefaction. Your hand, my son. I am an old man and need help. May you be happy! Live well and honour Holy Church. Be not too nice. The commons like not a precisian. And, besides, you cannot live your youth over. Girolamo! Girolamo! Where is that rascal? Ah, there you are. I saw you kiss yonder pretty miss! Shame, sir, shame! You shall do penance—I myself will prescribe it. What kept you so long when I called you? Some fresh rascality, I will wager!"

"No, my father," said Girolamo readily. "I went to the dungeons of the Holy Office to see if they had finished with that ranting philosopher who stirred up the people yesterday!"

"Well, and have they?" asked the Pontiff.

"Yes, the fellow has confessed that six thousand pieces are hidden under the hearthstone of his country house. So all is well ended. He is to be burned to-morrow."

"Good—good. So perish all Jews, heretics, and enemies of Holy Church!" said Pope Sixtus piously. "And now I bid you adieu, son Conrad! You set out to-morrow. The papers shall be ready. A hundred thousand ducats, I think you said—*and* the fees for secularisation. These will amount to fifty thousand more. Is it not so, my son?"

Conrad bowed assent. He thought it was well that Courtland was rich and that his brother Louis had been a careful man.

"Good—good, my son. You are a true standard-bearer of the Church. I will throw in a perpetual indulgence—with blanks which you may fill up. No, do not refuse! You think that you will never want it because you do not now. But you may—you may!"

He stretched out his hand, the blessed ring of Saint Peter shone upon it. Conrad fell on his knees.

"*Pater Domini nostri Jesu Christi benedicat te in omni benedictione spirituali. Amen!*"

EPILOGUE OF EXPLICATION.

It was the morning of a white day. The princely banner flew from every tower in Castle Kernsberg, for that day it was to lose a duchess and gain a duke. It was Joan's second wedding day—the day of her first marriage.

Never had the little hill town seen so brave a gathering since the northern princes laid Henry the Lion in his grave. In the great vault where he slept there was a new tomb, a plain marble slab with the inscription—

"Theresa, wife of Henry,
Duke of Kernsberg and Hohenstein."

And underneath, and in Latin, the words—

"AFTER THE TEMPEST, PEACE!"

For strangely enough, by the wonder of Providence or some freak of the exploding powder, they had found Theresa fallen where she had stood, blackened but scarce marred in face or figure. So from the burnt-out hell by the Alla side they had brought her here, that at the last she might rest near the man whom her soul loved.

And as they moved away and left her, little Johannes Rode, the scholar, murmured the words, "*Post tempestatem, tranquillitas!*"

Prince Conrad heard him, and he it was who had them engraven on her tomb.

But on this morning of gladness only Joan thought of the dead woman.

"To-day I will do the thing she wished," the Duchess thought, as she looked from the window towards her father's tomb. "She would take nothing for herself, yet shall her son sit in my place and rule where his father ruled. I am glad!"

Here she blushed.

"Yet, why should I thus vaunt me? It is no sacrifice, for I shall be—what I would rather a thousand times be. Small thanks, then, that I give freely that which is worth nothing to me now!"

And, with the arm that had wielded a sword so often and so valiantly, Joan the bride went on arraying her hair and making her beautiful for the eyes of her lord.

"My lord!" she said, and again with a different accent, "*My* lord!"

And when these her living eyes met those others in the Venice mirror, lo! either pair was smiling a new smile.

* * * * *

Meantime, beneath in her chamber, the Princess Margaret was at her favourite pastime of making her husband's life a burden to him—or, rather, first quarrelling with him and the next moment throwing her arms about his neck in a passion of remorse. For that is the wont of dainty Princess Margarets when they are sick and know not yet what aileth them.

"Maurice," she was saying, "is it not enough to make me throw myself over the battlements that they should all forsake me, on this day of all others, when you are to be made a Duke in the presence of the Pope's Legate and the Emperor's *Alter*—what is it? —*Alter Ego?* What a silly word! And you might have told it to me prettily and without laughing. Yes, you did, and you also are in league against me. And I will not go to the wedding; no, not if Joan were to beg of me on her knees! I will not have any of these minxes to do my hair. Nay, do not you touch it. I am nobody, it seems, and Joan everything. Joan—Joan! It is Joan this and Joan that! Tush, I am sick of you and your Joans.

"She gives up the duchy to us, does she? Well, that is no great gift. She is getting Courtland for it, and my brother. Even he will not love me any more now. He is like the rest. He eats, drinks, sleeps, wakes, talks nothing but Joan. He is silent, and thinks Joan. So, I believe, do you. You are only sorry that she did not love you best!

"Well, if you *are* her brother, I do not care. Who was speaking about marrying her? And, at any rate, you did not know then that she *was* your sister. You might very well have loved her. And I believe you did. You do not love me, at all events. *That* I do know!

"No, I will not 'hush,' nor will I come upon your knee and be petted. I am *not* a baby! '*What is the matter betwixt me and the maidens?*' If you had let me explain I would have told you long ago. But I never get speaking a word. I am not crying, and I shall cry if I choose! Oh, yes, I will tell you, Duke Maurice, if you care to hear, why I am angry with the maids. Well, then, first it was that Anna Pappenheim. She tugged my hair out by the roots in handfuls, and when I scolded her for it I saw there were tears in her eyes. I asked her why, and for long she would not tell me. Then all at once she acknowledged that she had promised to marry that great overgrown chimney-pot, Captain Boris, and must hie her to Plassenburg, '*if I pleased.*' I did not please, and when I said that surely Martha was not so foolish thus to throw herself away, the wretched Marthe came in bawling and wringing hands, and owned that she was in like case with Boris.

"So I sent them out very quickly, being justly angry that they should thus desert me. And I called for Thora of Bornholm, and began easing my mind concerning their ingratitude, when the Swede said calmly, 'I fear me, madam, I am not able to find any fault with Anna and Martha. For I am even as they, or worse. I have been married more than six months.'

"'And to whom?' I cried; 'tell me, and he shall hang as surely as I am a Princess of Courtland.' For I was somewhat disturbed.

"'To-day your Highness is Duchess of

"'Fear not, beloved,' he said. 'Be Joan to me, and *I* will be your Sword Hand!'"

Kernsberg,' said the minx, as calmly as if at sacrament. 'My husband's name is Johannes Rode!'

"And now, when I have told you, instead of being sorry for me, you do nothing but laugh. I will indeed fling me over the window!"

And the fiery little Princess ran to the window and pretended to cast herself headlong. But her husband did not move. He stood leaning against the mantelshelf and smiling at her quietly and with the wisdom of love in his eyes.

Hearing no rush of anxious feet, and finding no restraining arm cast about her, Margaret turned and with fresh fire in her gesture stamped her foot at Maurice.

"That just proves it! Little do you care whether or no I kill myself. You wish I would, so that you might marry somebody else! You dare not deny it!"

Maurice knew better than to deny it, nor did he move till the Princess had cast herself down on the coverlet and sobbed her heart out, with her face in the pillow and her hair spraying in linked tendrils about her white neck and shoulders. Then he went gently to her and laid his hand on her head, regardless of the petulant shrug of her shoulders as he touched her. He gathered her up and sat down with her in his arms.

"Little one," he said, "I want you to be good. This is a great and a glad day. To-day my sister finds the happiness that you and I have found already. To-day I am to sit in my father's seat and have my own name among men. You must help me. Will you, little one? For once let me be your tirewoman. I have often done my own tiring when, in old days, I dared death in women's garmentry for your sweet sake. Dearest, do not hurt my heart any more, but help me in this!"

His wife smiled suddenly through her tears, and cast her arms about his neck.

"Oh, I am bad—bad—bad!" she cried vehemently. "It were no wonder if you did not love me. But do keep loving me. I should die else. I will be better, I will—

I will! I do not know why I should be so bad. Sometimes I cannot help it."

But Maurice kissed her and smiled as if he knew.

"We will live here in Kernsberg like plain and honest country folk, you and I," he said. "Let Anna and Martha follow their war-captains. Thora at least will remain with us, and we will make Johannes Rode our almoner and court poet. Now smile at me, little one! Ah, that is better."

In Margaret's April eyes the sun shone out again, and she clung lovingly to her husband a long moment before she would let him go.

Then she thrust him a little away from her, that she might see his face, as she asked the question of all loving and tempestuous Princess Margarets, "Are you sure you love me just the same, even when I am naughty?"

Maurice was sure.

And taking his face between her hands in a fierce little clutch, she asked a further assurance. "Are you quite, *quite* sure," she said.

And Maurice was quite, quite sure.

* * * * *

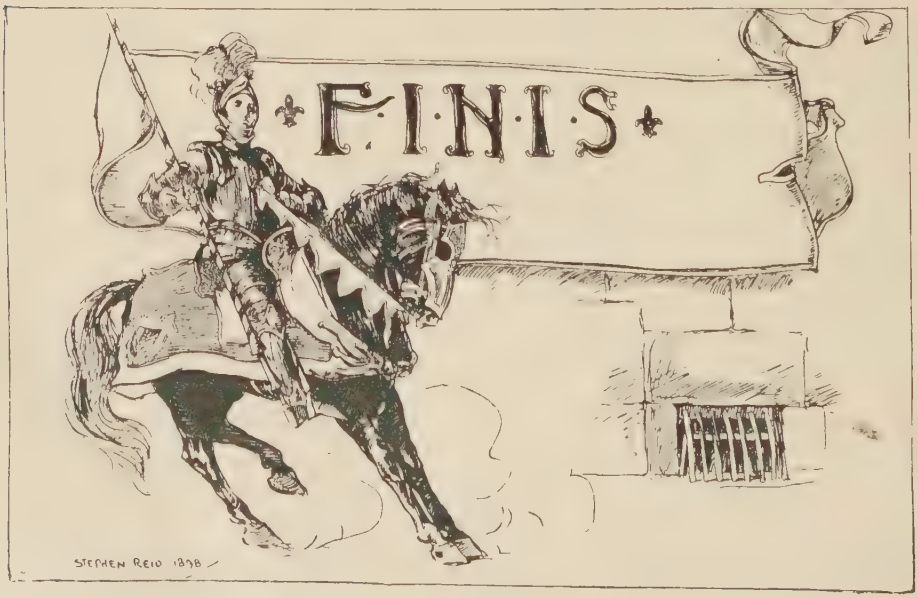
Not in a vast and solemn cathedral was Joan married, but in the plain old church of Kernsberg, which had so often raised the protest of the Cross against the exactions of her ancestors. The bridal escort was of her own tried soldiery, now to be hers no more (and all of them a little sad for that). Hugo and Helene of Plassenburg had come—Hugo because he was the representative of the Emperor, and Helene because she was a sweet and loving woman who delighted to rejoice in another's joy.

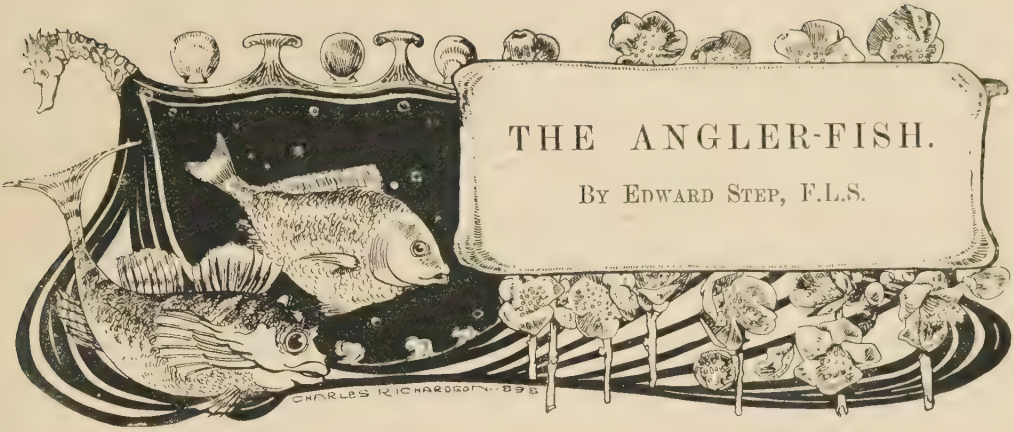
With these also arrived, and with these was to depart, the dark-faced, stern young cardinal of San Pietro in Vincoli. He must have good escort, he said, for he carried many precious relics and tokens of the affection of the faithful for the Church's Head. The simple priesthood of Kernsberg shrank from before his fiery glances, and were glad when he was gone. But, save at the hour of bridal itself, he spent all his time with the treasurer of the Princedom of Courtland.

When at last all was over and they came down the aisle, while the sweet-voiced choristers sang, and the white-robed maidens scattered flowers for their feet to walk upon, the bride found opportunity to whisper to her husband, "I shall never be Joan of the Sword Hand any more!"

He smiled back at her as they emerged upon the tears and laughter and acclaim of the many-coloured throng that filled the little square.

"Fear not, beloved," he said, and his eyes were very glad and proud. "Be Joan to me, and *I* will be your Sword Hand!"





THE ANGLER-FISH.

By Edward Step, F.L.S.

MY tame cormorant was short of provisions. The weather had been wild, and little fish had been brought in that day. To-morrow would be Sunday, and there was consequently no prospect of supplies till Monday; so I sauntered down to the Porth to see if there was any surplus bait hanging up which I could beg or borrow. When the fishermen caught more wrasse or rays than they needed to bait their crab-pots to-day, they cleaned it, split it open, and hung it in a certain place to dry until needed. Alas! the customary hooks were empty this evening, but on going lower down I came across three or four small anglers or monks that a fisherman had hauled in his trammel and brought ashore. Finding out to whom they belonged I inquired if he had any use for them. Yes, he was going to get some crab-pot bait out of them. "Did you want them?" he added. I explained that Charlie was on short commons, and if he could spare me the part that would be of no use as bait I should be glad. "Well," said he, "after I have done with them, I don't think as how they'll be any use to you; but if it's for Charlie, why, you're welcome to one or two. I've heard a lot about your cormorant, but never heard of taming one before, though I have heard of tame gulls. How will this do?"

With two or three experienced slashes with his knife he had severed the huge bag-like head from the small but solid trunk, stripped off the skin, and with it the entrails, and presented me with a thick mass of flesh about a foot long and four or five inches thick. He said it was unfit for food—at least, he had never eaten it because he had never been absolutely starving; but I fancy a London fishmonger would have little difficulty in getting a good price for it, if he dressed it as my friend did and kept the hideous head out of sight. I cut it into long strips about a couple of inches thick, and Charlie rushed at it, putting away three lengths and screaming for more. He finished the whole in about twenty-four hours. Now this implied that it was really the good stuff it appeared to be, and so bore out the assertions of Couch, Donovan, and Parnell as to its excellence. I understand that this fish, minus the head, is always sold at Grimsby and some other ports, where, to avoid arousing prejudice, it is spoken of as croan and John Dory, though, of course, nobody who had seen the real dory could be deceived by the latter name, the thickness quite preventing that.

Look at the angler, handle him, and you will readily conclude that he has not been built for a life of activity. He is a heavy, flabby mass, and as you turn him over you might be pardoned for supposing that he possessed no skeleton, and a very poor muscular system. His *rôle* is to lie among the rubbish of the sea-bottom, to flatten himself out as much as possible, and to give his dirty-brown back a close resemblance to a mud-imbedded stone. His fins and tail are likewise soft and flabby, and offer no contrast to the general roundness and softness of outline. His underside is white, but he takes care to keep this out of sight, and along his side all around he has a fringe of fleshy lobed lappets, which harmonise with the brown seaweeds around him. Oppian says, "This fish is all one vast extended mouth," and for a poet that is, I suppose, a sufficiently accurate statement, but for a naturalist it is not. If we exclude the tail from our reckoning of the creature's longitude, about two-thirds of the remainder is

a "vast extended mouth"—extended to the width of a foot in specimens of three feet long. The lips are fringed by the fleshy lappets and the jaws are set with a double—in parts treble—row of long, conical, curved teeth, many of them exceeding an inch in length. There are other teeth set upon the palate and about the entrance to the throat, and all these are so arranged that it is no easy matter for anything to escape when once the jaws have closed upon it.

On the back of the angler are two fins (*dorsal fins*), but the first is apparently very short, owing to the fact that three of the six long rays are separated from the others and greatly lengthened. The foremost of the series is placed just above the front of the upper jaw; it is long and flexible, and

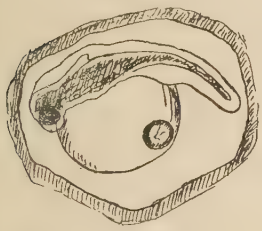
THE ANGLER READY FOR BUSINESS.

ends in a narrow piece of greyish skin, like a bait at the end of a fishing-rod. The succeeding rays are without any such appendage, the second close behind the first, the third behind the angler's eyes, and the remaining three about half way along the back. The great breast-fins are developed more like arms, and remind one of the flappers of seals and whales. They are used more as arms, and the pelvic-fins as feet, to enable the creature to crawl along the bottom.

The angler has gotten this one of his many names from the rod-like first ray of his back-fins, and imaginative writers have made good use of this organ. They picture the angler lying quietly among the rocks and weeds, invisible by reason of its resemblance to its environment, and deftly waving its rod to impart a life-like movement to the "glittering" bait, "the little membrane of a brilliant metallic lustre," and so forth. Of course, those who thus write have never seen the fish at close quarters, for the so-called bait is of no attractive hue, being dull grey; nor is it at all worm-like, as some have pretended. Misled by the name of the fish, and the similarity between this first ray and a fishing-rod, these writers have relied upon Nature not doing things by halves, and have therefore fancied that the appendage to act as a bait must be worm-like and glittering. They further "give themselves away" by referring to the apparatus as a fishing-*line*. What is the real use of this contrivance may only be conjectured, for the angler's habitat is in deeper water than will allow its ways to be carefully studied; but probably the most reasonable suggestion is that the appendage is a very delicate instrument for the purpose of indicating that some other denizen of the deep is in the right position to be grabbed by the jaws. These rays may be touched by a fish in passing, under the impression that they are but the decaying stems of seaweeds, which they much resemble. Colour is given to this view by certain experiments undertaken by Mr. Lane in connection with the Irish Fisheries Survey. He found that on touching the loose appendage with a stick, the angler's jaws instantly closed upon the stick with a snap, just as though it were a spring-trap operated by a hair-trigger. Several repetitions of the experiment had precisely the same effect, and serve to show that contact with the "bait" is communi-

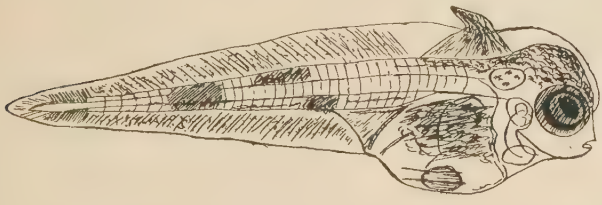
cated to the muscles of the jaws by means of very sensitive nerves.

From the large number of fishes that have been found uninjured in the angler's stomach, it is highly probable that digestion is a slow process with it. Sometimes these are sufficiently fresh to be sold without arousing any suspicion as to the method by which they were obtained. Nothing is too large, too hard, or too tough for the angler. Anything touching the hair-trigger causes the machinery of the jaws to act, without any pause to enable the brain to consider whether the substance grabbed at is digestible or not. Thus it has been known to seize the keg-buoy attached to a pilchard-sean, the mass of corks attached to crab-pot lines to mark their location—in this case it choked the glutton—an iron grapnel, a large gull, a northern diver, and the head of a mop.



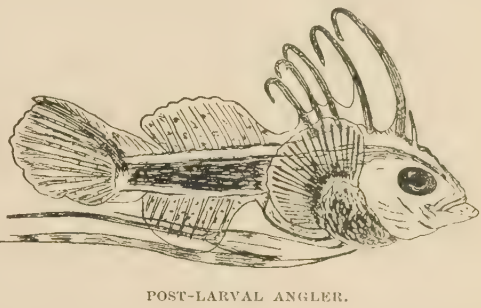
EMBRYO ANGLER IN EGG.

There is no doubt that at times it leaves the bottom and takes heavy and short upward flights, as is proved by its acquisition of the keg-buoy, the crab-pot floats, and the gull. Such an explanation is not needed in the case of the diver, which probably touched the angler's trigger in the course of its dive; and no doubt the angler sometimes gets a puffin or a guillemot in the same manner. A funny story is told of a conger that had swallowed a baited hook, and in its efforts to get away from it fell into the maw of an angler; but being there imprisoned, instead of going down the angler's throat, as its captor desired, it made its way out by the gill opening, carrying with it, of course, the fisherman's line. When the fisherman landed his conger he was astonished to find an angler also, not hooked, but threaded, as it were, upon the line above the hook.

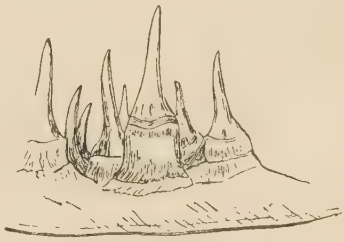


LARVÆ ANGLER.

Another illustration of its readiness to snap at anything is furnished by the story of the angler that became stranded on the beach and was left by the receding tide. A fox sauntering that way, probably in the hope of finding a few crabs, came sniffing around the strange object, and happened to touch the sensitive process with his muzzle. In an instant his head was caught in the gin-like jaws, and in this situation the pair were found by passers by.



POST-LARVAL ANGLER.



A FEW OF THE ANGLER'S TEETH.

The angler that is not caught early grows to a length of six or seven feet, but the average size of those that blunder into the trammels is between three and four feet long. Small specimens appear to be rare, though, of course, they must be really more plentiful than the large ones, for the number of eggs produced by one is computed to be considerably over a million. These eggs are sticky and jelly-like, measuring about one line in diameter, and adhering together in great sheets, which float on the surface of the sea, though, strange to say, these egg-sheets are not often seen. They appear to vary in length between twenty-five and forty feet, and in breadth from a foot to eighteen inches, but are only one egg thick. The young angler leaves the egg with an open mouth—in which respect he is in advance of most larval fishes—and it already shows the beginning of its distinguishing feature of mature life, in a thick process from the back, behind the

head, although later development shows this to be the hinder five of the six dorsal fin-rays, the most important not being produced so soon. In these early stages the angler is an active swimming fish, inhabiting the upper waters, and being thicker from back to belly than from side to side. The breast-fins have not yet become thick paddles, but are more obviously formed for swimming purposes, whilst the throat-fins, which ultimately become short and leg-like, are now of considerable length and produced backwards into long streamers, one of which is at one period twice the length of the entire body. By and by, however, the young angler has had enough of roving about in the upper waters, and settles down at an early age to a quiet life among the rocks and weeds at the bottom. The accompanying figures illustrate stages in the early development of the species, but the entire series has not yet been made out. Soon after it takes to the sluggish life it flattens out sideways, and its eyes come to the top of its head, the first dorsal ray lengthens and develops the loose membrane that is in future to betray any luckless fish that touches it.

"ONE VAST EXTENDED MOUTH."

Many names have been bestowed upon this fish, which is plentiful all around our coasts, the names being invariably local in their use, but all more or less expressive of its habits or appearance. It is the toad-fish, frog-fish, fishing-frog, sea-devil, monk-fish, and wide-gab. Monk-fish properly belongs to a species of dog-fish, the *Rhina squatina*, also known as angel-fish. The name by which naturalists know the angler is *Lophius piscatorius*.

"Kind Enquiries."

By Montagu Barstow.

VIEW FROM THE CHÂTEAU DE L'ESPÉRANCE.

A CITADEL OF HOPE:

THE HON. LADY MURRAY'S HOME OF REST FOR AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

By E. Leuty Collins.

The Riviera is the luxury of the rich. Year after year the great social world flits there to enjoy its sunshine, its warm south winds, its wealth of flowers, while most of us, less favoured by fortune, are sitting in darkness, bitten by the sharp east winds of a London spring. For those who enjoy fairly good health this is only one of many forms of taking the rough with the smooth. For those who suffer from weak lungs, or even less serious affections which make a winter abroad imperative if health is to be restored, it is a heart-aching deprivation that on the score of expense the Riviera is impossible. "He tells me to go abroad," we have ourselves heard a hard-worked young writer with a short purse say after an interview with a great chest specialist. "I told him I could more easily go to heaven."

It is for people of this last type that Lady Murray's Home of Rest at Antibes, near Cannes, is especially designed. She has called the beautiful villa she possesses there, with its commanding views of a country which is the garden of the South as Merv is the garden of the East, the *Château de l'Espérance*, and indeed it is well calculated to bring hope to lives where hopelessness is unnatural, intolerable. Lady Murray's aim has been to provide a home for artists and authors in search of rest after an illness which has made immediate return to work impossible, and a residence of a few weeks or months in a warm climate necessary, or at

THE HON. LADY MURRAY.
Photo by Byrne, Richmond.

least advisable, if they are ever to regain strength to resume their work. It will be seen that this is more or less an original scheme, devised in the interests of those who have hitherto been neglected by philanthropists, and whose position in the world is such that their hardships are for the most part unknown. There are homes for the aged and the dying, homes for the consumptive, homes for the incurable, there are

THE TERRACE.

institutions for the relief of indigent authors who have fallen on evil times, but there are, we believe, no homes which take into account the bitter needs of the young and ardent workers in literature and art who through illness are thrown out of the race, with small chance of entering it again if they are not helped through the period of enforced inactivity. Not that Lady Murray offers her harbour of refuge in southern sunshine to the young alone, but it strikes us that it is to them in particular that it will be a means of salvation from life-long disappointment, from invalidism, from failure. It is the young author, insecurely established in his profession, the young artist, who has worked and gained no prizes, to whom the verdict "A winter abroad would set you up," has hitherto brought bitterness because of its impossibility. We can imagine how their despair of being able to work again will be lightened—

> How soon a smile of God can change the world—

when they hear of Lady Murray's home and realise that the coveted South is within their reach, that rest is within their reach, at last.

It will be as well to give a summary of the rules Lady Murray has laid down for the guidance of those who desire to go to the Château de l'Espérance. First, the health of the applicant must be such as to make a winter in a mild climate necessary, or at least advisable. Second, he must be unable to obtain this without assistance. Third, his medical advisers must be able to give some hope of his being able to return to his work after the benefit of a winter abroad. Fourth, those admitted must pay their journey expenses, and a pound a week for board and lodging.

Antibes is only a few miles from Cannes, and Messrs. Cook have recently arranged to issue tickets to Antibes direct, the price of a return ticket, second class, of six weeks' duration, being £7 4*s*. 6*d*. The health-giving properties of the air are, of course, well known. It is soft, balmy, yet fresh and exhilarating. As to the beauty of the country in which Antibes is situated, it needs no praise: but the immediate surroundings of the Château de l'Espérance are particularly attractive, being finely wooded and undulating. In the grounds the terrace shown in the illustration is a charming feature, and the views from every part of the garden are a delight to the eye.

The interior of the Château is equal to its fine, well-proportioned exterior. The rooms are lofty and spacious and bright with sunshine. It would be impossible to imagine a more cheery place for a young author or artist, suffering from the depression natural after illness, and which bears so hardly upon that kind of temperament. Lady Murray has secured the services of an Englishman to see to the comfort and amusement of the visitors. She herself lives at Cannes during the winter months, and takes a lively interest in the welfare of the institution which owes its existence to her.

One word as to the circumstances which led Lady Murray to conceive and carry into execution the project of the Château de l'Espérance. She is a daughter of Lord Castletown, and widow of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Murray, K.C.B., younger son of Lord Dunmore, who was for many years employed in important posts in the Diplomatic Service. Sir Charles was successively Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Courts of Sweden, Portugal, and Persia. After his death Lady Murray's chief hopes and interests were centred in her only son, who while still very young showed promise of a distinguished career. He was an extraordinarily good linguist, and published articles in French in some of the leading French reviews. Not long ago he went to America, and on the voyage home he met with a tragically sudden death, being accidentally poisoned by a remedy for sea-sickness. He was young, strong, gifted, and had enough motive power to drive a dozen lives. His death was a cruel blow to his mother, but with the fortitude of generous souls, which catastrophe cannot overcome and pessimism cannot invade, she determined not to spend her life in useless grief, but in some practical way to attempt the alleviation of a fragment of the great mass of pain in the world. We have mentioned this pathetic incident in Lady Murray's life because it serves to show the source from which the Home for Authors and Artists at Antibes has sprung, and why these brain-workers in particular were chosen for the good work.

The Château de l'Espérance was open for its first season until April the 15th of this year, and will reopen on November 15th, and remain open until April, 1900.

CHÂTEAU DE L'ESPÉRANCE.

In the Arena.

From the Picture by J. Ambrose Walton.

By George Haw.

Illustrated by Henry Austin.

SOMETIMES, when the enginemen of the Great Junction ran double-load to a far-away terminus, the Company allowed them a day on the outward journey and a day to return, permitting them to put up overnight at some neighbouring inn.

One such inn there was, away out on the bleak moors, that was much beloved by drivers, guards, and firemen alike. There was no place so cosy as that; at no place were they ever made more comfortable.

Here one evening five or six of them repaired, having seen their engines put by, and sat down to a steaming supper-table. It was wild out of doors, so after supper they all assembled round a blazing fire of logs, and were joined by the innkeeper and his wife.

The wind without was in no mood to stay its rage. It was screaming round and about the ancient inn, as though demanding in tribute the railwaymen who had defied it earlier in the night. It awoke weird echoes in the quaint old hostel, till there seemed the tramp of ghostly feet in the rooms above, a wild carouse of goblins in the rooms below, and the moaning of spirits in sore travail in the passages and corridors around.

"Such nights as these," said the hostess, "always remind me of Meg Bellborough's galloping horses."

"And what were they?"

Well, she would ask them, did she look like a superstitious woman?

They all cried, "No"; the idea was absurd.

So it was, and she would thank them for their good opinion; but, say what they liked, in the witch and her galloping horses she did believe. Coming home from the market town all alone on the country road late at night she had heard the unseen horses gallop past her. She had often felt the wind in her face and hair as the team tore past. The most ghostly part of it all was that there was never anything to see. You could only hear the horses galloping and the witch screaming; you could only feel the wind they raised as they went galloping by.

Often late travellers on the moor by night, whether on foot or in a gig, had heard the galloping horses come racing on behind, and had pulled aside and heard them come nearer and nearer, and then, without seeing anything, just when the sound of the horses galloping and the screaming of the witch were at their height, they had actually felt the whole thing passing by them, and then heard the sound lessen till it died away.

Many a time had she and her husband been awakened by the sound of the galloping horses going down the road. They always

came that way, making for the Convent gates.

The railwaymen wanted to know what it was all about.

The hostess told how that long, long ago, when Meg Bellborough lived in the village, she was a thrifty woman with two fair, sweet daughters. The loveliness of the two lasses was the talk of the hill-folk for miles around. The great family lived in the Castle then, that now stood in ragged ruins yonder beyond Gay Bridge. Rumour used to say that the two sons had been seen more than once walking with the girls. Then there was a scandal, and the lord of the Castle sent his sons across the sea. When they went the two lovely lasses disappeared also.

And the hostess further told how that the mother was distracted out of mind, and how it came about that hard things were said against the Castle folk by one and all alike, till at last the lord and his lady set it about that the two lovely lasses were in the Convent on the hill. Many believed it, and many disbelieved it. Nobody ever saw the nuns at any time, so the matter remained a mystery. But all the time the weak-witted mother would wander from Castle to Convent and from Convent to Castle, seeking her two lost daughters. She grew wild and strange with advancing years, till the hill-folk came to look upon her with awe and fear. She became haggard also, and people used to whisper to each other that she was becoming a witch. Before she died she made a prophecy in the presence of several people from the rock at Gay Bridge, that her spirit would wander between the Castle and the Convent till the mystery of her daughters' disappearance was cleared up. Once, at midnight, four horses yoked to a chariot came galloping down the road to the Convent gates. It was seen passing that inn, the witch driving and frightening the horses to a mad, headlong gallop by her screams. At the gates of the Convent the horses stopped, and the witch was found dead inside the chariot. But through all the intervening years, generation after generation had heard the galloping of the horses and the screaming of the witch at dead of night.

"A strange tale, truly," said one of the engine-drivers, "but I can tell you a stranger tale than that, of a phantom on the railway that worked more frightful destruction than all the witches that ever lived."

* * *

"No man has heard this tale," began the engine-driver, in his quiet, deep voice, "and I have often thought, mates, that no man ever should hear it; but it has all come back to me while this good woman has been speaking, and as it happened on another company's line, no harm can come of its telling here."

"The weak-witted mother would wander from Castle to Convent."

The little band of railwaymen and the good folk of the inn drew their chairs nearer to the fire, for the engine-driver's

face and voice bespoke a narrative of interest.

"It happened on the line that runs racing trains to Scotland in competition with ours. It is because it happened that you find me in this company's service to-day, for, try as I would, I couldn't drive any longer on the other line after the experience that befell Dave Brotten.

"Joe, my fireman there, has often heard me speak of Dave Brotten. A better man never drove an engine. Me and Dave, still quite young as drivers, were the picked men of one year to run expresses, and but for what I am going to tell we might have been running them yet.

"We were always the best of friends. We had been cleaner-lads together, and were both promoted to the footplate the same week. You can guess how we hailed it as a further good sign when they picked us out together to run the expresses.

"But I have wished many times since that they hadn't, mates. I have wished they hadn't, for Dave Brotten's sake.

"How he revelled in the work! If ever there was a driver that seemed not to know what it was to have nerves, that driver was Dave Brotten. Why, mates, he simply didn't know what fear or nervousness was. You know, it's an easy thing to run the fastest train without the slightest fear of any kind whatever; but to run without an inkling of the nerves now and then is a thing that very few drivers can do—of that I'm positive. But, believe me, Dave Brotten really didn't know what we meant when we other express drivers, comparing notes, used to discuss the feeling."

And then the driver told what a boy Dave Brotten was for running. The Scotsman was never late when Dave had hold of it. No matter at what speed he ran, it made no difference to him. Dave used to step off his engine at the journey's end as fresh as though he had just signed on for the day.

"I confess I liked the express work myself; but to run without the slightest show of anxiety, like Dave, was more than I could manage. The other drivers used to say the same. We chaps had to run the train just over a hundred miles, and we had to do it within two hours. Many a time me and my fireman hasn't spoken a single word the whole journey, the tension has been so great; and when we have pulled up at last and handed the train over to the other man, we have just looked at each other and brought a long, deep, thank-God kind of breath.

"Night time used to be the worst. When many of the passengers were asleep in the snug saloons, or dozing in cosy corners, me and my fireman's had many an anxious moment. In that hundred-mile run we had three hundred and fifty odd signals to watch, any one of which might flash out a sudden red for a prompt pull-up. We had to run through big stations and busy yards, and over any number of junctions and cross-roads, where we had to watch many other things besides signals in case of a mishap. When the mist lay over the land, and we were tearing through it at the same fast rate, fearful of being behind time, when we couldn't see a signal light until we were well nigh under it—that used to be the most anxious time of all. It was then we had to have the same faith in other men the passengers had in us. We were doing our duty by running through the fog unable to see before us, but confident that other men were doing their duty as well. We knew the others were doing their duty to keep a clear road for us, giving us a detonator here and there to make things easier.

"But neither night nor day running, clear road nor fog, seemed to affect Dave Brotten. Everybody used to say Dave was a boy for running. He was also the most daring man on the line for making up lost time.

"I remember once, when my own engine was in the shops, and I was running local passenger trains, I was sent out one morning with the ordinary just a section ahead of the Scotsman. The engine I had was a bit of an old tub, and she was running hot all the way and losing time frightfully. Before I got to the station where the express was to pass me I found I had kept her back a full twenty minutes.

"Wouldn't there be a row when the matter got reported? I, an express man myself, not to keep out of the way of a Scotsman!

"But the day following, having held out for a better engine, I reached the same station a quarter of an hour before the proper time for the express to pass. As Dave brought her round the curve I noticed he had slackened down more than usual. He whistled and put his head out of the cab, and I knew he had something to say, so I hung out myself to catch his words as his engine, bringing the train through the middle of the station, passed mine standing at the platform.

"'Saved fifteen out of them twenty minutes yesterday,' I heard him shout, as his engine glided by.

"What's more, mates," pursued the driver, "I knew he must have saved them before his first pull-up, forty miles ahead. He's allowed fifty minutes for that run, and to save me from being reported he'd done it in thirty-five.

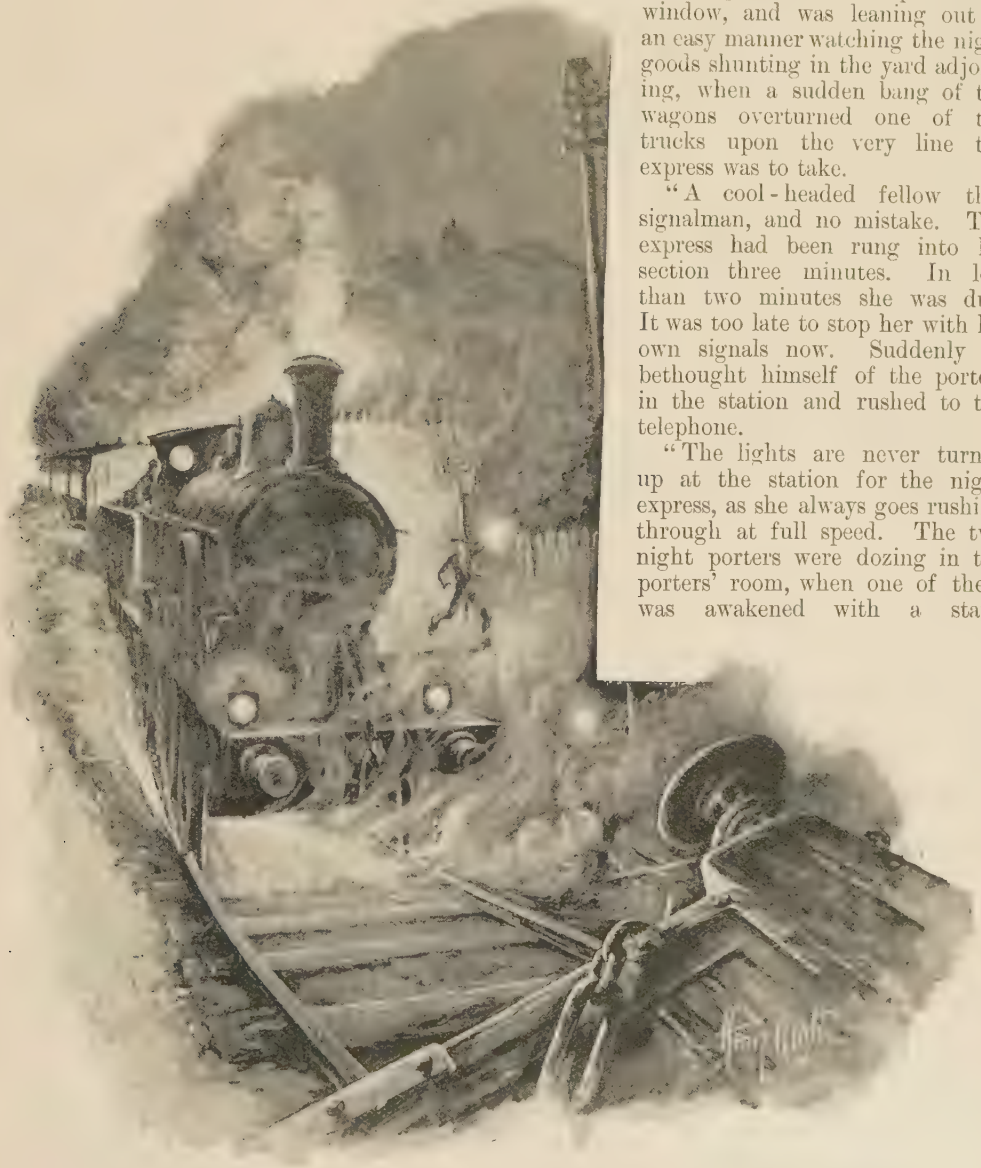
"But if Dave was a boy for running, he had the keenest eye at the look-out of any man on the line.

"It was often told how he saved the express at Eddington. The signalman in the south-side cabin there is the only one that stays on at night, and he is connected through with a cabin four miles away. At the proper time for the express one night he was rung up in the ordinary way by this fellow four miles off, and asked the usual question whether the line was clear. He answered back, 'Line clear,' and then came the reply, 'Train on line,' so he pulled off all his signals and knew the express would soon come rushing past.

"It took her five minutes as a rule to cover the distance between the two cabins. The signalman had opened his window, and was leaning out in an easy manner watching the night goods shunting in the yard adjoining, when a sudden bang of the wagons overturned one of the trucks upon the very line the express was to take.

"A cool-headed fellow that signalman, and no mistake. The express had been rung into his section three minutes. In less than two minutes she was due. It was too late to stop her with his own signals now. Suddenly he bethought himself of the porters in the station and rushed to the telephone.

"The lights are never turned up at the station for the night express, as she always goes rushing through at full speed. The two night porters were dozing in the porters' room, when one of them was awakened with a start.



"'There wasn't more than a dozen yards between Dave's buffer beam and the fallen truck.'"

He wasn't quite sure whether it was the telephone bell or not, but he rushed to that as by instinct, just in time to catch the message—

"'For Heaven's sake stop the express!'

"He seized a lamp, and turning it red rushed headlong down the platform, waving it wildly all the time as the heavy fast train came thundering on.

"Dave had the train. He just gave a pop with his whistle to show he had seen the light, and clapped his brakes on dead.

"The train rushed through the station, every wheel skidding, sparks flying in all directions, and when she did stop there wasn't more than a dozen yards between Dave's buffer beam and the fallen truck.

"A thing like that never affected Dave's nerves in the least. But the day came at last, as I always feared it would come, when poor Dave Brotten's nervous system became a total wreck.

"Of the several accidents Dave had seen or had been in himself, nothing affected him more than running over a platelayer! He had to drag the body out from under his own engine-wheels; and then with a sad heart he walked up the line to the dead man's cottage to bear the news to the widow.

"With a strange instinct, and one which I have noticed before in the wives of us railwaymen, the moment Dave appeared before her at the door she knew his errand.

"'My man's dead! My man's dead!' she cried in anguish, and fell in a swoon with her weeping bairns around her.

"I had never seen Dave so much affected by an accident before. It was the first man he had run over himself, although he had seen several killed on the railway by other engines. In fact, I learnt afterwards that that was the fourth man he had seen killed on the railway that year."

The hostess threw up her arms. "Heaven bless us!" she cried.

"You know," said the driver, turning to her with a voice so quiet and sympathetic as to soften the effect of his words, "you know, it's only when you come to see a man killed on the line by which you earn your own daily bread that you can realise how it gets on your nerves. One case is quite sufficient to make you pray to be delivered from any such sight again. If it happened to be your own engine it makes the feeling all the more intense. Not that it makes you nervous, but there are certain scenes and certain sounds and certain movements of the engine that may have been happening at the time the accident took place that always bring the whole thing back to you again. It's a queer feeling; it can't be described. But you know what I mean, mates."

Aye, they knew—the other driver, the two firemen, the guard—they all knew.

"That was a bad year altogether for Dave. He would have got over the other affair, as we railwaymen must, but he had another accident shortly after which shattered his whole nervous system in a way in which I hope to Heaven mine may never be shattered so long as I live to drive an engine.

"He was running a light engine pretty quick, when another light engine from a cross-road failed to pull up in time and went crashing into Dave's cab.

"Dave was picked up unconscious on the railway embankment, and he was still unconscious when they got him home. Someone had to sit up with him every night for the first week, and one night I undertook to sit up. My wife urged Mrs. Brotten, who was sore in need of rest, poor body, to go along to our house with the bairns, and get a good night's rest. So I was left alone with the sick man. I shall never forget that night to the end of my days.

* * * * *

"He seemed well enough at first and knew me. I sat at the head of his bed. He smiled several times when his eyes met mine. I turned the light low when I thought he had fallen asleep. For a long time nothing could be heard save the sick man's breathing and the ticking of a watch on the mantelshelf.

"Sometimes I would get up to feed the bedroom fire, always gently, so as not to disturb him. Once or twice he muttered something while he slept, and I gathered he was dreaming he was driving on the line again.

"I think I must have fallen asleep. I know when I pulled myself together the fire was out, and some distant clock was striking twelve. That was the first time in my life, mates, I ever felt afraid of darkness. I had either had a horrible dream or had seen a strange vision.

"Whether I actually saw it or only fancied I saw it, or whether the whole thing was a dream or a delusion, I cannot tell; but there passed before my eyes the white spectre of an engine, save that its wheels were red with human blood. I seemed to divine who the driver was without seeing him, and, fleeting though the vision was,

well do I remember how I seemed to say a thousand prayers that he wouldn't show his face. It was no use: I saw him put his head out of the cab. With a short cry I raised my hand to my eyes to hide the face. Too late. The face I saw was Dave Brotten's.

"I remember sitting upright in the chair with bated breath. The chill in the room was colder than any that a dead fire would cause, for it seemed as though I was out in the open night with the feeling of death in the air.

"Then it came upon me with sudden remorse that I had let my mate die. I turned to the bed—strained my eyes—looked again and yet again. The sick man was gone!

"He was gone, and I who had been left in charge of him had let him go. I started to my feet feeling like a murderer.

"I heard footsteps below stairs, and saw a light, and went down.

"There he was, in his working clothes, just in the act of putting on his coat, as I, with a scared look, stepped into the room.

"He raised his head as I entered, and nodded, then slowly stretched out his arm into his overcoat.

"'Dave! Dave! What have you done? Wherever are you going?'

"'I'm going to take my train.'

"May I never again hear a voice like the voice in which he spoke to me that night.

"'I'm going to take my train,' the strange voice said again. 'I know what they've been saying on the railway. I've heard them whisper among themselves that Dave Brotten'll never be any more good for the fast expresses. So I'm going to show them, Tom. Get out of the way, please. I'm going to take my train.'

"It was a last hope: I asked him what train?

"'The engine—it's bearing right down upon me!'"

"'Why, man alive, the express, of course! That's the only train for me.'

"'But the midnight Scotsman's gone,' I said, 'and the next express is not timed to leave here until six.'

"He looked at me bewilderingly.

"Then I laughed—a laugh of inspiration, for otherwise I was fearful lest I lost my hold on him. I laughed aloud, and said jeeringly, 'Why, the man's turned out four hours before his time.' And I laughed again.

"He hadn't got his own watch, and when I saw him feeling for it I showed him mine. It was just after twelve.

"'Look at your own watch,' I said; 'it's upstairs. Go and look at it, man, and make sure I'm not deceiving you.'

"With the same wondering stare he let me lead him to the bedroom again. As he staggered up, weak and helpless, I wondered greatly how he had managed to dress and descend in safety.

"He collapsed completely when I got him to the room, and I put him to bed again as though he had been a little child.

"Soon he was sleeping soundly, and I felt thankful that I had stopped him from going out. I began to feel then that the horrible vision I had seen had been sent to rouse me and so save my fellow-driver from some frightful destruction.

"It was a pleasing way of getting rid of a nasty feeling. But I held to it. I held to it, mates, even after this more curious experience that immediately followed.

"The sick man had been sleeping but an hour when he began to talk to himself, at first quietly and with long pauses, but soon rapidly and loudly, till I became alarmed.

"In his sleep it was evident he was seeing again the engine that had run him down and caused his accident.

"'Now, hold back there, hold back!' he shouted, quivering with excitement. 'Can't you see I've got the points in my favour? What? Will you come? Then we'll both run for it. We'll see who'll cross the first!'

"I tried to calm him. He knew me as I bent over the bed.

"'Oh, Tom, Tom!' he cried, 'stop that engine, will you? Stop her, man! She'll strike me at the crossing. There, there! don't you see it?—the engine—it's bearing right down upon me—it's crashing into me—it's killing me! Oh!'

"He sat bold upright, wide awake now, and clung to me in terror.

"'Save me, Tom! You can save me, Tom. There, there! don't you see it?—the engine—it's bearing right down upon me—it's crashing into me—it's killing me! Oh!'

"I looked to where he pointed, half fearful that the sick man was seeing the very same phantom engine that had deluded my own eyes earlier in the night. I saw nothing. The poor, nerve-shattered fellow lay in my arms exhausted until he fell asleep again. I laid him lightly on the pillow, and you don't know how it did my heart good, mates, to see how peacefully he slept.

"He awoke as the day was breaking, looking better than I had seen him look since his accident. He had some dim idea of what had happened in the night, and I told him all excepting the ugly vision of my own dream.

"'Don't tell my wife,' he said, with pity in his eyes. 'Think how nervous it would make her, Tom, when I am on the line again.'

"Ah, poor chap! He little knew how nervous it was to make himself.

"I was the only man on the railway who knew it, for he returned looking well and strong, and asked for his old work at the expresses again.

"But they should never have given it him. A man who has been through several accidents, from some of which he has got scars as deep and lasting as an old soldier's after many wars, has a claim to lighter and less arduous work.

"I alone knew the agony and anguish his work was costing him. Many a time have I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. Many a time when my own engine has been standing in the station when he brought the express in I have gone over to him to give him a word of cheer. Many a time I have urged him to give up the work when I have found him at the end of a long run with big drops of sweat upon his face which told all too plainly of the fearful strain upon the system. But that's always sorry advice, mates, to a man with wife and bairns depending for their bread upon his labour.

"I never passed him on the road without giving him a touch with the whistle as a passing note of sympathy. I never ran the express myself without thinking of the poor fellow who was running it at other times with his whole nervous system a total wreck.

"Late one night, some time after I had gone to bed—for I was timed to take the first express in the morning—I was roused by the caller-up man.

"'Now, what's matter?" I shouted from upstairs.

"'Why, thou's wanted to help the midnight Scotsman through,' he cried from the street below the bedroom window. 'They've wired up to say she's heavier than usual, and is losing time, so they're going to divide her when she gets in, and thou's to take one portion on.'

"Of course I grumbled, and the wife advised me not to go; but at last I shouted to the caller-up I would be there.

"'Thou needn't bother about th' engine,' he said. 'They'll run her round to the station for th', and thou'll find her there afore th'!'

"I hadn't been in the station long, and had just overhauled my engine, when the long express came in.

"I had forgotten Dave was down to take her out that night. He seemed pleased to see me, and when I offered to run with the first portion, he gave me a silent grip of the hand, sufficient to show that he knew why I offered and thanked me for it.

"The other company's engine hooked off, and I backed down and coupled on. We were soon sailing away with the first portion through the clear night at a rattling pace. Dave, of course, was running a section behind me all the way.

"At that time we used to do the hundred-mile run without stopping, unless, of course, we found a signal-board against us. It wasn't often that happened at night time, but for some reason or other I was pulled up at Westlock Junction, forty miles out.

"I whistled several times, but couldn't get the board. I was wondering what on earth the signalman was keeping us back for, when I thought I heard a rumble behind.

"I looked back with a start. There, to my amazement, sure enough, was Dave bringing the second portion on at sixty miles an hour. I knew he must have run past the signals in the last section behind. He was bearing down towards my train as hard as he could go.

"The signal at danger in front was nothing to me then, in view of the more terrible danger from an awful collision in the rear. I flung open the regulator wide, but the sudden rush of steam was too much. The wheels slipped and wouldn't grip at all. The roar of the oncoming train was becoming deafening. I thought I heard the crash before it came, I thought I heard the screams before they arose, I thought I saw the dead and the maimed and the piles of wreckage all together, and, worse than all, I thought I saw again the white spectre of Dave Brotten's engine, with its wheels all red with blood.

"'We found him among the dead and the dying.'"

"And all the time my engine was slipping, and the other train rushing towards me like the wind. I had barely begun to move at all when Dave's engine crashed into the end of my train with a sound the like of which I pray I may never hear again.

* * * * *

"We found him among the dead and the dying, drawing his last few breaths himself.

"'That you, Tom? It's an awful mistake, I fear. May Heaven forgive me! But don't mind me now, mate; see to the passengers.'

"You see, he remembered to the last the railwayman's first duty—the welfare of the passengers.

"As I laid his dead form side by side with the other bodies, among the wreck and ruin of half a dozen carriages and his own magnificent engine, his fireman stepped up to me unharmed.

"He read the question I would ask in my eyes before I spoke.

"'I don't know what came over him,' the distressed lad said, with sorrowful face. 'The signals were on, but he rushed by them, putting on more steam than ever. And I heard him say in an excited underbreath: "Save me, Tom! You can save me, Tom. There, there! — don't you see it? — the engine—it's bearing right down upon me—it's crashing into me—it's killing me! Oh!"'

"I lifted him from the heap of wreckage and laid him out in the fields in his working clothes, where the moon fell upon him. Though he was cut and bruised and clotted with blood, it was the peacefullest man's face I have ever seen in death."

NEAR EASHING, SURREY.

The Shipping Centre of the World,

by Robert Machray

THE CUSTOM HOUSE FROM SALTHOUSE DOCK.

Illustrated from Photographs by Priestley and Sons, Egremont.

DOCKS, docks, docks! Nothing but docks, mile after mile; docks of all shapes except circular—big and little, wide and narrow; dozens of docks running out of and running into still more docks, with here and there, in the stupendous wall which holds them all together, the necessary openings into the splendid estuary of the Mersey.

A great seven-mile long procession of Mighty Works, a glorious record of human effort and achievement, a world's wonder, at first confounding and then uplifting the beholder—such are the most insistent of the ideas which throng the mind on seeing Liverpool. I say Liverpool. For Liverpool is the docks, and the docks are Liverpool. The city has practically no great manufacturing or industrial life apart from its noble river; it has little besides its shipping, but as that shipping is the most important in the world, it is, most people will think, perhaps enough.

Although the history of Liverpool reaches back for five or six centuries, the real story of the place, which now lays claim to being the "second city of the British Empire" (What about "A toon ca'd Glesca"—to say nothing of Manchester?), is bound up with the building of its docks and the extension of its shipping. In fact, its most striking development lies well within the last forty or fifty years.

The first dock was opened as long ago as 1715—a dock which has disappeared, having been filled up to serve as a site for the Custom House (see headpiece). At that time there were not more than one hundred vessels belonging to the port, while its population was set down as 6,000, of whom something like one-fifth were seafaring men. And not only were the ships in those days comparatively few in number, but they were for the most part small, their average tonnage not being much above eighty-five tons.

However, the eighteenth century saw Liverpool, thanks to privateering and the slave trade, well on the way to become a large town, and by the beginning of the nineteenth it showed clear indications of its manifest destiny. The population had then grown to 80,000, while no fewer than 5,000 vessels, with an aggregate of half a million tonnage, were to be found on its registers. Presently a strange, abnormal vessel—it would make us shout with laughter if we saw it to-day—

which was *driven by steam*, came up the Mersey, and that curious ship brought with it, amongst other things, a complete revolution in the conditions which had hitherto governed the sea-borne trade of the world. And amongst the other things which came with it was the virtual annexation by Liverpool of the ocean commerce of America—the great bulk of which it still retains even to this day, as it well deserves to do. Liverpool's capture of the American trade confirmed and consolidated its greatness, and made it the shipping centre of the globe.

PASSAGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION BETWEEN LANGTON AND ALEXANDRA DOCKS.

Statistics are seldom very interesting in themselves, but those connected with the shipping of Liverpool are so striking that I make no apology for putting down some figures, kindly given me a short time ago by the authorities of the "Mersey Docks and Harbour Board," the title under which the governing body of the port is constituted, and to whom I am indebted for most of the information contained in this article.

During the year ending July 1st, 1899, the enormous number of 25,522 vessels of all kinds, coming from every part of the planet, paid dock and harbour rates—which gives us about seventy ships for every day in the year, while the tonnage reached the gigantic grand total of twelve millions and a half. The approximate total tonnage, inwards and outwards, would of course just be twice as much. When I am dealing with statistics I must say I like them to be big ones—and here we have them. The figures for the past year are the largest so far in the history of the port, which, on the whole, shows a fairly steady annual growth. Periods of depression have had their marked effect on Liverpool as on other centres of population, but it has triumphantly emerged from them—so much so that its last record is its best.

The two main factors in the growth of the port of Liverpool are the enormous development of the manufacturing districts immediately behind it—of which Manchester is the centre—and its geographical position on the western seaboard of the country, which made it by far the most convenient point for the American trade. But it could never have been able to take adequate advantage of either the cotton or the American business which has made it so prosperous were it not for the fact that the estuary of the Mersey, regarded from the point of view of the sailor,

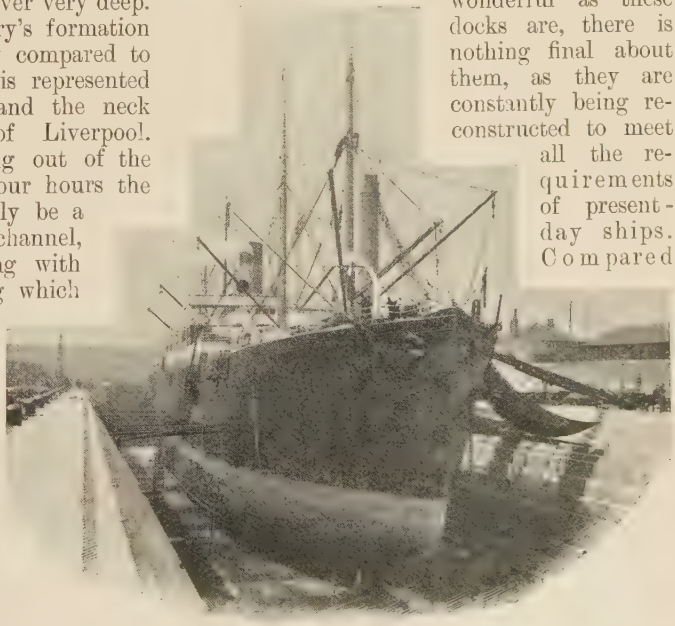
is wonderfully well adapted for commercial purposes.

The Mersey proper is a very insignificant stream, and for the first twenty-seven miles of its course is not much better than a large ditch. After it joins the Irwell it gradually increases in width down to the town of Runcorn, where it practically becomes an arm of the sea, attaining, seven miles below Runcorn, to a breadth of over three miles. Between Runcorn and Liverpool the Mersey estuary forms what might be termed a wide salt lake, and it is, curiously enough, more to the existence of this natural feature than to anything else that Liverpool owes its maritime greatness. For this lake is filled at every tide, and the vast volume of water regularly pouring in and out again with enormous force digs the channel of the river very deep. This peculiarity of the estuary's formation has been frequently and aptly compared to a bottle, the body of which is represented by the wide upper portion, and the neck by the narrows abreast of Liverpool. Were it not for this scouring out of the channel twice every twenty-four hours the outlet of the river could only be a comparatively unimportant channel, altogether unequal to dealing with the vast amount of shipping which under present circumstances takes advantage of it. One undesirable result, however, of these tidal operations is that while they deepen the main channel they lodge tremendous quantities of sand on the shoals lying in Liverpool Bay. To meet the difficulties created by these sandbanks is one of the problems which the Mersey Docks Board has continually to battle with, and right well do they do so.

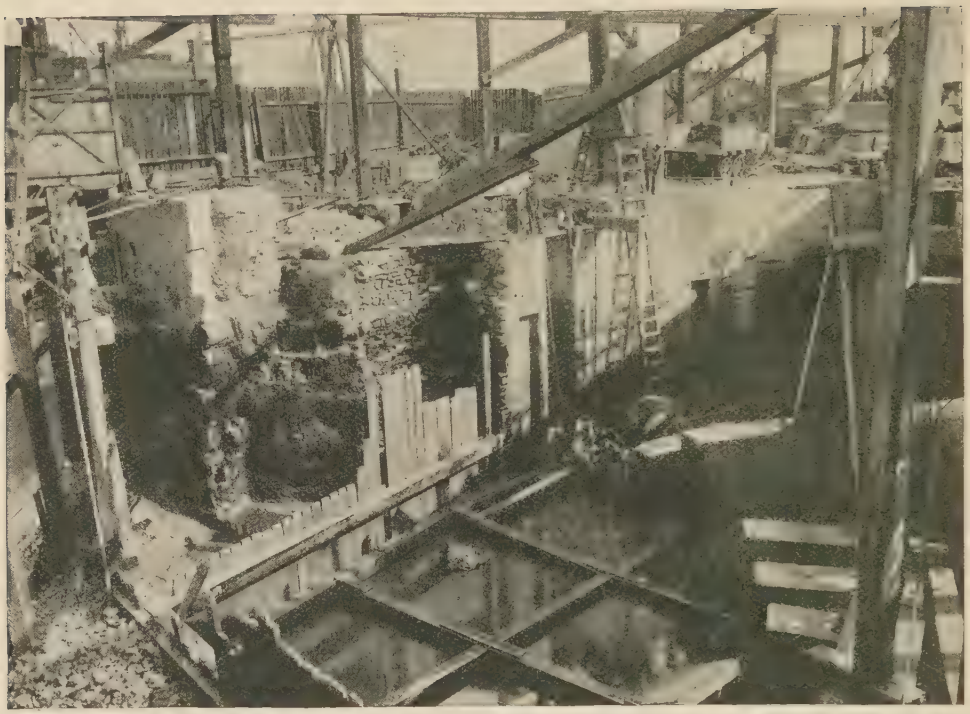
CUNARD S.S. "CAMPANIA" LEAVING CANADA GRAVING DOCK.

The main channel of the river is for the greater part of its length called the Crosby Channel, but the last portion of it, as it gains the sea, is called the Queen's Channel. The width of the main channel between the lines of buoys on either side varies from a maximum of 1,400 yards at each end to a minimum of 800 yards near the Crosby Lightship. At the mouth there is a bar which at one time had only a depth of eleven feet of water on it at low water of a spring tide. A few years ago a series of remarkable dredging operations for the lowering and the practical removal of the bar from the main channel were inaugurated. These have been crowned with the utmost success, and the story of the fight between the Harbour Board and the Harbour Bar is one well worth telling, but space forbids.

Liverpool provides for its shipping by the most ample, elaborate, and perfect system of harbour accommodation the world has ever seen; indeed, there is nothing that faintly resembles it anywhere else. And, wonderful as these docks are, there is nothing final about them, as they are constantly being reconstructed to meet all the requirements of present-day ships. Compared



WHITE STAR S.S. "CEVIC" IN DRY DOCK.



NEW RIVER ENTRANCES, SANDON.

with other ports Liverpool is abundantly progressive. The port of London is undoubtedly of the highest importance, and in some respects may even be a greater port than Liverpool. I am not going into that much disputed point, as I hold no brief for either; but the latter can, without any question, proudly maintain its pre-eminence over the former as regards the manner in which it takes care of its ships by giving them the finest and most modern docks, warehouses, sheds—what they call in America "accommodations"—that can be devised. I am told that much of the success of the Mersey Docks' management is due to the fact that Liverpool is not without its rivals who would snatch from it whatever they could. Well, that is only business, after all, and it is surely rather a good thing than otherwise if competition has led to this superb result.

But the real problem before Liverpool is not how rivals are to be kept off and "bested," but how the new questions raised by the progress of the science of shipbuilding are to be met and solved successfully. For, mark you, the new Carrier of the Sea is something vast to monstrosity, a colossal, floating, *temporary* warehouse, as it were, five hundred, six hundred, nay, seven hundred feet and more long, and she is thirty, forty, fifty feet and more in height, while her sides, which are in reality walls, go straight down to an enormous flat bottom, with the result that the vessel is more like a gigantic barge than anything else. You don't hear much said about her "fine lines," but you do hear a good deal about the many thousands of tons of cargo, of freight, dead and alive, that she can carry. Ships like these require docks of due proportion. A cargo boat like the *Cevic*, or a passenger ship such as the *Oceanic*, predicate a "graving dock" a thousand feet long. Liverpool has already one, the biggest in the world, 950 feet long; and another is being built at the present moment that will be fully 1,000 feet in length.

When we remember that the first dock of Liverpool was built nearly two hundred years ago, and what the size of the biggest ship was at that time, it will very easily be understood that the older portions of the Liverpool system consist of small, narrow docks, while those more recently constructed are large and commodious. I lost count of the number of the docks, but I think I am not wrong in saying that there are rather more than a hundred wet and dry docks, tidal basins, and connecting locks, all strung along those seven or eight miles of that shore of the Mersey. The smallest dock is not much

more than an acre in water area, but the largest, the Alexandra Dock, with its three branches, covers upwards of thirty-three acres. The total water area of the Liverpool system is rather more than three hundred and eighty-five acres, affording a quay space of over twenty-five miles. Across the river, at Birkenhead, there are more docks, giving an additional water area to the whole Mersey estuary of about one hundred and sixty-five acres, with more than nine miles of quayage.

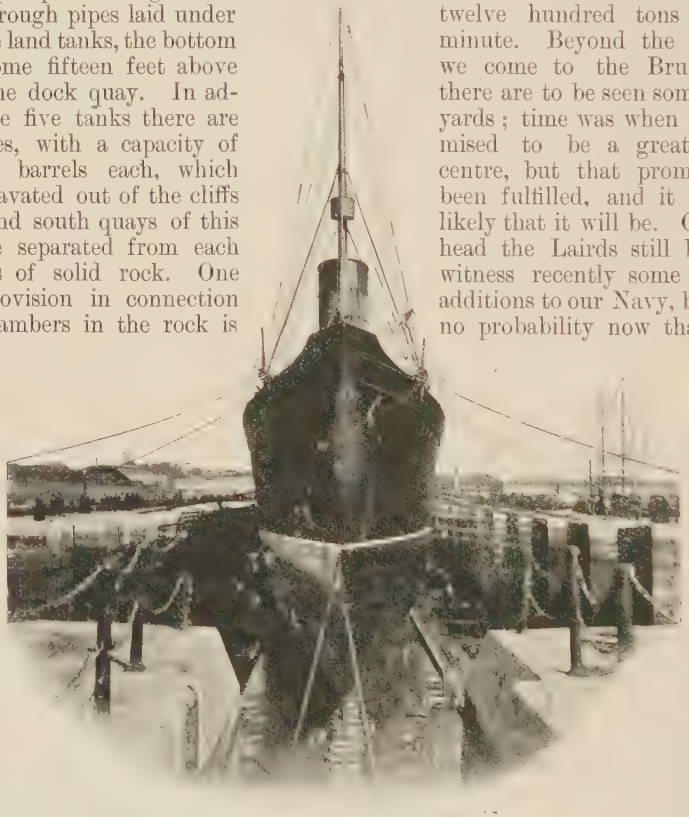
For convenience in working the docks are classified as the "north division" and the "south division," the former consisting of the larger and newer docks, such as the Alexandra, of which I have just spoken, while the latter includes the smaller and older docks. It would be tedious for us to consider the various docks in detail, and it will be sufficient to comment briefly on those having the most striking features. It is quite possible to gain a very good idea of the vast extent of these docks, because along their whole length there now runs what is known as the Overhead Electric Railway. If you were to travel up and down once or twice you would obtain some notion of the number of ships in the docks. I believe that on the average there are four hundred ships in this harbour every day of the year, and you would probably speculate as to the way in which all the business of the place was carried on. The truth is that these docks work, or are worked, as smoothly (if one can use such a term in this connection) as if they were one small instrument or machine, such as a watch or some other tiny and delicate mechanism.

There are, of course, a Harbour Master, Assistant Harbour Masters, and a small army of dock masters and superintendents who watch over these wonderful docks and the shipping in them with that ceaseless vigilance which, here as everywhere else, is the sole price of safety. Over all these Docks, so far as the Works (with a big W) are concerned, presides the engineer-in-chief and his staff, whose offices are at the Coburg Dock. It is here that projects and plans are being constantly devised for meeting the ever-changing requirements of ocean shipping, and at the present moment an enormous scheme, involving the expenditure of five millions of money, of destruction and reconstruction is being carried out. But perhaps it will be more convenient to begin at the extreme south end of the Docks system—that lying highest up the river.

The first dock is itself worthy of special attention. It is called the Herculaneum Dock, and is that which receives the immense

LANGTON GRAVING DOCKS FROM LANGTON ENGINE-HOUSE TOWER, LOOKING EAST.

supplies of petroleum coming in tank-steamers from America and Russia. On the land to the south of this dock five huge reservoirs — "tanks," they call them at Liverpool, though the word does not seem quite big enough — have recently been provided, having a total capacity of 12,000 tons. Each tank is surrounded by a concrete embankment, forming a moat capable of containing the whole contents of the tank. The tank-ships bringing oil to Liverpool are berthed on the west side of the Herculaneum Branch Dock, and by their pumps discharge their liquid cargo through pipes laid under ground into the land tanks, the bottom of which is some fifteen feet above the level of the dock quay. In addition to these five tanks there are sixty magazines, with a capacity of one thousand barrels each, which have been excavated out of the cliffs on the east and south quays of this dock, and are separated from each other by walls of solid rock. One remarkable provision in connection with these chambers in the rock is that the sills of the doorways are raised to a height of four and a half feet above the floor, so as to render each magazine capable of containing the whole contents of the barrels in bulk in case any accident should occur. The amount of oil which came into Liverpool during the year ending July 1st, 1899, was 164,970 tons.



BOW VIEW OF CUNARD S.S. "CAMPANIA" IN DRY DOCK.

Opening out of the Herculaneum Dock proper are three graving docks, and here one sees in connection with them the first hint of the struggle which is being carried on all over these docks to change old docks into new by making them conform to modern requirements. Thus, with a view to "drying" these three graving docks more speedily than has so far been done, increased pumping plant is being provided, so that it will be possible to dry any one of them in an hour and a quarter. It is impossible not to speak of these pumps with the greatest respect — pumps that will discharge over one hundred thousand gallons of water in a minute are things to be reckoned with. But not only do these pumps dry one set of docks, but they also pump water from the river into the adjacent docks, the Harrington and Toxteth group. Powerful as these pumps are, they do not begin to rival those situated at the Coburg Dock, which, under favourable circumstances, are capable of transferring from the river to the dock about twelve hundred tons of water per minute. Beyond the Toxteth Dock we come to the Brunswick, where there are to be seen some shipbuilding yards; time was when Liverpool promised to be a great shipbuilding centre, but that promise has never been fulfilled, and it scarcely seems likely that it will be. Over at Birkenhead the Lairds still build ships, as witness recently some of the finest additions to our Navy, but there seems no probability now that the Mersey will rival the Clyde.

At the Coburg Dock, where Mr. A. G. Lyster, the engineer-in-chief, received me very courteously, I was shown more of these improvements of which I have already spoken. Here one begins to see the labour involved in bringing up an old dock, with its comparatively shallow depth, to the modern standard. After the Coburg comes a procession of about ten small docks, the last one of which, Georges Dock, is immediately in front of a portion of the tremendous landing-stage, the greater portion of which, however, is immediately in front of Princes Dock, so that one portion of this stage is called Georges Landing Stage, the other Princes; but Liverpool people slump them both under the general designation of *The* Landing Stage, not without some little natural pride

ON THE GREAT FLOAT "BIRKENHEAD." CUNARD S.S. "CAMPANIA" IN GRAVING DOCK.

in its gigantic proportions. For it is nearly half a mile in length, is eighty feet wide, has eight or nine bridges connecting it with the shore, and floats up and down with the tide with almost as little appreciable movement as if it were the solid ground itself. The trans-Atlantic steamships—it does not matter how big they are—berth at this stage to disembark and embark passengers, who depart from and arrive at the handsome "Riverside" railway station which was constructed two or three years ago for this special service, the building of which has proved a great boon to American passengers. I do not know that there is any more impressive sight than that of a leviathan like the *Campania* coming up alongside of the landing-stage, or, for the matter of that, leaving it. It was long supposed that these great ocean liners could not make use of the stage, but experience has proved that idea to be a false one.

Working our way northward we pass another dozen or so of docks, until we are well into the region of those most recently constructed, and which are in every way the most remarkable in the world. Perhaps one should notice the warehouse which is in course of being built for the convenience of the tobacco trade of the port, which is one of its principal features. This tobacco warehouse covers over thirteen thousand square yards, has fourteen floors, equal to an area of thirty-six acres, is 726 feet long, 165 feet wide, 124 feet high—a truly magnificent building. Last year Liverpool imported considerably more than 25,000 tons of tobacco. Think of that mountain of

CANADA DOCK.

tobacco going up in smoke, all ye who buy the fragrant weed by the ounce, and work out the little sum of how many ounces there are in 25,000 tons !

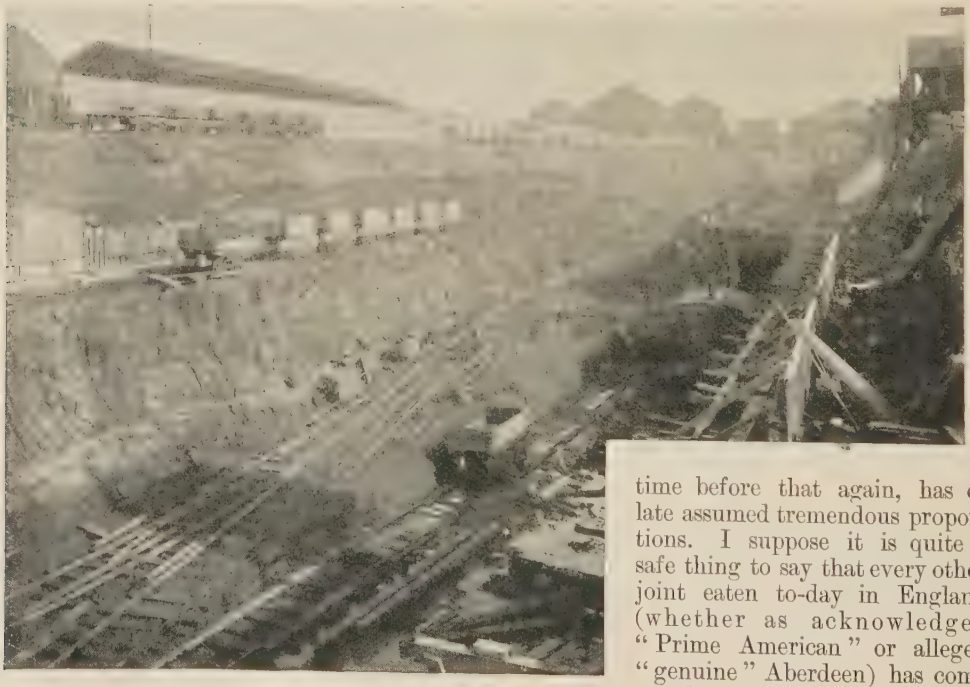
The berthage given by the Canada Dock, which is situated nearly in the centre of the north division of the Liverpool system, is at the present time the best; the water is deeper than in any other dock, and the shed accommodation is of the most modern type. Naturally, in these newer berths one would look for the best vessels of the port; and, as a matter of fact, the crack ships of the Cunard and White Star Lines are to be found here, the former on the west side of the dock, and the latter on the eastern part of the branch dock of the Canada. Here, then, you can see from time to time the greatest ships of which the world can boast—passenger vessels like the *Campania* or the *Teutonic*, cargo boats like the *Georgic* and the *Cevic*, and that superb steamer the *Oceanic*, greatest of them all. The Canada Dock, along with the Hornby, which adjoins it, have enormous timber yards in connection with them.

Before reaching the Canada Dock I was shown over that part of the estate which used to be known as the Sandon group—a wet dock and several graving docks. Here the engineers have been carrying out a vast scheme of reconstruction which necessarily involved an almost equally arduous scheme of destruction. The works are on a scale of Titanic grandeur, and seem to the uninstructed eye to spell chaos. But one may be confident that chaos is being surely if slowly reduced to order and law. Words quite fail to give any true idea of what this process of change means, but perhaps the photographs, specially taken for this article, may convey some more or less adequate notion of it.

Considerations of space prevent me from speaking at length about the way in which the Dock management provide for the wool, the cattle, the wheat and rice, and the other "things" which come into the Mersey in enormous quantities.

But I feel a word should be said about what is in its way one of the most impressive sights to be witnessed in the neighbourhood of the Docks, and that is the magnificent horses drawing the great wagons laden with bales of stuffs and merchandise—cotton, tobacco, and so forth. These animals are indeed splendid specimens of draught horses, and it is a genuine pleasure to see them at work, moving their gigantic loads with such apparent ease.

The cattle trade of Liverpool, which, a few years ago, was of little importance, and, to say the truth, did not exist at all a short



CANADA GRAVING DOCK, LOOKING EAST.

time before that again, has of late assumed tremendous proportions. I suppose it is quite a safe thing to say that every other joint eaten to-day in England (whether as acknowledged "Prime American" or alleged "genuine" Aberdeen) has come to the consumer by way of

CANADA GRAVING DOCK, LOOKING EAST, APRIL, 1898.

Liverpool. The cattle are landed on the Birkenhead side of the Mersey at a special stage at Wallasey, in whose immediate vicinity there have been built huge structures called "lairages," where the beasts are kept for a time, and then slaughtered, in accordance with the laws governing the importation of foreign cattle. The carcasses are preserved by a system of cold storage, so that the meat reaches the public in a perfectly fresh state.

Now, perhaps, I may be allowed to say a word about the general management of the great trust which is committed to the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, a body of independent gentlemen who give their services gratuitously. They administer an estate which has cost upwards of forty millions of money. Their annual revenue is £1,600,000.

Liverpool, as a municipal corporation, commuted or sold some years ago its rights to the harbour dues, etc.—rights which were acquired for a large sum by this Board. The city, therefore, has little or nothing to do with the "running" of this wonderful undertaking, which is, in effect, a private enterprise, bound only by the powers and privileges given it by Parliament. Yet, while this is true, the Board, being composed almost exclusively of local men, does and must always represent and carry out what are the wishes of the community generally.

One of the principal objects of close study by the Board is the way in which they can best foster and extend the trade of the port by granting concessions and reductions to struggling shipping industries. From time to time, as Liverpool continues to grow and flourish, there springs up the rumour that it may not be long before it will become a "free port," but that is scarcely likely. At the same time both rates and dues of all kinds have been greatly lowered during the last few years—the grand total of such reductions amounting to many hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Perhaps I should say that there are no "shareholders" of this amazing enterprise, though I can well imagine many people would like to occupy that position. The Board has borrowed from the public, by virtue of certain Acts of Parliament, great sums of money at low rates of interest, and its debt at the present time is less than nineteen millions. Out of its annual revenue a sum is set aside as a sinking fund for the reduction—perhaps, some day, the extinction—of its obligations to the public, so far as its capital is concerned. Just at present, however, these vast alterations and improve-

ments, of which I have spoken, are increasing the debt of the Docks by several millions more.

I have now touched upon some of the main points of interest; there are many others of hardly less importance. Take, for example, the fact that the Docks give employment to an army of over 20,000 men. Another which might be adduced is an extremely elaborate police system instituted for the regulation of traffic and the protection of property, which costs the Docks Board a large sum every year. The men constituting this force are drawn, I understand, from the ranks of the Liverpool police, but their maintenance falls entirely on the "Board."

In conclusion, I desire to express my acknowledgments to Mr. Miles Kirk Burton, the General Manager and Secretary of the Mersey Docks Board, and other gentlemen, who kindly assisted me in the preparation of this article.

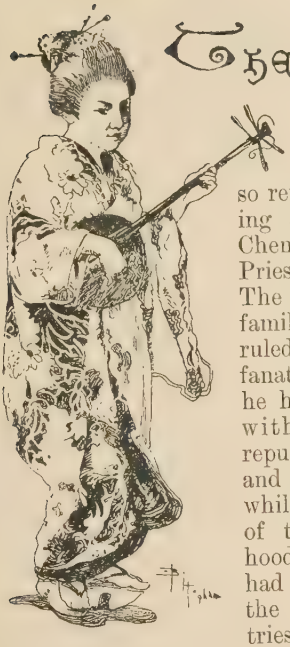
This crane, the invention of Mr. A. G. Lyster, the Engineer-in-Chief of the Liverpool Docks, is constructed to travel along the roof of the warehouse.

ROOF CRANE ON SHED EAST SIDE OF TOXTETH DOCK.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF CHUNG-KING.

By Carlton Dawe.*

Illustrated by Lester Ralph.



The length and breadth of the Celestial Empire could show no man so renowned for learning and for piety as Cheng-Tsu, the High Priest of Chung-king. The descendant of a family which had long ruled over religious fanaticism in Thibet, he had come to China with a prodigious reputation for sanctity and knowledge. Even while still a member of the holy brotherhood of Lassa, his fame had spread through the contiguous countries, and when he came to Chung-king he soon drew all speculative and religious minds towards that flourishing city. Indeed, the devout believed that the presence of such a holy man as Cheng was not unconnected with the blessings which were showered upon the place.

Of his vast knowledge, his filial devotion, his incomparable sanctity, I will not speak at any length; for to Western ears my rhapsody would sound extremely exaggerated, not to say utterly absurd. Suffice it, then, if I mention that his fame was widespread, and that many people believed him to be in direct communication with heaven. Thousands of persons made pilgrimage to the great temple at Chung-king—not in the hope of seeing him, that was what no reasonable being could expect—simply to pray before the great shrine and beneath the same roof as the holy Cheng. What he was like personally no one could say, for no one had ever seen his features. One might as well expect to behold the Buddha reincarnated. Even when he appeared before the people it was with a veiled face.

Not unnaturally this gave birth to some strange rumours concerning him. Some said that his face was like nothing human, others that the mark of God was on it; but in what manner none seemed to know. Again, he was declared to be the exact presentiment of Buddha, and that at the appointed time he would show his face to the people, and they should see the marvels of God. For, so the rumour ran, the lifting of the veil would mean his immediate translation to heaven. He would vanish before their eyes, borne aloft by the blessed spirits who eternally hovered about him, waiting for the happy release.

Even among the profligate officials at Peking his name was mentioned with reverence, and I knew that the Emperor himself had specially petitioned the holy man for his prayers. But there were rumours of things still stranger than these, one of which was that Buddha himself came down from heaven to charge the High Priest with ethereal wisdom. This fact was first communicated to me in an awesome whisper, and I accordingly accepted it with a gravity which befitted such an announcement. It was an important thing, this advent of Buddha, and I was eager to know more of it; but my informant, who had gorged himself with superstition, unfolded a narrative which left me exceedingly bewildered. However, from the mass of rumour which floated about, I gathered that twice a year the High Priest fasted and prayed for something like six weeks, at the end of which time he had so etherealised himself that he was enabled to enter into direct communication with the august dignitaries of heaven.

Of what those sacred rites consisted, whereby he threw aside, as it were, his mantle of flesh, no one seemed to know and few dared ask; but I, who could look above the superstition of the yellow man, had no such religious scruples. To me this priest was nothing more nor less than an exceedingly clever fellow; devout, perhaps, according to his lights, yet of a pretension highly intolerable. I had often thought him

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a fit subject for investigation: I knew that knowledge of him would be welcome at the Tsung-li-Yamen, where some people were beginning to regard his increasing power with alarm.

Therefore, some business happening to take me up the Yangtse as far as Hankow, I decided, once that business was accomplished, to go farther up the great river to Chung-king. As yet I had never been in the rich province of Sze-chuen, and I looked forward to the further journey up-stream with the utmost satisfaction.

But here again I had to use a certain amount of caution, for if it became known that I was going to Chung-king—I, Edward Clandon, the Emperor's Watch-dog, as I had been called—rumour would immediately begin to suggest reasons, none of which would have hit the mark, though some might have caused me an unnecessary amount of explanation. Moreover, I had very good reasons for not wishing my arrival in Sze-chuen to be known. I hope I am not unduly vain, but it is just possible that the High Priest might have heard of me. It was said that he knew everything, and that at his bidding tens of thousands would gladly lay down their lives. For me to meet such a man in the open was, therefore, beyond the bounds of reason.

So I gave out that I was going back to Shanghai by a certain steamer which left the next morning at daybreak. Indeed, I went so far as to say good-bye to my friends and go aboard the ship that night; but when she sailed in the morning I was not one of her passengers. Having got rid of the kind friends who had come to see me off, I immediately stepped ashore, and while the steamer was sailing down the stream, I was sailing up it in a junk which I had hired for the purpose.

Upon my arrival in Chung-king, which city I reached without mishap, I immediately provided myself with a lodging in an unpretentious part of the town. Giving out that I had come on a pilgrimage to worship at the shrine of the great temple, and, if possible, to serve the High Priest, my landlord, who was a devout man and a fervent adorer of the exalted Çheng-Tsu, immediately began to dilate on the miraculous doings and the stupendous virtues of that holy man. In one short half-hour I had more knowledge of him than could be gained by years of official inquiry at Peking. But for the most part they were monstrous tales, bred of ignorance and superstition, and as such unworthy of repetition. The mystery which enveloped the man seemed the chief source of his greatness, a greatness that bordered upon the terrible.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that I became a devout worshipper at the temple. Day after day I hung about the sacred precincts, hoping that in some manner I might be able to penetrate the inner mysteries of the temple life. But guards were here, there, and everywhere, and my attempts at bribery were conspicuously unsuccessful. The bribe that would have opened the Emperor's door at Peking was powerless here. But then it must not be forgotten that his adherents thought of Cheng-Tsu as something more than a man.

Once only I saw him. As a rule the important ceremonies were conducted by the three priests who were second only to the Great Mysterious One. These three were in turn supported by an army of the lesser brethren, who prostrated themselves at the entrance and at the departure of the Three. One of the Three was an old man with a long grey beard and a bent figure, a reverent-looking priest, and one calculated to inspire the utmost respect. He usually took the middle chair on the raised dais, and on him devolved the responsibility of blessing the congregation. On his right hand sat a younger man with a keen, intelligent face; on his left an individual with a thick mouth who had been badly marked by small-pox. This latter, whether by reason of his extreme ugliness or not I cannot say, exercised a peculiar fascination over me, and I used to look at him and think some strange things. That he was a masterful spirit I had no doubt, the real head of the Three, though ostensibly contented with an inferior station. I even began to think him something more than this until I saw the Great Mysterious One. Then the mystery deepened.

One day, while engaged in our usual devotions, the three priests were suddenly seen to rise from their thrones, extend their arms in the air, and then throw themselves prostrate upon the floor, moaning as they writhed in agony, "Bow low. He comes!"

Instantly the whole congregation were writhing and moaning upon the floor; but I, whose religion was quite subservient to my curiosity, looking up through my fingers, saw the dark curtains at the back of the dais part, disclosing the figure of the Great Mysterious One. He was dressed from head to foot in a long white robe, the front of which was emblazoned with many mystic

symbols in red. This robe, being in one piece, entirely enveloped him, a pair of holes, edged with red, being cut in the headpiece for his eyes. A gold band encircled his neck, giving to the enveloped head a singularly gruesome appearance.

My friend of the thick mouth and the pock-marked face immediately announced in the most awe-inspiring tones, "Behold the Great Mysterious One!" And those who had the courage stole a frightened glance at the awful figure; but for the most part the people prayed frantically with bent heads. Then the High Priest raised his hands, and without speaking blessed the writhing assembly, at which the moanings and the supplications grew more intense. It was a moment full of strange sensations, and I was beginning to wonder what the Priest would do next, when he suddenly waved another blessing and disappeared once more behind the curtains.

"That he was a masterful spirit I had no doubt."

As if relieved of a great tension, the people instantly rose to their knees, the supplications ceased, and a look of wonder, not altogether unmixed with curiosity, spread itself across their faces. Not a little puzzled, and perhaps somewhat impressed, I turned again and again to those mysterious curtains behind which the High Priest had disappeared. But I caught no sign of him; there was no movement of the heavy folds.

So far all my reconnoitring had been in vain, and I did not see how force could aid me in gaining the inner precincts of the temple. Indeed, the use of force was entirely out of the question, for, even supposing the inner precincts gained, force could not unravel the mystery of the High Priest. That was a task which necessitated unceasing vigilance, a mind ever on the alert, and a courage equal to grasping the dangerous opportunity.

Baffled in my endeavours forcibly to gain the information I desired, there was nothing for me to do but curb my impatience, keep my eyes open, and trust to chance. With this end in view I continued to worship unceasingly, by degrees working my way to a position well up to the shrine. Indeed, so assiduous had I become that I began to attract the attention of the Three, and on one occasion the priest with the grey beard smiled upon me and commended me for my devotions. This being the first sign of encouragement I had received, I naturally followed it up with much avidity. Day after day I was found praying at my post, and day after day I received a smile of welcome from him who was the greatest of the Three. And then, in a most unexpected manner, the occasion came for which I had longed.

The devotions were over for the day, and the Three simultaneously rose from their thrones. As a rule, they rose as one man and instantly disappeared behind the curtains at the back of the shrine; but on this occasion, though the Three rose together, only two disappeared. The old man with

the grey beard seemed suddenly struck with paralysis. His head fell forward and he clutched the arm of his throne for support. Then, as he tried to move, he shot forward, and had I not sprung up and caught him he would have crashed with considerable force upon the stone floor.

Instantly there was a great commotion in the assembly, and many of the inferior priests rushed as if to relieve me of my sacred charge; but I waved them aside, crying, "Air, air!" At the same time I moved with some dexterity towards the curtains, behind which I passed with my burden. Here we were instantly surrounded by many anxious faces; but fortunately the old priest rallied sufficiently to look about him and assure those present that the attack was nothing serious. Then he turned to me and smiled very kindly, acknowledging at the same time the debt of gratitude he owed me. I begged that he would allow me to serve him always, that I might be permitted to devote the remainder of my life to him.

Then, to my intense delight, he did me the honour of suggesting that I should escort him to his cell; it was meet that I should be rewarded for my unexampled devotion. I expressed the fervent hope that heaven would not permit my happiness to make me vain, a little speech the humility of which immediately found favour with him. So, escorted by two priests, we passed through the room at the back of the shrine, entered a narrow passage, and then began an ascent of some steps. Here one of the priests came to my assistance, and between us we carried the old man to the top. Then I found myself upon a balcony which ran round a broad, flagged courtyard, in the middle of which bubbled a fountain of clear water.

Round the whole length of this balcony were countless doors, each one giving admittance to a cell, and as we passed them I saw many curious forms of penance. The old man we carried to the far or eastern end, and stopped before a door which proclaimed the possessor of the cell to be one of the Sacred Three. The two priests immediately made a deep obeisance, and at a word withdrew, kowtowing all the time. Wondering what was coming next, I looked at him and he smiled.

"My son will help me within."

"My father honours too highly the contemptible creature before him."

"I have watched with much interest the devotions of my son."

"My father's exalted condescension is too great an honour for his idiotic slave."

The old man smiled, a little vainly, I thought, and feebly dragged himself towards the door. Together we entered the cell, a long, low room utterly destitute of furniture, with the exception of a rolled up mat and a wooden pillow.

"My father," I said, "it is not meet that your sacred bones should lie so hard."

He did not speak, but in a dazed manner groped his way over to the right hand corner of the cell and began to feel upon the wall. Presently a sigh of satisfaction escaped him, and the next moment a part of the wall slid back, disclosing a chamber beyond. Into this we immediately stepped. With a movement not utterly devoid of suspicion he turned and shut the door after him. I heard the lock catch with a sharp click. As I looked about me I smiled inwardly at the old gentleman's hypocrisy, for this room we had now entered was richly furnished, and on a table in the centre were meats and fruits in profusion.

"Where now, my father?" I asked.

"To yonder couch, O my son, where I may patiently await the will of heaven."

"Nay, doubt not that one of the Three shall implore heaven in vain."

"My son speaks with authority."

"Nay, father, but for the virtuous there shall be laid up ten thousand merits in the world to come."

"Even so," said he. "I see for thee rewards, and merits, and riches in heaven."

"Nay, father, so that thou look but kindly on me I seek no other reward, no other merit."

"Thou hast spoken wisely, O my son."

With that I led him to a couch beside the table, and saw him safely laid thereon, and placed the fruit close to his hand. But he would not eat. He lay with his eyes upturned, muttering feebly to himself, while I stood looking on more or less in a desperate funk. How the adventure was going to end I had not the slightest idea; for even now that I was here within the inner precincts of the temple I seemed as far from my quest as ever. If my identity became known I was a dead man.

Presently the old man stirred and called me to his side.

"My son," he said, "I feel that I have reached the cross-road of life. Beyond is infinite darkness and immensity, and my limbs are feeble and my feet are weary. Go, tell my brothers that they may prepare me for the journey." He gave a gasp and

"I waved them aside, crying, 'Air, air!'"

closed his eyes, and it seemed to me as though death hovered in the immediate vicinity.

"Say not so, my father. Surely the ways of heaven are not so hard?"

"Nay, my son, call it not hard. Rather the gracious release. I have looked many days into the sun; many winters have whitened these hairs."

"But the Great Mysterious One," I said, my voice sinking to an awed whisper. "He who penetrates the secrets of heaven; he to whom the Buddha is as a friend—surely his supplication to the Giver of Life——"

"It is not meet that mortals should gaze behind the veil. Go now, my son; my strength is nearly spent. Yonder door," and he nodded towards one on the right of him—not the secret one through which we had entered—"gives entrance to a passage; at the end of the passage you will descend some steps. Knock at the door upon your right."

"Dare I leave you?" I exclaimed with the utmost solicitude.

"Fear not. I shall not cross the road."

So without more ado away I went, feeling greatly elated at the success of my plans.

"'But the Great Mysterious One,' I said."

The old man opened his eyes and looked inquiringly at me, and the light that shone in them burnt with a vitality which was most singular in a dying flame.

"The people speak much of the Great Mysterious One?" he asked.

"Naturally, O my father. Is it strange that so much piety and wisdom should meet with due reverence?"

"Nay, it is not strange."

"Yet, my father, why should he hide his face from the faithful? It is as though an everlasting cloud spread itself across the sun."

My devotional exercises had been more successful than such exercises usually are. Without a doubt I had imposed upon the credulity of the priest, and had he been a friend of mine he could not more satisfactorily have furthered my wishes. But there was still the secret of the Great Mysterious One to solve. Perhaps I should not find him more difficult than the old priest.

But in the meantime I passed through the door which the old fellow had indicated, and by the feeble ray of a rushlight, which glimmered in the far distance, I cautiously made my way along the passage, sounding

every step before I took it. But nothing happening, which reassured me greatly, I reached the light, took it down from its bracket on the wall, and immediately descended the stairs which opened before me.

I soon passed what I considered to be the level of the temple floor, and still the stairs went down, down for at least another thirty feet. Then I came to a flagged passage which had an unpleasant, earthy smell about it, and I began to think better things of the priests. People who lived in such places possessed certain virtues to which I could lay no claim.

A dozen steps or so took me to the door on the right, and without the slightest hesitation I knocked. Almost immediately it opened, and before I knew what was happening the light was dashed from my hand, while a man seized me by either arm. At the same moment someone whispered in my ear, "Silence. Thou art in the presence of the Great Mysterious One."

With that I was hustled forward in the dark for about a dozen paces, and then we came to a standstill, the men still clinging tightly to me. In this position we stood for some four or five minutes, minutes which seemed leaden-footed. Then suddenly a voice cried aloud in the darkness, and at the word a dozen torches sprang to life. And I saw that I was in an extensive low-roofed chamber surrounded by a formidable body-guard of priests, who stared at me with strange, expectant eyes.

But from them I turned to the group on the dais before me, and I beheld the veiled figure of the Great Mysterious One seated on the middle throne. On his right was one of the Three whom I immediately recognised; on his left was my grey-bearded friend whom I believed to be gasping on the couch upstairs.

He looked at me and I looked at him, and I saw a smile play about his ashen features.

"My son looks surprised," he said.

"Indeed, father, I am much moved at your rapid recovery. What does it mean? Why am I subjected to this treatment?"

"All in good time, my son. Patience."

"But explain. Why am I held like this?"

"Because we think you dangerous. Behold, these things were taken from you. What need has a devotee of them?" As he spoke he held up my knife and revolver, of which I had been relieved in the dark.

"The better to guard your sacred holiness," I answered imperturbably, now fully alive to the danger of my position.

"Dog," said the High Priest, hissing the words behind his mask, "thou liest! We know thee for what thou art, a spy and a traitor!"

The voice startled me. I looked round and missed somebody. I had been in some queer places in my time, and had suffered some queer sensations, but I doubt if anything so affected me for a moment as the denunciation of that masked figure. I understood then something of the deep reverence with which he was regarded: appreciated the ignorant superstition of the populace. All the same, it is just as well to die fighting.

"Words," I answered, apparently with great coolness. "Who has traduced me? Let him step forth and speak, so that all men may know him for a liar and a thief."

"I am he," said the old man. "I am the accuser."

This was turning the tables on me with a vengeance, but I managed to put some regret in my tone as I said, "You, father! Of what do you accuse me?"

"Know, O my son, that the power of the High Priest of Chung-king is omnipotent. From east to west, from north to south, over the length and breadth of this vast empire it stretches. Nothing does he neglect that is worthy of his consideration."

"I am highly flattered, O my father."

"Even so, my son. But what seek ye in the High Temple of Chung-king?"

"That which I hope to find."

"Not what thou shalt find, O my son."

There was an ominous ring in this paternal form of address which slightly irritated me.

"You speak in enigmas, O my father."

"Then listen, my son, and thou shalt learn of the power and the greatness of the High Priest of Chung-king. Among the officials at Peking is a certain foreigner who masquerades as a Chinese. He is known to some of us by the name of the Emperor's Watch-dog. Business brought this man to Hankow, and once there he was never lost sight of by the emissaries of the High Priest. His departure from the ship which should have taken him to Shanghai was duly noted. The very boatman whom he engaged to bring him on to Chung-king was in the pay of the Temple." He stopped for a moment, the more to make his words impressive. Then he continued, "We have long noted your extreme devotion, and have duly eulogised you as a remarkable convert. Your readiness to succour me during my unfortunate fainting fit proved you to be a

man of daring and resource. Now why have you risked so much? What seek you?"

Though utterly confounded, and burning with shame and indignation at having been so cleverly trapped, I answered with what resolution I could command, "Knowledge, O my father."

"What knowledge?" he asked.

"I wished to look upon the face of the Great Mysterious One."

"Know ye not that he who looks upon the face of the Great Mysterious One must die?"

"The glory of his countenance would rob death of its terrors."

He turned to the attendant priests.

"What shall be given to him who would violate the secrets of the temple?"

With one voice they answered, "Death!"

Looking again at me, the old man smiled his bland, paternal smile.

"You hear, my son. What say you?"

"Nothing—except that the Emperor, who knows where I have gone, will punish my murderers."

This was not exactly true. The Emperor did not know where I had gone; if he had even known of my intention he would have forbidden it. I had some reason for knowing that he was not a little fearful of the High Priest.

Again the old man smiled.

"The wrath of the Emperor stops short at the door of the temple. You forget how great is the power of Cheng-Tsu, the High Priest of Chung-king."

With that he signalled to the priests behind me, and instantly I felt my arms encircled by a cord, and I was triced up to the wall. Then at a word all the attendants quitted the chamber and I was left facing the three judges, who for a time whispered among themselves. Then the old man descended from his throne and carefully tested the door, at which the Great Mysterious One rose and came towards me, and I thought that my last hour had come. But before striking they were to play with me as a cat plays with a mouse.

"You wished to look upon the face of the High Priest?" said the masked figure. "Is that still your wish?"

"It would be a final consolation," I replied.

"But of little avail, for the secret must die with you. Yet thou, a foreign unbeliever, art the only man who would have dared to probe. Therefore, in ridding the temple of thee,

"'If you make a noise, I will kill you!'"

"Scattering the brazier I hurried from the room."

we rid it of its only dangerous enemy. Yet for thy satisfaction, and our own, thou shalt see."

Speaking thus, he unclasped the gold belt which encircled his neck, and withdrew the covering from his face, and, behold! there was the thick-mouthed, pock-marked priest to whom I have already referred.

Surprised, yet not surprised, for I had already recognised his voice, I stared at him without showing any emotion.

"There is no High Priest of Chung-king?" I said.

"No," he answered. "Cheng-Tsu died fifteen years ago, but his spirit lives with us," and the ugly wretch laughed mockingly. "Four of us are in the secret, but I am the High Priest for the occasion."

Though from the first I had looked askance at the reputation of the High Priest, I did not doubt there was such an individual. For a trick of this kind I was certain no one throughout the empire harboured the least suspicion.

After a few jocular allusions to my exceeding cleverness, the three departed to discuss the method of my end. With them they carried their torches, leaving me in the intense blackness of the vault. Of my sensations during the next hour or so I will not dilate, for not the least part of their cruelty was the state of uncertainty in which they left me. But after what seemed a never-ending period of maddening stillness a figure bearing a burning brazier entered the room. This he placed on the floor not many feet from me, and ostentatiously flourished a pair of red-hot pincers. After this he stole out as quietly as he had entered, and I was left staring at the fire, a prey to my own wretched thoughts.

For a time a sort of stupor possessed me, but that passing off, I gave way to a paroxysm of passion, during which I tugged furiously at my bonds, a proceeding which almost severed my wrists. Yet, little heeding the pain, I tugged madly, frantically, and presently I found myself spinning forward on my face. I had released the staple with which I was secured to the wall.

Scrambling to my feet with difficulty—for my arms were still securely bound—I looked about, half dazed, the shock of falling having been a severe one. As I did so my eyes lighted on the brazier, and a thought came to me.

With my teeth I lifted the pincers from the fire, and laying them upon the ground I leant back so as to bring the cord in contact with the hot iron, an awkward and a dangerous piece of business. Yet I could think of no other way, and though I burnt myself severely I succeeded in my object.

Some minutes passed before I could restore circulation to my cramped limbs, minutes in which I had examined the exit, only to find it locked. Then, using the brazier as a

lamp, I subjected the chamber to a rigid investigation, but all to no purpose. I could not perceive the faintest glimmer of hope. But even as I thought, I heard the lock click in the door, and with a quick movement I stood up in my old position. The door opened, giving admittance to the man who had brought in the brazier. With a look towards me and a grunt of satisfaction, he stooped over the fire, and from a small bag began to empty some charcoal on it. Seizing the opportunity, I silently stepped forward and dwelt him an awful blow on the side of the head. Over he went without a sound, and scattering the brazier I hurried from the room and shut the door behind me.

Instantly I turned to the only path I knew, and soon I was speeding up the steps down which I had journeyed with such different emotions but a short time before. As I fumbled at the door which led to the old priest's room and found it locked, I instantly knocked thereon, and then drew back in the shadow. Presently it was opened by the old man in person.

"Is everything ready, brother?" he asked.

"Everything," I answered, darting swiftly into the room and slamming the door behind me. As I faced him, I said, "You are an old man, and I have no wish to harm you; but if you make a noise, I will kill you!"

He almost sank to the floor with fright, and I, stealing a swift glance round the room, saw my revolver lying on a table some three paces away, a table to which the cringing old wretch was sensibly crawling. But with a bound I secured it, and turning it upon him had the satisfaction of seeing him fall back. Evidently the weapon was still loaded.

Well, there is little more to say. Dressed as a priest, I made the old fellow escort me beyond the walls of the temple, even to the yamen of the governor, to whom I told my tale; and you may be sure that the authorities of Peking were not sorry to get rid of that mysterious power, the High Priest of Chung-king.

The Editor's Scrap-Book

School-Mistress: Why, when I was your age I was twice as advanced as you are. I should have laughed at such an easy sum as that.

Miss Peggy Pertina: Yes, but you forget you went to a different school. And in addition to that, perhaps your mother hadn't taught you any manners!

Salesman: How would this material suit you, madam?

Lady Customer: I don't like that at all. One never sees anyone wearing it.

Salesman: Then, perhaps, you might prefer this?

Lady Customer: Certainly not! Why, everybody wears that nowadays.

Benevolent Old Lady (tapping timidly at a door in the offices of a well-known daily): Would it be possible for me to see "Aunt Flossie," who writes the "Mothers' Page" in your newspaper? I should so like to tell her how much I have enjoyed reading her articles on "The Evening Hours in the Nursery."

Grimy-faced Office Boy (jerking his thumb vaguely in the direction of half a dozen men busy scribbling in a much beclouded atmosphere): That's 'im over there, smoking a pipe, with a grey flannel shirt on.

"Do you think that suicide is a sin?"
"Well, I think it would be forgiven in *your* case.'

Mistress (to servant who has just had a wordy conflict with the dustman): And did he use violent language?
Servant: Violent language? I should just think 'e did. Why, master ain't got no chance against 'im.

MRS. CLATTER: But you don't mean to tell me that you give your Matilda Ann a holiday every morning!

MRS. CHATTER: Yes, I do. I've found it's such a save. You see, the more she's away the less crockery she breaks.

BIBULOUS-LOOKING TRAMP: Could you help me to the price of a cup of cawfy, ma'am. I've lived on water for the past three months.

AUSTERE HOUSEHOLDER: What? Do you expect me to believe that of a man with a nose the colour of yours?

TRAMP: Please'm, I'm a sailor just ashore.

EDITOR: Thought you said you'd written a poem that would lick creation?

PIFFLING: So I had; but by some oversight my wife forgot to rescue it from the waste-paper basket before she emptied it.

WHEN a man sees his wife really angry he says she is foolish to lose her temper like that; but when he manages to lose his own he says he has arrived at the point where patience ceases to be a virtue.

"Miss Jones told me she would like to have been a soldier."

"Why on earth did she say that?"

"Don't know; suppose she thought that instead of time marking Miss Jones, Miss Jones could mark time."

TRAMP: Thank you kindly, lydy—and may you never want. That meal's jest saved me from su'cide and giv' me a noo start in life.

HOUSEWIFE: Well, now that you're so set up, I should think you might do a little weeding in the garden.

TRAMP: I'd be on'y too glad to 'blige you, mum, but you know what the doctors all says—"After dinner rest a while; after supper walk a mile." And as I reck'n I shan't see no other supper to-day, I guess I'll have to walk the mile now.

"OH, BOBBIE! what has become of the canary?"

"You said a little bird told you I had taken that cake, and as there wasn't no other little bird looking, I knowed it was him. So I just let him out. And now that the cat's eat him, it'll teach him not to go and be a horrid little tell-tale 'nother time."

MRS. YOUNGWIFE (sobbing hysterically): I'm the wretchedest creature in the world. Jack's been so horrid to me that I can see he only married me for my money.

HER UNMARRIED SISTER: Well, at least it should be some consolation to you to know that, after all, he's not such a fool as he looks!

KIND-HEARTED LADY TOURIST: I'm sorry to hear that times are so bad. Have you a large family to support?

PAT (who is soliciting alms by his bare potato patch): Ah shure! me lady. An I've tin childers, siven pigs, an' the old 'oman, all depindint on the honest labour of me toil.

AT a certain foreign university the students, who had been studying Shakespeare in their native tongue, were requested by an examiner to translate into English the opening lines of Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be." The following was the result. The first Frenchman declaimed "To was, or not to am"; the second rendered it "To were, or is to not"; while the third gave a still more liberal reading, "To should, or not to will."

"AND what have you been doing to keep you out till this hour of night?" said the irate parent, who had been sitting for a couple of hours in his dressing-gown awaiting the chink of his son's latchkey.

"I've only been sowing my wild oats," replied the dutiful youth.

"Oh! Then, having done that, we'll now turn our attention to the thrashing," said the father, as he forthwith set himself conscientiously to carry out the injunction of Solomon.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

FREDDY (soliloquising): I do wish grandpa would give over snoring so dreadfully; it quite upsets my aim.

MISS GUSHINA (ecstatically): But what can equal the warmth, and strength, and staying-power, and all-pervadingness and all-comprehensiveness of a woman's love?

MR. BRUIN (a callous, unimpressionable widower): Her temper!

"AND what am I to understand that you mean by civilising me?" inquired the guileless heathen.

"It means that you will be persuaded to forsake your deplorable habits of idleness and be taught the beneficial delights of honest labour," replied the enthusiastic missionary.

"And if I learn to work, what good will it do me?"

"By your industry you will be able to accumulate wealth undreamt of before."

"And when I am rich, what's the next item on the programme?"

"You will then be able to devote the remaining years of your life to well earned rest and the enjoyment of the fruits of your manly toil," and the missionary smiled expansively.

"Then I'm hanged if I see what's the use of taking such a roundabout road to get to the place I started from," and the unregenerate one relapsed into his accustomed slumbers beneath his favourite palm-tree.

CHEERFUL DOCTOR: Why, you are looking quite your old self again to day.

DOLEFUL PATIENT: Oh, doctor! I'm surely not so bad as all that?

AFTER carefully consulting the restaurant menu, she said, "Bring me a roll and butter, a cup of tea, and a little steak and kidney pie, and don't put any sugar in it."

DAY CONSTABLE (relieving night man): How's the missus?

NIGHT DITTO: I don't know; 'av'n't seen her this seven year.

DAY CONSTABLE: But you and she live together, don't you?

NIGHT DITTO: Yes; but she's a charwoman, an' is out all day, an' I'm out on dooty all night; so we 'av'n't met since we settled down after our 'oneymoon.

FITZPUFFIN: Darling, does your father object to smoking?

ETHELDREDA: Not your cigars, dear.

"WEEL, weel, Hamish, as for delusions, maist every mon has *ane*. For meself, when I gang for my wee bit tobacco o' Saturday, I'm aye thinking I should hae mair cheenge."